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THE MAGAZINE
WOMEN
BELIEVE IN



HE NEHRU FAMILY
By A SISTER

E LARK SHALL SING
COMPLETE NOVEL
By ELIZABETH CADELL

HE GAMBLES:
CAN THIS MARRIAGE
BE SAVED?

DR. SPOCK

Journal

Contents

January, 1955

VOL. LXXII No. 1

Journalities

Latest report from ELIZABETH CADELL (*The Lark Shall Sing*, page 30): "Born and brought up in India. (I think the American term is 'raised,' but I was raised to a mere five feet.) Educated in Calcutta, London and Darjeeling (in that order). Am an orphan. Also a widow, left with two children to educate and not much to do it on. Solved this problem by placing them both at expensive establishments and working to keep them there. Discovered writing—can recommend it to all thoroughly lazy women. Now live in carefree squalor on a farm near York." She says her goal is "a balcony overlooking the Mediterranean." *Our* goal is to learn how to be lazy and still write beautifully.



Elizabeth Cadell

Maggie the Dazzler, page 38, is only distantly related to the author, ELAINE GREENE, who concedes that it took her more than one afternoon to learn about men. Now she knows, she thinks, having been married to a book editor for eight years and also employed by a men's magazine. "I was born in Brooklyn and spent most of my childhood in a place called Neponsit, which is a part of Queens that is four blocks wide with the Atlantic on one side and Jamaica Bay on the other. At night the sea pound and the call of four different foghorns was a wonderful lullaby—scary enough to please themostromantickid." That's *Maggie.*



Elaine Greene

BETTY COE SPICER first visited the JOURNAL offices with her father, Charles Francis "Socker" Coe, when she was ten years old. "Socker" Coe was one of the most popular and successful writers The Saturday Evening Post had, and on that occasion Editor George Horace Lorimer gave Betty a gumdrop. "Gumdrops and magazines have been pleasantly associated in my mind ever since," Betty says. She has been on the JOURNAL staff for five years. Her husband, Bart Spicer, writes historical novels, and mysteries about an intrepid op named Carney Wilde. Concluding her interviewing of Guy and Maude Sarvis (*How Young America Lives—at Seventy-Five!* page 107), she asked what they had found most interesting in their many journeys about the world. "Why, people, of course!" Guy Sarvis said. With this we agree.



etty Coe Spicer

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Our readers write us

The Americans and Ourselves

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES FORCES IN AUSTRIA
Public Information Division, U.S. Army

Dear Editors: Since you recently carried an article on why the Europeans dislike us, I am enclosing an article written in the independent Italian newspaper *Il Corriere della Sera* of Milan on 12 Sept. of this year, which will undoubtedly be of great interest to you all.

The article was translated by the staff of the Public Information Officer in Leghorn, Italy, and we here in Austria reproduced it, in full, in our Daily Press and Radio Analysis.

In the five years my wife and I have been in Western Europe, I have read no other such article in any European newspaper or magazine.

Sincerely,
JOSEPH CONGRESS
Chief, Austrian Affairs Branch

▶ ***Translated article written by Indro Montanelli, who once spent six months as his newspaper's New York correspondent, follows. ED.***

Among the friends which I made in the United States, where there is nothing easier than making true friends, there is one who writes me long letters asking about the Italian situation and the problems which make it so uncertain.

He is not a politician. He is a lawyer. But, as all the Americans believe, he considers it his right to contribute a little toward the solution of national problems. This participation of the individual in the life of the community is one of the finest characteristics of the American people and gives them their feeling of social importance. Democracy, in fact, is based on this importance of the individual in the community.

Often, in the letters I receive, there is a question which I always try to avoid in my answers. The question is "Why is America so unpopular even in those European countries which it freed with its Army, and later helped to feed and rebuild?" It is a legitimate question which I would ask, too, if I was an American who had lost a son in France or in Germany. Not being able to deny this European bitterness toward America, I try to talk about something else.

I do this not because there is no explanation, but because there is one. I know it and everyone knows it, but it is not pleasant to confess. Among all the reasons which we give to justify our feeling of rancor toward an enemy who is guilty of having won a war which we declared against him, there is not one which will stand. They have not taken one of our ships, nor a machine gun, nor a piece of land. They have treated our prisoners with the greatest humanity. They have given us four thousand billions of lire. Unfortunately, all these efforts to win our friendship are overshadowed by one fault, from which there is no hope that America will recover since it has it in its blood. This fault is its desire to improve us, to make us better, to make us just, richer and happier.

I need a certain courage to write all this because I can imagine the faint smile of unbelief and skepticism which will appear on the faces of my readers, and especially of those who have never been in the States. Because good faith and honest intentions are so rare in Europe, it is difficult to attribute them to others.

America has never asked for colonies, nor war indemnities, nor trade slavery. It only asked that the conquered people become better, that they love each other their rivalry; make some social reforms; use DDT and refrigerators. This was a mistake and from here all the bitterness against America arose.

The great crime of the Americans is that they are in effect better than we Europeans. I will not say more intelligent, more clever, nor more educated, or more courageous. I only say that they are better-minded persons, that they ar more disposed toward the sacrifice for collective welfare. They are more candid more confident of other people, mor ready to see the good rather than the bad sides of things. All this is nothing but a great bother to us Europeans who have been trained for centuries to discover malice under innocence.

So how can I explain all this to my New York correspondent? He is candid and confident to such a point that he would not believe me. He would not believe me even if I opened the list with the ugliest of human feelings: envy. But it is so. All Europe is envious of America for its power and well-being; envious of those thousands of miles which place it safe from those dangers to which we are directly exposed, envious of its optimism, its corned beef, its childish innocence and enthusiasm which mean great happiness and good health.

The Americans, I must say, didn't do anything to help us conquer this mean but human feeling. On the contrary, they do everything to increase it. Their newspapers, magazines, books and movies are obstinate in repeating their great American happiness and well-being. And we call their happiness and well-being "silliness," as if happiness was not always a little silly. With a secret and rancorous joy we succeed in convincing ourselves that over here we live better, and we try to prove it by the many Americans who come to reside in Italy!

We all know that thanks to them we are still alive and free; we did not become the servants of a German colonel, and we are not yet the servants of a Russian colonel. Nevertheless, all the misfortunes of the Americans give us the bitter pleasure of revenge.

But how can I explain all this to my candid and confident friend from New York? At the same time I should confess to him that I sometimes share those feelings, too, even though I blame myself for it. Sometimes I catch myself hating the Americans for their incapacity to commit mean actions and even to understand them in other people. They place me in a position in which my self-conscience forces me to acknowledge that I am worse than they are.

It is better to avoid an answer and to imagine that my friend in New York would be too stupid to understand it. The word "stupid" consoles us and compensates for everything: for having lost the war, for living now at their expense, and be free, thanks to them. But they should not pretend that, among all these things, we also owe them gratitude.

Grow Old Along With Her

Tucson, Arizon

Dear Editors: In January, 1920, th JOURNAL published the first story I wrote, at the age of forty-three— Elizabeth-Convex. Now, thirty-four years, three books and a few million words later, it seems fitting that I send you these potentially final comments.

We oldsters have been busy for decades creating the spiritual substance of our declining years, and if we do not like what we have created we have ourselves to blame. To the fortunate among us, old age brings the leisure to

"Only stay quiet while the mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers."

If our embers are warm and glowing it does not matter greatly that beneath them are the cold ashes of past sorrow No old people of any century have witnessed so many changes in one life span as we have. Memories wander hithe

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

and yon. The memory of a glee club singing the sure election of Harrison and defeat of Old Grover, going all out on the chorus—

"'By, free-trade baby, 'by, free-trade baby, Good-by, Old Grover, good-by."

is as clear as the memory of Adlai's scintillant prose. Because Cleveland went back into the White House I—a joyful Democrat—had my face rubbed in sand and my dress torn by ganged-up young sons of Republicans. The word "communist" was unknown, but in a Northern village the word "Democrat" was an actionable synonym. Today Democrats are having their reputations shredded by Republicans. The strategy of political warfare remains constant.

We learned in childhood that disobedience meant a sound paddling on the place providentially provided for chastisement. Progressive education today maintains that the little darlings must not be thwarted. We wonder if this may be one reason why so many juveniles are learning in jail the lessons they should have learned in childhood.

We have seen Freudian couches become as common as drugstores. We know the new jargon but refuse to have guilt complexes, preferring the guilty consciences with which we are familiar. We old women had our full share of emotional belly-aches. We supplied our own bicarbonate of soda: a mixture of common sense and an attitude of stand up and take it, damn it. Later we added a grin to the mixture, for we were learning the ability to laugh at ourselves. You do not learn laughter on a Freudian couch. We think they will join Coué and his knotted string in the sewers of time.

We old people are gleams in the eyes of undertakers and headaches to politicians who never know how the silly old things are going to vote. Since for over half of our lives other politicians classified us with idiots as unfit to vote, we feel no remorse about the headaches.

The catechism of our youth taught us that the chief end of man is to glorify God. The psychoanalytical termites have been at work on that old document and we are now told that the chief end of man is sexual proficiency—which has always been the chief end of tomcats.

The skilled mechanic of today, with knowledge of all parts of a car, resembles the old family doctor who treated the body as an entity. As we are products of a mechanical age, when the human machine, with too much mileage on it, is beset with creaks and groans, we wish we could take the old jalopy to the nearest auto-repair shop. We feel we might get a better job for less money!

Of late we have watched the Adamic efforts of men to place on women the blame for their own weaknesses. Eve resurrected herself from her myth to give a modern Adam, Philip Wylie, a sock in the spleen which exploded him into reams of abuse of mom.

Of old age the Sage of Concord wrote: "Old age brings along with its uglinesses the comfort that you will soon be out of it. To be out of the war, out of debt, out of the draught, out of the blues, out of the dentist's hands, out of second thoughts, mortifications and remorses, out of the next winter and high prices." It is amusing to speculate on the list of woes Emerson might compile today. Had he witnessed Hiroshima and found himself a member of a race caught with its cosmical constants down, had he witnessed the frantic, desperate efforts of the race to pull up its atomic pants, perhaps the only item he would retain would be the blues. Sincerely,

ESTELLE AUBREY BROWN

Left Business for Teaching

Willow Grove, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Gould: Having tasted both teaching and business, I left business this fall to devote myself to teaching.

Although I certainly shall miss the higher salary, Christmas bonus, free insurance and hospitalization, substantial annual increases and company retirement benefits, I still find the scales tipped in favor of the classroom. The stimulation and gratification in training young minds (and older ones, too, now that I have established an adult-education program at Beaver), the opportunity to grow professionally at a leisurely pace amid pleasant surroundings, plus the broad freedom in planning and executing one's work—these are compensations which add up to a satisfying existence.

Very cordially yours,

WILLIAM W. HASSLER

Can This Marriage be Spoiled?

Chehalis, Washington

Dear Editors: I'm happily married myself, but Can This Marriage Be Saved? gives me a lot to think about and helps me see lots of ways I can make even our marriage a lot happier. Sincerely,

MRS. D. L. HUBERT

There When Needed

Detroit, Michigan

Dear Journal: How many times do we hear the words, "After the children start to school," "After we retire," or "After we buy our house, then we shall do the things our hearts desire."

Our hearts' desire has been and still is a home of our own, but now I am living each day to the fullest and not waiting till "after we get our home."

The reason for this change is that I have just had bulbar polio. The knowledge that all one's well-laid plans can be crossed out overnight awakened me to a new enjoyment of today. I think I'll always say a little prayer of thanksgiving now whenever I run after my little boy or pick up my baby girl.

My letter wouldn't be complete without a boost for the March of Dimes. They are really there when needed!

Polio is a dread word, but it doesn't mean surrender. Look at me; I can run.

MRS. DORIS KOWALL

▶ *March of Dimes begins in January. ED.*

He Never Underestimated

Durban, Natal, South Africa

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Mrs. Robinow and I were amused to note the JOURNAL advertisement captioned "Pinned any medals on your wife lately?"



FULTON

Distinguished baking.

Because I did do just this, nearly seven years ago, on our tenth wedding anniversary. A photograph of Mrs. Robinow's medal is enclosed. The initials "D.B.M." on the bar stand for "Distinguished Baking Medal." Yours sincerely,

RICHARD F. ROBINOW

Moving Advice

West Middletown, Ohio

Dear Editors: We've been married seven years. In that time we've lived in four towns, nine houses (or apartments) and Bill has had four jobs. Now we are back in Ohio and the young fellows my husband works with and their wives are from Canada, China, New York and Virginia. Others have moved so often they no longer call anyplace special home.

The thing we've learned is to laugh at etiquette's idea that you mustn't call on neighbors till you've been called on or invite in the settled folks till they invite you. People are wonderful, but they're shy and lazy. If they don't come around in a week, go to them or you'll deny yourself the richest experience you can have in life. Sincerely,

DOROTHY D. BRICKNER

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Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



Especially Me
makes New Year
resolutions
re rabbits.

JANUARY is not an easy month in New England; nobody would pretend that it is. The skies are dark and brooding, cold winds thunder in from the north like wild horses with manes flying free, windows rattle, doors bang open. But when we come in with freezing mittens and galoshes colder than dry ice, how sweetly the fire burns on the hearth and how lovely the African violets look on the window sills. The pale rosy pink, the snow-drop white and the delicate amethyst make us feel suddenly we are in a small tropical world.

When the roads are too icy to drive on, we have a sudden feeling of being marooned in a secure firelit sanctuary. Jill takes off happily to the darkroom to make a few extra prints and I get in a polishing mood. I sit at the high counter in the kitchen and watch the steep winter sky darken and come close, like a gigantic winter gull drifting down. The new copper and silver polishes are simply a joy, and as I do my cherished grandmother's teapot, I think it shines like summer!

Then in late afternoon we bundle up and run out with the dogs at our heels and fill the bird feeders again. The chickadees sit and wait, scolding in a nice kind of way. The woodpeckers run circles around the sugar maples and the air is suddenly full of chatter and life.

My little favorite chickadee is back again, the one with the bent wing. Extra peanut butter for him. He cocks his black-capped head at me as I fix his dinner, and rocks back and forth, and chats busily. I talk back, and I imagine that we understand each other very well. Jill says darkly the next thing we know, we shall be making a house bird out of that chickadee!

Our water pipes always freeze when the temperature gets below zero. Knowing this, I think my housekeeping has improved, for at night I wash every dish, tidy up the kitchen, make the breakfast coffee the last thing. Water the violets. If I wake up in the night, I run out and turn the faucets on, just to see!

And then I wake in the silvery morning light to hear Jill, controlled but fierce, telling Cliff the pipes are gone again! It is one of the side effects of an old house. The pipes are just where they had to be and they are not geared to heavy cold.

Some people tell me we ought to live like pioneers part of the time, just to appreciate modern conveniences. I, however, feel I appreciate them anyway. And it is hard to switch from a completely present-day setup to one of sixty years ago all at a moment's notice. When the electric goes off, as we say in our valley, we grope for the dusty oil lamp and find it has no wick. We wonder where the old dishpan went to after the dishwasher took our lives over. The water pail turns out to be full of potting soil for the house plants.

And it takes quite a time to get the fireplace right for the bacon and eggs. Then we normally use an electric coffee maker. The ancient drip pot is somewhere around, but nobody knows just where—maybe with the picnic equipment from last summer?

We do have two wonderful aids for nonmechanical cooking. Phil and Bibi Thomson gave us a thing that looks rather like a small clothes rack. In fact, they gave one to another friend who used it to dry nylon stockings on! It is a metal rack which holds a toaster or steak grill at any of three different heights from the fire in the fireplace. Now we never have to sit and burn ourselves up while balancing the toaster precariously on a green log. Steak or hamburgers go in the toaster, the handle hooks on the rack and we sit back and eat stuffed olives and pickled mushrooms while the dinner is on.

The other lovely invention is a charcoal grill which is modeled on the Japanese charcoal brazier. It is round, it has a handle, you can set it on the hearth and cook over a good charcoal fire and it *does not smoke*. Don't ask me why, but it doesn't. During our last hurricanes, we got a good many meals on this portable brazier and they were delicious. It uses very little charcoal, and the fire is absolutely even. The insulated container for this affair makes a good carrying case for picnic supplies in summer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

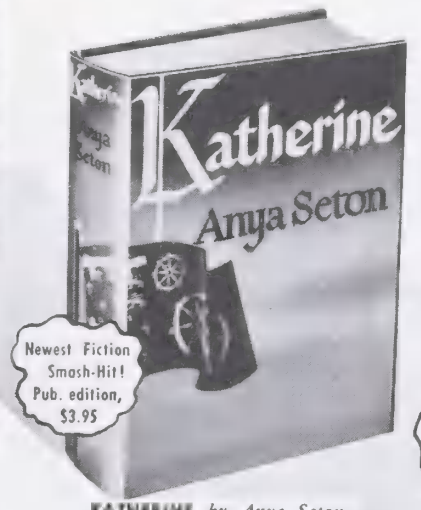
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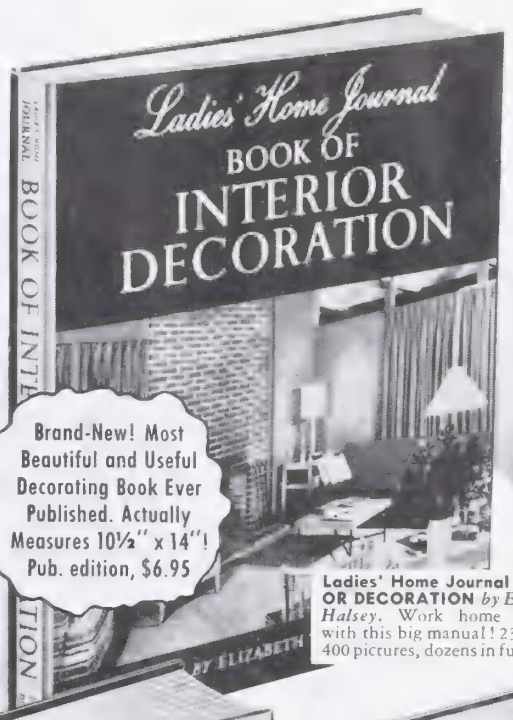
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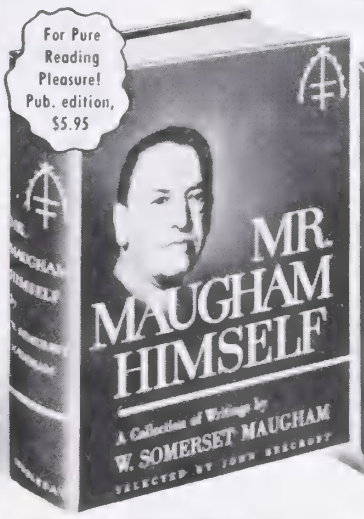
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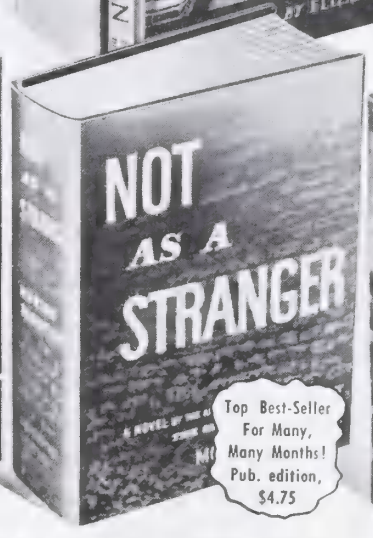
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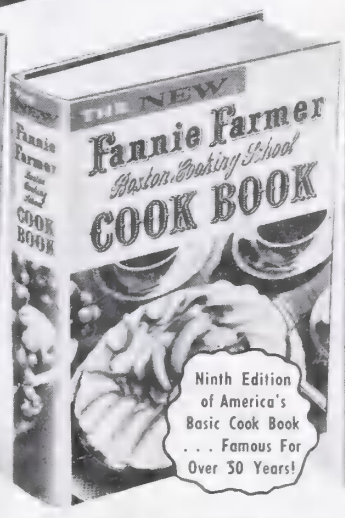
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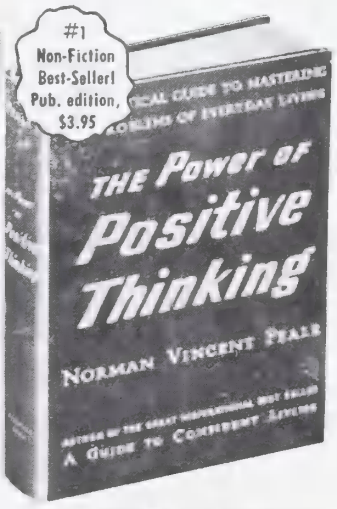
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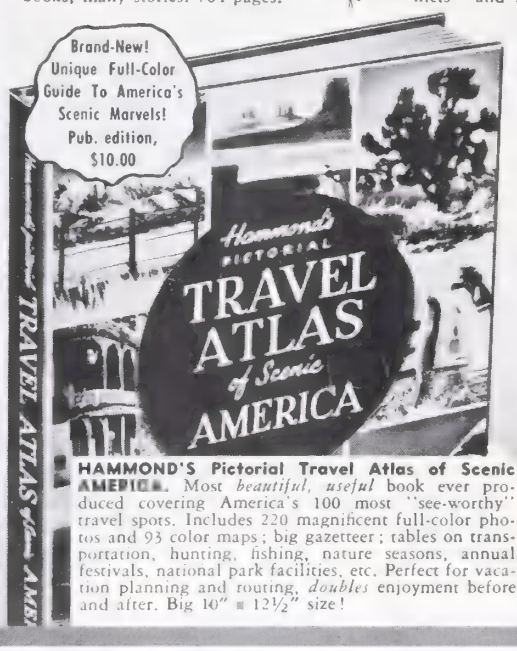
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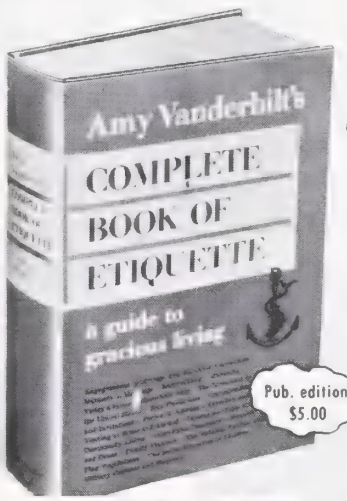
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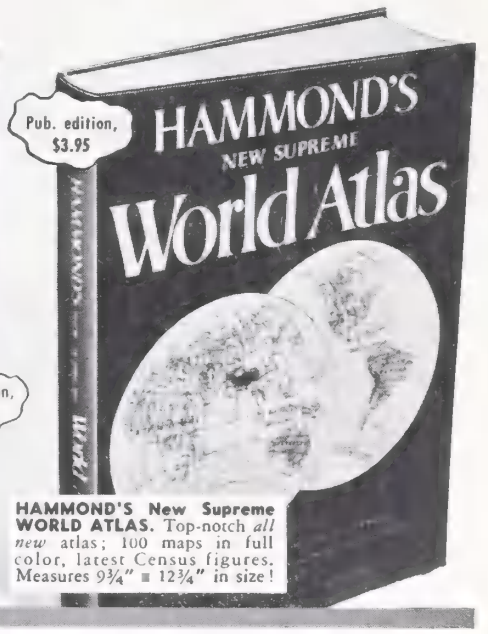
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"Landscape," an etching by Jean Kubota Cassill, from the exhibit, Young American Printmakers, sponsored by New York's Museum of Modern Art. View is sketched from the artist's doorway in Iowa City, etched on copper.

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

SOME time ago an internationally famous pyschiatrist told me the following story, which I recall in his own words:

"Two well-to-do middle-class people, the father a business executive, came to consult me about their only child, a nine-year-old son, who they declared was suffering from a serious 'compulsive neurosis,' which led him to wield the scissors on everything in his home. He had slit the furniture coverings, demolished the draperies, cut his mother's best dresses to ribbons, and finally begun on his father's shirts and suits. The cutting mania had begun some three months before.

"I inquired whether he had previously displayed destructive tendencies. They said, 'Not really,' but confessed that in a temper he would sometimes break dishes or ornaments around the house. I inquired what they had done about it, and they replied that they had both 'reprimanded him very severely,' but that scoldings, and even his mother's pleas and tears, had no effect.

"I said I would like to see Bobby, but not in my office, and not with his knowledge that I was a psychiatrist or a doctor, and they suggested that I drop in for a social call when the boy was at home and I could talk with him as a casual family acquaintance.

"This was arranged and I saw Bobby for an hour or so and drew him out without resistance on a number of subjects—his schoolwork, his teachers, his reading matter and his favorite television programs.

"The next day I had a conference with his parents, who eagerly inquired what I thought was wrong with Bobby, whether I would take his case, and how prolonged I thought the treatment might be.

"I told them that I did not think there was anything seriously wrong with Bobby, and that I would take his 'case' provided his parents would co-operate fully, which they instantly agreed to do.

"'I am not sure you will,' I countered. 'Has Bobby ever been punished?'

"Again they reiterated that he had often been severely reprimanded. 'Doctor, I have *wrestled* with that boy,' the father almost wept.

"'And it hurt you and his mother a good deal more than it did Bobby,' said I. 'Well, now, you, Mr. X, go home and tell Bobby you've had all you intend to take. Tell him the next time he cuts or otherwise destroys anything in the house, you are going to lick the pants off him. Don't hide the scissors. And then when he starts again being Jack the Ripper, do so—give him a *hiding*.'

"The parents were flabbergasted. They were, in fact, outraged. 'Do you think *that* will cure Bobby?' the mother said scornfully. 'No one has *ever* lifted a hand to that child. We believe in love.'

"'So do I believe in love,' I replied, 'but love is a two-way street, and as far as children are concerned, it includes respect. Bobby is a perfectly normal boy. He is bright, healthy and full of energy. But he has no respect for either of you. And because he has none for his own father and mother, he also has none for his teachers or any other authorities.'

"'But why,' moaned his mother, 'does he do such things? There must be a *reason*.'

"'He does them to assert his own power—his ego. He does them to challenge you. There is nothing psychologically abnormal about that. All children challenge authority. What is abnormal in this situation is that he gets away with it. He knows that you are bigger and stronger than he, and that you are highly respected in the adult community. Nevertheless, he, little Bobby, can destroy your possessions, drive you frantic, reduce you to helplessness.'

"'If I give him, as you recommend, a hiding, do you think that will stop him?' the father asked.

"'Not the first time. The warning that you will do so will roll right off him. He won't believe you. Then when you do it, he will be furious—he will hate you for the time being, and he will destroy something again, partly out of revenge, partly to test whether you really mean business. Then lick him again. I think it will take three lickings—then he will stop.'

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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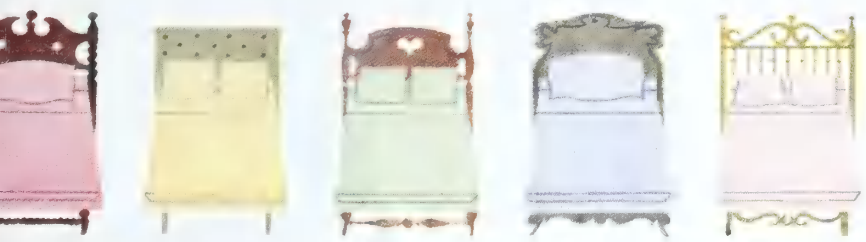
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By BERNARDINE KIELTY



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Speaking of Philadelphia, Judge Curtis Bok with four other men sailed 3300 miles across the ocean last summer in a small sailboat, Alphard, from Camden, Maine, to Burnham on Crouch, Essex, England. They never were really comfortable, and in face of their seafaring duties politics and the law blew away like mists before a fresh breeze. The depth of the ocean, the vastness of the sky, the consciousness of the point of no return, enriched their reveries. What fascinated Judge Bok most was navigation. He did the navigating himself, and when the little boat arrived—by dead reckoning—within seven miles of its landfall on the other side of the Atlantic, he was modestly surprised and profoundly satisfied.

•

A book I've just read, BABY SITTER'S GUIDE, *by Dennis the Menace (Bob Harmon and Hank Ketcham) is strictly for laughs—though they may be fairly grim laughs from certain parents and most baby sitters.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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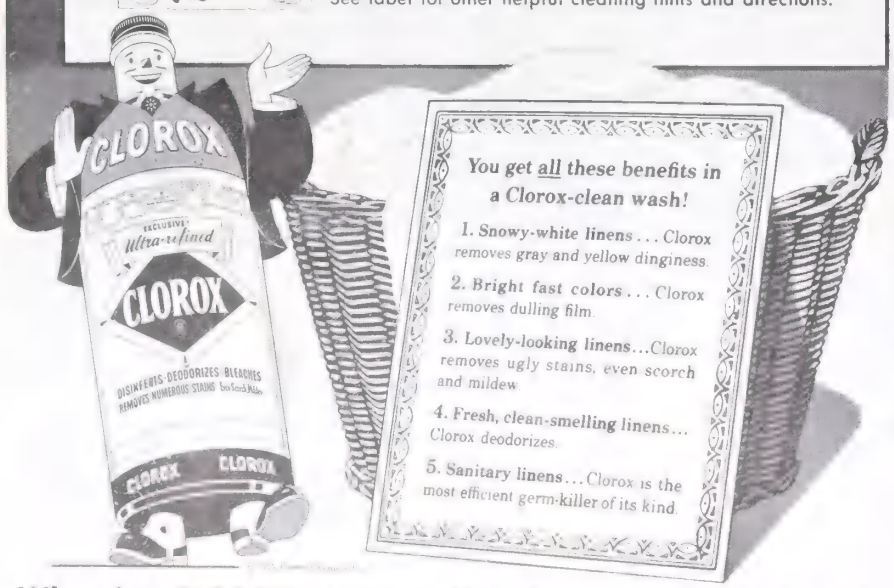
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Clorox leaves cottons and linens... including diapers... fresh smelling, even when dried indoors, because Clorox deodorizes. Also, Clorox is extra gentle, free from caustic... made by a patented, exclusive formula. And there are no gritty particles in Clorox, a liquid, to damage your wash or washing machine.



And CLOROX is easy and economical to use in routine cleaning, too! Besides deodorizing and removing stains from kitchen and bathroom surfaces, Clorox also disinfects... protects family health. And, Clorox does all three jobs without scrubbing. Hundreds of public health departments recommend the Clorox type of disinfection. See label for other helpful cleaning hints and directions.



When it's CLOROX-clean... it's SAFER for family health!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

In these days of mass entertainment, mass reading, mass information, it is soul-cleansing to get a glimpse of the solitary spirit. This happens when we read poetry. We also get the same kind of revelation in ***Ellen Glasgow's*** autobiography, **THE WOMAN WITHIN.** Ellen Glasgow died in 1945, and no one in her lifetime read the manuscript of this book. She wrote it off and on from 1936 to 1943, and when it was finished put it in a safe-deposit vault, not to be opened until after her death.

"This rough draft," she begins, "was written in great suffering of mind and body, and the work is as true to actual experience as I have been able to make the written word." Artists—especially women artists—will find it heartbreakingly real.

•

An ideal book for a young mother still in the hospital is **MOTHER AND CHILD,** a book of dreamlike pictures, with text, by ***Nell Dorr.*** They are quiet pictures, apart from the world, as a mother

COPYRIGHT, 1954, BY NELL DORR (HARPER & BROS.)



Love is a baby's natural right.

with her child is apart. They give you pause. *What kind of mother have I been, anyway?* you ask yourself.

•

THE CORNERSTONE is an amazing historical novel. It is by ***Zoé Oldenbourg,*** author of THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH, and I can pay it no greater praise than to compare it to my two favorite historical novels, KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER, by *Sigrid Undset,* and THE CORNER THAT HELD THEM, by *Sylvia Townsend Warner.* Both are novels of the Middle Ages, one in Scandinavia, the other in England.

THE CORNERSTONE *is the Middle Ages in France and the Holy Land. It includes a Crusade and a wide panorama of people from all walks of medieval life. Their way of living and loving and playing and fighting seems incredible, but as we read this book we know that it is true.*

•

DOGS AND PEOPLE, by ***George*** and ***Helen Papashvily,*** is as much Papashvilys as it is dogs, and on both counts it is delightful. (You remember *Thanks to Noah* that appeared in the JOURNAL.) This present book is for use as well as entertainment. It gives excellent advice about teaching dogs, breeding them, feeding them, and contains a fabulous store of stories.

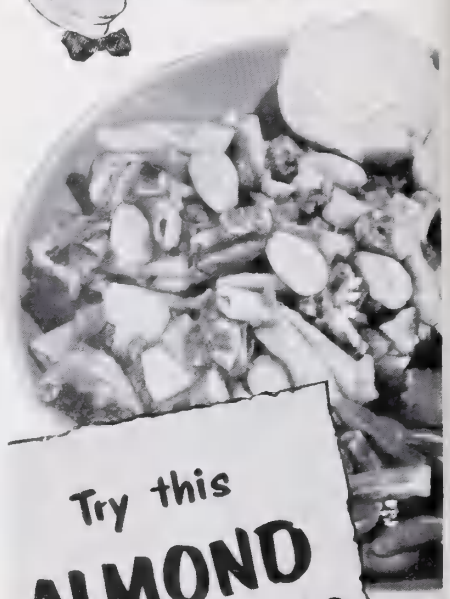
Maybe you know about the dog in Albany that wandered into the post office as a puppy and was adopted by the mailmen. He was a rover by instinct, so the mailmen gave him a collar and let him take round-trip excursions on mail cars. He visited every state in the Union, Mexico and Can-

"Almonds make the dish"



says *Trader Vic*

famed San Francisco restaurateur.



HERE'S A hearty, tasty treat, protein-rich and thrifty, too. See how crunchy almonds give the "flavor-lift" that makes it a family favorite. A happy meal for 6.

1 lb. ground beef or hamburger
1 medium-sized onion, diced
1 green pepper, diced
1 tbsp. oil
2 (8-oz.) cans tomato sauce
¾ cup roasted almonds, diced
1½ tsp. salt
1 (8-oz.) pkg. macaroni
1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
⅓ cup milk

Brown meat, onion and green pepper in oil; add salt and tomato sauce. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Cook macaroni in salted water 15-20 minutes. Combine with meat mixture. Stir in cheese, milk, almonds, and turn into casserole. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 20-30 minutes.

Win Compliments with Almonds



Crispy almonds perk up everyday dishes and glorify desserts. Try roasting the natural kernels (not blanched) 20 minutes in a slow oven. Use 1 teaspoon butter per cup of meats. Salt some for nibbling. Chop the rest for cooking and toppings.

Buy Blue Diamond almonds shelled or in shell, or try Blue Diamond Buttered Almonds, ready-roasted-and-diced.



For free recipe booklet write California Almond Growers Exchange, Sacramento, Cal.

ada. Finally one August day the postal authorities tied a letter of introduction on his collar and started him around the world alone. He went to Tacoma, to Japan, to Shanghai, to Singapore, through the Suez Canal, to the Azores, and when his boat landed in New York he caught the first express north and trotted into the Albany post office just 132 days after he left it!

•

Bird songs have been recorded many times, but no record that I have heard is a match for SONGBIRDS OF AMERICA, by *Arthur Allen* and *Peter Kellogg*, working with the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology. These are the songs of 24 North American birds with explanatory remarks that help fasten the songs in your mind, plus pictures of each bird in color with full description.

•

You know about ham radio operators. But did you know that Columbus, Ohio, has a club of twenty-five hams, all of them blind? Over half of them have already got their licenses, which means passing a Government test, and they are prepared to help in any emergency—fires, floods, blizzards. "Their ability to remember is uncanny," says William Jenney, the telephone-company engineer who singlehandedly is responsible. He conceived the idea of teaching the touch system to the boys at the Columbus State School for the Blind. All who wanted to learn it were eligible.

•

SONG OF THE SKY, by *Guy Murchie*, is a glowing tribute to navigation—the navigation of Arabs journeying across the desert, of American Indians moving through the forest, of the sea and the air. But it is much more. The author has been a navigating officer on transport planes flying across the ocean, and this is his aerial view of the currents of air, of winds, of thunderstorms, snow, fog and the strange eerie sounds of the sky. It is an alluring, almost sublime, combination of scientific fact and the thoughts and fancies and fantasies of a man whose life is spent high above the earth. SONG OF THE SKY does for the air what THE SEA AROUND US did for the sea.

•

YOUR DEAFNESS IS NOT YOU, **New Design for Deafness**, by *Grace Barstow Murphy*, is a heartening book. Mrs. Murphy is the wife of Robert Cushman Murphy of the Bird Department of the American Museum of Natural History. She has lived in the shadow of deafness since she was ten years old and has been completely deaf for the past four years. Yet she has kept up with music and the theater, and has gone to the far corners of the world on scientific expeditions with her husband.

Beethoven, completely cut off from the world of sound, always seemed one of the great cosmic tragedies. Now I see that Daumier, French caricaturist supreme, though he lived to be seventy-one, was blind from forty-five on.

•

DAUMIER, Caricaturist, by *Henry James*, is a charming little book, exquisitely printed, illustrated in color, published in London but obtainable here from the Rodale Press, Emmaus, Pennsylvania, $1.25. It is one of a series called The Miniatures, and if you are on the lookout for the unusual—small scale and far removed from the worrisome present—send for the prospectus.

•

My choice for biography over a stretch of months is MELBOURNE, by *Lord David Cecil*. Melbourne's private life was lively if not significant, and his accomplishments as Prime Minister under Queen Victoria left something to be desired, but his personality was pleasing and this picture of the nineteenth century in England through which he moved is deeply nostalgic. We're nostalgic for that fabled day of peace and security and solidity—a state of being which most of us have never known and which it is probably our destiny never to experience.

•

Just for laughs is LIGHT ARMOUR, **Playful Poems on Practically Everything**, by *Richard Armour*—on Males and Females, Hosts and Hostesses, Guests and Guestesses.

SO SOON?

Our guests are about to go—
That is, they're all set to start
To plan to prepare to get ready
To begin to commence to depart.

•

If you know anyone staying in Miami this winter who happens to have an interest in art, you should tell her about the Terry Art Institute. It is a nonprofit organization started as a living war memorial by the mothers and fathers of Dade County boys who were lost in World War II. From an investment of $487, it has grown to be the largest art institution in the South. Besides Fine Arts, it teaches Commercial Art, Art in Advertising, Interior Decorating, Costume Design, Fashion Illustration. It also owns and operates the Negro Art Institute in Miami.

END

RODIN'S SECRET

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

We walked through the
museum. The day was cold
Though Titian was warm and
Picasso bold.
Our steps fell hollow. The
armored knight
Leveled his lance and spoiled
for a fight.
And there in the cloister where
the fountain fell
I wanted to stop—but I could
not tell
What your thoughts were.
Stiffly you turned, you said,
"Perhaps the sculpture?" I
nodded my head.

The statues were blind. We
walked apart
And the cold of the day was
touching my heart
When there, in the corner, just
before my heart broke,
We saw the Hands. And the
hard rock spoke.
Perhaps I trembled, or gave
some sign . . .
For somehow you smiled, and
your hand found mine.



Holiday Time
is TANGERINE TIME!

Tangerines—Florida's holiday treat-to-the-nation—are at your grocer's. They've *never* been sweeter and juicier—*never* more full of deliciously different Tangerine flavor!

Just zip off the peel and Florida Tangerines are ready to eat. Plump sections pop apart at the touch. Perfect for lunch boxes, snacks and desserts. Bringing Golden Vitamin C and energy for these busy days when you use it up so fast.

The season's short and sweet; buy Tangerines today!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA



The champagne of juices comes from sweet, distinctive-tasting Florida Tangerines. Look for it canned on your grocer's shelf or for the concentrate in his frozen food cabinet. Available all year round.

FLORIDA'S "ZIPPER-SKIN" HOLIDAY TREAT

Winter's a wonderful



YOU'LL ENJOY THESE YEA

Last year alone nearly 28 million people traveled by air on scheduled airlines in the United States—and more people entered and departed from the United States by air than by any other means. Why this great shift to air travel? Because more and more Americans everywhere are finding that air travel—in winter and every season gives them all the advantages of speed, comfort, safety and econom Ask any airline representative or your travel agent to give you fu details about the wonderful conveniences of winter airline travel.



time to fly...

'ROUND AIR TRAVEL ADVANTAGES EVEN MORE IN WINTER



1. NO ICY ROADS—In the air, you're safer by far than going by car. In fact, American-built air transports have established all-time high safety records on domestic and worldwide routes flying billions of passenger miles in all kinds of weather. Their safety record was *5 times better* than by auto and taxi.



2. MANY TIMES FASTER than by the fastest surface travel. Newest sky giants, for example, fly from California to New York in less than 8 hours. Dependable airliners whisk you anywhere, make the most of time. You'll enjoy many extra hours or even several extra days at your destination when you go by air.

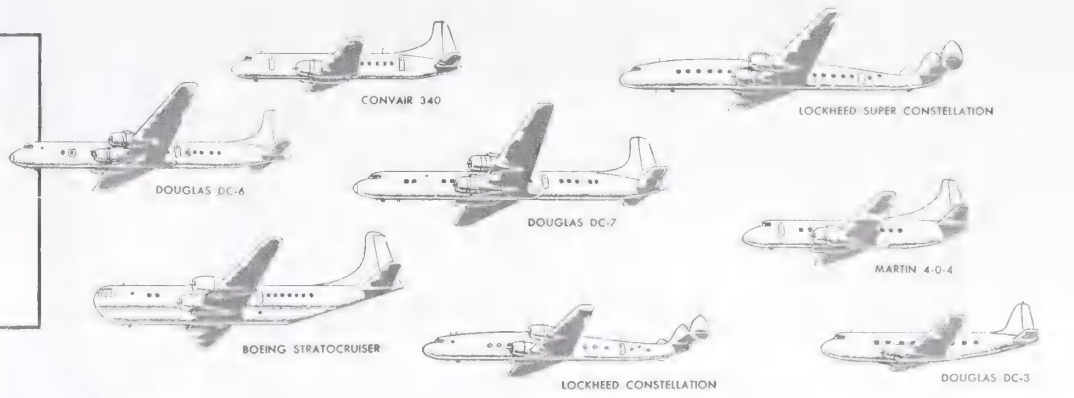


3. STRETCH OUT IN COMFORT—Airliners today are designed with you in mind, to provide plenty of room in spacious, air-conditioned cabins. Reclining seats give you "living room" comfort—with attentive personal service, delicious meals and refreshments to make every part of your trip more enjoyable.



4. THRIFTY, TOO—See how much farther your travel dollar will go when you go Airline. All the advantages are yours to enjoy at prices which so often are lower than surface transportation, when you consider berth and meal charges. Family travel plans and air coach or tourist service offer even greater savings.

America's leading airliners are Douglas DC-3s, DC-6s and DC-7s, Convair-Liners, Martin 4-0-4s, Boeing Stratocruisers and Lockheed Constellations. Every type depends on Pratt & Whitney Aircraft engines or Hamilton Standard propellers, or both—products which help make them the finest and most dependable passenger aircraft in all the world.



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Chatham Blankets America

in a great January Wool Sale

Save money! Buy these 100% wool blankets now.
Now you can have the right size to fit your bed









Look for these sale tags

on Chatham Wool Blankets at your favorite store now.

Prices slightly higher in the West

Chatham Manufacturing Company, Mills at Elkin, Charlotte. Spray in North Carolina

When migrant children arrive

...Volunteers are There to Help

Crop Pickers' Dilemma

By MARGARET HICKEY

MOTHERS know that their growing boys and girls need the vitamins that tree-ripened fruits and garden-fresh vegetables provide. But how many know the human, often tragic story behind the harvesting of these crops so vital to the family's health? Those snappy string beans admired by Mrs. Smith of Main Street may have been picked by a barefoot, undernourished child who has never romped on a real playground or by an older boy unable to write because the family's dusty truck never stopped in one place long enough for him to go to school.

Crop picking is essential work, so migrant families—more than a million of them—move up and down the country, belonging to no town. Their only shelter may be a shanty, a dilapidated barn, an abandoned freight train, or even a chicken coop.

U. S. Children's Bureau studies have produced striking facts about the unhappy conditions of these transient children's lives. One private organization—the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U. S. A.—has established a program of concrete help.

Last summer, 150 teachers, school principals and ministers, along with another 150 college students, moved into migrant camps in 12 states. They organized child-care centers for the youngest, high-school classes for the older children and adults; arranged Sunday-school and worship services; provided recreational activities for all age groups. All told, they reached an estimated 100,000 migrants.

A typical child-care center, according to Miss Edith Lowry, leader of the home-missions program, provided breakfast, lunch and two between-meal snacks, including always orange juice and cod-liver oil.

High-school instruction followed the quick and effective method of putting over the three R's originated by Dr. Frank Laubach, literacy expert. Pickers learned to read road signs, count money, make telephone calls, use the post office and the bank.

The activities stirred up by the National Council of Churches have encouraged other groups to help. Boy or Girl Scout leaders are undertaking to bring the Scout program to transient children in Colorado, Florida, Michigan, New York and New Jersey. In California, two 4-H clubs have been organized and a State Migrant Committee is under way.

In Wisconsin, the Governor's Commission on Human Rights urges communities to accept the migrants as temporary citizens, grant them the same privileges that others enjoy. Community interest was first aroused in 1949, when Texas-Mexican children were denied use of the swimming pool in the Waupun area. Now both local and visiting children play together on municipal playgrounds under locally sponsored supervision. Churches and organizations put on family-night programs at the camps and Saturday-night fiestas in town, with both migrant and local families attending. END

IT was nearly suppertime when the doctor beckoned Mrs. Martinez into her office. The mother had been there since eleven, cradling the sick baby in her arms and whispering to it softly in Spanish.

"I'm sorry you had to wait so long." Dr. Elfriede Horst spoke slowly, distinctly, to help her understand. She had seen one patient after another all day, still had three house calls to make before giving a talk at her women's-group meeting. "Why didn't you call to let me know you were coming?" she asked. "Then I could have seen you right away."

Mrs. Martinez smiled shyly. She was a small, very young woman with scrawny arms and a thin face that brightened when she looked at the baby. The neat flowered cotton house dress she wore showed plainly she was expecting another child. "I no understand telephone," she apologized. "I wait."

Doctor Horst had heard this same explanation from other wives of Spanish-speaking migrant farm laborers. Many of these Mexican-American families who had left Texas for the summer to pick onions, tomatoes, string beans and corn on farms near Des Plaines, Illinois, did not know how to use a telephone. And they were afraid to try because it was hard to understand and be understood in English.

"What are you feeding the baby?" Doctor Horst asked as she picked up the pale, listless Martinez child, lean and puny for his nine months.

"The formula," his mother answered.

"What formula?"

"The one the doctor give when he is born."

"My goodness!" the doctor exclaimed. "That's not enough for a growing boy." From her desk drawer she took several sample cans of baby foods. "Your baby needs more than just milk," she explained. "Take these and buy more later. Be sure that he eats three times a day." Then she vaccinated the infant against smallpox and gave him his first inoculation against typhoid, tetanus and diphtheria. CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

ARTHUR SHAY



In carefully enunciated English, these Spanish-speaking children of farm workers from Texas recite the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag at the A. A. U. W. Migrant School in Des Plaines, Illinois. With the help of friendly volunteer teachers, they are learning that, though only temporary members of the community, they are citizens too.

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

Making marriage work

What makes a man decide he's ready for marriage—when he sees a particular girl?

Are You Qualified for Marriage?

THE sensible girl planning a business career acquires needed skills before seeking a responsible or specialized position. She knows that she must perform the duties she undertakes to hold the job.

But many a girl who wouldn't pretend to be a secretary without typing and shorthand marries without concern for her qualifications as a wife. Granted, tangible skills can be acquired as needed, at home as in business. With common sense and a good cookbook, a bride soon learns to prepare adequate meals, as the beginning typist develops speed with practice.

The important point is that she consider the obligations inherent in marriage, and honestly appraise her capacity to fulfill them, whether they involve specific skills like cooking or intangible qualities of character.

Some girls just don't understand what being a good wife means. This thought came to mind recently when we made several studies among college girls. Though almost all expected to marry, they were concentrating on careers outside the home rather than within. Many who admitted shortcomings as homemakers felt their earning power would compensate. For example, only 18 per cent could cook; the rest explained that their salaries would cover restaurant meals or a servant.

Some men might accept this arrangement, but many would not. In any case, a girl cannot afford to assume that professional ability qualifies her for a successful career as a wife.

Here are some of the attributes of the woman worthy and capable of achieving a happy marriage. How do you measure up?

Her home and family come first. While she is single, the successful young businesswoman has neither need nor inclination for domestic activities. But when she marries, she realizes that she cannot create a home for her husband merely by occupying it with him. She is willing to shop for curtains during lunch hours, to cook an appetizing meal after work, and to attend to major chores over weekends. Unless she would rather quit her job than slight her duties as wife and homemaker, she is better qualified for business than for marriage.

She is adaptable. Marriage is full of frustrations for the woman who cannot adjust to varying situations, circumstances, and particularly to other people. The happy wife adapts her mood to her husband's (she feels like talking, he is uncommunicative), conceals her disappointments (he is too tired for the movie she'd looked forward to), and puts the big chair by the fire where he wants it even though it spoils the effect she planned. Adaptability means more than weakly giving in. Rather it means the ability to understand his needs, to see his point of view, and to identify with him so fully that his wishes are usually hers.

She cultivates homemaking skills. Probably she already has an elementary knowledge of basic household tasks when she marries. She rapidly acquires new skills and improves familiar ones, even though she keeps her job and can afford help. Otherwise she cannot adequately supervise the service she pays for, nor take over in an emergency. Least of all can she appreciate or provide the little extras of beauty and comfort that create an atmosphere of welcome and individuality.

She is responsible. Though the business girl is subject to supervision and correction, as a housewife she is on her own. No one will see if she sweeps dust under the rugs, or hides overdue bills. She can invent an excuse for the makeshift dinner instead of admitting that she played bridge too late.

But it is not personal fastidiousness or fear of detection alone that restrains the responsible wife from such behavior. She performs her tasks faithfully and admits shortcomings honestly because she accepts her obligation to run the house, as she expects her husband to earn the living. The woman who wants a dependable husband proves to him that she herself is trustworthy.

She keeps up with her husband. Her husband's promotions and salary increases bring her new responsibilities and opportunities as well. By improving her household methods, she does a better job, and still has more time for outside interests and activities. She tries new recipes, rearranges the furniture, and invites new friends to dinner. She reads fashion articles, follows sports and tries her luck at a new game. Her development is measured not by a pay check but by her husband's growing admiration, appreciation and love.

Preparing for a business career is commendable in itself. But the career of marriage is a woman's greatest opportunity for happiness. Whether you are single or married, do not neglect or take for granted your qualifications for the role of wife.

Ask Yourself:
"Am I a Responsible Wife?"

Attitudes and feelings, as well as habits and actions, determine how responsible one is. In answering these questions *don't* give yourself the benefit of any doubt. Then see how you compare with other wives.

Do You:

1. **Consider yourself a dependable person?**
2. **Find it easy to put off chores?**
3. **Nearly always serve meals on time?**
4. **Think wives work harder than husbands?**
5. **Observe a schedule in running the home?**
6. **Envy wives who hold outside jobs?**
7. **Stay within your household budget?**
8. **Often think your husband's demands unfair?**
9. **Admit and correct your errors and mistakes?**
10. **Become easily tired or bored with housework?**
11. **Look to your husband for guidance?**
12. **Frequently wish you were on your own?**
13. **Avoid making excuses for yourself?**
14. **Feel hurt and offended by husband's criticisms?**

Odd-numbered questions should be answered "Yes," even-numbered ones "No." If your correct answers total twelve or more, you are more responsible than the average wife. Ten is an average score, eight or below is poor. Studying your incorrect answers may help you see yourself as you appear to your husband.

The Bond of Religion

MANY letters come to us asking for guidance in dealing with conflicts arising out of religious disagreement between husband and wife. The problems presented may arise because they are of different faiths, or because one is more devout than the other.

The counselor knows from research findings as well as from experience and observation that religious differences often cause trouble within the family. But he also knows, as many laymen do not, that religious *indifference* is more often associated with unhappiness and failure in marriage than religious *differences*. In our continuing study of more than a thousand married couples, we find that the breakup rate is substantially higher in homes where there is no religious observance than in homes of mixed faith.

Many factors help to explain why religion is a unifying force in marriage. In the first place, divorce is contrary to the spirit of every religious faith, and violates the church laws of many. The belief that divorce is a sin is a deterrent to unwise or hasty marriage, and a formidable barrier to taking the divorce route to escape when the going gets rough.

Second, a selective factor is involved. The person who respects the institution of religion is inclined, by nature as well as training, to respect the institution of matrimony. Regardless of the particular creed, the individual fortified by faith is more apt to be stable, dependable and disciplined than the individual indifferent to religion.

Again, attendance at church and observance of religious customs offer the family frequent opportunities to share experiences. As parents and children worship together in church, they are spiritually united as well as physically close. By its very nature, religion strengthens the bonds of family love and loyalty.

Nor are the social aspects of church to be disregarded. In general, church members are the substantial and worth-while citizens in any locale. By going to church, you become identified with the most desirable elements of the community, rather than with the frivolous or the drifters. Children brought up to attend church are accustomed to value and to seek community approval.

Some parents are reluctant to send their children to Sunday school or church, for fear of forcing on them beliefs not to their later liking. Though parents must decide the question for themselves, let them bear in mind that some knowledge of the Bible, some understanding of what other people believe about God are an essential part of a child's training. Every child needs and deserves religious instruction, whether at home or at Sunday school.

It is not our purpose to urge any particular faith or form of observance. It is our purpose to suggest some of the benefits of religion, to each individual and to family life.

Do You Agree?

Can a wife be physically ill because she is unhappy, or is she unhappy because she is physically ill?

Both may be involved. Each case must be carefully studied to see how much of the illness is physical and how much is emotional.

½ ton a month...

that's how many dishes you do for a family of four. Sounds like you ought to know about new Lux Liquid Detergent



Makes lighter work of dishwashing

If you stacked your monthly quota of dishes-to-do on a scale, they'd weigh over half a ton. That's why you need Lux Liquid—made just for doing dishes fast and easy. It *floats* grease right off . . . gets plates and glasses sparkling clean.

And there's *real* economy in Lux Liquid. Just a teaspoonful does a dishpanful . . . *one* can outlasts *several* boxes of the leading dishwashing powder. Lux Liquid is almost as mild as Lux Toilet Soap. Incidentally, Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantee Lux Liquid to be as promised, or your money will be refunded.

Get Lux Liquid when you market!

P.S. Women seem to be finding lots of new ways to put Lux Liquid to work. For example, you've discovered it's great for washing the kitchen and bathroom tile, the floors and windows—really fast and easy!



A teaspoonful does a dishpanful

Packed in a can as it should be—with a dripless spout

See the stars on Lux Video Theatre —Thursday nights, NBC-TV
Hear them on Lux Radio Theatre —Tuesdays, NBC

IT'S THE NEXT BEST THING TO A DISHWASHING MACHINE

You don't have to stare at your shoes if you're stumped for something to say.



TANA HOBAN

What are you talking about?

THE SUB-DEB edited by Ruth Imler

Boys

He—"Hi!"
She—"Hi!"

And then, probably because you like him a lot and want him to like you, too, you simply can't even *think* of another word to say, right? Right. It's then that one smile is worth a thousand words. For if you can show him, by your smile, that silence doesn't worry *you* and that it needn't worry him either, you'll discover that one or the other of you can say something about the class you've just had or the one you're going to next. . . .

A relaxed, easily-moving-from-smile-to-smile conversation with a boy is yours for the remembering that you—and *any* boy or girl your age—have almost everything in common: school (subjects, problems, schedules, sports, activities), movies, records, books, magazine articles . . . and a lively curiosity to know what the person you think you like is *really* like!

For instance ——

on a first date: If the boy's new at school (or to you) ask him where he went to school before. What he's taking here. Does he think he'll like it as well as at the other school? What activities he's going out for. With one or all of these questions, you're bound to hit upon a mutual point of interest, so you can have a chat, not a question-and-answer period.

on a second date: Obviously, now he's interested in *you*. Help him get to know you better by interspersing some comments about yourself with comments about him—not about how wonderful or how bashful and awful you are—but about what cartoonist you think funny or what subject gives you the most trouble in school (arouse the knight in the boy), or tell him that you plan to watch such-and-such a TV show because. . . .

on a twentieth or so date: "Of course I know how to talk to *him*," you insist. But the truth is that your conversation and your relationship can go stale if you don't make an effort to talk to each other about important things. (Ask any married couple!) If you're together a lot and know each other well, you fall into the habit of a sort of mental shorthand without any real conversation. If you're going steady, ask yourself: When was the last time we talked about a book? A concert? Politics? A problem? Do I know what he thinks about religion? Travel? What he wants to do when he finishes school? Start talking!

at a dance: Take your cue from your partner: if he begins a conversation, respond to it, otherwise there's no need for chatter. When the dance ends you can comment on the music (better, though, to comment on his dancing or at least on how much he seems to *enjoy* the music!), the decorations or the turnout.

on the telephone: You can refuse a date you simply don't want by saying, "Oh, I'm sorry, but I'm busy Saturday night"—you don't have to tell him you're going to be busy washing your hair; if you really do have a date, and really want one with him, change the inflection of your voice, and your wish *may* come true: "Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Bob, but I'm busy *this* Saturday," or "busy this *Saturday*."

News Adults

If friends of your parents—somehow the ones most likely to ask awkward questions—ask what you're doing in school, *tell* them; they're only trying to talk about *your* interests. If you're absolutely stuck for a conversational topic—as when, for instance, the minister stops by for a call and your mother is still out shopping—it's a good bet that he reads the newspapers. (You should too!) You can always talk about current events.

Parents of friends should be easy to talk to because you have so much in common—their sons and daughters. You can talk to them about school ("We're so glad that Katie [the daughter] is class secretary") or about the neighborhood or, again, about the food they're serving.

Parties

If everybody is standing around in tightly knit groups and you're outside (this should virtually never happen if the hostess is on her toes) you can ask the hostess if you can help her. Passing sandwiches among the crowd will give you a chance to break in conversationally. Food, incidentally, is a subject on which any boy can become eloquent and one of universal interest!

If you're the hostess you're supposed to see that everybody is introduced to everybody and that nobody's left alone. If you think the two have anything in common, throw in a clue about one of them. ("Jane, this is Bob Jones. Jane Brown. Bob works for his school newspaper too.")

Try to keep yourself from saying, "I've heard so much about you," when you meet someone dreamy. This may seem like a friendly comment to you, but the other person is taken aback. He wonders, "*What* has she heard? Who told her? And what can I say now?"

The remark, "My, you've changed!" can be another conversational dead end. When you're meeting someone you haven't seen for a really long time, this leaves him wondering, "What does she mean? How? Do I look or act worse? Better? Or what?"

Conversation

Ice Creators

When someone says to you:
1. What are you doing Friday night?
2. What do you think of Sally Parks?
3. My, you're getting to be quite a grown-up young lady, aren't you?

All you can do is:

1. Say, "Well, my plans are still sort of undecided—why?" Anybody who asks a question like this deserves the old stall. If it's something you want to do, you can accept. If not, you can say, "Well, as I told you, my plans are indefinite—I may be having an out-of-town guest, so maybe you'd better ask someone else."

2. Say, "She seems nice to me. Oh, listen, they're playing In the Mood." Anything to switch the subject. This is a tactless question, and the questioner should learn that you have no intention of gossiping or psychoanalyzing.

3. Smile. Modesty in a young girl is considered charming by older people, and there really is no answer to this except, "Yes, I am."

THEY'RE STILL TALKING ABOUT:

The new birthday cards—in cutout form—that can be hung later as ultramodern mobiles. . . . The "tape-measure ties" made by the Four Leaf Clover Sub-Deb Club, of Hamden, Connecticut. Gals sew tiny jingle bells to each end of a tape measure, then tie them under the collars of their blouses. . . . A twist on a progressive dinner party initiated by the Doodle Bug Sub-Deb Club, of Cranbrook, British Columbia. The girls went to five members' homes for five courses, as usual, but at each house they stayed to do the dishes! . . . The brightest of the new room-brightening accessories—felt scatter pillows made in the colors and shapes of watermelon slices, carrots and half-moons. . . . The Pakistani teen-age girls who were urged by their UN Children's Fund supervisor to select a movie that would be "helpful in their cultural development." Although none of the girls had ever seen a movie, their choice was unanimous and unerring: "How to Marry a Millionaire." . . . The decorating theme of the Emancipation Ball given by the Sub-Deb Club of Pampa, Texas, to welcome full-fledged new members after their tryout period—the balls black balloons, the chains of black and silver paper.

The LIGHT refreshment for today's active people



It isn't the figure skaters, but the skaters' figures that steal the show on the ice these days.

For never were trimness of form, swiftness and grace of movement, more nearly universal. All because this is a generation that has learned it pays, in health as well as in looks, to watch its waistline. Its taste therefore is for lighter, less filling food and drink.

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That is why Pepsi-Cola is more popular than ever, no matter what the weather. It refreshes without filling. Have a Pepsi.

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

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FLOATING SOAP...EVEN COLD CREAM!



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Beauty Soap or Castile Soap!



Palmolive Is Proved
Milder than Leading White
Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!



Palmolive Is Proved
Even Milder than America's Leading
Cold Creams!



PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In a continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers. The questions are all real but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

I have two sisters who experience ere pain for an interval between ir periods every month, and I would preciate knowing the probable cause t."

HAVE been having a pain at intervals in right side for a long time, Doctor, and husband insisted that I come to you to if my appendix might be acting up. He a terrible time with his a few years ago I think he must have an appendix com-, if there is any such thing."

he speaker obviously was a woman in twenties. The doctor glanced appraisy in her direction. "Could you be a little e explicit? You say you have this pain at rvals; is it frequent?"

No-o-o, but it is often enough to be a sance."

My next question is one which I ask pracly all my patients. Have you ever had a gnancy interrupted for any cause what-?"

No, Doctor. I've never been pregnant, ough I want to be."

This pain, then—is there anything that ns to precipitate it?"

No, it just comes and goes without any arent rhyme or reason. I never get ough a month without experiencing it."

There is a periodicity to it, then?"

Not with reference to the calendar, but it ns to occur just between my monthly ods."

And how about your cycle? Is it twenty-t days?"

Yes, I can always rely on that."

And the pain comes about in the middle he cycle? That would be about fourteen s after the first day of the previous struation?"

Yes."

How would you describe the pain?"

We-ell, it's a sort of constant cramp, alugh there are intervals of comparative f. It's not so severe, but it is uncomable. It's always on one side, never both, usually does not last more than forty-t hours, although sometimes I have a twinges two or three days before the n becomes constant, which I've learned ccept as a warning."

Is there any bleeding at these times?"

Not as a rule, although once or twice e has been a very little."

"And when did you have your last regular menstrual period?"

"About ten or twelve days ago. I noticed one of those warning twinges this morning."

"Before I have the nurse make you ready for an examination, is there anything more that you can tell me—any other symptoms you recall?"

"The only other thing is that I seem to have a slight vaginal discharge at such times—a white discharge."

"I see. Now, would you go with the nurse, please?"

Returning to the consulting room, the patient said, "I do hope, Doctor, that I haven't been making a fool of myself. It isn't appendicitis, is it?"

"No, I don't believe it is, although the complication which is giving you annoyance has often been confounded with appendicitis, and also with other ailments leading to operative procedures which proved unnecessary."

"You haven't told me yet what *is* my trouble, Doctor."

"I imagine it will require a bit of explaining. The examination and all you have told me indicate that yours is a case of intermenstrual pain, which the German scientists long ago characterized as *Mittelschmerz*. The cause of your periodical episodes of pain is the fact that at such times you are ovulating."

"Why should it affect me that way? Isn't that unusual?"

"Not very unusual. The phenomenon affects about five per cent of all women regularly, and I have heard it said that the incidence is much greater. Tell me, have you a clear idea of what ovulation really is?"

"I think I understand about the menstrual cycle, but my idea of the exact process of ovulation is rather dim."

"Well, if you understand the menstrual cycle, you realize that it is simply a circle connecting cellular growth and replenishment within the uterus following the casting off of the old cells by the process of menstruation. It is in the middle of this cycle that ovulation takes place.

"In the structure the ovary is simply a collection of ova held together by connective tissue. When stimulated to activity at the proper time in the cycle, the ova within are thrown into a condition of active development. Each individual egg is contained in a very small sac called a 'follicle.' There are many of these follicles at the start, but by the middle of the cycle one particular one has

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

or Safford's new book, The Intimate Problems of nen, containing several chapters which have not ared in the JOURNAL, has been published by Haw-n Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.



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Selected by thousands of women as first choice of many designs—this new Kotex package reflects the quality you've learned to trust. For Kotex* gives you the complete absorbency you need . . . the softness you're sure of. Kotex holds its shape, keeps its comfortable fit; so there is no roping, twisting or chafing.

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Journal About Town

Gossip about
people you know,
Editors you like,
and what goes on
in New York

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN January, 1905, a woman waiting for a train in Minneapolis lost her bustle, in which was $500. Shoeshine boys on Broadway were whistling Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie, a new hit, and women welcomed the first vacuum cleaner, called a "suction machine," a monstrous contraption weighing fifty pounds.

Among the many helpful hints in the January, 1905, JOURNAL were How to Sing the German Songs (by Madame Schumann-Heink), The Correct Way to Play the Mandolin, and How a Girl Should Salute a Flag.

"With the holding up of her skirts with one hand, and the engagement of the other hand with a parasol, how should a girl salute a flag?" the JOURNAL *asked men high in Army and Navy circles. Some of the answers:*

"Have the handkerchief drawn from the belt and hung pendent from the hand at an angle of forty-five degrees."

"Kiss her right hand."

"Make a curtsy to the flag the moment it passes."

"Hold the open palm at the brim of the hat."

"Admiral Schley has an idea entirely his own," comments Editor Bok. "Says he, 'I believe a salute to the flag by the mothers and daughters of our land should be made with the right hand on the heart and the head reverently bowed.'"

"How I Plan a Week's Work Without a Servant: Monday: Rise at five A.M. and go to the kitchen and put on a large apron, sweeping cap and gloves. Remove ashes from the range and make fire. Rub range with strong soapsuds. While teakettle is boiling, begin soaking a boilerful of clothes ——"

"When I sweep, I do not swathe my head in a towel," confides a new bride. "I have cunning mob caps of white lawn, and when I am wearing my blue house gown I pin a blue bow on the cap!"

"Mourning: For the first two months, a black crape veil is worn over the face, reaching to the bust in front and just below the shoulders in back; after this space of time, a black face veil is worn coming to the edge of the chin."

"The perfect gift for mother: Have a telephone put in the house."



SCHNEIDER

Photographer Schneider working out with Swedish Crown Prince Carl.

WHEN *Josef Schneider*, the famous photographer of children, was telling *Tina Fredericks* how he managed to get such good pictures of the Swedish crown prince, age 8, by vigorously engaging his attention, Tina asked him what tips he had for our readers who wanted to photograph their own princes and princesses. He gave us these: Under six months there's nothing like mommy burying her hair in baby's tummy, and then withdrawing it, to make the child respond. At twelve months, jiggling a chain of safety pins in front of the child is practically sure-fire; and a little later on you can begin giving the child a bright new silver coin, and quickly taking it back. That will work with any youngster for quite a while to come, said Joe.

Back from all the great galleries of Europe, our art editor, William Fink, whose eye is ever on the alert for art wherever it is to be found, has been enchanting us with descriptions of how English boys decorate the ancient taxicabs they buy to ride around in. One Bill saw was completely pink, painted in perfect imitation of quilting. Another was pasted all over with colorful wine labels, and varnished. Still another tall old, typical London taxi was entirely painted outside to represent a red-brick town-house wall, with Regency chairs inside replacing the seats, and a chandelier hanging from the high ceiling. But the most romantic was the one painted like a little country cottage. It even had a window box in back. "And believe it or not," said Bill, "blooming in the window box were honest-to-goodness geraniums!"

In the South, Middle West and West the preferred hours for weddings are 8:30 and 9:00 P.M.; in the East, it's 4:00, 4:30—or high noon. . . . Four out of ten college students who study to become teachers never enter the teaching profession.

Half of nighttime traffic accidents are due to poor visibility; with proper street lighting, possibly 10,000 deaths and 370,000 injuries could be prevented yearly, a billion dollars or more in property damage saved.

We happened into *Nora O'Leary's* fascinating Dress Department next to our plain old office, and it was just as pretty *Leonie Vernet* was trying on what looked to us like an ermine coat and hood. "No, it's not ermine," said Nora: "it's white Orlon fleece, and I'll tell you a secret. I was intending it only for the lining, but it looked so wonderful alone, and felt so warm, I finished it up just like this, for the January cover." . . . So take another look outside at Leonie.

DI PIETRO



Nora O'Leary adjusts Leonie Vernet's "cover-girl" coat.

Among the group *Mary Bass* was escorting through the Homemaking Department the day certain women of the Human Rights Committee of the U.N. came to have luncheon with *Mrs. Gould* were a princess from Pakistan, a member of the Norwegian Parliament, the chief medical officer of Copenhagen, the envoy extraordinary of the Dominican Republic, and the first secretary of the Cuban embassy. As we happened by, all these ladies, so diverse in dress, speech and tradition, were fascinatedly watching with one accord as *Margaret Davidson* demonstrated the very last word in washing machines. Seeing which, we couldn't help thinking how in the world of the mind and spirit, where human rights originate, the universal oneness of women's interest was a unanimous force. So when later at luncheon Mrs. Gould

DI PIETRO



Miss Davidson (second from left) and Mary Bass entertain U.N. women.

asked what they thought of her husband's conviction that if women were running the world there would be no war, it was not surprising that the agreement was general. It seems that women speak a common language, though they speak in many tongues.

Anything can happen here, we always say, and had no sooner said it for the umptieth time when *Bernardine Kielty* came in to tell us she'd just heard the unmistakable song of the Peabody bird outside her window, five hundred feet above Rockefeller Plaza—"The first time since our honeymoon in Maine, many years ago," she said. "It's really the white-throated sparrow," our most ardent bird watcher went on, giving us its song: "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," or flute-like sounds to that effect, and told us about watching bird watchers in Central Park. "Not just *John Kieran*," Bernardine said, "but loads of people you'd never expect. *Karl Menninger*, the psychiatrist; *Crawford Greenewalt*, president of DuPont; *Jimmie Cagney*, *Cornelia Otis Skinner* and *Fred Allen*, too—even though Fred does make fun of bird watching on the air."

She needed something solid, dependable. But until she met this provocative stranger she didn't consider tho

The Lark Shall Sing

"JUNE, a good time to sell," Mr. Milward observed, taking the advertisement and glancing through it rapidly.

"Yes," Jeff agreed. "I thought when I was out there yesterday that the place looked a good deal better now than it did a year ago, when ——"

"Yes, a year," mused Mr. Milward. "It's gone very quickly. Or perhaps"—he glanced at Jeff with something of questioning, something of sympathy in his glance—"perhaps you don't think so?"

"If you mean do I still miss Roselle—then yes, I do," admitted Jeff a little unwillingly. "I was wondering yesterday ——"

"Whether they'll come back?"

"Yes."

Mr. Milward leaned back, folded his hands, and gave the matter some thought. "No," he said at last, "I don't think they'll come back."

It was a sad business, he reflected, to see a splendid family like that breaking up. And he would regret saying good-by to Lucille—perhaps because she was immeasurably his favorite godchild, perhaps because he had been a little in love with her mother, perhaps because Lucille herself was so young and so vital.

The Waynes had gone away for a year. The year was over—but they were not coming back. Lucille would be here this morning to talk over the sale of the house; and, though it seemed incredible, when the visit was over she would go back to Cornwall—to live among people he had never seen and might never see.

Lucille—and the others: Nicholas, his wife's godson; Roselle . . . Simon . . . Julia . . . and then, last of all, Dominic. A fine family, people had always said—healthy, good-looking; all except Julia, that is—and all full of life and spirit and —— Well, no; not all of them. Roselle was a gentle little thing and so was Simon. But the others had spirit enough and to spare. Lucille, perhaps, had too much. He had always warned her about her habit of acting too impetuously, too hastily, but who had ever been able to prevent Lucille from doing anything she wanted to do?

Lucille—even if she was coming only to complete this gloomy business, she would, at any rate, be with them for a few days; and the sight of her would give immense pleasure to himself and to his wife. To Jeff? Perhaps not. Jeff judged Lucille, Mr. Milward thought, a little too harshly. He blamed her for the breakup of the family; he felt that she had sent Roselle away, out of his life. It was not strictly true, but perhaps if Lucille had been a little more patient ——

He studied his son's sturdy shoulders against the window. A fine young man, Jeff. Not outstandingly handsome, perhaps, but quiet and sturdy and reliable. Perhaps he might have CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

aybe a girl needs other things even more.

• By ELIZABETH CADELL



"Stars, millions and millions of them," he said, enjoying it all. Then, abruptly: "How long have you known your fiancé?"

SHE HAD TO LEAVE HIM BUT SHE COULDN'T, COULDN'T TELL HIM WHY !



Her eyes were unusually large,
unusually bright.
"You've never sworn at me before,"
she said. "I liked it."

cody whitmore

By Dana Burnet



THE DOCTOR ALWAYS DOODLED

DOCTOR PALMER sat behind his huge flat-topped mahogany desk; in front of it Miss Martin, in her white uniform, sat facing him. As they talked, the doctor doodled. He had picked up a pen and was squiggling some aimless design on a piece of paper torn from his memo pad.

"So you're leaving?"

"Yes, doctor."

"H'm-m," Doctor Palmer said, and went on squiggling. It was a habit of his. Jane Martin had been a nurse in his office for almost two years. She knew that the doctor always doodled.

She knew other things—ordinary, external things—about the big, hulking, homely-faced man who was her employer. She knew that he was thirty-six years old and already a brilliantly successful neurologist, as witness this spacious Park Avenue office into which, at the moment, poured the faint golden light of a dying summer day. She knew that he had written an impressive book: The Pyramidal Tract in Apes and Men; a Study of the Factor of Consciousness in the Lower Spinal Cord Reflexes.

She knew that his first name was Jonathan—not John, as his friends and colleagues called him—and that he had once been married to a woman who had divorced him while he was serving overseas as an Army doctor during the Second World War. This last she had learned from Miss Simpson, his elderly nurse-secretary, who had added that in her opinion the doctor would never marry again. Now after twenty-three months in his office, Jane Martin had decided that Miss Simpson was right.

"I must say I'm surprised," Doctor Palmer said as he doodled. "In fact, this is something of a shock. I've come to depend on you very considerably, Miss Martin."

"Yes, I—I know. I'm sorry, doctor."

"I had no suspicion that you were dissatisfied here."

"I'm not dissatisfied, exactly."

"Is it a question of money?"

"No, it isn't a question of money."

"Perhaps you don't get along with Miss Simpson?"

"I love Miss Simpson, and I've enjoyed being with—I mean working for you."

"That was my impression." He glanced up at her with a puzzled frown. "It was distinctly my impression that you were happy here."

Her voice quavered slightly. "I guess I'm just happy by nature." CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

NEHRU and MADAME PANDIT

By Their Sister . . . Krishna Nehru Hutheesing

A vivid portrait of the Prime Minister of India and his sister, Madame Pandit, by the person who knows them both better, perhaps, than anyone else in the world— "the other Nehru sister."



Grandsons, Rajiv and Sanjaya, visit Nehru each morning while he does his yoga exercises, particularly admire grandpa's ability to stand on his head.



INDRA ARYA

I STOOD on the steps of the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay, talking to a friend. An American gentleman, obviously a tourist, passed us again and again, staring and looking back at me. He seemed undecided whether or not to speak. At last his curiosity got the better of him. Raising his hat, he came forward and said, "Forgive this intrusion, but are you Madame Pandit?"

"No, I am not Madame Pandit," said I, with a sigh of resignation. How many times I had been asked the same question.

"I am sorry," continued the American, "but you do look a lot like her and I just wondered." He looked most apologetic but still puzzled, so my friend told him I was "the other Nehru sister."

Enlightenment dawned on his face. "Well, well, isn't that a coincidence," he said, stretching out his hand to shake mine. "It is indeed a pleasure to have met you, lady. How many sisters are there?"

"Just two," I said. "Madame Pandit and I." We shook hands again and said good-by.

How true it is that few people know that the Prime Minister of India has any other sister than Madame Pandit! It is, indeed, great good fortune to be born into a family which has an illustrious name, and I am very proud of being a Nehru. Yet I wish at times that I did not belong to a family that is so much in the limelight.

Swarup, as my sister was named, was born ten years after Jawahar. Seven years later I arrived. Coming ten years after Jawahar, Swarup was rather spoiled. As a child she had a lovely complexion and nice eyes but protruding teeth. As she grew up she became prettier. She was five years old when father brought our governess from England. It is customary in a Kashmiri household to call the first daughter "*nanhi*," which means "the little one." Everyone called Swarup "*nanhi*," but as this was a mouthful for the governess, she started calling her just "Nan." This name stuck and even the family took to it.

When I was to be named the same thing happened. Usually a christening takes place when a child is about three months old, but mine was delayed because mother was ill and also because she had written to Jawahar, then at Cambridge, to suggest a name for me. Meanwhile I was referred to as the "*choti beti*," which means the "little daughter." My governess converted this into "Betty" which later I spelled "Betti" to make it sound more Indian. I was named Krishna Kumari at my brother's suggestion when I was six months old. "Krishna" can be either a boy's name or a girl's.

Nan was born while a storm was raging outside and hence was nicknamed "The Tempest" by father. But the name was not appropriate, as she was a fairly quiet child, amenable to discipline because she found it much less troublesome to submit than to stand up for her own rights. I was the reverse, and times without number have I been locked up or sent to bed without supper for refusing to obey an order that I considered unjust. I have always adored Jawahar and so has Nan, but she has been much

JITENDRA ARYA

In six-yard drape of sari, Madame Pandit appears taller than her five feet. In her garden, in New Delhi, she wears hand-spun Indian cloth; in America her saris are sometimes made of nylon.

closer to him because the age difference between them is less. She has had many more opportunities to be with him and work with him because, even after she married, she continued to live in our home town.

We were all brought up more by Western than Eastern standards, and we had the privilege of mixing freely in society. For my brother, this was perhaps not unusual. But for my sister and me—women!—it was unheard of. When love and marriage came our way, our unconventional upbringing gave our lives twists and turns that were unconventional—at least for India!

As the youngest Nehru I usually saw very little of my parents. Mother was a Kashmiri beauty, completely absorbed in the running of the house and her unhidden pride in her only son, Jawahar. In later years, she was a semi-invalid, confined to her bed many months in the year. Father was an extremely busy, preoccupied, successful lawyer who had very little time for his children.

It is said of the Nehrus that we have a "great charm" which we can turn on or off in a flash. If this is so, it is a direct inheritance from father, who, for his day, was also outrageously Westernized.

Mother came from an orthodox family, had little education, spoke English only brokenly, and was married when she was thirteen. Having lived all her youth under the iron regime of a Nehru mother-in-law and numerous other in-laws, she soon learned to bend like the willow and try to please everyone. Meek and docile by nature, she allowed herself to be bossed and dominated first by her parents, then her in-laws, her husband and later by her children. When father took to Western ways of living, dressing, eating and entertaining, she had no alternative but to fall in with his wishes and do likewise. But she never got used to it or liked it.

There is, incidentally, an interesting story behind the Nehru name. The old family CONTINUED ON PAGE 76



Sincerely— Willis Wayde

When young Willis Wayde moved East with his parents, he could not guess how surely Harcourt Mill (where his engineer-father worked) and the powerful Harcourt family would shape his whole future. Living in the garden house on the Harcourt estate, Willis played with the Harcourt grandchildren Bess and Bill, learned to respect old Mr. Harcourt, became keenly interested in the mill. But the arrogant Bess never let Willis forget he was not of her class, and Willis' father warned him to seek other friends. Still, when old Mr. Harcourt loaned Willis the money to go through Harvard Business School and gave him increased responsibility at the mill, Willis began to believe his future might include both success and Bess Harcourt.

Then old Mr. Harcourt died, and Bess' father, Bryson, who lacked old Mr. Harcourt's business acumen, let the mill deteriorate. On the day Willis learned of Bess' engagement to socially prominent Edward Ewing, he left Harcourt Mill to accept a position with Beakney-Graham, a New York management concern. Several years later, successful but unsatisfied, Willis encountered Sylvia Hodges, whom he had known at Cambridge. Inspired by Sylvia's admiration, Willis asked Beakney-Graham for a large raise—and got it.

"You're awfully sweet,

rling," Sylvia said,

"but everything's so different."

Willis hadn't forgotten Bess Harcourt.

Perhaps he never would forget her.

But Sylvia was near . . . and real.

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

OCCASIONALLY it seemed to Willis Wayde that his was only the progress of any successful American who had started as a poor boy and had used the opportunities offered by what was called the American way.

In an autobiography written for a subscription volume entitled Industrial Leaders of America, Willis believed that he had adequately covered the high points of his career. "In late May, 1936," he had written, "I was sent by the management company, Beakney-Graham, to make an industrial study of the Rahway Belting Company. As a result of this study, Beakney-Graham assumed temporary management and I acted as their representative until, upon resigning from Beakney-Graham, I became executive vice-president of Rahway Belting and later married, a step I have never regretted." There in a few lines was an account of his actions, on which he could not have improved by expanding it to a page, but he still could not explain exactly why he had done many things.

On the morning Willis first visited the Rahway Belting Company he drove there in his own car. He had read all the available material on the Rahway Belting Company. He knew it was a small plant that had suffered badly in the depression and that the control of the company rested in the hands of Mr. Manley Jacoby. He also knew that what had saved Rahway Belting in the depression and all that kept it running still was its product, the Planeroid high-speed belt, made by a patented process. Besides the Planeroid line, Rahway Belting manufactured rubber hose and a variety of v belts.

Willis had visited enough industrial plants to know that exterior conditions were no criteria of efficiency. Although windows might be broken and paint peeling, a place could still give the impression of order and morale, but his acquired sense of appraisal told him Rahway Belting was a dying duck.

The yard was as dirty as the parking place and the wooden steps leading to the office were shaky. The waiting space for callers had not been swept, and the girl at an antiquated switchboard knew nothing about his visit. Mr. Jacoby was in, she said, and nodded toward a door. The room where Mr. Jacoby sat reminded Willis of the waiting room in a country railroad station, and Mr. Jacoby in his shirt sleeves, seated at a golden-oak roll-top desk, looked exactly like a retired stationmaster.

"Good morning," Willis said. "Am I speaking to Mr. Jacoby?"

Mr. Jacoby pulled a soiled handkerchief from his pocket and CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

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LUSTRATED BY
OBY WHITMORE



"Oh, Tommy," I said,

"after all these years."

Maggie

Tommy was dark and romantic . . .

the man of her dreams. But her husband's name was Jack.

the Dazzler

by Elaine Greene

I'LL tell you what I was supposed to be doing this morning at nine-thirty. I'm sure it has a familiar ring. I was supposed to be taking care of some work in my kitchen—namely, a sinkful of philodendron to be watered, a counterful of eggy dishes to be washed, a table covered with clean black cotton men's socks to be rolled into pairs, and every pot I own to be returned to the closet from which my younger daughter had flung them in a search for her screw driver.

And I'll tell you what I *was* doing this morning at nine-thirty. This probably has a familiar ring, too, though it doesn't get as much publicity. I was imagining myself in the arms of another man. This always happens to me while playing the piano, which I do every couple of weeks. It's a simple case of conditioning, as you will see, but today is rather special.

Usually I find myself standing in the living room with a vacuum attachment in each hand and what I choose to call a culture-starved look on my face. I really don't think it matters to this narrative whether the music or the man is the original motivation. (I majored in child psychology—you will have to excuse occasional lapses into professional jargon.) Anyway, I fling down the laborsaving devices and off I go. When I was part of that huge army of girl lesson takers my favorite piece was Rustle of Spring. It's about all I can remember now and it serves me well, passionate number that it is. I always play it with what my teacher called "expression"—swaying from side to side, crouching fiercely over the keys, then wildly flinging my head back.

Tommy, the man this performance evokes, used to stand behind me holding my shoulders still and complaining that I played like a gypsy. Whenever he touched me I'd get numb in the wrists and try to skitter away. I tried to do Bach for him with the brow unfurrowed and the back straight, but it wasn't my cup of tea. I just didn't have Tommy's fine taste. He said Bach was beautiful like numbers. He's a mathematician, Tommy is, with a soul. He's a genius—only twenty-seven, like me—but he's been teaching at that place in Virginia where scientists go when they've got their Ph.D.'s and need a few more wrinkles in their brains.

I think I should mention that I haven't seen him in five years. And it might also do to add that I deeply love my husband, who will appear shortly. And finally I should explain that this morning is special because I saw a news item in the paper saying that Thomas Calhoun, late of Virginia Institute, was in New York organizing a new Department of Cybernetics at Manhattan Polytechnic. This gives a kind of urgency to any idle thoughts I might have on the subject, since Jack and the CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BURNS

Cruise in a package

A lot of places in one trip . . . a lot of fashion in one suitcase . . . that's the winter-vacation idea



BY air or sea, smart career girls are setting the pace, traveling light. The palest sand is the shade of beige for two or three most important costumes—a coat, a linen dress, a suit. After that, colors run wild—all go with beige. Look for apricot, honey and melon shades in sweaters, flannels and linens, for sea blues and corals in cottons, for prints in bathing suits. A sailcloth sight-seeing dress is straight as a piece of chalk. Another cotton has a full skirt, becomes a dance dress by adding loops of jewelry. Shorts are every conceivable length. Most shirts are overshirts, many like jackets. Floating chiffons grace tropical terraces, go home to city restaurants. (All these fashions are a forecast of things to come next summer.) No overweight problem in shoes: brown calfskins are good travelers, matched with a bag; white sandals double for day and night; bright sailcloth flats go to the beach. By Wilhela Cushman

Fashion Editor of the Journal

Cruise suit of linenlike rayon-and-acetate is also an anytime fashion, by Vincent Draddy. Straight, sand-beige wool-fleece coat by Alvin Handmacher.



aist dresses are at home around the world today. This one oin-dot silk surah with a white calfskin belt, by Maiola.

PAUL KADKAI





This flannel skirt and cashmere sweater lined with shirt-waist silk are in one of the prettiest colors of the season and make a necessary wool costume, for cool days. by Rex Madsen.

Embroidered cotton dress has its own sweater, is for any time of day. By Toni Owen. The fun hat is made of multicolored fringed raffia.

Cruise in a package



Deep-sea-printed jersey bathing suit by Isabel Dobson, matching hooded jacket. Terry-cloth beach towel.



This pale beige Irish-linen dress-and-jacket costume is a winter-vacation or a summer town fashion, by Maiola. The beech-color calfskin bag by Michel.

PAUL RADKAI



Afternoon and evening cotton in a gold-and-coral print. By Ann Fogarty. Worn with a necklace of coral and turquoise beads.



White cotton piqué bathing suit worn with striped beach coat of Italian terry cloth, by Isabel Dobson.



Sailcloth is news in pale pink in a casual, double-breasted sheath, by B. Zaring. Accent with a roomy violet straw bag from Italy.



Chiffons are in fashion for South and North. This pale pink one by Ceil Chapman has an embroidered jersey jacket.



Shirtwaist beach jacket of corded cotton, worn with slacks by John Miller. Canvas bag by the Tilletts, straw sandals by Ben Sommers.

The Journal's Wonder Dress to make under $10.00



$.50 The dress with a bias fold of white piqué at the neck . . . add carnations.



$1.85 The neckline filled with a crisp white dickey...add bright cummerbund.



$3.33 Pale blue satin collar is feminine, flattering. Vogue Design No. 8469.

Seven spring changes add little to cost, much to charm and variety of uses

A favorite winter-into-spring costume is a good, basic jacket dress. Ours, in worsted-and-acetate faille, is a bargain, we think. Cost, under $10.00 complete. The design is becoming to all ages . . . most figures (goes up to size 40). The neckline of the dress lends itself to many changes. All for a minimum of effort *and* a minimum of money.

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*



$6.50 For glamorous white fur collar on the jacket. Add colorful beads to the neckline, gay hat by John Frederics.

ROGER PRIGENT



$4.92 An amusing overskirt of navy organdy embroidered with white dots. Vogue Design No. 8461, 24 to 32 waist.



$7.95 An extra jacket in jewel-tone velveteen goes prettily over dress for evening. Vogue Design No. 8490. 12 to 20.



$1.60 Add a shocking-pink satin scarf and knot it jauntily underneath the collar of the jacket. A small navy-blue hat.



These sketches show the detail of this adaptable Vogue Design No. S-4576, sizes 12 to 40. Morris Moskowitz bag.

© VOGUE

Other Views, Sizes and Prices on Page 63

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5 cents additional for each pattern ordered.

Can this marriage be saved?



DON ORNITZ

SHE: "Brad does almost unbelievable things, sneaky, dishonest things, to finance his gambling sprees. Just last month he took the week's grocery money from my purse."

HE: "I don't need to be told by a psychiatrist that I'm breaking Kyra's heart. I know I should never touch another card or bet another horse. I know I should reform. How to do it is the question."

More than 400,000 marriages are terminated each year in the divorce courts of the United States, and there are now more than 1,500,000 children of school age who are the product of homes broken in this way. An actual majority of all these breakages are probably as unnecessary as they are undesirable, and could be avoided with a very moderate amount of effort, based on expert help. The American Institute of Family Relations, a national nonprofit organization, is now completing its first quarter century of education and counseling in this field, and has been able to help its clients solve their marital problems in 80 per cent of the cases that come to it. The counselor in this case was Dr. Eva S. Olman.
PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *Director.*



Dr. Paul Popenoe

KYRA TELLS HER SIDE:

"GAMBLING is destroying my marriage," said twenty-eight-year-old Kyra, who was six months pregnant. She began to cry. "Last year Brad lost almost $2000—nearly a third of his salary and commissions as salesman. I haven't enough cash to buy a decent layette for the baby I'm expecting. Our two-year-old daughter is so poorly dressed the neighborhood youngsters laugh at her. After the new baby is born, I intend to return to teaching in order to support my children and myself. I don't know what will happen to Brad. I don't consider it my duty to pay the debts of a man who constantly puts horses and cards ahead of the welfare of his wife and family. Even if I were willing to support Brad, and he was willing to let me, I couldn't earn enough to keep up with his gambling losses."

Kyra dried her pretty blue eyes, and shifted her awkward body.

"I still love the man I married six years ago. Brad used to be dependable, thoughtful, considerate. He has turned into an untrustworthy stranger. We once lived in harmony and peace. We now live in a financial nightmare. Our creditors hound me incessantly. Until our telephone was disconnected for nonpayment, it rang all the time. Bill collectors camp on our doorstep, trail me and little Sally to the supermarket. The people we owe are aware that I still try to pay our bills. Brad doesn't even try. He just tosses the unopened envelopes on my desk. Then, as likely as not, he slips off to a race track or some bookie hangout and loses still more money.

"On my wedding day, I thought I understood and knew my husband as well as I knew myself. Brad and I didn't rush into marriage. We fell in love practically on sight—Brad proposed the week we met—but he was in the Army at the time and I was a college sophomore. We waited until he completed his Army service and I got my degree. The long engagement was my idea. I wanted to be very sure our love would last. Neither Brad nor I, as it happens, came from a happy home. His parents were divorced years ago and my parents are hopelessly incompatible. An angel from heaven couldn't live in peace with my mother. Her bossiness has made my poor father's existence a misery.

"I once shared Brad's hopes and ambitions, as he seemed to share mine. I taught school for three years after we did marry to help us get established. With both of us earning, we built our own home and furnished it. Brad built a guest cottage in the back yard to carry the mortgage payments. His father, who is a successful wholesale grocer, located a good job for him with a frozen-food company. In those days I thought Brad would advance fast. Together, we accumulated a sizable savings account.

"For three years we got along fine. Brad is a sweet and gentle lover. Our honeymoon was wonderful. Our sexual adjustment was perfect. For three years I had no worries of any kind. However, Brad fretted about my working—despite his present behavior, he is extremely proud and sensitive—and he kept on begging me to stay at home and be just a wife. After we finally saved $1000 I gave up my teaching and soon Sally was on the way.

"While I was pregnant that first time," Kyra told the counselor in sorrowful perplexity, "all our troubles commenced. It took me quite a while to realize that something had happened to Brad, that he had changed. Possibly I should have sensed the difference. It still seems incredible to me he would choose the very time I was carrying his first child—the child he had begged for—to start on the road leading him to ruin.

"During my pregnancy with Sally, he was far more tender and considerate than the average husband. I have never been especially interested in housework or cooking. Brad took over the marketing, helped with the meals and dishwashing, treated me as though I was a baby myself. I did notice," said Kyra, remembering back three years, "there were evenings he arrived home very late. I assumed he was calling on prospective customers. I have always been ambitious for him. Consequently, I didn't object to his absences.

"The week Sally was born," Kyra said painfully, "I found out how Brad had been spending his time and our savings. One morning my hospital bill—which I thought he had settled—was delivered to my room. A few minutes later Brad arrived with flowers, and I spoke to him about the bill. He seemed upset and embarrassed, but said he'd pay at the desk when he left. His manner was so strange I called the cashier during the afternoon, and sure enough Brad had paid. But then my father-in-law telephoned and told me Brad had borrowed $100 from him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

"I imagine myself rushing home and into our bedroom and waking Kyra, and pouring thousands of dollars into her lap, and seeing her eyes open wide with surprise and admiration . . . invariably I stick with the game too long."

There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller

Maybe my Dream Woman has solved the problem of diverse eating tastes in our family. At one meal she served five kinds of precooked meat pies—turkey, beef, tuna, chicken and lamb; no two of us were eating the same proteins.

Junior has introduced a new college and Army phrase into our peaceful household: "No sweat!" It seems to mean that, when he favors a certain decision or solution, the rest of us should fall in step without argument.

"A wife who's acutely jealous of her husband," whispers Peter Comfort cautiously, scraping ice off his windshield, "if he so much as lights a girl's cigarette twice, is apt to be an incorrigible flirt herself."

In our street the baby of the girl who married the boy next door has two sets of grandparents; around its play pen they look daggers amiably at each other; each suspects the others of mishandling the infant like a halfback fumbling on his own two-yard line.

Rattling around in a sixteen-room house since their children married, our neighbors around the corner decline to move into an apartment. "We can leave the Christmas tree in an unoccupied room," they agree, "and keep it around till the Fourth of July, or keep an indoor sand pile to lure our grandchildren in another room."

Our plumber says he can go to Florida for the winter if he wants to. "But I get in more swimming at the Y.M.C.A. pool," he says placidly, "and more sun baths, under the lamp, than my boss does around Sarasota."

Our youngest and I are both almost convinced that the best diet to lose weight must include a couple of padlocks on the pantry and the refrigerator. . . . On a baffling day around the house a nervous eater can easily tuck away three times as many calories just between meals as he ought to eat all day.

Even homely babies in our town seem to be treated as if they were beauty queens; their "cuteness" is half innocence, half serenity. . . . But a truly handsome infant reigns like Miss Universe; I've seen strong men neglect grown blondes to dandle such an infant.

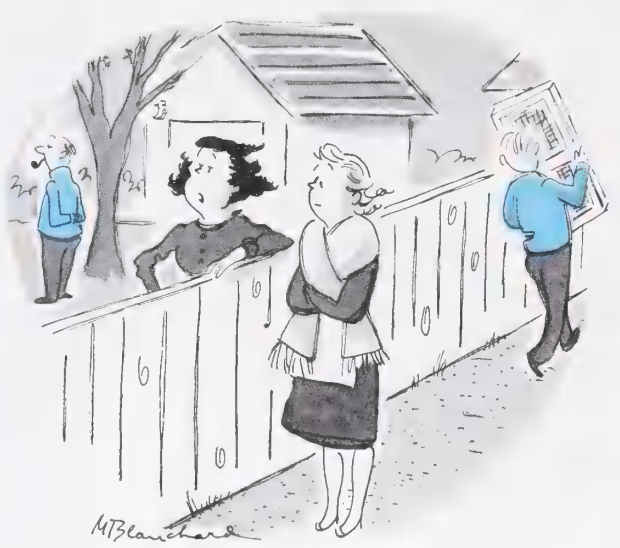
After a twenty-year prowl for a modern sewing cabinet for my Princess of Sheer Delight, I've finally found a superb and tricky Swedish blond model with retractable trays. Now maybe I'll get my Argyle socks mended the same winter.

"Who objects if eighth-graders are taught how to organize a precinct caucus or conduct a disarmament conference," demands our town's second oldest fogy, "if they'd also read Gulliver, Crusoe, Alice in Wonderland and Huck Finn!"

"Since all the books of guidance for parents seem to be so loaded in favor of the kids," says our town's most shameless unnatural mother, "I wish somebody'd write a book for children on the coddling of nervous parents."

Some people like better a treatment by a masseuse or a chiropractor or an osteopath; what relaxes me the most is either (1) to watch my wife wash the dishes or (2) admire her as she brushes and primps at her dressing table.

I was the most surprised man in the house when my Lady Love presented me with a hand-knit tennis sweater for Christmas, with red, white and blue stripes at V neck and waist. I'd stumbled on it many times, but I'd estimated she'd finish it for Christmas, 1955.



"I never have to ask Henry to take the screens down—he never puts them up."

"Complain all you like about modern schools," says my favorite P.T.A. matron, "you admit they do teach the kids self-assurance?"

Yep, I admit; if the matron weren't so cute I'd ask her if it might not be better to teach the pupils "I don't know" occasionally instead of "I know it all."

Our town's young bloods who once besieged the dime stores for dates with the pretty girls are baffled to hear that one of Woolworth's great beauties is a doctor's wife in Tennessee, one a missionary in Africa, one a nurse in Texas, and five have moved to California.

I've argued that broken Christmas toys contribute to the modern child's sense of insecurity. Or are the young moderns more violent toy breakers? We've always returned indignantly any Christmas toys which fell apart by New Year's Day.

We can't bring ourselves to throw away photographic holiday cards, they're such a cyclorama of our faraway friends. But too many of 'em are oversold on pictures of their young, and much too modest about using their own pictures.

We argue occasionally at the club how we can show resentment toward states which send low-grade senators to Washington to become nationwide nuisances. . . . "Maybe we can refrain from buying gasoline in such states when touring," says our club wit, "but that hardly seems enough."

I can't quite convince Bennett Cerf that most of the "100 great books" are so difficult to read that most of us lowbrows won't read 'em unless they're rewritten in modern lingo. . . . Maybe it's a job for Ford or Rockefeller or somebody who wants the lowbrows on his side too.

Our basement shelves and corners are alive with the b.w.'s narcissus, amaryllis and hyacinth bulbs. She's forcing 'em into innocent green stalks and wondrous bloom among the stacks of soap and canned salmon. How magically they shrug off a blizzard!

Our two sons' feet grew bigger so fast that before I knew it my wide assortment of shoes were all too small for 'em. . . . Now I can wear some of their outgrown shoes by inserting a thick insole. (It helps pay their college expenses.)

My harassed friend next door tells me he's given his wife an ultimatum: she can have her kitchen modernized or a trip to Europe, but not both. "But you watch and see," he says darkly, "she'll *get* both."

. . . When your youngest across the room consults you every thirty seconds about his lessons,

. . . And Junior ponders his future over scrawls on papers in his college clipboard,

. . . Or your daughter quotes from Doc Spock to prove how mistakenly you reared your infants,

. . . And your wedded wife knits at a sweater she vows her old beau will get if you don't mend your ways,

. . . Then you don't really live in the "Age of Anxiety," stranger, no matter what the country-club oracles of doom are saying.



Changes not too radical made a dated room into a modern setting.
The upholstered furniture and rug are the same; most of the tables are new, and all the fabrics.
Eliminating the mantel made the room more contemporary,
and replacing dated lamps with those in today's style gives a fashion touch.

Reviving a Room with a Ten-Year Slump

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal.

A FEW new pieces, a fresh color scheme and contemporary accessories do much to revive the room with a wilted look. For instance, the scale of lamps and occasional tables has greatly increased in recent years. The coffee table, no bigger than a large tray ten years ago, has taken its place as the focal point of the room—its uses grow from day to day. In our room we substituted a really large, commodious table for a relatively small one. Then came a look at the lamps, which seemed to cut everything in the room down to their low height. Three handsome new lamps of stature conveyed dignity and importance. Even the patterns of fabrics have taken on new dimensions, and a large cabbage rose with lush green leaves creates drama. The fireplace molding is another contemporary note in this room. Unless a mantel is in the best classic tradition, featuring meticulously grouped treasures, it is very apt to revert to the cliché pair of candlesticks or ivy pots. In line with the lighter touch, the heavy-textured draperies were replaced with airy, silk shantung. The shades are natural, matchstick bamboo.

These are the principal changes made in a room, the essential furnishings of which are as pleasing today as they were ten years ago.

FOWLER



Many rooms not redecorated
for ten years have the appearance
of having been forgotten.
New arrangement, a fresh color scheme
and the elimination of dated accessories
will give new life.



Measuring height on the "growing tree" in a corner of family kitchen is a part of the birthday tradition. Here Johnny checks Jamie's gain over the last year.

"We both like to cook"

By Gladys Taber

YOUNG Doctor John and his wife Miriam, who have four boys growing like beanstalks, are a couple who both like to cook. When they moved into a forty-year-old house on a Connecticut hill, the kitchen was a baffler. In one wing, it was huge, with a pantry opening from it, doors and windows on every side, and a big chimney jutting into it! What they wanted was a kitchen that would turn out family meals easily, with space for both John and Miriam to cook favorites. They wanted a cozy eating center. And Miriam wanted ironing space so she could run through shirts and slacks while dinner cooked. The only structural change made was to close off that pantry, a good idea for any old-fashioned house. Then along two walls went the main cooking line-up—range, refrigerator, sink, dishwasher and cabinets. Opposite the chimney went a snack table and in peninsula style a *second* cook spot with waist-high oven where Doctor John is chef. That left a free wall for ironing.

Their new kitchen is as sociable and practical as can be. Galloping boys don't harm the woodsy green floor spaced with gray—it's vinyl asbestos tile. Doctor John liked washable white fabric-textured vinyl wall covering, and steel cabinets with baked-on enamel. Miriam chose the cheery yellow plastic counters and the curtains of white cotton printed with fruit and vegetables. In the hilltop house nowadays, dinner's readying for a pleased pair with a kitchen that really suits them to a team!

Brick chimney cleaned of many coats of paint makes a fine background for new main cooking center. Range just 30" wide is complete with full-size oven, storage space, and four units with push-button controls. Choice of compact model allows for good array of storage cabinets close to range. Cooking tools and utensils hang on brick, and lids store in slots behind counter. At lower left, trays file vertically.

STUART



Shallow storage cupboard to hold toaster, napkins and cereals (Peter chooses his favorite) shields eating center from work area. Glass jars above contain staples.



Sit-down space for lunch, with elbowroom for growing boys, is out of the way of traffic. Hard plastic table top in tweed design is handsome and rugged, acts between meals as a homework center for boys or work desk for their mother. Framed circus scenes came from a children's storybook.

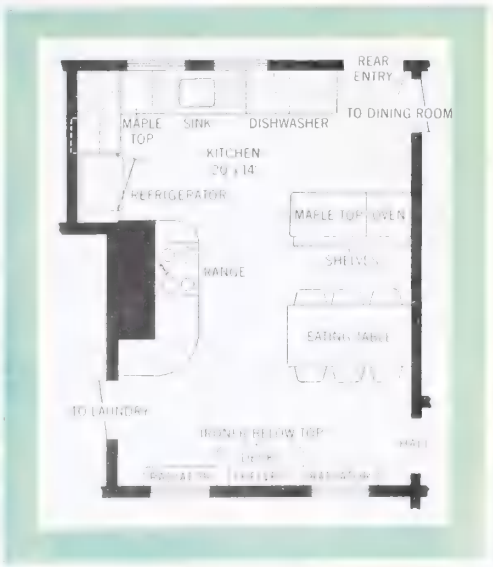


In second cooking center, husband John produces specialties—and during family reunions, extra hands pitch in. Extra oven adds to cooking facilities, makes big meals twice as easy to get. Cabinets hold baking supplies. Wood top, fine for slicing, kneading, has safe and handy slots for knives.

Ironer rolls away under telephone shelf when not in use. Shelf also holds finished, folded ironing. One of black kitchen chairs, cheerful with strawberry-colored plastic, is a comfortable height for ironing, and a roll-away hamper helps ease chores. Wall shelf holds her cookbooks and radio.



Old-fashioned 20′-long kitchen came up to date with new work centers. Along two sides runs main cooking center; refrigerator covers door of a pantry added to a laundry room. Facing chimney: extra cook center and snack table. On short wall: ironing.





Menu

Cold-Meat Platter *Frankfurters*
Mustard Sauce
Assorted Breads
Favorite Potato Salad
Confetti Deviled Eggs
Herring-and-Cabbage Salad
Assorted Cheeses *Crackers*
Coffee *Punch* *Soft Drinks*
Salted Nuts *Candy*

(Planned for 8)

Watching the New Year In

I DON'T know when or where it started, nor by whom or how, but it's still the right and proper thing to watch the New Year in with friends and family. The "Happy New Year"s ring out like Mr. Tennyson's "glad bells," and the candles shine like Venus and Orion on the happy faces of the gathered friends. A happy New Year. A time to be merry. A beginning.

As the New Year knocking at the window comes in, the dining room or game room becomes the focal point for all. Maybe it has been an evening spent in the sharp outdoor air, maybe a blizzard is staging its drama on the hills that "late were green," but it's cold and in they come to greet the baby year and sing Auld Lang Syne to the tottering old year who has finished and said good-by. And gone out—no one knows where.

You may have an intimate ten or twelve or open your heart and home to all your neighbors. We're going to keep our party simple and make everybody welcome. This is a fun party and easy on the hostess—that's you.

A cold-meat platter often carries in its train a battery of spine-stiffening concoctions called condiments. But a spirit of choosiness prevails at this layout and it's quite all right to bypass the catalogue of sharp appetite uplifters and stick to one, an especially appealing one, a mystery-brewing one. And if there's a seasoning, a flavoring, that your imagination has whispered in your inner ear, go ahead and drop it in. It won't bite you. I can't promise as much for the finished product. For it is a mustard sauce and not transferable to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

By ANN BATCHELDER

STUART-FOWLER I

LINE A DAY



Readers liked the JOURNAL'S *first mother-daughter cover (1939), by Al Parker, so much a whole series followed, gave impetus to vogue for mother-daughter fashions.*

1 Smoked-oyster fans will rise and cheer for this new hors-d'oeuvre spread for Melba-toast rounds or shredded-wheat wafers. Chop fine 4–6 smoked oysters, depending on how well you like the flavor, and blend into one 3-ounce package cream cheese. Season with lemon juice and Tabasco sauce to taste. Don't add salt!

2 Poppy-seed cookies, old-time gingersnaps thin as grandma's lace shawl, pretzel sticks straight as a twig from the fall woods, and celery chips are stand-ins for more fussy eatables on the tea table.

3 A baked ham that will, to quote a familiar sign, make you "Stop—Look—Listen" is half baked first. After it is half done, cover the top with brown or maple sugar, sprinkle it with ground cloves, add a little cinnamon, and cover it with very thin, close-together slices of ginger preserved in sirup.

4 *2nd step:* Now look. Make a ravishing sirup of a very extravagant piece of butter—as if I could be extravagant—say about a quarter of a pound, mixed with more of the sugar and a cup or cup and a half of flavored sirup or pineapple sirup, and with this fragrant baste, baste your ham as it finishes its oven incarceration.

5 A best-cook friend contributes an idea for the Sunday roast chicken. She adds a can of liver *pâté* to the stuffing. Tried it—first rate.

6 I just can't leave a can of soup alone. Here's my latest wrinkle. Cook ½ cup minced onion in 2 tablespoons bacon drippings until tender. Add 2 cans pea soup and 2 cans bouillon, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ⅛ teaspoon thyme, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer 10 minutes. Just before serving, add 1 cup grated raw carrot. That's what I mean, carrot.

7 Maybe not the last word or caboose on tomato soup, but if this isn't young and startling, neither am I. It's only this—cover the tops of cups of tomato soup, hot or cold, or tomato bisque, with chives chopped as fine as basil seed after you've ground the seed. Fancy!

8 That reminds me to say that if fresh basil is growing in your sunny kitchen window, pluck a few leaves and simmer them in the soup a few minutes, with a teaspoon of sugar. Take out the leaves.

9 When you buy herbs (and you have to unless you grow and dry your own) get the smallest package you can, and whether used up or kept "setting," renew them once in a while. Remember the Good Book. It says, "If the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" You understand me, I know.

10 In a frying pan induce a reluctant piece of butter or margarine to melt and be prepared to make friendly with a pinch or so of *orégano* or basil (or a few leaves). Stir a turn or two. This is ready to fry the eggs in. Oh, so I forgot to mention frying eggs, like the girl at the bridge party who's always saying "What's trumps?" after the first four tricks have been played. Baste the eggs and take out on caraway-rye toast. Sprinkle with paprika.

11 Here's one right off the boat, or so they tell me. *Part 1:* Make some thin French pancakes as you would for crepes suzette. Spread with sweetened apricot purée, roll up and lay in a baking dish.

12 *Part 2:* Sprinkle with crushed peanut brittle. Bake 2 or 3 minutes in a very hot oven. Elegant!

13 I remember an appetizer: Beat up a cream cheese with a whisper of tarragon, salt and pepper to suit, and 1 teaspoon minced onion. Add the yolk of an egg and beat. Spread ½" thick on small bread rounds sautéed in butter or margarine, run them under the broiler and they'll puff up as cute as baby's first picture. Serve *hot*.

14 "Those muffins tasted real good, Matilda. But I wish you hadn't taken them to the Grange supper. With the new minister's wife there and all. Wrong with them? Too much beating. They had holes in them big enough for a cat to get through, as Eph would say."

15 Too much beating. Muffin batter's got to be stirred and just enough so it'll hold together. I always put the milk, melted butter and beaten egg together and add to the dry part and stir just enough. Fine-grained and handsome and delicious as shortbread any day.

16 Remember the scalloped-potatoes-and-ham casserole you turn to when in an economy mood? Try an up-to-date version, substituting brown-and-serve sausage (straight from the package) for the ham.

17 More sour cream used to be thrown away than would have floated the Constitution and four tugs to dock her. Not so nowadays. There are thirty-four receipts for sour cream that I know of. Anyone got anything on me? How about baked tomatoes and leeks, Parmesan-cheese pudding, apple pie, coconut pie—all made with sour cream? Nothing like learning.

18 *Hash de luxe; Verse 1:* Baked corned-beef hash is near the party line when done like this: Mix a can of the finest hash with a small onion minced and sautéed in a little butter or margarine, but not browned. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, a shake or two of salt and ½ can condensed pea soup. Mix thoroughly.

19 *Verse 2:* Make a mound of the hash in a 10" glass pie plate, well greased. Leave a margin of 1" all round. Sprinkle the hash with fine buttered crumbs and bake at 375° F. for about ½ hour, not less. If not real brown, apply the broiler treatment. Now heat the rest of the pea soup with 2 tablespoons cream, a small piece of butter or margarine and some chopped mushrooms, and arrange around the hash as a garnish.

20 Lamb chops make a stunning appearance if served on a silver platter or chop plate, reposing on a bed of mashed potatoes made savory with tarragon, with a curled anchovy on top of each chop. Garnish with broiled tomato halves dressed with basil butter.

21 Have you come across frozen fish sticks all breaded and ready to bake in a hot oven for only 15 minutes? Good they are served piping hot with this sauce: Add 2 tablespoons chopped dill pickle, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard and 2 teaspoons lemon juice to ½ cup mayonnaise.

22 An omelet tastes twice as good surrounded by mushrooms broiled in butter (heat the canned ones), alternately arranged with finger-shaped potato croquettes.

24 Don't forget to stir when you're cooking a cereal. Stirring, as Shakespeare said of quite a different matter, "There all the honor lies."

25 Nothing new under the sun? Take a package of gingerbread mix and add 2 or 3 tablespoons chopped crystallized ginger. Instead of milk or water, use orange juice for liquid. Bake in muffin pans. Cool, hollow out, then fill with orange marmalade and cover with sweetened and ginger-flavored whipped cream.

26 How doth the little oyster now improve each shining day? I asked a sleepy oyster about his work and play. I am making up statistics, but he only yawned and said, "The water's deep, I want to sleep, why don't *you* go to sleep?"

27 Let's take some large grown-up oysters, baptize them with lemon juice, then dip each one in melted butter, then in beaten egg. Treat with an overcoat of seasoned (salt and pepper) crumbs and grill on an ungreased broiler about 2 minutes on each side. Turn once. Serve with hominy croquettes and a green salad.

28 How boring can stuffed celery get? *Do* something about it. Instead of cheese and cheese, period, stuff the crisp inside stalks with chicken, partridge, ham, smoked turkey or purée *de foie gras*—each one a savory *pâté*.

29 Among the newest gadgets to gladden the heart of the dedicated cook are miniature angel-cake pans, hole and all. About the size of a cupcake. Imagine!

30 *From an old cookbook:* "The best cooks eschew the so-called 'pastry bag' and the pernicious advice some books give them to cook vegetables done up in muslin. Lint is *not* eatable and it is not, in these cases, to be avoided." But grandma, what folks don't know won't hurt 'em.

31 WHAT SHALL I SAY?

What shall I say to the fallen year?
Only a brief good-by?
Who will shed with me a regretful tear,
Or share with me a sigh?
What shall I say to the newborn year?
It comes with no fife and drums.
Silent its advent. Can you hear
Its small voice as it comes?
What shall I promise another year?
How speak the words it waits to hear?

By Ann Batchelder





1 can of Beef Soup plus 1 can of Beef Noodle – Combine both soups in a saucepan – blend with about 1½ cans of water. Stir until smoothly blended – *heat and serve.* You'll discover a new satisfying soup for big appetites – *doubly* generous with cubes of lean beef, plentiful with fine egg noodles, barley and carrots in a flavorful beef stock.

An exciting idea from Campbell's –

new soups from two soups





1 can of Bean with Bacon plus 1 can of Vegetable – Pour together – blend with about 1½ cans of water. *Heat and serve.* Here's a new, full-flavored soup – with enough nourishing goodness to make a meal!

SOUP MATES





By Anne Marshall
Director, Home Economics, Campbell Soup Company

. . . the easy way to make delicious new soups!

Here's an adventure for every cook who likes to try something new! It's Soup Mates – the creative cooking idea of blending two soups to make exciting new soups. Try it yourself – it's easy! Use any of the combinations we suggest here for trying Soup Mates. See what new flavor, new character one great Campbell Soup gives another!

CAMPBELL'S SOUP MATES LEAFLET – AT YOUR GROCER'S NOW!



It's filled with suggestions for new Soup Mates – including such tempting combinations as these:

- 1 can Cream of Mushroom plus 1 can of Scotch Broth (with 1½ cans of water)
- 1 can of Chicken Noodle plus 1 can of Cream of Celery (with 1½ cans of milk or water)
- 1 can of Tomato plus 1 can of Green Pea (with 1½ cans of equal parts milk and water).

Campbell's Soups

Quick—nutritious—
and simply delicious!

SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

wiped the corners of his eyes. "Yes, young fellow, that's my name," he said, "and it wasn't my idea to get you here."

It wasn't his idea, Mr. Jacoby said, but the bank's idea, and that was the trouble with getting mixed up with banks. Once you started dealing with them you were like a fly on sticky paper. As Willis sat in an uncomfortable chair listening to Mr. Jacoby, he felt like a doctor hearing the complaints of a chronic patient. Even while Mr. Jacoby's querulous voice rang in his ears, Willis was beginning to see the picture of Rahway Belting, and he knew right from the beginning that Mr. Jacoby was the key to the puzzle.

Willis could see him still, a tired old man in his middle sixties. He was running down like Rahway Belting, but it never paid to underestimate anyone, and traces of shrewdness and skill enlarged themselves in various ways as Mr. Jacoby talked.

"Say," Mr. Jacoby said, "you know something about belting, don't you?"

They wouldn't have sent him down if he didn't, Willis told him, and then he mentioned the Harcourt Mill.

Mr. Jacoby said, "That used to be a nice concern."

Willis often thought that the saying, "No love is like your first love," applied to business as well as sentiment. When the Harcourt Mill was mentioned, old loyalties came over him and old habits of thought that unexpectedly fused into creative desire. He had thought in the first minutes of his interview that there was only one honest recommendation he could make: to put the factory up for sale and to dispose separately of its Planeroid patents. But now he revised that estimate, because an old and inefficient man was talking of the Harcourt Mill. It used to be a great place once, Mr. Jacoby was saying, and Mr. Henry Harcourt was a grand gentleman. Mr. Jacoby wondered, now that Mr. Harcourt was gone and things weren't going so well up there, what had happened to the Harcourt place.

"I guess it's still right there," Willis told him, "but I haven't seen it for quite a while."

Willis had deliberately put the Harcourt place out of his mind for a long while, but now he found himself thinking how it would look with the pear and tulip trees about to start their bloom. He could even think later that the ghost of Mr. Harcourt must have given him advice and warned him not to miss an opportunity. At any rate, Willis grasped the vital fact that the Planeroid process was a good one. Long before he inspected the plant and the books, he had a good picture of the Rahway problem. The whole answer lay in cutting costs and concentrating on a single line.

"I'd like to have a look at the Planeroid division if I might," Willis said, and he had been right. It was the only part of the plant that mattered.

MR. JACOBY'S mind was working, too, and it was pleasant for Willis to remember that Mr. Jacoby had trusted him right from the start.

"What I need," Mr. Jacoby told him late that afternoon, "is a young fellow who knows this business."

"Well," Willis said, "we've got to look around for someone."

"How about you?" Mr. Jacoby asked.

"Oh," Willis said, "I'm unfortunately working for Beakney-Graham. I'm only here to get things started on the right track, you know, but I do think we can put this property on a paying basis. I may have a few rather radical ideas, but I hope you'll give us a chance, Mr. Jacoby."

"You show me how we can pay dividends on the preferred," Mr. Jacoby said, "and you can do anything you want."

It had been as simple as that. From the beginning Willis realized that it was necessary to move carefully. He would have to use tact and persuasion and ruthlessness. Luck, of course, entered into his handling of Rahway Belting, but his own capacity was always the most important asset.

He wanted very much to talk to someone who would listen as he thought out loud. This was why he called up Sylvia Hodges and asked her to dinner when he reached New York that night.

He must have understood from the time he had spoken to Sylvia of that green dress in Bergdorf's window that Sylvia was as tired as he was of the small contrivings of mediocrity. He knew that she would have been perfectly happy if he had taken her to some small restaurant in the vicinity of Washington Square, but he took her to dine instead at 21 West 52nd Street, where he had often entertained for the company. Even in those days "Twenty-one" was, according to his rather limited knowledge, one of the most interesting restaurants in New York. You always saw personalities there who impressed out-of-town clients, individuals whose names were in the gossip columns, actors, Hollywood producers, and sometimes authors and playwrights.

"I sort of thought you'd like to see this place," he told Sylvia. "Would you like a Martini?"

"Why, yes," Sylvia said, "I'd like one, but you don't have to do these elaborate things for me, you know."

"I know I don't," he said, "but just the same, I like to."

"Well," she said, "I like it more than I ought to, I guess."

It pleased him to observe that people were looking at Sylvia curiously. In "Twenty-one" people always looked curiously at everyone else, since you could never be sure what stranger might be important. Sylvia was never embarrassed by the plainness of her clothes, and Willis was almost sure that they thought she was too well known to bother about being elaborately dressed.

"Robert Benchley comes here quite often," Willis said. "You know, Robert Benchley, the humorist."

"Oh," Sylvia said. "He was on the Lampoon at Harvard. Have you read his new book, My Ten Years in a Quandary?"

"In a what?" Willis said.

"In a Quandary," Sylvia said.

"Oh," Willis said, "I get it now. No. I haven't had much time to read lately, except for fifteen minutes with Doctor Eliot's Five Foot Shelf before breakfast."

"Do you really do that every morning?" Sylvia asked.

"Of course I do," Willis said. "I try to finish anything I start. I'm reading Montaigne right now. He's quite a boy, Montaigne."

"But I don't see how you can get much out of Montaigne in fifteen minutes," Sylvia said. "Don't you forget what you've read the day before?"

"It was tough at first," Willis said, "but I'm getting the hang of it now. Would you like another Martini, Sylvia?"

"Are you going to have another?" Sylvia asked.

"I don't usually," Willis said, "but I think I will. I've had quite a day today."

"Why did you have quite a day?" she asked.

"That's just what I want to tell you," he said, "and I don't know anyone else I want to tell."

Her eyes were bright and there was more color in her cheeks. He had never seen Sylvia look so attractive.

Sylvia listened just the way he hoped she would when he told her about Mr. Jacoby and the Rahway Belting Company, and the way her glance met his when he was talking made everything he said sound like a tale of adventure.

"You wait," he said. "A year from now I'll have the Rahway Belting Company making money."

It was not a heroic statement, but his enthusiasm gave it a ringing sound, and Sylvia must have felt its contagion.

"Oh, Willis," she said, "do you really think so?"

All words had a different ring when one was young.

"They've got the Planeroid patents," he said. From the very beginning he was the only one who saw the full potential value of those Planeroid patents. "Sylvia," he said, and he put his hand over hers without knowing he was doing it, "just wait till you see a sample of Planeroid."

Then Sylvia laughed, but he did not mind, because she did not know what Planeroid was.

"We'll sell the Ford and get a Cadillac before we're through," he said.

He did not realize until the words were out that he had included Sylvia in his vision of the future. In fact, he did not realize, until that moment, that he was in love with Sylvia Hodges. It was strange how unexpectedly it all happened and how naturally they both accepted it.

"Willis," she said, "I'm going to spend my vacation with the family. They have a cottage on Lake Sunapee in New Hampshire. I know they'd love to see you, if you'd like to go there too."

He had passed through the preliminaries of courtship without his having known it. Without his ever having kissed her or said a word of love, he knew he was as good as engaged to Sylvia Hodges.

Perhaps it was impossible to understand character until after you were married, no matter how much two people had seen of each other before—and he had certainly seen quite a lot of Sylvia the summer he had been working on the reorganization of Rahway Belting. They had fallen into the habit of having a bite to eat together every evening after Willis returned from Rahway, usually at Tony's Italian Restaurant on Bleecker Street, and afterward they had got in the habit of sitting around awhile in Willis' apartment on Tenth Street, never for very long because Willis had figures to organize and work over every evening. His ideas about the Planeroid process which did so much to influence his whole career, were already assuming a definite shape. Although Planeroid was designed as power belting, he believed that some changes in the manufacturing technique could adapt the economical carcass of Planeroid into conveyor belting which would be cheap enough to enter the competitive field.

IT was this idea, of course, that finally made Rahway Belting the company that it turned out to be and which helped to make his own industrial reputation. It was a pleasure to tell Sylvia about what he wanted to do and about his earlier days and about his father and mother and the Harcourt place and the Harcourt Mill. It was a real relaxation after a hard hot day at Rahway.

Though Sylvia's childhood was different from his, Willis could understand a lot of the things she had faced. Her parents had never cared about money, but they had cared deeply about education. Sylvia, as she admitted herself, had always had an ambition to excel in school and college. She had managed to graduate with a *cum laude*, as her father wanted, but what did it amount to now? It had only taught her that there were a lot of people far brighter than she would ever be, and the last thing that she wanted was to marry some university instructor and to live the life her mother led. She wanted to have a little fun out of life and not to worry about how much it cost. That was one of the wonderful things about Willis, she said, that he never appeared to worry. She wanted to go abroad—not tourist class—and she wanted to stay at hotels instead of pensions.

The first time Willis had ever kissed her was when she told him one June evening what she really wanted to do in Paris. She made him feel how wonderful Paris was, and even made him forget the Planeroid process for a while.

"Not any stuffy pension," Sylvia was saying, "and not any back seat in the Comédie listening to Racine. I want to go to Foyot's and then to the Folies-Bergère."

"Would you like me to take you there?" Willis asked.

"Yes," she said, "on the Mauretania."

"All right," he said, "I'll take you someday, Sylvia."

"I wish we were going tonight," she said. "They always sail at midnight." Then she laughed. She must have been thinking of the crowds and the farewell messages and orchids and champagne and the voices of the room and the deck stewards calling out that it was time to go ashore.

"Where's the best place to buy dresses in Paris?" he asked.

"I'd rather go to Worth's," she said.

"Don't worry. I'll take you there," he told her.

It had seemed natural to kiss her then, and she had clung to him and then she hid her face on his shoulder.

"This doesn't have to mean anything unless you want it to," she said.

The Columbia sociologist for whom Sylvia was working left for a six weeks' trip the first of July, and Sylvia went to stay with her parents at Lake Sunapee. Although she wrote Willis three or four times a week, letters were not the same as Sylvia. It was fortunate for Willis that complications at Rahway occupied nearly all his waking hours.

There were many later periods of crisis and negotiation in his career which were as arduous

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Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

THERE are times when a thing can go just so far and bang! That's when Junior gets spanked . . . and—as the exchange doctor from Europe at our local hospital says—"That should happen about once a year, but it should happen."

Mother of bride, inviting guest to informal reception: "Among ourselves, we call it our freedom party."

Our special cleaning woman again: "I've just got to reduce; everything I eat turns into food."

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Although it seems quite weak
To make and straightway break them,
It's even weaker still
To never even make them.

A man reveals something about himself when he listens to a woman talk; the better he listens, the more apt he is to be married.

Portrait of a mother watching television: Enters room, settles into chair, whispers, "Which one is the villain?" waits until commercial to ascertain what homework the children have to do, gets up, puts cat out, empties ash tray, gives advice to husband, then goes back to the kitchen long enough to miss the clue that explains everything.

A boy's first letter from school: "Dear mom: Just a line to let you know that I like your cooking better than I did."

No girl is old enough to date who isn't old enough to listen to advice.

In these 3-hour danger periods YOUR SKIN "*DIES*" A LITTLE

There are 1- to 3-hour periods every day, doctors say, when your skin is in danger—open to such serious troubles as stretched pores . . . coarsened texture . . . cracking, "shriveling." These danger periods of skin "un-balance" are immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. Meanwhile, your defenseless skin "*dies*" a little . . .

Read how great beauties of the social world prevent the damaging effects of skin "un-balance"

After each washing— "re-balance" your skin

Whether you're in your teens or your forties, you can notice these little warning signals of skin "un-balance" after washing your face—

—flakiness . . . a blotchy look
—your skin "burns" . . . feels dry, stretched tight

What do skin specialists advise? Should you *stop* washing your face? Not at all. "Wash your face, *of course*," they say—"but after each washing, '*re-balance*' your skin instantly . . . "

No woman can afford to ignore this vital after-washing skin care with the excuse: "Just too busy" or "It's too late for results to show." A "re-balancing" application of Pond's Cold Cream will take you only a few seconds—*far* less time than washing your face—and the happy results *will show*—right away!

60 times faster than Nature

Light, swift-acting—Pond's Cold Cream "re-balances" your skin after washing in just one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, flaking, shriveling. Restores elasticity. Keeps pore-openings clear. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

And always—a deep clearing at bedtime

Besides "re-balancing" after each washing, your skin needs a thorough clearing with cream each night. A deep Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin looking fresh, young, vibrant.

Start *now!* Begin this wonderfully simple, effective beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream today. After each washing—a quick "re-balancing." At bedtime—a *deep* Pond's clearing. You'll be astonished at how quickly you have a *noticeably* lovelier complexion!



he world's most famous beauty formula . . . never plicated, never equaled. Get a *large* jar. *More women use d love Pond's Cold Cream than any face cream ever made.*



Romaine, Marchioness of Milford Haven

The lovely Marchioness, photographed in her charming Park Avenue apartment, is noted for her exquisite complexion. About her skin care, she says, "It's now second nature to me to reach for Pond's Cold Cream after each washing. And I *never* miss a good, *deep* Pond's cleansing at bedtime."



Don't be a target for WINTER AILMENTS!

The raw and chilly months of winter used to be dreaded because of the serious health threats that came with them. Pneumonia, for instance, was especially feared.

Just a few years ago, this disease claimed one out of every three of its victims. Now, fortunately, the threat of pneumonia is much less marked than it once was. This is because the sulfa drugs and antibiotics have been found to be so effective in a large number of cases.

Pneumonia is still dangerous when treatment is delayed. Proof of this fact was shown in a recent study of 15,000 cases. It indicated that the case-fatality rate was *twice* as high for patients treated after the fourth day of illness as for those treated earlier. This is one of *the big reasons* why you should call the doctor immediately when you suspect pneumonia. When proper treatment is given at once, pneumonia can usually be cured in a surprisingly short time.

What can you do to escape becoming a target for pneumonia? Your doctor will tell you that one of the wisest things is to take proper care of yourself when you have a cold. In nine out of ten cases of pneumonia, colds occur before pneumonia develops.

Should you "come down" with a cold, doctors recommend that you stay at home and rest in bed, eat lightly and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids. *If a cold persists . . . and especially if you develop a slight fever . . . call the doctor promptly.*

High fever makes the difference between a "slight cold" and a "serious cold," because it usually means that complications have developed. If, in addition to fever, you also have *chills*, *painful coughing* or *difficult breathing*, report these symptoms to your doctor at once, for they almost invariably indicate pneumonia.

While winter is upon us, it is important to keep your general health at the best possible level. Try to avoid becoming "run down." You may do this if you get all the sleep you need, eat a properly balanced diet and avoid needless exposure to severe weather unless properly dressed. In addition, keep away from anyone already suffering from a respiratory ailment.

If you guard your health in these ways, the chances are that your resistance to colds, virus infections and pneumonia will be increased. In the event you develop one of these ailments, your ability to fight the infection and recover quickly will be greater.

If you would like more information on how to help avoid becoming a target for these common winter ailments, Metropolitan will gladly send you a free copy of its booklet, *Respiratory Diseases*. Just fill in the coupon below and one will be mailed to you.



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Please send me the free booklet, 155-J.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

and crucial, but he had gained confidence by then so that he never again worked under such strain and pressure as he had in those six weeks. He had to show an external confidence and a serene belief in his judgments which he often did not feel. He had to be a salesman and a promoter and a technical expert all in one.

It was all very well to think of Sylvia near a cool lake in New Hampshire, but Willis could not seem to make her understand that he could not dash away for a visit with things going as they were. Nevertheless, toward the end of July Willis finally did take three days off, making reservations on the night train Thursday, with return reservations on Sunday. He took his golf clubs in case there was an opportunity to shoot a little golf, and his black evening trousers, a cummerbund and one of those white linen mess jackets in case there should be a dance at the country club. He also packed his tennis clothes. It was a pleasure to watch the porter carrying his golf clubs, his tennis racket and his new pigskin suitcase when he boarded the evening train.

He arrived at the junction early the next morning, and Sylvia was there to meet him in the Hodgeses' four-year-old Ford runabout. Sylvia had on slacks, a man's shirt with a frayed soft collar, and sneakers, and he never forgot her expression when she saw the golf clubs.

"Oh, Willis," she said, "there isn't any golf."

"That's all right," he said. "I just brought the clubs along in case."

"And there isn't any tennis either," she said. "I don't know why I never described things to you. We're just camping out, you know. Willis, didn't you bring any old clothes?"

"Well, I haven't got anything exactly old," he said, "just some tennis clothes and bathing trunks, but I'll get along all right."

Sylvia looked relieved when he mentioned bathing trunks. "You can wear those most of the time and a shirt on top," she said. "Mother always insists on a shirt when we're on the porch."

"Well, that's fine, if it isn't cold," he said.

"It won't be too cold except at night," she told him, "but there are gnats sometimes. Maybe you'd better buy a pair of khaki trousers before we start."

It was a fine idea, and he told her so. It had been a long time since he had seen a small-town men's toggery, but he was able to get into the spirit of it, and it annoyed him that Sylvia seemed to think he couldn't. He was just as good at camping out as she was, he told her, and he liked to fish. Nothing was more fun than going fishing.

THE only trouble was that he had never camped out with any people like the Hodgeses, and that place at Lake Sunapee was different from anything he had ever known. The Hodgeses lived in a shingled cottage on the edge of the lake in a pine grove a long way from anywhere.

"Father bought it for almost nothing during the depression," Sylvia told him, when she tried to explain things while the Ford jolted over a very rough road.

He should have known, from Sylvia's nervousness, and from the moment he saw the family all waiting for him on the front porch, that his visit had an obvious implication. He was sure they had been discussing him ever since Sylvia had driven to the station, and, since there were only board partitions between the rooms, Willis heard his name coupled with Sylvia's frequently during his stay, although in tactful whispers.

"They won't be around after supper," he heard them whisper. "Sylvia will want to take him out in the canoe."

"He's really very nice," he heard them whisper. "It isn't his fault that he thought we were living on a golf course."

This last remark had been made by Mr. Hodges, hardly in a whisper.

As Willis told Sylvia later, he had been there on approval, like a new vacuum cleaner that could be sent back if it didn't work—not that there were any electric outlets in the cottage. In fact, they cooked on a wood stove and went to bed by lamplight, and as Mrs. Hodges said right away, he was a member of the family. Mrs. Hodges, who looked more like a frontierswoman than a professor's wife, shook hands with him warmly and understandingly.

"Of course I remember Willis, dear," she said to Sylvia, "and now you'd better go and peel the potatoes for lunch. You can bring them out on the porch here, dear, and perhaps Willis would like to help you after he puts on some camp clothes."

"Yes, yes, Sylvia," Mr. Hodges said, "my memory isn't so dim that I don't recall your young gentleman." Mr. Hodges had not shaved that morning, and he wore khaki shorts and a sleeveless undershirt. "You remember Laura, don't you?"

OF course Willis remembered Laura. Laura was wearing slacks, like Sylvia, and she looked frankly and happily ugly.

"I choose you for my team if we play games tonight," she said. It touched Willis that Laura remembered that he had been good at pencil-and-paper games.

"Mary dear," Mrs. Hodges said, "I don't believe you've ever met Sylvia's young man, have you? This is Tom's wife, Willis."

Mary Hodges was a stocky, red-faced girl in shorts. It seemed to Willis that girls with ugly legs always wanted to show them off.

"Hi," she said, and shook hands aggressively. "You're sleeping in the guest coop."

The guest coop, Willis found out later, was a remodeled brooder house that Tom had purchased from a nearby farm. Tom was always working on what he called "improvement projects."

"Hi, Willis," Tom said. His shirt and bathing trunks and bare arms were caked with clay. "Mary and I are laying a new pipe from the spring to the kitchen."

Willis must have looked startled. Sylvia might have warned him about the absence of plumbing, and Tom burst into a roar of laughter.

"There's no private bath, no telephone—and no water if we don't get busy. Come on, Mary, or we'll have to haul it in buckets."

Willis always prided himself on being able to get along with people no matter if their interests were quite different from his own. He liked to think that he had succeeded with the Hodgeses in a measure. He would not have minded the simple life if it had been simple, but the Hodgeses neglected the advantages of simplicity and the small creature comforts understood by practical campers. Not one of them knew how to split kindling properly or how to keep the stove going once it was lighted; and what was more, they honestly did not care.

All the Hodgeses cared about were ideas and talk. One minute they were telling jokes in French and next they were lapsing into German. They all talked at once—Mrs. Hodges, Sylvia, Mary, Laura and Tom. It seemed to Willis that Mr. Hodges was the only one who listened, but he too would occasionally leap into the discussion.

Almost the only time the Hodgeses were silent during his visit was when he and Sylvia walked down to the lake path. It was very hot and he stumbled occasionally over pine roots.

"You have to watch where you're going," Sylvia said. "This is an awfully rough path."

"You get a beautiful view from it," Willis said.

"Willis dear, I'm so proud of you," Sylvia said. "Everyone thinks you're wonderful. You're having a good time, aren't you?"

"Yes," Willis said. "It's great to get away from the city and get some new ideas."

"Can't you stay for a day or two more and not go back Sunday night?"

"I wish I could," Willis said, and he stumbled over another pine root. "It's been quite a while since I've been walking in the woods."

"You have to get used to it," Sylvia said. "Father's very interested in you."

"I suppose he is," Willis said. "I guess I can't blame him much."

"Oh dear," Sylvia said, "I didn't mean it in that way, but he probably will try to draw you out. You don't mind if he draws you out, do you?"

Of course he and Mr. Hodges would have to have a little talk sometime, but Mr. Hodges did nothing about it until Sunday afternoon, and then it happened unexpectedly.

ay, Wayde," Mr. Hodges said, "are you ood in a canoe?"

llis' father had taught him to paddle, one ner when he had been working for paper sts in Ontario. Willis and Mr. Hodges ed off the porch and pushed the Hodgeses' into the water. Willis was feeling tired se he had not slept well in the guest coop, is muscles were stiff from walking and ming. You could tell from the moment he picked up a paddle whether or not he about canoes, and Mr. Hodges must learned somewhere besides Lake Suna-

Horace could ever have been in a canoe, uld have liked it," Mr. Hodges said.

orace, sir?" Willis said.

he Latin poet," Mr. Hodges said.

h, yes," Willis said, "Horace. I don't much about him, I'm afraid."

on't be," Mr. Hodges said. "Never be of Horace. Sylvia tells me you're mak- n thousand dollars a year. Do you hope ke some more?"

es, sir," Willis said. "And I think I will, if I'm doing turns out right."

lvia says you have something to do with ine belts—that right?" Mr. Hodges said.

ted as he was in ow of the canoe, could only hear Hodges without him. "Yes, sir," d, "it's the only I really know ? At least I hope

don't," Mr. es said. "My s a blank when nes to belts."

ell, sir," Willis "frankly mine's k when it comes ur Latin poet, ce."

ear me," Mr. es said, "there o be zeros some- . Four zeros in housand dollars, ore in a million. 's the trouble money, there must be a lot of zeros."

lis wished he knew whether Mr. Hodges eing funny or serious, but it was a good k and one Willis always remembered. Hodges had been right. You had to ce a lot of things if you made money.

st May, sir," he said, "I met a friend of in New York—Mr. Hawley, president Hawley Pneumatic Tool."

awley," Mr. Hodges said, "Hawley—oh, didn't like him very much."

didn't like him much either," Willis "but I wouldn't like to have him know

ell," Mr. Hodges said, "I'm glad you . Sylvia tells me you're reading the Five Shelf of books—fifteen minutes a day. "

lis could not turn around. He hoped e would never again have a serious con- ion with anyone when he paddled bow anoe.

wonder," Mr. Hodges said before Willis answer, "if you're doing that to please . I wouldn't if I were you."

o, sir," Willis answered, "I'm doing it for f."

ell," Mr. Hodges said, "I confess it initiative."

HER of them spoke for a while, and was glad to listen to the dipping of the es in the water.

m afraid," Mr. Hodges said, "you've quite a beating this weekend. Do you ke Sylvia?"

es, sir," Willis said. "It's been very inter- here."

e been interested, too," Mr. Hodges "but then you'd expect me to be, wouldn't Perhaps we'd better turn back now, or will be wondering where you are."

at was almost the only serious conver- that Willis ever had with Mr. Hodges, e always felt that Mr. Hodges had learned more about him than most people did—too much, perhaps.

The years immediately preceding the entry of the United States into the Second World War formed the most critical and important period in the entire business career of Willis Wayde. The business turmoil of those years frequently seemed simpler than many aspects of his private life. It was all very well to say that business and home should never mix: they invariably did. Although nothing was really settled after that weekend at Lake Sunapee, Willis discovered that Sylvia thought a great deal had been. Shortly after this visit she bought several books on cooking and began making out his laundry list and going over his shirts and his socks whenever she visited his apartment. Thus the idea of marriage came over them by degrees, making another problem on top of all his others.

THERE was also the problem of Lydia Hammond, who finally telephoned one evening when Sylvia was at Tenth Street. Sylvia had come up with him to the apartment after dining at Tony's, and she had been reading a cookbook to herself. He had told her that he had to go over the refinancing report on Rahway Belting.

He was right in the middle of the proposed common-stock setup, which demanded more close thinking than anything else, when the telephone rang, and it was Lydia Hammond.

"Hello, Willis darling," Lydia said. "Are you up there all alone?"

"Oh, hello," he said, "hello, Lydia."

"Why have you gone completely out of my life, darling?" Lydia said.

"Well, Lydia," he said. "I've been pretty busy lately."

He saw that Sylvia had closed the cookbook, and he smiled at her reassuringly, but Lydia was still speaking.

"Darling, why don't you come up here right now?" she said.

"Lydia," Willis said, "I've got to hang up. I can't talk to you right now."

There was a frigid silence when he set down the telephone.

"I'm sorry, Sylvia," he said. "It was only someone I used to know before I knew you were in New York."

Sylvia was white and tense and her voice was lightly brittle. "Why didn't you ever tell me about her?" she asked. "I'm sure I don't want to interfere with anything."

"Listen, Sylvia," he said. "There isn't anything to tell about her. She's just someone I used to know."

Sylvia drew a sharp, quick breath. "Willis," she said, "I wish you'd tell me when you think we can get married."

Willis squared his shoulders. The subject was out in the open at last.

"Now, Sylvia dear," he said, "I'm glad you brought this up, because it's been on my mind as much as yours."

He could not understand why he felt so nervous, except that he was dealing with a long-term future and life and love and all sorts of other things that were hard to express.

"I'm glad I brought it up too," Sylvia said. "It's awfully hard for a girl to be so indefinite. You do love me, don't you, Willis?"

"Of course I love you," Willis said.

"Then sit here and hold my hand," Sylvia said, "and don't look so worried, Willis. You want us to get married, don't you?"

"Why, of course I want us to get married, honey," he said, and he smiled at her and patted her hand, "but I do have a lot of other things on my mind right now. I'd like to wait until we know whether I'll be working for Beakney-Graham or whether I'll end up out in Rahway."

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—WEBB B. GARRISON



BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

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"Why, Willis," Sylvia said, "I didn't know you were having any trouble with Beakney-Graham."

"Sylvia sweetness," Willis said. It was always harder to explain business to a woman than to a man. "If the Rahway Belting Company would make me an offer and give me some common stock, I'd leave Beakney-Graham because there would be a better future in Rahway."

He could not understand why Sylvia should look troubled, but then perhaps a woman's mind always worked differently from a man's.

"But they sent you there to Rahway Belting," she said.

"Of course they sent me there," Willis answered, "but I want you and me to have a future, dear. I don't have to stay with Beakney-Graham."

"But, Willis," she asked him, "do you think that's being loyal?"

He did not intend to be impatient, but she should have seen that loyalty had nothing whatsoever to do with the situation. "You've got to let me attend to these things, dear," he said, "and let me decide what's loyal and what isn't. What are you crying for, Sylvia?"

There was no reason for Sylvia to sit with tears rolling down her cheeks when he was trying to carry on a sensible conversation.

"Oh, Willis," she sobbed, "I didn't mean to make you angry. It's only that I'm so proud of you that I don't want—I don't want ——"

"Now there, Sylvia," he said, and he took her in his arms. "Just let me do the worrying. Everything's going to be all right. Old Jacoby wants to have a talk with me. He's asked me to his house to lunch next week. Everything's going to be wonderful."

"Oh, Willis," she sobbed, "of course you're loyal."

Loyalty was the queerest thing. It was something that kept cropping up in business, and it kept requiring a different definition. At any rate, he had made his point and he had never had to argue in just that way with Sylvia about loyalty again. You had to do the best you could with loyalty. She had stopped crying, and he gave her a clean pocket handkerchief.

It was always significant when a business acquaintance asked you to his home instead of to some restaurant. Mr. Jacoby had been slightly apologetic when he finally invited Willis. He had been meaning, Mr. Jacoby said, to ask Willis up to the house for quite a while, and he was sorry that he was asking him home for the first time in order to have a business talk, but things always got around the plant, and he had a few words to say to Willis which were confidential.

"It's very kind of you, sir," Willis said. "Thank you very much."

"Mrs. Jacoby wants especially to meet you," Mr. Jacoby said, "and I want her to sit in on the conference."

Willis knew that Mrs. Jacoby was the daughter of the late Mr. Seth Wilfred, a financier whose name was still very well known around the Oranges, and that she had inherited a very considerable sum of money at her father's death. Willis also knew that the Jacobys had two married daughters, one living in Chicago and the other in Philadelphia. There was no reason for Mr. Jacoby to make any explanations, but it was like him to have done so.

Promptly at half past twelve Mr. Jacoby put on his black alpaca coat and climbed behind the wheel of his old car.

"Get in, Willis," he said. "Mrs. Jacoby thinks I ought to have a chauffeur, but I guess I'm independent in some ways. You have to be with anybody like Mrs. Jacoby. I suppose you've heard she's pretty rich."

"Yes, sir," Willis said. "You can't help hearing things like that."

"That's right," Mr. Jacoby said. "And now we're going home to lunch I'd just as soon you'd call me Manley."

It was hard for Willis to call old men by their first names, and to stay respectful and at the same time be familiar.

"Mrs. Jacoby—Edie, that is—makes me pretty comfortable," Mr. Jacoby said. "We live in the old Wilfred house, you know."

It was a grim house, standing on a lawn decorated by cannas on the ridge of basalt that rose behind the Oranges, but the view was magnificent. It was a warm, hazy day in mid-September, and you could see the buildings of downtown New York miles away across the marshes, rising dreamily through the mist.

It was all different from anything that Willis had imagined. After the plainness of Rahway Belting, he could not help being surprised when a manservant opened the door.

"Hello," Mr. Jacoby said. "Is Mrs. Jacoby downstairs yet?"

"Madam is in the east room," the man said.

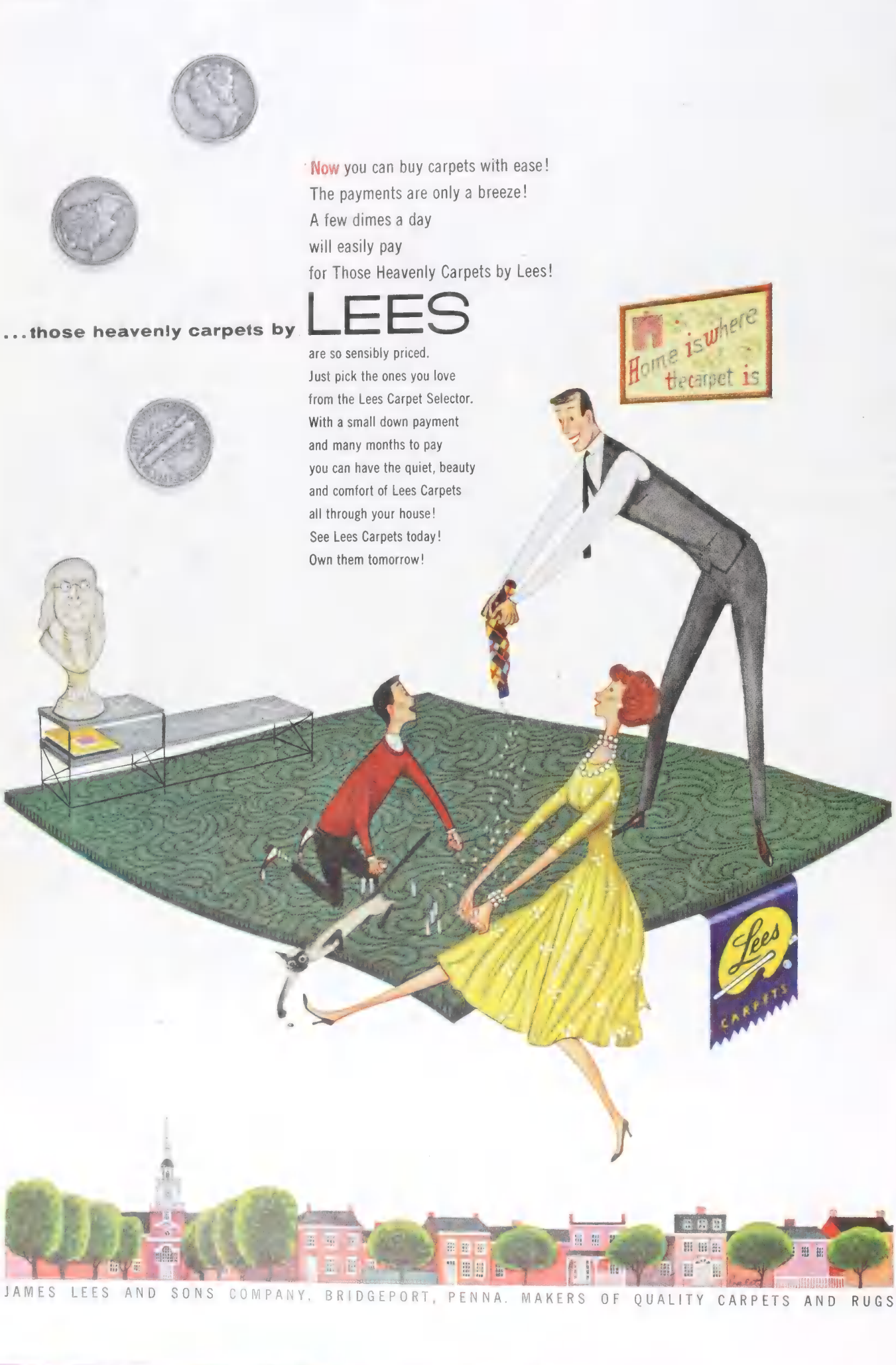
The east room took up two stories and must have been intended to represent a baronial hall. There was a balcony at one end, which was occupied by musicians, as Mrs. Jacoby told him once, when her father had receptions for the directors of the Erie Railroad. There was also an immense pipe organ that no longer worked and a huge fieldstone fireplace. There were some heads of African animals on the walls, and some sentimental pictures. The floors were covered with Oriental carpets and the furniture was imitation French.

Mrs. Jacoby was seated on a sofa by the fireplace, and her lacy beige dress gave her almost a protective coloring. Her face, which was pale and distinguished, reminded him more of an old man's than a woman's. Her hair was snow-white, but her eyebrows were black and bushy, and her eyes were deep brown. She spoke in a precise, almost English way, because, as she told Willis later, she had been taught at a convent school in France.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Willis," she said. "I'm calling you Willis because Manley has told me so much about you."

"It's a great pleasure, Mrs. Jacoby," Willis said, and he tried to act as though he were not astonished by anything around him.

"You mustn't blame Mr. Jacoby for any of this," Mrs. Jacoby said. "He married into it quite late in life, and what could we have done except tear the whole thing down?"



"I see what you mean," Willis said, "but everything's very interesting."

"Manley," Mrs. Jacoby said, "if I send Henry upstairs for something else, will you take off that black alpaca coat? Look how nicely Willis looks."

"He's a new model," Mr. Jacoby said. "You know I like this coat."

"Manley never wants to forget he's a small-town boy," Mrs. Jacoby said, and she looked unblinkingly at Willis. "Perhaps you've noticed that Manley has an independent streak. That's why he insists on holding onto that one-horse factory. He doesn't need to, but he likes to be independent and he can't keep on being, with his arthritis. That's why I asked him to bring you up here—so I could look at you."

"How would it be if we had cocktails, Edie?" Mr. Jacoby said. "It might help us all to break the ice and you'd get to know Willis better."

"Not for me, thank you," Willis said quickly. "I don't usually drink in the middle of a business day, Mrs. Jacoby."

"Well, I'm going to ring for Henry, Edie," Mr. Jacoby said. "I'm going to have a Scotch and soda."

Mrs. Jacoby walked over to a mother-of-pearl-inlaid table and picked up a sheaf of papers and Willis gave a slight start. It was the final report and recommendations by Beakney-Graham for the Rahway Belting Company.

"Now," Mrs. Jacoby said, "we may as well sit down and we can start going over this before lunch is served. Manley tells me that you wrote most of it."

"Yes, most of it," Willis said, "but I was helped by other members of my company."

Mrs. Jacoby picked up a pair of heavy horn-rimmed glasses. "I read this with great interest," she said. "It's a well-organized report. I told Manley to employ Beakney-Graham."

The light from Mrs. Jacoby's glasses glittered disconcertingly as Willis tried to think of a suitable answer.

"I had an idea that the bank had suggested your company," he said.

Mr. Jacoby laughed. "They did," he said, "but Edie suggested it to the bank. She wears the pants around here, or at least she tries to."

"I wish you wouldn't get off these tiresome jokes, Manley," Mrs. Jacoby said. "I've always let you play around with that factory of yours and I've never interfered, except when it's been absolutely necessary."

Willis was glad to see that the houseman was walking toward them, carrying a silver tray and a decanter and tumblers, because the interruption gave him a moment to think over the situation.

"Manley," Mrs. Jacoby said, "be sure to take your medicine first, and I'll have some Scotch too. Are you sure you won't change your mind, Mr. Wayde—I mean Willis?"

"If you'll forgive me, I'd rather not," Willis said. "I'm afraid a lot of that report must have been dull reading, Mrs. Jacoby."

"I wouldn't say that any reports are light reading," Mrs. Jacoby said, "but my father trained me to manage my own affairs. I've managed all my father's interests since his death. I got out of the market in August, 1929. I got back in again in the summer of '32. I have my own offices upstairs."

"That's right," Mr. Jacoby said. "Edie's a very able woman, Willis."

Since his days at the Harcourt Mill, Willis had seen a good many rich men, and he was beginning to judge their abilities and weaknesses, but he was not as familiar with the wealthy and independent woman. He could only listen carefully. The difficulty was that she talked partly like a woman and partly like a man.

"Now you know as well as I do," Mrs. Jacoby said, "that Manley here hasn't got much business sense."

Willis found himself laughing nervously. "Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he said.

"I didn't say you would," Mrs. Jacoby told him, "but you know it and Manley knows it too. I'm worried about Manley, Mr. Wayde—I mean Willis. He's always liked that factory. I want him to keep it if he likes it, but he's got to have someone to help him. I think it's time for you to make him our proposition, Manley."

Mr. Jacoby coughed loudly. "All right," Mr. Jacoby said. "Edie and I want you to be executive vice-president of Rahway Belting. We're not getting any younger, and there aren't any young men in the family except our sons-in-law, both of whom are doctors. This may sound sudden to you, but Edie and I have been all over it. Would you mind telling us what your salary is at present?"

"Why, no," Willis said. "It's ten thousand dollars," and he smiled at them. "Just at present."

"That is the figure I guessed," Mr. Jacoby said. He paused. "You and I get on all right. You'll be executive vice-president and I'll back you all the way. You'll get twelve thousand dollars a year and thirty-three per cent of the common stock."

Although it was the percentage that Willis had planned to ask for, he had never thought that Mr. Jacoby would go so far immediately.

"That's quite a lot," Willis said slowly—"the stock, I mean."

"The idea," Mr. Jacoby said, "is to fix it so you won't refuse."

Willis waited a moment. It was no time to be too eager. "I'm very much flattered, of course," he said. "I didn't know you thought so highly of me, Manley."

He noticed that Mrs. Jacoby had taken off her glasses. "It's my stock you're getting, not Manley's," Mrs. Jacoby said. "It's never earned me one red cent, and I want Manley to be happy."

"I think it's very generous of you," Willis said. "There's only one thing that makes me hesitate." He could see how closely they both were watching him. "Another firm sent me here, you know. I'm not sure it would be loyal, under the circumstances ——"

He allowed his voice to trail into silence, and he had a momentary thought of Sylvia.

"Now just a minute," Mr. Jacoby began, "just a minute."

Willis raised his voice slightly. "It may sound a little old-fashioned," he said, "but I'd like to finish my thought, if you don't mind. There's a girl I want to marry. I wish she were here with us now, because I know you'd like her, Mrs. Jacoby. She's the daughter of a Harvard professor. She and I were talking about loyalty only the other night. I don't know whether Sylvia would think it was loyal of me to leave Beakney-Graham."

Willis had that quick feeling of triumph that comes of having said exactly the right things. Mrs. Jacoby was smiling at him.

"Manley always told me you were high-minded," she said, "but he never told me you were thinking of getting married."

Willis laughed diffidently. "It's been a secret up to now," he answered. "You're the first people I've told, in fact. You're older than I am and I'd value your advice. I wouldn't want either of you to think I'm disloyal."

He was glad that he had thought to ask their advice, because Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby began advising him simultaneously.

"You're not under any contract with them, are you?" Mrs. Jacoby asked.

"Oh, no," Willis said, "no contract, but just the same it bothers me."

"Now listen, Willis," Mr. Jacoby said. "It's time you thought about yourself and this girl you're going to marry. What is her name?"

"Sylvia," Willis said.

"Sylvia," Mrs. Jacoby repeated. "I want you to promise to bring her here and I think fifteen thousand would be better than twelve, Manley."

"It isn't the money," Willis said. "I only wish I felt right, Mrs. Jacoby."

"Now, Willis," Mrs. Jacoby said, "this is common sense. It's time you thought of Sylvia and any little ones who may be coming along."

Willis was always glad that he had threshed out the matter of loyalty with Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby, because it had started them all on the right foot, and he had Sylvia to thank for it.

His interview the next morning was frankly tough.

"I thought you were out at Rahway," Mr. Beakney said. "Is anything wrong out there?"

Everything was fine at Rahway, Willis told him. Then he had given Mr. Beakney the whole picture concisely, without pulling any punches, and he had ended on a note of how grateful he would always feel to Mr. Beakney and everyone in the office. He would never forget what they had done for him but he hoped that Mr. Beakney would put himself in his position and understand his situation. He was always very sorry that Mr. Beakney had not understood.

"Well," Mr. Beakney said, "so that's it. You've been sucking up to a silly old man and his silly old wife, while you were on our payroll."

"I'm sorry you look at it that way, sir," Willis had told him. "They've made me an offer and I've accepted it."

"I never thought you'd do this to me," Mr. Beakney said. "I had other ideas about you."

"I'm sorry you don't approve, sir," Willis said.

"That's neither here nor there," Mr. Beakney said. "I fear you've grown up to be too much for us to handle. Well, that's the way things go."

GOD THE FATHER

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

It was no surprise to the boy
When they told him about God,
He had known him for five years
Driving home nails and
straddling broad.

The boy had seen the golden one
With lantern light upon his hair
Coming up through the kitchen
floor
From his boat by the water stair.

God was sure upon his feet
No matter where his large feet
stood,
He made things out of pine and
nails,
And he filled his pants out good.

God could stand up on the sea
In a boat when whitecaps curled,
And he loved a little boy
Beyond all there was in the
world.

"I wish you wouldn't put it that way, sir," Willis said, "because I've always enjoyed working for you."

"All right," Mr. Beakney said, "let's not have any more last words. I'll only say you're graduating, and I'll make just one more remark which maybe is a compliment. I'd hate to run up against you in a controversy ten years from now."

This meant a lot coming from someone like Mr. Beakney. There was no wonder Willis always had a warm spot in his heart for Beakney-Graham.

The next few months were among the busiest and happiest that Willis had ever known, since there was nothing as exhilarating as one's first taste of tangible success and achievement. He only realized later that success has its dangerous aspects, especially early success. The cards were stacked against someone who made good too young. Willis could see now that he had once been in this dubious category. He could no longer wonder, as he once had, that Mr. Beakney had made no effort to keep him. In fact, Mr. Beakney must have been relieved to have let him go—gray suit, trimmed hair, polished oxfords, sharp mind and everything—because he had come along too fast for the age of twenty-nine.

What really saved him was marrying Sylvia Hodges. It was the most fortunate thing that had ever happened to him. Sylvia had better taste than he, better manners and a more cultivated mind. She knew so many things he did not know that he could not help being very proud of her. Though he was aware of his inadequacies when he was with her, somehow she never made him jealous.

They were married in Cambridge in October, 1936. Willis had envisioned a small house wedding with no one but the family, but Mrs. Hodges wanted them married in the Unitarian church. Laura would be the maid of honor, and Sylvia was selecting bridesmaids. Mrs. Hodges wanted to know whom Willis would invite to be best man and whom he would want for ushers.

Willis never realized until he read Mrs. Hodges' letter that in all his years in New York there had not been much time for friendship. This lack of friendship, which had never troubled him before, he felt was something he could not confess to Mrs. Hodges and least of all to Sylvia. He finally had to say that the few people he most wanted were unable to leave New York in the middle of the business week, that his father could be best man but that he would have to dispense with ushers.

He had thought that getting married would involve only a day in Cambridge, but instead Mrs. Hodges wrote that he must be there several days ahead to see about the license and to attend a few small parties; then there was the wedding trip, to which he had given no thought at all, but Sylvia had said that they must go somewhere. This was all very difficult, coming on top of everything he had to do at Rahway Belting.

If Willis had no friends, at least he wanted to appear in a proper light. His Ford runabout, which had seemed so desirable only that spring, was not what he wanted any longer and he turned it in for a new green Buick sedan before he motored up to Cambridge. He never forgot Sylvia's expression when she saw the car in front of the house on Craigie Street.

Sylvia ran down the path to meet him. Now that she was back in the family, she did not look like the girl he had known in New York, and when she kissed him in a shy way, because everyone was watching them, he felt like a distant relative.

"Why, Willis," she said, "where's the Ford?"

"Why, I turned in the Ford, dear," he said. "This is an improvement, isn't it?"

After all, he did not want to say in so many words that a fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-year man did not drive a Ford.

"Oh, dear," Sylvia said, "I loved the Ford."

"You'll love this a lot better," he told her, "once you get behind the wheel."

"Oh, darling," she said, "I hope people won't think we're throwing our weight around when they see us driving it."

"Why, sweetness," he said, and he slammed the car door casually, "it's only a Buick. You wait till we get a Cadillac before you start to worry."

"Oh, darling," she said, and she linked her arm through his, "we've all been waiting for you all afternoon, and your father and mother are here. You've got to go down right away to see about the marriage license. Tom will take you."

Getting married, Willis often thought, was like moving without any preparation into a foreign country about whose customs one knew nothing. From the moment he had stepped out of the Buick to the time Sylvia and he finally drove away in it from the wedding reception, he was a stranger in a strange land. Everything was on an entirely different basis from what it had been before, because the Hodgeses were trying to make him a member of the family, and even his father and mother were like strangers. They were all waiting for him in the house at Craigie Street, and he was surprised to have Mrs. Hodges kiss him. Then his mother kissed him, then Laura, and then Tom's wife, Mary, who told him they might as well get it over with now that he was going to be an in-law just like her.

Mrs. Hodges wanted Willis to see the presents right away, but Tom said Willis had to go to the city hall to see about the license before the place closed.

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Here's How: Wash and wipe dry, large or medium potatoes—then cut them in half lengthwise. Score the tops in ½″ squares, making cuts ½″ deep. Brush the skins and tops generously with pure, digestible Spry. Then bake your potatoes in a hot oven (450°F.) 40-50 minutes, or until deliciously tender and golden on top.



Here's How: Put ¼ cup of Spry in heavy kettle over medium heat. Then put in 4-5 pound piece of chuck, rump or round. Brown well on all sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover and simmer over low heat about four hours or until tender, adding 2-4 tablespoons of water occasionally to prevent sticking.

Spry makes



Here's How: Cut 3-lb. frying chicken in serving pieces. Combine ½ cup melted Spry, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Rub Spry well into each piece. Put chicken in shallow baking dish. Bake, uncovered, in hot oven (450°F.) 50-60 minutes, or until brown on both sides.



Here's How: Use your favorite pancake ready-mix. Add one standard level tablespoon of Spry for each cup of dry ready-mix you use. Then follow directions for pancakes on the back of the package. See for yourself how Spry makes ready-mix pancakes richer than ever before!



ere's How: Trim crusts from slices of white bread. Brush pure, gestible, melted Spry on one side of each slice and fit into 3″ muffin ns, pressing brushed side down into pan to form cups. Bake in very t oven (450°F.) 10-12 minutes or until golden brown. Fill with creamed na fish, and serve as a main dish.



Here's How: Cut fish fillets into serving pieces; coat with seasoned flour. (If frozen fish is used, thaw first.) Melt enough Homogenized Spry in heavy skillet to give depth of ½″, heat until a drop of water sizzles in it. Put fish into pure, digestible Spry, maintain heat, and fry until golden (about 2 minutes on each side).

the difference!

Lever Brothers Company unconditionally guarantees that Spry makes just about everything you cook taste better. You'll agree, or we'll return your money.



ere's How for Stringbeans: Melt 2 tablespoons of Homogenized ry in heavy skillet. Add 1¼ lbs. of sliced stringbeans, salt and pepper, cup water. Mix lightly together. Cover your skillet and cook over edium heat 18 minutes, or until tender.



Here's How: Season your ground beef with salt and pepper. Then shape the meat lightly into the form of a steak. Spread the top surface with Spry. Broil 6-10 minutes. Turn, spread the other side with Spry and broil 6-10 minutes longer.

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"If he doesn't get to City Hall today, he won't get married on Wednesday," Tom said.

This was plain fact, but Willis found that Sylvia was pulling him into Mr. Hodges' study.

"Willis," Sylvia said, "what are you going to get married in?"

"In a church, aren't we?" Willis said.

"I mean clothes," Sylvia said, and Sylvia looked strained and nervous.

"Well, won't a dark suit do?" he asked.

"No," Sylvia said. "Mother wants you and your father to wear cutaways. You will have to go and rent them, with silk hats."

"Silk hats?" Willis repeated. "I don't know whether I can get my father to do it."

"He's got to," Sylvia said. "And, Willis, have you got the ring?"

"Gosh," Willis said, "I forgot about the ring."

"You forgot it?" Sylvia said, and her voice broke tragically. "I suppose getting married is more serious for a girl than it is for a man. Do you want to marry me or don't you?"

"Now, sweetness," Willis said, "of course I want to marry you, or I certainly wouldn't have bought the Buick."

"Willis," Sylvia said, "if you mention that Buick again, I'll scream. That Buick hasn't got anything to do with anything."

He knew it was a time to be patient and understanding and that girls were apt to be upset at such a time, but the trouble was he did not know what he ought to understand.

"Now listen, honey," he said. "What's all the trouble anyway?"

At any rate, the question changed her mood. "Oh, Willis darling," she said, "I know I'm impossible. I'm sorry, dear."

"There, there," Willis said, and he put his arm around her. "It'll be all right when this is over. What sort of a ring would you like, honey? I saw sort of a cute platinum one the other day with little orange blossoms carved on it."

"Oh," Sylvia said, "why didn't you think of chromium?"

"Why, sweet," Willis said, "why chromium?"

"Because it's all over that Buick," Sylvia said, and she hid her head against his shoulder. He could not tell whether she was laughing or crying.

"I was just thinking of something striking, sweetness, that would go with the diamond," he told her.

"Oh," Sylvia said, "just put your mind on a plain gold band. I'll go to Boston with you tomorrow, but I've never heard of a girl picking out her own ring."

There was so much happening that Willis could never get events into chronological succession. He was constantly smiling and chatting with friends and relatives of the Hodgeses whom he did not know. Even his parents treated him sometimes like a stranger. His mother was shy with him at first. She had been worried, she said, when Willis had written her that he was engaged to a girl she did not know. It was wonderful to discover that Sylvia was just the daughter-in-law she had dreamed of having—a good, sweet, sensible, intelligent girl. Her family were all lovely people too.

"You've grown up so, Willis, that I hardly know you," she said. "Doesn't Willis look handsome, Alfred?"

"Yes," Alfred Wayde said. "He's been polished off, all right. How about a touch of rye, Willis?"

"Now, Alfred," Mrs. Wayde said, "I wish you'd ever been polished. You know you're proud of Willis."

"Why, yes," Alfred Wayde said, "I'm proud of you all right, son. Here you are, not thirty, with motorcars, golf sticks, everything. You're marrying a real nice girl. She's a little thin for my taste, but no doubt she'll flesh out. There's only one thing bothers me." He stopped and lighted his pipe. "Just don't get too smooth," he said, "or you'll turn into a stinker. A lot of people do before they know it, son."

"Alfred," Mrs. Wayde said, "you ought to be ashamed."

"I'm sorry," Alfred Wayde said. "I apologize if I offended you, son."

"You didn't," Willis said, "and I know what you mean, and you said it before to me once. Do you remember?"

"That's right," Alfred Wayde said, "up at Harcourt. I didn't mean to be repeating myself. Well, I'm going to bed now. My feet hurt in these new shoes."

Willis always liked to think that Sylvia's and his honeymoon had been a very happy one. He had heard that the most important recipe for a happy honeymoon was complete physical comfort. He had not told Sylvia where they were going because he had wanted it to be a surprise. All he would tell Sylvia was that he had reservations at a place in the Adirondack Mountains.

The name of the place was Chieftain Manor, which Willis had once heard Mr. Beakney say was one of the finest rest-and-recreation hotels that he had ever seen, and Mr. Beakney certainly had been right. Willis had never been to a hotel like Chieftain Manor. His initial impression persisted that Chieftain Manor contained everything that anyone could need in order to achieve happiness. Once you passed through its front portals that overlooked the putting green and croquet lawn, there were passages branching off in all directions to shops selling linen and lingerie and jewelry, sport shops, bookshops, barbershops, and hairdressers, cigar stands, newsstands, conservatories, and a broker's office. The manor was really larger than Willis had believed was possible, considering how far they were from anywhere.

"Oh, Willis," he heard Sylvia say, "is this it?"

"Yes, honey," he told her. "It's quite a layout, isn't it?"

"This isn't a hotel," she said, "it's a fantasy."

"A what?" he asked her.

"Oh, never mind, dear," she said. "Isn't it going to be terribly expensive?"

It was strange how apt Sylvia was to miss the point of certain things. For instance, she never could understand when it was worth while to spend money. Of course the main purpose of Chieftain Manor was to be expensive. It was a symbolic prize for industry and endeavor, a happy resting place only for those who had made good. Somehow Sylvia never seemed to see that if you worked hard for what you got, it was a pleasure to show that you had money.

"Oh, Willis," she said. "It's just so —— Oh, never mind. I only mean that it isn't very cozy."

"But it isn't meant to be," he said. "People who come here don't want anything cozy."

There was no time to say anything more because a bellboy in a horizon-blue monkey jacket and white trousers was beside the car.

"Hello, son," Willis said. "Take out everything, will you? And put the car in the garage."

Willis had traveled enough at Beakney-Graham to know his way around hotels. Thus the Chieftain awed Willis only while he and Sylvia first crossed the lobby. By the time he was facing the room clerk he was completely sure of himself.

"Mr. and Mrs. Willis Wayde," he said, "Rahway, New Jersey. Here's a confirmation of my reservation."

The only wrong thing that he had done, of course, was to tell the clerk that he had a confirmation for his reservation, since this indicated an insecurity that he always avoided afterward. Upon leaving the desk Willis was already able to glance in a calm and friendly way about the lobby. The cashmere sweaters of the younger women reminded him that, given the proper things, Sylvia could look as well as any of them, and Sylvia wore clothes beautifully, as well as or better even than Bess Harcourt.

They had the elevator all to themselves, with the two boys and the baggage. "You have suite C-Sixteen, sir," the head boy said.

Willis saw Sylvia glance at him with alarm, and he smiled at her proudly.

"That's right, son," he said, and it was right. The beautifully carpeted hall was almost perfect and so were the sitting room, bedroom and bath, furnished with chintz and antique maple reproductions.

"Thank you, boys," Willis said, and he handed each of them a dollar, and smiled again at Sylvia.

"Look," he said to her. "Flowers for you with a card from the manager. Well, how do you like it, Mrs. Wayde?"

If he had meant the suite to be a surprise, it had been, but Sylvia's uneasy manner told him that her mind was again on money.

"Willis," she said, "we don't need a sitting room, do we? I know this is lovely and I love you for thinking of it, but there's all the money we have to spend for the house and everything in Rahway."

"Sylvia," he said, "do you remember that green dress?"

It was lovely to see the color rise in her cheeks.

"Of course I do," she answered, "but now we're so much more responsible."

"That's right, honey," Willis said, "but I still feel just the same way I did about that dress. I guess I always will."



"Pete, I'm worried! This stuff doesn't seem nearly as stupid as it used to!"

"You're awfully sweet, darling," she said.

She said it as though she had made a new discovery, and the warmth of her voice made him happy.

Sylvia always was a grand girl, once you made her understand, and of course they had a wonderful time. Sylvia's evening dress was not bad looking at all, and he was wearing his new Tuxedo. It was pleasant to see people glancing at them as they walked across the lobby. Sylvia was dark and tall and there was character in her face and intelligence that meant a lot more than insipid beauty. Then he was not so bad looking himself either in those days, as he knew from old photographs.

"Shall we have a cocktail before dinner?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," Sylvia said. "Darling, I keep forgetting how handsome you look, and then I start wondering how I ever found you."

A waiter pulled back a chair for her at a table in the bar, and the happy released chatter of drinkers around them splashed over them like a wave on a coral beach.

"Will you have a dry Martini, dear?" he asked. "Make it two dry Martinis, son, and ask the barman just to squeeze a lemon peel over the surface, not drop it in."

"I don't care what it costs now. This is fun," Sylvia said.

"And when we finish these drinks it will be more fun," Willis told her. "Honey, I want to tell you something. You're more than wonderful, you're more than beautiful."

"We ought to stay here permanently," Sylvia said, "if you keep on saying things like that."

"You see," he said, "you're more than beautiful because you have—you have —— I wish I could say it in French."

"Don't," Sylvia told him. "You'll spoil it if you do."

"I know, honey," he told her, "and someday you're going to take me to Paris and teach me how to speak it right. You're more than beautiful. You're distingué."

"Why, Willis," she said, "you pronounced that rather nicely."

"Excuse my French," Willis said, and he laughed. "I won't say it again, honey, but I will say you're more distinguished than any other girl in this hotel."

They looked at each other and then Sylvia smiled. "Darling," she said, "do you think I'm as distingué as Bess Harcourt?"

He was startled when Sylvia brought up Bess Harcourt, because it was neither the time nor the place for it, and also her name evoked a picture and a comparison.

"Willis," Sylvia said, "did you hear my question?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "Beg pardon, honey. There isn't any comparison. You're both different in your ways, but then no two people can be identical, can they?"

"You know I saw her once," Sylvia said. "I don't believe I ever told you. I may have been shy about it."

"I don't see that it's anything to be shy about," Willis said. "Where did you happen to see her?"

"Oh, at a Boston dance," Sylvia answered. "She was pointed out to me."

"Well, frankly," Willis said, and as he was speaking he could imagine Bess Harcourt at that vanished dance, with her tawny hair, greenish-blue eyes and quick smile, "you've got a better figure than Bess. You're better-looking than Bess. You've got more brains and a better disposition." And then he laughed. "Of course I may be prejudiced."

Sylvia laughed too. "Just you keep on being prejudiced," she said.

The fine thing was that Willis had meant everything he said. He looked critically around the barroom. Already he felt like a habitué of Chieftain Manor.

"Honey," he said, "I think there's someone over there I know. Yes, I'm sure of it."

"Who?" Sylvia asked.

"That's Mr. Percival L. Nagel," Willis said, "sitting over there with that rather heavy blond lady."

"Who's Mr. Nagel?" Sylvia asked.

"Why, honey," Willis said—she might know how to speak French, but she did not

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Turn off the oven! Here's a top-of-the-stove ham loaf

and it's marvelous with **born-to-be-better corn** ☆



☆ grown from special seed we developed ourselves to give you sweeter flavor and extra-tender kernels in DEL MONTE Corn

Even the best seed available didn't grow corn good enough to match our idea of what DEL MONTE Corn should be.

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If you pride yourself on knowing good corn, you really ought to try this... DEL MONTE Corn, any style, the kind that's *born* to be better.

TWIN HAM LOAVES with CORN SAUCE

½ lb. smoked ham, ground
1 lb. fresh pork, ground
1 egg
¾ cup dry bread crumbs
½ cup milk
¼ cup minced onion
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Scant ¼ teaspoon ground cloves
2 No. 303 cans DEL MONTE Golden Cream Style Corn

Combine all ingredients except corn; mix thoroughly. Open corn; empty into a saucepan and refrigerate till time to heat. Remove labels from corn cans, wash out cans and pack carefully with equal amounts of ham mixture. Tie waxed paper or foil over tops of cans. Set upright on rack in deep kettle; pour hot water into kettle until it comes within ½ inch of tops of cans. Cover; boil gently for 2 hours. Remove from water; pour off excess liquid. Unmold; slice. Arrange in low serving dish with the corn, which you have heated and seasoned. If desired, garnish with hot, seasoned DEL MONTE Brand Green Beans, and pimiento strips. Serves 6-8.

Try all 3 styles: Golden Cream Style • Golden Whole Kernel • White Cream Style



Del Monte® Corn — *the brand you know puts flavor first*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

know everything—"P. L. Nagel is the president of the Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting Company."

It all went to show that you never lost money in the end by staying at a fashionable hotel, and it also went to show that it paid to cultivate a knack for names and faces. The only time that Willis had seen P. L. Nagel previously was during an unforgettable episode in Mr. Harcourt's library, but that had been a long time ago.

Mr. Nagel did not look quite as trim or quite as ruddy. His hair, which had been receding from his florid forehead, had thinned until his shiny scalp showed through what was left of it, and what was left was benignly white. It was undoubtedly P. L. Nagel.

"Well," Willis heard Sylvia saying, "and suppose he is the president of the Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting Company?"

"They make conveyor belts in the Middle West, honey," he told her. "They're the biggest belting company in America. He tried to buy the Harcourt Mill once."

"Is that his wife with him?"

It pained Willis that Sylvia sounded disdainful. Of course the lady with him was Mr. Nagel's wife, because, obviously, she could not possibly have been anything else.

"I don't suppose he remembers me at all," Willis said, "but I was right there when he offered to buy the Harcourt Mill. He offered five million dollars."

This sum made no impression on Sylvia. "I don't see why it is," she said, "that people like that always seem to be the only ones who ever offer to buy something for five million dollars."

Willis only half heard her because the sight of the Nagels had absorbed all his attention. "Honey," he said, "I think I ought to speak to Mr. Nagel. Don't you think so?"

"Why?" Sylvia asked.

"It would be a wasted opportunity if I didn't, dear," Willis said. He pushed back his chair tentatively, and just then Sylvia spoke with a startling sort of urgency.

"Oh, Willis," she said, "please don't. We're having such a good time by ourselves. Willis, he'll spoil everything."

Willis patted her hand, gently, reassuringly. "Don't worry, honey," he said, and suddenly he felt curious. "What is it that upsets you so about my just speaking to him?"

"Oh, I don't know," Sylvia said. "I just don't feel he's good for you."

"Who?" Willis said. "Old P. L. Nagel not good for me?"

"Darling"—there was a sudden catch in her voice—"I don't want you to get to be like him. That's all I mean."

"Who?" Willis said. "Me? Like P. L. Nagel?"

There really had been a moment when he hesitated, since after all it was their honeymoon. There was even a moment when he knew what she meant about getting to be like P. L. Nagel, and then he stood up.

"I wouldn't do this, honey," he said, "if it wasn't important in a business way. I'll be back in just a minute, honey."

As he walked carefully around the tables toward Mr. P. L. Nagel, he had some vague idea of what Sylvia meant. For a second Willis seemed to be leaving something that he and Sylvia were building together which had all sorts of half-realized possibilities. It was, of course, ridiculous. In the end it was more of a twinge of conscience than an idea. At any rate, the whole thing was over in an instant. Willis squared his shoulders slightly. He was near the table now. Mr. Nagel was staring at an empty old-fashioned-cocktail glass, but he looked up quickly as one does, finally, when someone silently tries to attract one's attention. "Good evening, Mr. Nagel," Willis said. "I don't imagine you remember me, but I couldn't resist the impulse."

Mr. Nagel's timing was slower than it had been years ago. "Now just a minute, son," Mr. Nagel said. "Don't tell me who you are. I want to guess. I never forget a name and a face, do I, Myrtle?" He looked archly at Mrs. Nagel.

"It depends on how many old-fashioneds you've had, P. L.," Mrs. Nagel said.

Mr. Nagel shrugged his shoulders. "Now, Myrt," he said, "I bet you two hundred dollars I guess him."

"How many guesses?" Mrs. Nagel asked.

"Just two," Mr. Nagel said, and sat up straight. "Were you ever in the belting business, son?"

"Yes sir," Willis said. "I was, and in fact——"

"Just answer," Mrs. Nagel said. "Don't tell him any more."

"All right, Myrtle," Mr. Nagel said. "I don't need any more questions. This is Jim Budd who used to be in the Chicago office. I remember you perfectly now, Jim. Sit down and have a quick one with us, and bring your best girl over."

"Oh, P. L.," Mrs. Nagel said, and she gave a loud laugh. "Two hundred dollars. Look at him. He isn't Jim Budd."

"Now, wait a minute," Mr. Nagel said. "Of course he's Jim Budd," but then Willis' own expression must have told him he was wrong. Mr. Nagel took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

HOW WOULD YOU SAY IT?

EDITED BY JOHN M. HENRY

A successful man keeps looking for work after he has found a job.

RAYMOND DUNCAN
in Ellaville, Ga., Sun

What a wonderful world it would be if it were made up of the men and women whom our women and men could have married before they married whom they did. **HARRY WALSH,**
Omaha, Nebr.

If you want something done, give it to a busy man. He'll have his secretary do the job. **L. C. McCANDLES**
in Craig, Colo., Empire-Courier

If you think kissing has become an academic thing, probably it has.

BOBBIE CHATT,
Vicksburg, Miss.

Think twice before you say nothing.

H. G. HUTCHESON
in Augusta, Kans., Gazette

"I'm afraid you've got me wrong, sir," Willis said. "I used to be with the Harcourts—not that there is any reason why you should remember."

Mr. Nagel always was very quick on the uptake. "That's it," he said. "You were the kid who sat with me in that den. Myrtle, sweetie, this is the son of my very close personal friend, Alf Wayde. His first name is Harris."

"The name is Willis, sir," Willis said.

Mrs. Nagel gave another laugh. "That's another one on you," she said.

Mr. Nagel shook his finger at her. "Harris is pretty close," he said. "Who's the girl you're with, Willis? She's a snappy little babe, if I may say so."

"She's my wife," Willis said. "We happen to be here on our honeymoon."

Mrs. Nagel gave another of her laughs. "There you go again, Pops," she said. "I told you they were married."

Willis said, "I just came over to say hello. It's been a pleasure meeting you again, and Mrs. Nagel, too, and now if you'll pardon me, I must rejoin Mrs. Wayde."

Mr. Nagel shook his finger at Mrs. Nagel. "Now you see you've embarrassed him," he said. "We're not going to pardon you, Harris, until you bring Mrs. Wayde over here."

"Stop calling him Harris," Mrs. Nagel said. "It would be lovely if you joined us for a cocktail, Mr. Wayde."

"Say, Myrt," Mr. Nagel said, "let's get off this formal basis. We're all first names here."

Willis could not help feeling a pleasant glow, and a warm spot in his heart that was almost like loyalty.

"I know Sylvia would love to meet you, P. L.," he said. "I'll bring Sylvia right over."

"Oh, Willis," Sylvia said, "do we really have to go over there and sit with them?"

It was not fair of Sylvia, because even if it was their honeymoon the Nagels were a very important contact.

"Now, honey," he said firmly but very cheerfully, "it won't hurt. It will be over in a minute."

He could see that there had never been an opportunity for Sylvia in her whole life to meet people like the Nagels, but after all it did not hurt her a bit. In fact, after a few minutes he was really proud of Sylvia; and what was more she seemed to know instinctively how to handle types like old P. L. When Mr. Nagel kept holding her hand long after it was necessary, it was a little difficult to know what to do, but Sylvia handled it all herself.

"I'd like it back when you're through with it, Mr. Nagel," Sylvia said. "I need it so I can have a cocktail."

It was pretty good for Sylvia and it started everything on exactly the right note. Mr. Nagel said it was a very funny line and Mrs. Nagel asked right away if Sylvia and Willis would not join them at dinner—that is, if they didn't mind sitting awhile with some stuffy old people.

Willis could not remember what they had for dinner or much of what Sylvia or Mrs. Nagel had to say, but he could recall all the details of his talk with P. L. Willis could never blame himself for being very proud of that evening. While they drank coffee in the large lounge outside the ballroom, Willis in his thoughts could stand away from himself and enjoy that scene with its background of ballroom music as an artist might admire a canvas that was turning out better than he had ever hoped.

Finally Mr. Nagel raised his hand and yawned delicately behind it. "You know, this pine-scented air seems to hit me over the head," he said, "and I have got to hit the hay. How about some golf tomorrow, Willis?"

"Gosh, P. L.," Willis said, "I'm intending to do a little serious work on my golf while I'm here, but I'm afraid I'm not in your league, P. L."

"Oh, just comedy golf," Mr. Nagel said. "I'm not what I used to be. I'll call you at eleven, son. Come on, Myrtle. Good night, Sylvia sweetness."

Willis was instantly on his feet, and he stood for a moment gazing after the Nagels before he sat down again beside Sylvia.

"Now, honey," he said, "do you see what I mean about its paying to stop at someplace like Chieftain Manor?"

Instead of answering directly, Sylvia put her hand on his arm. "Now that they've gone, let's go in and dance," she said. It was nice to see how quickly Sylvia was getting into the spirit of the place.

It was agreeable to observe that they were one of the few young couples in the ballroom, for most of the other guests, who sat watching the dancers, were in stages of late middle age. There were not many people in Willis' age group who could afford the time off for play or the tariff of Chieftain Manor.

When they finally reached their sitting room, neither of them, unlike P. L. Nagel, felt like sleep.

"I think I'll read for a while," Sylvia said. "Would you mind getting me The Oxford Book of Verse out of my suitcase, dear?"

It was like the preview of an abundance of happy years, to be reading quietly there with Sylvia. Yet after a space of silence he became aware of a common fallacy in this conventional picture. No husband and wife ever seemed able to sit in the same room and read.

"Willis?" Sylvia said.

"Yes, dear," he answered.

"How is it that someone as stupid and vulgar as Mr. Nagel can be so successful in business? I don't see that he has any brains at all, only a few slow reflexes."

"You don't mean," Willis said, "that old P. L. pinched you or anything?"

He was relieved when Sylvia laughed. "Wh the thought never crossed my mind," she sai "but I wish he had. It might have made thin easier."

Sometimes Sylvia said the most extraord nary things, considering she came from Craig Street.

"Now, honey," Willis told her, "you've g to—er—kind of expect that sort of thing wh you get around with old men over sixty, esp cially if they're topflight executives."

Sylvia laughed again and something in h mirth began to make him nervous.

"Darling," Sylvia said, "what will I do Mr. Nagel *does* do anything?"

"Well, honey," Willis told her, "I've alwa thought that girls knew how to handle suc situations. I don't say it's pleasant the way ce tain men behave, but you know, honey, exec tives around sixty are all under a heavy stra of responsibility. You ought to feel a litt kindly toward them. We can't always b young, honey."

Of course he really did not believe that la thought, because time, in those days, was e tirely in his favor.

There was nothing like the Adirondacks t make one sleep when one finally did get t sleep, and there were never more comfortab beds than the twin beds in their suite at th Chieftain Manor.

Sometime in the middle of the night, hov ever, he was awakened by a sound fro Sylvia's bed and at first he had a startled ide that she was crying, and then he was almo sure that she was laughing.

"Sylvia," he said, "are you all right?"

"I'm all right," she answered through th dark. "I just don't seem to be able to go t sleep, that's all."

"Sylvia," he asked her, "are you laughing o are you crying?"

There was a silence in the room that lasted considerable time before she answered.

"I don't know what I'm doing—and don ask questions, Willis."

"Sylvia," he said, "you've got to tell m what's the matter. If it's anything I've said, I've been too—er—demanding or anythin honey, just tell me."

At last he was sure that she was laughin more than she was crying.

"It isn't anything like that," she sai "You're awfully sweet, darling, but ever thing's so different."

"So different from what?" And he waited fo quite a while before he asked the question.

"Oh, darling," she said, "just so differe from anything I thought anything was goin to be. It's on another plane, but I'll get used t it—only please don't talk about it any mo tonight."

Often Willis said facetiously that his min was like an alarm clock and that he neve needed to put in a call at any hotel switch board. At any rate he was always awake b seven, and Sylvia was still asleep that ne morning.

He was delighted to see that it was a beau tiful clear morning. He slid out of bed nois lessly, wrapping himself in the silk robe whic he had purchased especially for the trip an carrying Volume II of the Five Foot She with him, tiptoed to the sitting room. He cu tomarily did twenty push-ups, but he di twenty-five that morning, because of the elix in the air. It was still only twenty minutes pa seven when he had finished, ample time for h reading. When his fifteen minutes were up h experienced as he always did a fine sense o accomplishment.

He picked up the room telephone, askin for the pool.

"Am I speaking to the instructor?" h asked. "This is Mr. Willis Wayde. If I can down right now could you give me a half-hou lesson with the Australian crawl?"

He was back by ten minutes past eight pr pared to awaken Sylvia, only to find her awak already with a rather ugly blue flannel wra per over her pajamas, which reminded hi that he must take Sylvia shopping as soon a they were dressed.

"Willis," Sylvia said, "where under th sun have you been?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66



MAKE THE TRUSHAY 2-DROP TEST!

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TRUSHAY® IS ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

"Oh," he told her, "it just occurred to me that I could have a swimming lesson in the indoor pool. They've got a good instructor there. It was a nice workout, honey."

"What were you doing that for?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "I've always wanted to learn the Australian crawl. In Clyde there was a young fellow who could do the crawl beautifully. I saw him do it once in the Harcourt swimming pool after he had whipped me playing tennis. His name was Ed Ewing, the one who married Bess Harcourt—not that any of it makes any difference, honey."

And this was true. None of it did make any difference. Bess Harcourt was a memory almost as distant as his days at the mine in Colorado. He simply remembered that Edward Ewing had been very good at the Australian crawl.

He was feeling wonderful. The coffee and the buckwheat cakes and the small order of breakfast steak and the toast and strawberry jam were all wonderful.

"And, honey," he said, "we'd better lay out our program for the day. First I'll take you shopping. I want to get you some tweeds and a housecoat, and then you and I have both got to have a golf lesson and then I'm going to play a few holes with old P. L. and then it will be time for lunch. Gosh, I'm glad we're here, honey."

He had expected a quick, sympathetic smile from Sylvia, which was the least that he deserved. Instead he was surprised that she looked dubious.

"Don't you think, Willis," she said, "that if you play golf with Mr. Nagel, we'll have to keep seeing the Nagels all the time?"

It amazed him that Sylvia could not see the advantages of their seeing as much as possible of the Nagels.

"Now, honey," he said, and he spoke slowly and carefully, "there is one thing we ought to get straight, with all kindness and without emotion. Please don't look so startled, honey."

"Then don't look so stern, Willis," she said. "We were only talking about the Nagels."

"I wish you wouldn't say 'only the Nagels,' honey," he told her. "They're pretty important, potentially, in my business future, but more than that they represent . . . well, a sort of principle, a kind of way of life for both of us."

"For heaven's sakes, Willis," Sylvia said, "I didn't mean to upset you, but just what have the Nagels got to do with our way of life?"

"You're not upsetting me, honey," Willis told her. "Just please let me encapsulate my thought, because it is a thought."

"What's that again?" Sylvia asked. "What were you going to do to the thought?"

"Oh," Willis said, and he laughed. "Maybe it's an inappropriate word. We always used to use it back at Beakney-Graham, but never mind it now, honey. You let me worry about business. I'll pay the bills. I can, but you let me run the business end of the combination, honey, and I'll let you run the home. But the Nagels are business, honey, and you let me run business."

PERHAPS the best way of judging whether or not certain years in your life were happy might be to determine how much you remembered about them; for the happiest years were those in which events slid into each other so naturally that all which remained was a recollection of growth and achievement. Judging the early years of Willis and Sylvia Wayde's marriage by such a standard, they were very happy ones.

Sylvia and Willis had both been very busy in different ways. The reorganizing of Rahway Belting was combined with all the routine adjustments that most young couples must face. The babies and the obstetrical bills, the buying of furniture, papering the front hall, New Year's Eves at the country club formed a disconnected chain of recollection. You could recall many incidents, but sometimes it was hard to tell exactly where those incidents belonged, chronologically.

This uncertainty about dates and facts was, perhaps, not so peculiar as it seemed, since life in Orange, when they began it, was on the unstable foundations known to all young couples who have to earn a living. None of their friends, for instance, had the remotest idea that they would live where they were for long. The moment they had higher salaries they would be moving. After all, this climbing up the ladder was all part of the American way.

The home which they had rented was a brown-shingled affair standing on an adequate piece of lawn and shut off from the sidewalk by a privet hedge. They had selected the house with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby, who felt it was important for Rahway Belting that the Waydes should live in a suitable neighborhood. It had taken them quite a while to furnish the house, or at least it had Sylvia, since Willis had delegated the whole problem to her. Sometimes he had to urge Sylvia to spend more money on the right things, like a good Oriental for the living room and a real antique dining-room table, but on the whole he admired her taste.

Willis had always thought of marriage as a process of settling down, whereas he soon discovered it was a series of disturbances. He did not intend this as a complaint, because many of these experiences had been highly enjoyable, such as meeting neighbors and the first time that Sylvia and he had entertained in their own home. There were invitations to dinner from the Jacobys and various stockholders of Rahway Belting. Then the minister came to call and they promised to attend the Congregational church. On the whole if you were friendly with people they were friendly in return, and there was a real community spirit in that neighborhood.

It hardly seemed any time at all after they had moved to Orange—in fact, before all the drapes were up—that Sylvia announced that she was going to have a baby. It must have



EARL McMILLEN, DESIGNER; RODNEY McKAY MORGAN, PHOTOGRAPHER

Here is a house designed to give more leisure time, with lots of room inside and out to enjoy it.

A COMPACT *and* SPACIOUS HOUSE

By CAROL L. MERCADO

Planned for informality and easy upkeep, this house combines the luxury of spacious living areas with the economy of compact working and sleeping zones.

The sheltered doorway, flanked by a potted evergreen and a floor-to-ceiling window, hints at the hospitality to be found inside. To the right of the entry, living and dining rooms flow together, separated by back-to-back fireplaces; dining-room hearth is raised for indoor barbecues. Screened porch and terrace add outdoor living space—the porch is perfect for insect-free picnics and rainy-day play.

The kitchen, compact and spacious too, has generous counter and cabinet area and a pass-through to the dining room to simplify serving. Laundry equipment lines up on the inside wall of the utility alcove; a breakfast bar faces the view. Service entry and heater room are easily accessible through the carport. Housework is kept to a minimum through easy-to-clean wall and floor finishes.

Outside, the green-stained wood shingles of the carport and master-bedroom walls provide contrast to the terra-cotta brick of the main house, the sparkling white trim and the gray asphalt roof shingles.

n just before Christmas because Willis re-nbered that he had been making a final k of the Christmas-card list at the office he afternoon that he found Sylvia waiting him in the living room with the tea things y. Tea had been Sylvia's idea and one he d, perhaps because tea always made him k of the Harcourt house; and their blue a tea set invariably reminded Willis that eday they must get a silver tea service.

Willis," Sylvia said, "the doctor says I'm gnant."

e was startled, not so much by the news y the way that Sylvia had delivered it, so lly that he knew that Minnie must have d it in the kitchen.

Well, well," he said, "so it looks as though made it, does it?"

uriously that simple remark of his seemed tartle Sylvia. "Oh, Willis," she said, "is all you're going to say?"

hen a wave of emotion swept over him. oney," he said, "I really think it's swell. In it couldn't be sweller."

When he sat down beside her he forgot all problems of Rahway Belting, and they had n pretty tough that day.

Gosh, honey," he said, "I've really got to off my coat and go to work now. I want o something for this kid, no matter what ex. I want it to have a lot of things you and dn't have, honey."

Willis believed that no man could possibly et any detail of the experience of becoming ther for the first time, but even so his most e recollections of parenthood eventually ame confused. This may have been only the that old Mother Nature plays on men, in ild way, as well as on women. Willis could ember a lot of things that happened und hospitals while he waited during nerv- hours for news, but he could no longer de whether these events had heralded the earance of Alfred, who was born in Au-, 1937, or Paul, in 1940, or Louise, right he middle of the war.

often amused Willis to hear Republicans r scathingly to the Roosevelt Administra- as "a government by crisis"; not that he not a good Republican himself, or that he roved for a minute the creeping socialism he New Deal. Life for any married man one crisis after another, business or do-tic.

here were plenty of things, businesswise, ake up Willis' attention in those last years he thirties. There was no doubt, with the stance of a new sales manager and a gen- shakeup in the office force, plus the new ds loaned the company by Mrs. Jacoby, he was getting Rahway Belting into a real petitive position. Willis had made it his sonal task to visit every one of Rahway ing's customers. Also, he devoted countless rs to the sales force. You always had to ember that a sales force, no matter how ctive it might be, was hopeless without a duct in which it could believe. Willis lived, and slept with Planeroid belting. He was too glad to share his ultimate successes his regard with Jerry Bascomb, whom he lucky enough to hire in June, '37, just r Jerry graduated from Tech. From the start Willis insisted on naming Jerry's entions that improved the Planeroid process Bascomb Patents. This was a good means nsuring loyalty, and to prove it Jerry was him still, and Willis was the godfather of of Jerry's children. By the beginning of 0, the Planeroid line was better than it ever been, and sales figures and earnings wed it was going places in a modest way.

E year 1940, when you came to think of was a headache year for nearly everyone in erica, and Willis' personal and private irs offered no exception. To begin with, ng Paul arrived that February and they ld afford with difficulty a nurse for the chil-n. Willis' whole budget was thrown out of ance, but this was only the domestic side of picture. Besides an uncertain business situ-on, Mr. Jacoby's health suddenly became so that he was obliged to cancel his usual ter trip to Arizona. Willis felt a premoni- when he went to call on Mr. Jacoby. With-knowing anything about illness, Willis could tell that Mr. Jacoby, in spite of his high spirits, was far from well, and Willis' gloomiest conclusions were confirmed when he met Mrs. Jacoby downstairs in the living room.

Only a few days before Mr. Henry Peters, who was a stockholder in Rahway Belting, had offered Willis some shares of Rahway Belting common. If Willis were to buy this stock, his holdings would be nearer 40 than 30 per cent. This was something which in all honesty he should tell Mrs. Jacoby, but he did not do so immediately because he was still shocked by Mr. Jacoby's appearance.

There was never any use mincing matters with Mrs. Jacoby. She looked worried and unhappy, but like the late Seth Wilfred she knew how to cut her losses.

"There's a heart complication," she said. "Manley won't go to the hospital. He has superstitious ideas about hospitals."

"I'm awfully sorry," Willis told her. "I didn't know things were as serious as this."

"Well they are," Mrs. Jacoby said, "but something serious happens to everyone sometime. How are things at Rahway?"

"Everything's going pretty well," Willis said.

"I know it is," Mrs. Jacoby said, "and it's a great comfort to Manley. He was only reminding me this morning how I had advised him to sell that plant."

Willis smiled, but at the same time he had a qualm of apprehension. If Mr. Jacoby should die, there might be every reason for Mrs. Jacoby to sell out Rahway Belting. It was time to mention the common stock he had been offered, but Mrs. Jacoby spoke again before he could start. "Henry Peters says you want to buy his stock," she said.

Although Willis was beginning to pride himself on his ability to handle situations, he found himself pausing clumsily.

"Peters offered it to me first, of course," Mrs. Jacoby said, "but I didn't want any more. Why should I, with Manley the way he is?"

Six sound reasons for falling in love with a new CHEVROLET



It's terribly handsome
When a lady falls in love—with man or car—she'd like to have good reasons to back up the whim of her heart.

Not that it's strictly necessary. Any woman could forgive herself—easily—if she just *looked* at the new Chevrolet and something went "ping" inside, left center.

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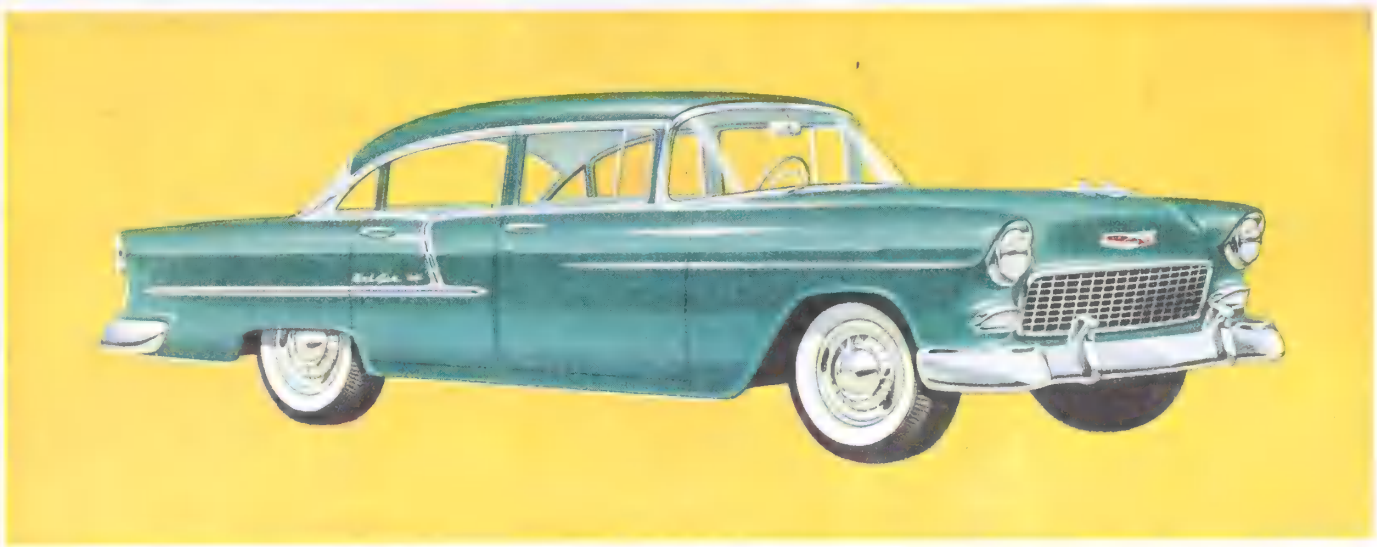
. . . And it thinks of all the little things that mean so much . . .
things like tubeless tires for greater protection against blowouts . . . High-Level ventilation, to breathe in outside air *above* the level of exhaust fumes and road dust . . . Anti-Dive braking control to check that unpleasant "nosing-down" in front when you make a fast stop . . . the clever planning that lets a lady at the wheel see *all four* fenders for easier parking.

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MORE THAN A NEW CAR . . .
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Willis often thought it was a pity that Mrs. Jacoby had not been a man.

"I am very glad that Mr. Peters consulted you first about this matter," Willis said, and he hoped he was not speaking too quickly. "I was just going to take up the question with you myself, but seeing Mr. Jacoby so ill made it completely leave my mind."

There was a pause, a very brief one, but it was long enough to make Willis highly uncomfortable. "I'm sure you were," Mrs. Jacoby said. "You're too shrewd to play around behind my back."

"I'm awfully glad you realize that, Mrs. Jacoby," Willis told her.

"Of course I realize it," Mrs. Jacoby said. "There is no need to worry about me, Willis. I don't want to have control of Rahway Belting. All I care about is the earnings. Rahway Belting won't mean a thing to me except as another holding in the portfolio"—she lowered her voice—"if Manley passes on."

Willis cleared his throat. "Would you mind telling me, Mrs. Jacoby," he said, "if Mr. Jacoby should—er—pass on, are you planning to sell your stock?"

"I won't sink any more money in it," Mrs. Jacoby said. "Let's stop beating about the bush. I won't have any sentimental feeling about Rahway Belting—if Manley passes on."

He was always grateful to Mrs. Jacoby for having stated her thoughts so frankly. He could understand that Mrs. Jacoby was actually saying that the end of an era was approaching, and that he must begin looking out for his own interests—if Manley Jacoby should pass on. He was certain that he never would have thought of writing Mr. Bryson Harcourt—that he would have thought in only the vaguest way about combining the Klaus patents with the Planeroid patents—if Mrs. Jacoby had not said that she would no longer have a sentimental interest in Rahway Belting in the event of Mr. Jacoby's demise.

It was a relief to meet someone like Mrs. Jacoby, who did not have the Harcourts' sentiments, because anyone with common sense knew that sentiment had nothing to do with industrial transactions.

It was fortunate that Willis started that same evening to give serious thought to the possible merger of Rahway Belting and Harcourt Mill, because Mr. Jacoby died two weeks later. Of course the whole picture changed immediately.

Willis decided to get in touch with Mr. Bryson Harcourt two days after Mr. Jacoby's funeral. In order to avoid office gossip he wrote the letter himself in his living room in Orange.

"Dear Mr. Harcourt," Willis wrote. "I am Willis Wayde, whom I hope you will remember from the old days at the Harcourt Mill. Although it has been a long time since we have met, I have a warm spot in my heart for Harcourt, and any news I hear from the mill is still to me like news from home in a very real sense.

"Knowing how busy you must be I shall state my reason for this letter briefly. I find myself here in general charge of the Rahway Belting Company, and I believe I have an idea regarding its future which I think may interest you as much as it does me. I would prefer to tell you the details verbally and so I ask whether I may call on you at your convenience and by appointment.

"It so happens that I must make a few calls in Boston next week. You may not have heard, by the way, that the Walton people up there are ordering our new Planeroid conveyors, and this is keeping us pretty busy in Rahway. If you will write me—or better, send me a wire—I can arrange my schedule to fit yours.

"It will be a genuine pleasure to see you again and to talk over old times. I hope that Mrs. Harcourt and Bill and Bess are all well and that you are enjoying a good winter.

"Sincerely, as always."

Thinking it over later, Willis could see that there were a number of things wrong about his letter, but it never occurred to Willis for a moment that Mr. Bryson Harcourt would have thought the letter was an application for a job. He was shocked when he found a night letter on his desk at Rahway three days later.

"Roger and I delighted if you can return to us again," the telegram read. "Meet me at my house, Beacon Street, five-thirty Tuesday, and please stay to dinner."

There was an overcordiality in the telegram that indicated Bryson Harcourt's transparency. Old H. H. would never have sent such a telegram, but it was clear that Willis was still favorably remembered back at the Harcourt Mill. There was also an indication that things were not going well, since they were overanxious to have have him back.

"Delighted to meet you five-thirty Tuesday," he wired. "Sorry gave impression seeking position because am happy here."

He wanted to make it plain from the start that he expected no favors. He was presenting a simple business proposition.

Willis spent many hours planning his approach to Mr. Bryson Harcourt. He wished to show that he was calling on Mr. Bryson Harcourt as one who still appreciated the many kindnesses the family had shown him, but he also wanted to have Mr. Bryson Harcourt realize that he was a successful individual in his own right.

The maid who answered the door was dimly familiar. He was surprised that she remembered him much more clearly than he did her.

"I'll take your coat, Mr. Willis," the maid said.

"Oh, thank you," Willis said. "I hope Mr. Harcourt is expecting me." He glanced unobtrusively at his wrist watch. It was two minutes after five-thirty.

"Oh yes," the maid said, "Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt are expecting you upstairs, Mr. Willis."

Although it had been nearly ten years since Willis had seen them, Mr. Bryson and Mrs. Harcourt still had the durable outdoor quality that he remembered. There were gray streaks in Mr. Bryson's dark hair, but he still had a young look. There had always been a warmth and kindness about Mr. Bryson and this quality had not gone. There was a moment, as Willis stood in the doorway of the upstairs parlor, when he realized that the balance between them all had changed. He knew before either of the Harcourts spoke that they were anxious to see him in the way people were when you had something that they wanted.

"Why, Willis," Mrs. Harcourt said, "how well you look!"

"And you, too, Mrs. Harcourt," Willis said. She had the florid complexion he remembered, but her hair was growing becomingly white. "It is a genuine pleasure to see you again."

"I told Bryson that I wanted to have a glimpse of you and then I'd go," Mrs. Harcourt said. "How are your father and mother—well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, thanks," Willis said. "They're on the West Coast, you know."

"You're staying to dinner, aren't you?" Mrs. Harcourt asked.

"If it would not be an inconvenience, it would be a great pleasure, Mrs. Harcourt," Willis said.



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hat's splendid," Mrs. Harcourt said. asked Bess and Edward over. She's ter- anxious to see you."

et's see," Mr. Bryson Harcourt said, be you don't know that Bess married ard Ewing. I don't remember whether were with us or not when they got en- d."

h yes, I was, as a matter of fact," Willis "It will be a great pleasure to see them again."

hy don't you take Willis across the hall, " Mrs. Harcourt said, "for your little but don't be too long because we all want ar about him."

is just like old times having you here, s," Mr. Harcourt said, and he took Willis e arm and led him past the stairs into the er sitting room and closed the sliding "Will you have a cigar, Willis?"

o thank you, sir," Willis said, and he ed. "Mr. Harcourt taught me a lot of s, but he never could get me to like s."

ell, I'll have one if you don't mind," Mr. n said. "You're looking very fit, Willis." always make it a point," Willis said, "to little bending and stretching and a few ups every day, but sometimes I think I on hard work."

et's see," Mr. n said. "What is ame of that place you are work-

eeling of frustra- which Willis had tten, returned to hen Mr. Bryson that question. the Rahway Belt- Company, sir," said. "You may heard of the Pla- conveyors that anufacture. Of e it is a small any. I happen to head of it at the ent." He tried to as casually as ble, and he smiled. 's why I came see you, sir."

lis' instinct was telling him that the ities of the interview were over. Mr. n nodded as he always did when he rying to put facts together.

ear me," he said, "I had no idea that you so responsible there. I'm sorry, selfishly, se we are looking for a new plant man- t Harcourt. I hadn't thought of you as the head of your own organization."

LLIS laughed in a deprecating way. "It isn't my own organization, sir," Willis "I'm acting as president only for the ent. I'm sorry you have to look for a new manager, because I know they are rather o find."

. Bryson shook his head. "It isn't find- em—it is keeping them," he said. "You emember my Cousin Roger?"

n, yes," Willis said, "I remember Mr. Harcourt very well."

. Bryson puffed for a moment on his "Of course," he said, "I keep forgetting. urse you know Roger Harcourt as well lo. He has a disagreeable streak, but I y don't know what I'd do without him."

lis nodded understandingly but he did nswer. It was far better to let Mr. Bryson talking.

. Bryson said, "It is like old times talking n, Willis. I had half forgotten what good s we used to be, and how you used to over to see Bill and Bess."

will be a great pleasure to see Bess this ng," Willis said, "and I hope that Bill is

ll." Mr. Bryson laughed exactly as he ng ago when Bill's name was mentioned. down in Bermuda now. Ever since he ed Anne Gresham, they stay at her fam- lace there for most of the winter. I keep to talk mill to him but he'd rather work s father-in-law. Let's see, Willis, how old ou?"

"I'll be thirty-three in November, sir," Willis said.

"Just Bill's age. I should have remembered. Well," Mr. Bryson said, "time certainly marches on, but there is one thing that puzzles me."

"What's that, sir?" Willis asked.

"You know," Mr. Bryson said, "father always used to tell me not to exhibit undue curiosity when I was talking business, but I can't help being curious. If you don't want a job, why have you come up here to see me, Willis?"

WILLIS waited for a moment, deliberately because he wanted to be sure of Mr. Bryson's full attention. "Well," Willis said, and he tried to speak slowly, "I don't want to startle you, sir, and maybe this whole thing should have something more of an introduction." He checked himself and sat up straighter. "I was wondering if you would be interested in buying the Rahway Belting Company, Mr. Harcourt." It was the most decisive thing that he had ever said. "Please do not turn it down without thinking of it, Mr. Harcourt. You see, there would be no cash involved, only a negotiated exchange of stock. You could call the whole thing Harcourt Associates, if you wanted, and if you want, you can get me with the deal. I don't see why I couldn't manage both the Rahway plant and the Harcourt Mill."

Mr. Bryson sighed. "I wish Roger were here, but as long as he isn't, you'd better begin at the beginning, Willis. Frankly, I'm looking for fewer and not more complications and I don't exactly see how any sort of combination could possibly simplify any of our problems."

"I think I can show you," Willis said, and it was not hard for him to present his ideas, because he had rehearsed them so often. Willis had been a good salesman even before his final training at Beakney-Graham. There was no trouble, he always said, in selling anything to anyone, provided you believed in the thing you wished to sell. Willis had never believed in anything as fully as he had in joining the Harcourt Mill with Rahway Belting. He had his facts so clearly that eloquence was not necessary. Right from the beginning, he and Mr. Harcourt were in tune and in step. Mr. Bryson was confused and weary of the details of the Harcourt Mill. The beauty of the Rahway-Harcourt promotion was that Willis and Mr. Bryson desired two different things which fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle. Willis wanted a chance to move forward, while Mr. Bryson wanted to move back. It was beautiful to see Mr. Bryson react to every stimulus.

"I really think you have something, Willis," Mr. Bryson said. "The further we go into this the better it seems to look."

The time had come to draw back slightly. Willis paused for a moment, seemingly lost in thought. "I agree with you, Mr. Harcourt," he said, "but I think we both ought to remember that there may be some sort of catch in this thing that neither of us sees, and fortunately we both have plenty of time to think it over."

"I'm glad we have time," Mr. Bryson said, "because I can see that this is pretty complicated. It does take thinking over."

"It certainly does," Willis said, "and I can't tell you how glad I'll be to get someone else's reaction. I may as well tell you frankly that I haven't discussed this with any of our people at Rahway. In fact, it may very well be that our majority stockholder, Mrs. Jacoby, may be entirely against the whole transaction."

"Let's see," Mr. Bryson said, "who is she?"

"The widow of the late president of Rahway Belting," Willis told him. "Mrs. Jacoby has an excellent head for business. She is the daughter of the financier, Seth Wilfred."

The mention of Mr. Seth Wilfred, he could see, gave Rahway Belting a new stability and a

EDUCATIONAL OBJECTIVE

Philosopher William James, his lecture to the student body at a women's college completed, launched the question period by acknowledging the hesitantly upraised hand of an exceptionally beautiful undergraduate.

"Doctor James," she wondered, "would you please tell us what, in your opinion, is the principal aim of education?"

Said the world's greatest expert at stripping a subject to bare fundamentals: "To know a good man when you see one."

—MARY ALKUS

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

says Candy Jones

(Mrs. Harry Conover)

Conover School Beauty Director

"I've seen this soap help girls from 11 different countries—with every type of skin—dry, normal and oily."



"It's such wholesome beauty care!" says chic Paris stylist, Georgette. "No wonder American complexions are so pretty!"

"French women are wise in the ways of beauty," says glamorous Georgette, "but I must say I've learned a lot about complexion care since I started using Cashmere Bouquet.

"My skin tends to be oily, so Candy taught me the special Conover beauty-wash method. Twice a day, I cream Cashmere Bouquet's rich, mild lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves a fresh glow, a softer, smoother feel. And I love the flowery fragrance!"

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Candy



Complexion and big bath sizes

brighter background, but a disturbed look had come over Mr. Bryson.

"I can't understand why you haven't talked this over with Mrs.—er—Jacoby," Mr. Bryson said. "It would seem to me that she is a key figure in your picture."

Willis nodded like a younger man acknowledging an older man's rebuke. "I suppose I should have," Willis said, "before I came up here to bother you about something which is so theoretical, but the truth is I was hoping I might get a little something more concrete to give Mrs. Jacoby when I finally did see her." Willis shook his head slowly. "Frankly, there has been no opportunity to take up any matter with her because of Mr. Jacoby's illness and death. His funeral took place only a short time ago."

For a few seconds they both were gravely silent.

"I wish I had some way of predicting," Willis said. "I hope Mrs. Jacoby will see things my way."

"I certainly hope she will," Mr. Bryson said, "and I don't see why she shouldn't. Suppose we go on the assumption she agrees."

"I think that is a very good idea, Mr. Harcourt," Willis answered, "as long as we are just thinking out loud."

"Good heavens!" Mr. Bryson said. "I haven't been so absorbed for a long while. It is a quarter of seven o'clock and I hear voices. It must be Bess and Edward. You'll stay over tomorrow, won't you? I'd like to have you talk to Roger."

"It would be a great pleasure, Mr. Harcourt," Willis said, "as long as it is definitely understood that we are just thinking out loud."

Willis was beginning to be interested in how the years had treated people. When Mr. Harcourt pulled open the sliding doors, Willis could see Mrs. Harcourt and Bess and Edward Ewing in the sitting room across the hall. Mrs. Harcourt had changed into a black velvet evening gown, and Bess was dressed in green. A green dress, as Willis had told her once, went particularly well with her bluish-green eyes. Her hair, Willis could see in those seconds while he walked across the hall, was still yellow but, like his own, darker. She looked taller than he remembered; and he could tell—because a man could always tell such things—that Bess Ewing had made a special effort for him. The gloss of her hair and its somewhat aggressive curly quality told very plainly that Bess had been to the beauty parlor that morning. It was pleasant, of course, to realize that Bess wanted to look well on his account.

When he had last seen Bess, his knowledge of young women had been confined only to her, to the few girls he had known at Clyde High School, or had met at classes at Boston University, and to one or two of Bess' friends. It was very different now. Mrs. Harcourt and Bess, in her green satin and pearls, had a slightly provincial look. Sylvia, even in an old dress, would have attracted more attention than Bess Ewing.

Bess' voice had a high note, which Willis had always associated with her when she was pleased and elated. "Why, Willis," she said, and she held out both her hands, "you don't look a bit different."

He thought that her hands held his a moment longer than was necessary before they dropped away.

"I hope I've changed a little for the better," Willis said. "This is a very great pleasure, Bess."

"Well, you sound just the same," Bess said. "You always did sound like Emily Post."

WILLIS felt his cheeks reddening. "And Uriah Heep," Willis said, and he laughed louder than was necessary. "Don't forget Uriah Heep."

Suddenly Bess' lips lost their malicious smile. "That isn't accurate now," she said. "You don't look humble any more."

"Uriah Heep stopped being humble too," Willis said, and he laughed again—"that is, if I remember Dickens."

"Oh, Willis," Bess said. "let's stop. I'm really dreadfully glad to see you."

Then she must have remembered that Willis had not yet said a word to Edward Ewing. Edward was standing waiting, wearing a dinner coat, which made Willis wish that he had brought his own Tuxedo.

"Willis," Bess said, "you remember Edward, don't you?"

It seemed to Willis that they shook hands in very much the same way they had across the tennis net at the Harcourt place, but Willis was also aware of certain shades of difference. He felt no wishful envy for Edward Ewing now. He felt not only a mental but a physical superiority, because Edward had accumulated a corpulence about his face and waistline.

"I certainly do remember," Willis said.

"I'm awfully glad to see you again, Willis," Edward said. "How's everything going?"

"Fine," Willis said. "Fine. I'm living in Orange—married and have two children. And you, Edward?"

"We have four." Edward said. "That is, the last time I counted up. Four's right, isn't it, Bess?"

"Right," Bess said. "And no more in sight on the immediate horizon. But then, Edward and I had a head start over you and—oh, dear, I have forgotten your wife's name, Willis."

"Her name is Sylvia," he said. "You can remember it by the quotation, 'Who is Sylvia? What is she?'—from Shakespeare, if I'm not mistaken."

Bess said, "Since when did you take up Shakespeare?"

"I wouldn't say I have taken him up," Willis said, "but I like to relax with a book now and then when little Al isn't pulling potted plants off the window sill on top of himself."

"Little Al sounds very active." It was Mr. Bryson Harcourt interrupting.

"Indeed he is," Willis said, "considering his age."

"Well, boys will be boys," Mr. Bryson said. "See here, hasn't anyone given you a drink?"

"Edward," Bess said, and Willis remembered her executive tone of voice, "you're keeping bar for father, aren't you? Go and please get Willis his cocktail. What else do you relax with besides Shakespeare, Willis?"

"I always try to relax with something worth while," Willis answered.

"What do you consider better?" Bess asked. "A blonde or a brunette?"

Willis laughed heartily. "Gentlemen prefer blondes," he said.

Of course Willis meant it only in a kidding way, but it seemed to please Bess.

"Do you still like blondes?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he said, but he did not like Bess Ewing in that way any longer, and he was sure that pique or resentment did not enter into his feeling.

Mr. Bryson interrupted them. "I don't know what you two are talking about," he said, "but it's time to go down to dinner, and before we go"—and he spoke in a louder tone—"as long as we are all in the family here, I have a word to say that may interest us all. Willis and I have been having a very interesting talk. It may be that we will have Willis with us again, at least for part of his time, at the mill." Mr. Harcourt raised his glass. "Here's hoping so, Willis, and you'd better have another before we go downstairs."

"Oh, no, thank you, sir," Willis said. It was not what he would have called a two-drink night, and he needed to watch everything. He was surprised that Bess looked as though she had just received an answer to an outlandish wish.

"Oh, Willis," she said, "I'm so glad."

Willis had been in the Bryson Harcourts' Boston dining room on several occasions years ago, but he saw it with a new eye while he told Mrs. Harcourt about Sylvia and the children. It looked more worn than he remembered, but he had to admit that the added dinginess only indicated that the Harcourts were not obliged to care how things looked. He and Sylvia, he was thinking, would have been criticized, but not the Harcourts; and, besides, the room was durably handsome.

"What a very beautiful epergne, Mrs. Harcourt," Willis said.

"Why, Willis," Mrs. Harcourt said, "I didn't know you were interested in old silver."

There was wine, which must have been a claret—red wine with red meat. Willis took a sip of it before he answered.

"Well, frankly," Willis said, "it was Mr. Henry Harcourt who obliged me to take an interest in antiques. You see, he had me make an inventory of all the antique furniture in the office at the mill." Willis smiled. "Now antiques have become a hobby with me, and a recreation which Sylvia and I can share. It's sort of fun to hop in the car on Saturdays and go around to antique shops. And I've found that antiquing is a hobby that pays in other ways."

He paused and glanced around the table. Bess, who was sitting on his right, had stopped conversing with her father. "How do you mean, antiquing pays in other ways?" she asked.

Willis had not meant to deliver a public dissertation, and as usual Bess had caught him off guard. "Why," Willis said, "I only meant it never hurts to have an interest that you can talk about intelligently. Frankly, it interests me that the heads of a great many large businesses seem to collect antiques. They're apt to appreciate someone who knows about them."

"Is that why you mentioned the epergne?" Bess asked.

Willis felt his face redden. He wished that he could outgrow this telltale habit. "No," he said, "it was only that I happened to like it. Isn't it here to be admired?"

"Oh," Bess said. "Well, come around and see some of my epergnes sometime."

It was a little hard to interpret this remark, but everyone began to laugh.

"I certainly will," Willis said, laughing with the rest, "now you ask me."



"Here's 'If Harry doesn't propose first!'"

Then Willis had an unexpected shock. Be knee was touching his beneath the table. T dessert was floating island, not a favorite his. He could not very well draw his kn away, considering the status of the Harcou Rahway deal.

"Don't you like your floating island?" B said.

"Why, yes," Willis said, "very much, Bes

"It always makes me feel young and chi ish," Bess said.

"It always makes me think of home and t children," Willis answered.

He was relieved when Mrs. Harcourt push back her chair. "Come on, Bess," Mrs. H court said. "You and I can talk about Da ney's school while the men talk about bu ness."

THERE was a moment's comfortable silen in the dining room when Mrs. Harcourt a Bess left them. Willis' mind had moved m mentarily into the future. He was thinking o dining room that he and Sylvia might ha someday, with a table and a dozen very go Chippendale chairs—and then his thoug were interrupted by Mr. Bryson Harcour voice.

"Are you sure you don't want a cig Willis?"

"No, thank you, sir," Willis said, "but might I would like a cigarette."

Mr. Bryson said, "If you will excuse me think I'll call up Roger Harcourt so we can sure to meet with him in the morning."

"Brandy, Willis?" Edward asked.

"Just a little, thank you," Willis said. "J a very small touch."

When he tasted it, he knew it was some Mr. Henry Harcourt's brandy, and he thou of Mr. Percy Nagel in Mr. Harcourt's priv study long ago.

"I don't know what it was that you w talking to my father-in-law about," Edwa said, "but if it involves your coming back the mill, I hope it works. I gather things rather confused up there. I don't know a thing because I am in a law office, but Bes always fussing about the mill—not that we pend on it much."

Willis discovered that he suddenly had warm spot in his heart for Edward Ewing.

"Of course the plant is small in a mod sense," he said slowly, "but still it has possibilities. I remember that Bess used to sentimental about it."

"Sentimental is right," Edward said. "F family is always quarreling about the mill."

It was just as well to assume that Edwa Ewing might not be as dull as he looked. It w not a time to show undue eagerness or a ti to be fishing for information. It was better drop the subject of the Harcourt Mill.

"How's the tennis?" Willis asked.

"Tennis?" Edward repeated, and it w clear that he had entirely forgotten.

"I don't suppose you remember," Wi said. "No reason that you should. We playe set at the Harcourts' one summer when I w working in the mill office." He laughed eas "I was lousy, perfectly lousy."

"Oh," Edward said, "yes, I remember, a we had a swim in the pool. I've given up ten and taken up golf."

"Is that so?" Willis said. "Well, I'll take y on at that sometime. I'm not quite so lousy golf."

It would be a compensation, a squaring the circle, if he could play golf and beat E ward Ewing.

"Not that I'm any good," Willis said, cause it was never correct to say that one w good at golf. "But I get a whale of a lot of out of it."

"How much do you go around in?" Edwa asked.

"Oh just a beginner's score," Willis sa "In the middle nineties or perhaps a stroke two below."

"Oh," Edward said. "Well, we must hav game."

Since Edward had not mentioned what could go around in, he was, of course, a be player. It was ridiculous that Willis sho have had a faint feeling of frustration. It wa relief when Mr. Bryson returned to the din room.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

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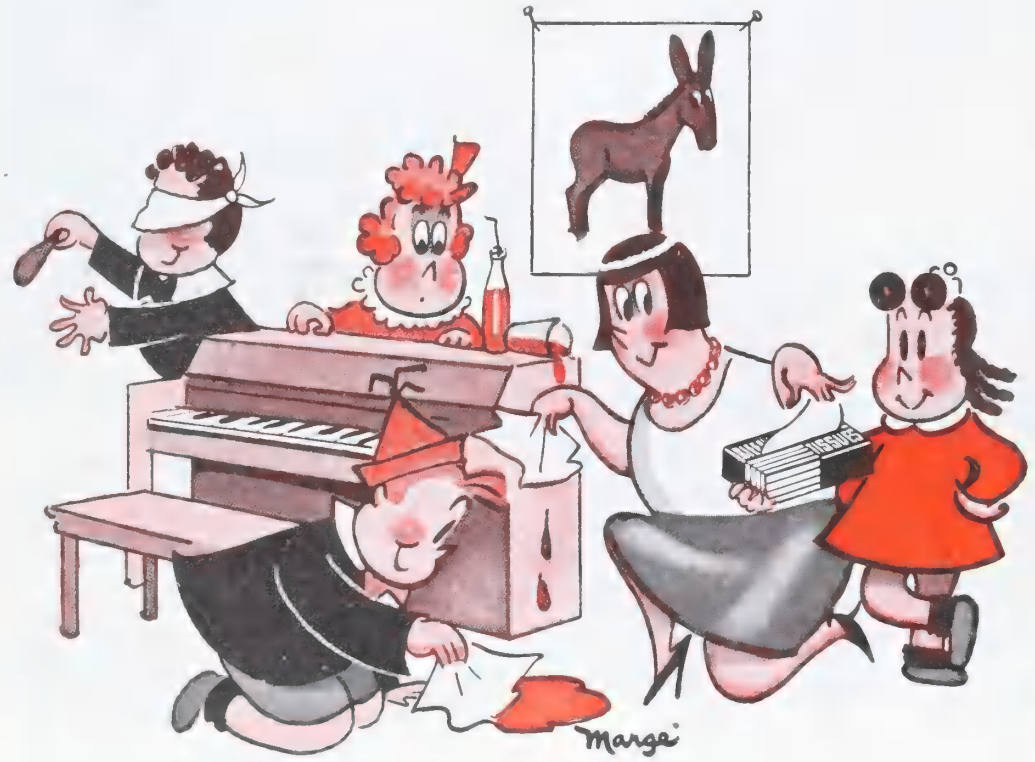
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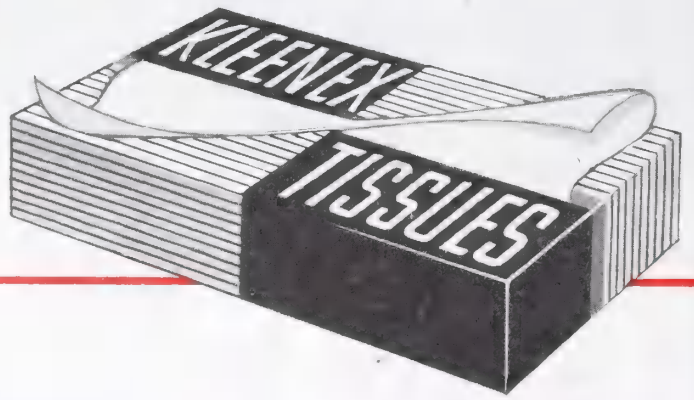
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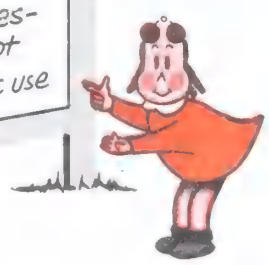


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

on't get up," Mr. Bryson said, "please. r hopes we can both be down at State t at half past nine tomorrow morning. I that isn't too early."

h, no," Willis said. "It will be a real ure to see Mr. Roger again."

can drop by and pick you up," Mr. Bryson "I forgot to ask where you were stopping, ."

hank you very much, sir," Willis said. at the Ritz."

Vell, that will be no trouble at all," Mr. on said. "I suppose if we don't go upstairs ill be criticized."

hat's right," Edward said. "Bess gave me ord for us to come up as soon as possi- nd you know Bess."

h, yes," Mr. Bryson said, "we all know '

"Come here and sit beside me, Willis," Mrs. Harcourt said, "and please tell me some more about the children."

"Well," Willis said, "there isn't much to tell about Paul except that he's a pretty hefty youngster, Mrs. Harcourt, but Al's quite a boy—just in what I think is called the toddling stage. I wish I had a snapshot of him here."

"Why did you name the second one Paul?" Bess asked. Her voice came to him from across the room, showing that she had been listening all the while.

"Sylvia named him after her grandfather," Willis said. He turned quickly back to Mrs. Harcourt and to little Al and Paul and Sylvia's ideas of decoration and nurses and hospitals, all subjects which Mrs. Harcourt understood and commented on intelligently. "You're quite right, Mrs. Harcourt," Willis said, "Orange is hot for Sylvia and the children in the summer, but she and the children do get off to Lake Sunapee for a month. The Hodgeses have a little camp there by the lake."

Willis stood up when he had finished talking about Lake Sunapee.

"It's been delightful renewing old associations, Mrs. Harcourt," he said, "and thank you for asking me to dinner. I've enjoyed every minute of it, but I must go now so that I can be ready for Mr. Harcourt in the morning."

He shook hands with Mrs. Harcourt. Then he squared his shoulders, assuming the alert posture that he had learned at Beakney-Graham.

"Good night, Bess," he said. "It's been a real pleasure seeing you again. It's been just like old times."

Bess had assumed her most tantalizing expression—at least it had been tantalizing once. "Well, not quite like old times," she said.

"Well, no," Willis said, "not quite, Bess."

She dropped his hand, but she was still smiling. "If you finish all this business," she said, "that you have to be so fresh for in the morning, would you like to come and have tea with me, or something stronger? You'll need it after a day with Cousin Roger."

"Well, I wouldn't quite say that, Bess," Willis said, "but it would be a great pleasure to have tea and to talk over old times with you and Edward."

"Edward won't be there," Bess said. "He has to have his squash at teatime. It will be just you and me. The children never come to tea."

"Well, that will be all the better, Bess," Willis said, and he laughed. "Tea for two is a wonderful idea. As soon after four-thirty as possible."

(To be Continued)

WHEN MIGRANT CHILDREN ARRIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

hen Mrs. Martinez left, Doctor Horst ed her hands, hastily applied pink lipstick patted her smooth blond hair, which she ed straight back (for practicality's sake) olled snugly at the neck. The house calls d have to wait, she decided, or she'd be or the meeting.

at was in May, 1948. The Northwest rban Branch of the American Associa- of University Women was newly or- ed that year with twenty-five members, of them young mothers; a few, like Doc- orst, business or professional women. It d out to be just an ordinary meeting with and refreshments . . . until Doctor Horst a spur-of-the-moment decision. Crum- up her original sketchy notes, she began g the story of the Martinez baby and the Mexican-American children she had d:

sa, the twelve-year-old with long dark ls, who had so proudly showed the doc- r report card from Texas. The card re- d that Elisa was in the second grade and ttended class only twelve days in the year. . . . And the three Gomez boys, had just arrived from Texas with their ts in a big truck. They were making summer home in a converted chicken on one of the farms, went without shoes ar round and now the soles of their feet ecome as tough as shoe leather. . . . And Esperanza, who lived in one small clut- room in a barracks building with her ts, two brothers and new baby sister. The use, about fifty yards from the barracks, lways infested with flies, so the mother a "potty" in the room for the children. arried all the water for washing and cook- om a faucet outside.

ese people were American citizens, the r emphasized, but always "outside" the nunity because of their lack of education, ity to speak fluent English and low ard of living. What was worse, she ght out, their children were growing up ut a fair chance to better themselves. Yet farm workers were performing a needed e in helping harvest crops that brought vegetables to the tables of city dwellers. dn't A.A.U.W., as a group of young ers interested in other young mothers, do thing to make these people feel welcome ncourage them to send their children to ls and to health clinics whenever pos- '

fore Doctor Horst had finished, nearly member was thinking the same thing. before they went home, they had ap- ed a committee. By July, several weeks numerous planning sessions later, they ready to announce a half-day play school migrant children—an experimental two- project, to be held in the basement of a eran church, with several volunteer hers." The farmers, when queried, agreed s a good idea, but couldn't predict how workers would feel about it. So Mrs. is Bentley and another member drove o the farms to find out.

eir first stop was an attractive white house encircled by wide green lawns, shrubs and flowers. But walking up the driveway past the main building and barns, they saw the workers' small shacks and barracks covered with tar paper and imitation brick, as described so vividly by Doctor Horst. A large dark-haired woman stood fanning herself with a red fly swatter as she idly watched two small children playing in a mud puddle in the yard.

"Hello," Mrs. Bentley called as she walked over and introduced herself. "We came to invite your children to a new play school that opens next week. We'll pick them up and drive them home if you'll let them come."

The woman shook her head and looked away. *I guess she doesn't understand—now what do I do?* Phyllis Bentley wondered.

At that moment her six-year-old son, who had been waiting impatiently in the car, came running up the driveway. "It's too hot in there," he yelled.

I have made mistakes, but I have never made the mistake of claiming that I never made one.

—JAMES GORDON BENNETT

The dark-haired woman suddenly turned back to Phyllis, but now her eyes were bright with interest. "Will *your* children go to the school?" she demanded.

"Why, yes," Phyllis said, remembering that the "teachers" would have to bring their own children because they had no place to leave them.

"All right," the woman agreed, "my children go too."

Phyllis Bentley had a hunch the school was going to be a success.

Her hunch was right. A simple play school that first year, it grew each summer, adding new features and moving into larger quarters through A.A.U.W.'s determination to make it a real community project. Contributions making this growth possible have come from local churchwomen's groups, civic organizations, the Illinois Council of Churches (which hired two college students to direct the project) and the Community Chest. Last July the migrant school celebrated its seventh year by moving into six rooms at Old North Elementary School for four weeks and enrolling more than 200 children in preschool, primary, intermediate and elementary classes. The total budget had climbed to $2354.89, included two big chartered buses and a rented car for the student workers.

It is no longer a play school, except in the preschool room, where youngsters aged two to five have a wide choice of toys and crayons and paints. (There is a large supply of tissue on hand, too, for runny noses.) The teaching program, carried on entirely by volunteers, some professional, mostly laymen, covers instruction in reading, writing, handcrafts, dancing and rhythmics—and practice in getting along with other children.

This morning the primary children are learning songs and rhythmics with Mrs. Ruth Ralph seated at the piano with her small red-headed daughter close by her side. The children watch her lips as she plays and sings, "I know how to brush my teeth, brush my teeth," to a simple melody. Then they sing along with her, moving their hands up and down in front of their faces as though they were holding a toothbrush. In the next verse, they pretend to brush their hair. These little songs, Mrs. Ralph feels, help the children learn English words and pronunciation as well as good health habits.

Upstairs, children in a senior class have just finished a reading lesson, when Mrs. Julia Abbott calls them out into the hall to learn a waltz for the parents'-night program on the last day of school. As the pianist strikes up Let Me Call You Sweetheart, the girls move about methodically, taking great awkward steps. Mrs. Abbott holds out her hand to a boy, but, too bashful to dance, he slides farther down against the wall and out of reach.

The piano can be heard in the intermediate classroom next door. When the pianist switches to *Chiapanecas*, the Mexican clap-clap song, the youngsters, who are supposed to be studying, join in the clapping. Miss Clara Louise Slack, their teacher, signals for silence, and points back to the alphabet on the blackboard. Working with non-English-speaking children is a new experience for Miss Slack, who teaches third grade in Lake Forest, Illinois.

In the migrant school it's sometimes difficult to divide the children according to age and grade levels, because some have had previous schooling and speak a little English, and others have had little or no classroom training. Five-year-old Jorge, who speaks only Spanish and should be in play school, refuses to be separated from his eight-year-old cousin José, and sits alongside him in intermediate class every day. Miss Slack tried to tell Jorge's mother that the work was too difficult for him, but she replied casually, "He's got to learn sometime." Although Jorge never says anything in class, he smiles and nods when Miss Slack counts and has learned to recognize his own name in print. With José guiding his hand, he can even write his name.

No one has to ask Orelia and Rosita what they like best about the school. They duck out of primary class almost every ten minutes, dragging four-year-old Raquel by the hand into the girls' room. Orelia, seven, the oldest and tallest, turns on the faucets, and Rosita, six, and her little sister stretch up on their toes to slosh their hands around in the water. (On a visit to the home of one of the teachers, Orelia could hardly wait to ask *the* question: "How many bathrooms do you have?" Her own home, a small two-room shack, has a brand-new TV set, but no bathroom.) The girls' stolen recess is soon interrupted when twenty-year-old college student Faith Enke finds them out and orders them back to class. They don't mind too much, because there's always another time—and they love to hear Faith speak Spanish, just as casually and competently as though she had known how all her life.

Faith, who is majoring in Spanish at Monmouth College, Illinois, worked with migrant children first as a high-school volunteer in 1951, then as one of two students hired by the National Council of Churches (at $40 a week) to help direct the project during the summers of 1953 and 1954.

On Thursdays every available volunteer hand is needed for the rummage sale. Even husbands are recruited to haul huge cartons of clothes and toys out of storage rooms and attics—cartons the A.A.U.W. has been filling all winter long with the help of church-women's groups. Promptly at nine each Thursday, when the school doors open, a crowd of migrant workers' wives surges into the basement of the school. Bargain hunters dream of prices like these: old fur coats sometimes as low as 50 cents; women's hats never more than a dime; toys for a penny or so. Yet, despite the low prices, the sales sometimes bring in as much as $400 in a single day.

Upstairs in the health-clinic room, Doctor Horst is finishing her Thursday examination of babies, aided by members of the Des Plaines Junior Woman's Club. The small room is full of people getting in one another's way: Doctor Horst's own five-year-old Katy, interested in everything her mother does; two young daughters of Mrs. Faye Mercer, who keeps the health records; a volunteer interpreter; Doctor Horst's nurse and another from the public-health service; and last but not least, three farm mothers with crying babies. Doctor Horst shows the amazing ability to examine a small patient on her lap and talk to other people at the same time.

As she grips the foot of the infant between her knees to hold him steady while giving the inoculation, she explains that she is pleased by the improvement in health among migrant children since 1948. "I've seen no cases of head lice this year, and only a few with malnutrition." She is bothered, however, by the number of young rotting teeth. "Parents indulge the children too much—let them eat all the candy they want," she says. But more and more migrant patients are *asking* for inoculations and vitamins, she adds, something they never did years ago.

Improvement in health is one *concrete* result of the A.A.U.W. migrant school. The growing interest of the community in the farm worker is another. But Mrs. Dorothy Bishop, 1954 chairman, feels that education is still the greatest need. "We're amateurs and we're doing the best we can. But the summer instruction really should be taken over by the public-school system, using public-school methods. And there should be classes in English for adults." Since there is the problem of limited public funds for education, Mrs. Bishop is not likely to realize her hope any time soon.

Clinic and the rummage sale over, children race out to the buses. Just one day is left before the end of the term. Two high-school girls help Mrs. Bishop lock up, then wave good-by to the children. "Gosh," wonders one, "what am I going to *do* with myself for the rest of the summer?"

END



These are Beth Anderson's hands. She soaked them in detergents. Only the right hand was given Jergens Lotion care – and look at the difference. ***This photograph is unretouched.***

Proved: There's a sure way to stop "Detergent Hands"

"Jergens Lotion proves more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping 'detergent damage'," states a national research laboratory.*

Recently, 447 women volunteered for a grueling experiment. They wanted to find a way to combat "detergent hands" – a serious problem today.

They soaked both hands three times a day in detergents. After every soaking, Jergens Lotion was smoothed on their right hands. Left hands were untreated.

The results astounded everybody. In 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened, reddened, and sore – yet the hands given Jergens Lotion care were soft, smooth and white, without a trace of damage.

Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. *Not even 100% lanolin did better* (and no hand care contains more than 15% lanolin).

The famous Jergens Lotion formula has been steadily perfected for 50 years. It *positively stops detergent damage*, and ends roughness and chapping from other causes. Never sticky or greasy, it keeps your hands soft and lovely.

When you try Jergens Lotion today, you'll discover lovely new improvements. You'll find it's a heavier and creamier lotion, with a delightful new fragrance. The price is still 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

*NOTICE *to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.*



Jergens Lotion ***positively stops "Detergent Hands"***



The overdone look in clothes as well as weight gave Diane a dowdy dumpy look relieved only by her slim, pretty legs.

Diane's diet dwindled her measurements to model proportions: Bust 34, waist 22, hips 34. She is 5′ 6½″ tall, small boned, now weighs 110 pounds.



LILLIAN BASSMAN

"I was a hopeless fatty . . . now I'M A MODEL"

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

BLOND, blue-eyed Diane Macom is the home-town girl who made good in her own home town. In fact, she did such an admirable job of turning herself from dowdy-fatty (160 pounds) into tiny-waisted beauty (110 pounds), the president of the P.T.A. in New Brunswick, New Jersey, invited her, recently, to return to her high school to talk to the girls on good grooming.

Following are Diane's answers to the questions she is most often asked about her beauty transformation.

What thrills you most about having lost 50 pounds?

Losing the inferiority complex that went with them! It's wonderful to be able to enjoy people and have fun without feeling awkward and self-conscious about my appearance. As the pounds dropped, I developed the kind of pride that made me *want* to care for my skin, my hair, my posture. And clothes! Mother used to shop for mine in the "chubby girls" departments. I was so discouraged about my sack-tied-in-the-middle look I never used to bother to go along. Nowadays, I have a million pretty things to choose from—on the Size 7 racks! CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

DIANE'S TIPS TO TEEN-AGERS

As a fatty, I never used to care about my clothes—now I'm "nasty neat." Sweaters are put away in plastic bags; lingerie folded carefully in cases in my bureau; everything has its special place in my closet. Saturday mornings I polish my shoes (try black polish on brown loafers for a rich, dark shine) and wash and press my slips, petticoats, blouses.

Wednesday night is hairdo night for me. I shampoo and partially dry my hair and set it in three big forward pin curls on each side, one fat pin curl on top, no curls in back. It stays up overnight and when I comb it out in the morning it has the casual, barely curled look I like.

Except when I'm posing for pictures, I confine my make-up to a minimum (that's the way Jack likes it). A clear red lipstick is my favorite color. For evening the slightest film of make-up base, a dusting of powder, my (his) favorite perfume, and I'm all set!

I don't even bite my fingernails any more. Mother promised me she would give me a little reward for each nail I let grow. By the time they were all grown to a neat, presentable length I was so proud of my accomplishment, I wouldn't accept the reward! Now my nails are treated to a manicure one night a week, and a soft pink polish.

Good taste is a beauty asset any girl can acquire. The too-sheer blouse, huge hoop earrings, spike heels, three-petticoats-at-once all spell "overdone" no matter what your age. I make a real effort to be conservative—and imaginative at the same time!

NEHRU AND MADAME PANDIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

name was not Nehru. It was Kaul. But many years ago one of our enterprising ancestors attracted the attention and favor of a Mogul emperor. The emperor persuaded Kaul to seek his fame and fortune in the glittering capital, Delhi. Kaul was quick to take the hint and was given a house and vast rich farmland as a gift from the emperor.

Now it happened that a deep canal ran through the property. As a means of identifying our branch of the family from the other Kauls, the word "*Nahar*" (canal) became attached to the name and we became Kaul-Nehrus. (Nehru, one who lives on the canal.) With the passing of the years the Kaul was dropped and we became known simply as "the Nehrus."

Speaking of names, there is a great deal of misconception regarding the "*pandit*" part of my brother's and sister's names. "*Pandit*" means scholar, but *all* Kashmiri Brahmans are known as "*pandit*." It is not an honorary title given to Prime Minister Nehru out of admiration and devotion, as some journalists and authors have written. Jawahar is a *pandit* only because he was born, like hundreds of others, a Kashmiri Brahman. He does not choose to use the *pandit* designation now, as it does single one out as a Brahman.

My sister Nan's surname by marriage, Pandit, is entirely different. Pandit just happened to be her husband's family name. The Pandit family has had a number of brilliant scholars, but, though Brahmans, they were not Kashmiris, so they did not use the word as we did. The name Pandit for them has no more meaning than Smith, Jones or the very common Indian name, Singh.

Our home was a mixture of East and West with father living the life of an elegant country squire as well as a prosperous lawyer. He loved hunting, shooting, riding and tennis. He was the first person in our home town to buy a "horseless carriage," which was his pride and joy. The model-T motorcar created a sensation! Many others equally wealthy longed to possess one but were somewhat afraid of this invention of the devil which roared over Indian bullock-cart roads at twenty miles per hour, scattering all that came in its path.

I dimly realized that we were richer than other members of the family. The meaning of wealth, however, never struck me until one year when I visited some cousins in Lahore at Christmas. Permission to make such a trip was most unusual, but my governess had just been married and many rules were relaxed. Mother was not well and the task of keeping an eye on me fell upon my sister. Nan was about eighteen and did not wish to be bothered by a younger sister, so I did pretty much as I pleased.

I went merrily off on the exciting train trip to Lahore in West Punjab. After the gay welcome from my cousins I noticed something vaguely familiar about the dresses the girls were wearing. It suddenly dawned on me that they were wearing Nan's and my old discarded dresses, which had all come from England. I was rather taken aback and felt very embarrassed, but they did not seem to mind. Father had had the ridiculous notion that every stitch we wore must come from abroad, so the household orders went out regularly to Liberty's in London. When we outgrew our things they were passed on to grateful relatives.

MOST of my cousins were boys, and playing with them, I grew up a complete tomboy. I loved playing English-style football and climbing trees, despite my governess' horror. She vainly tried to impress upon me that it was "dreadfully unladylike." I disliked dolls and tea parties and was far happier rough-and-tumbling with the boys who treated me as one of the gang.

To understand fully how un-Indian the greatest Indian leader and first Prime Minister is, we must look into his character and into his past. When independence and the right to govern one's country were distant dreams, Jawahar wrote an anonymous article about himself:

> . . . The most effective pose is one in which there seems to be the least of posing, and Jawahar had learned well to act without the paint and powder of the actor. With his seeming carelessness and insouciance, he performs on the public stage with consummate artistry.
>
> Whither is this going to lead him and the country? What is behind that mask of his . . . what will to power? These questions could be interesting in any event, for Jawahar is a personality which compels interest and attention. But they have a vital significance for us for he is bound up with the present and probably the future, and he has the power in him to do great good for India or great injury. . . .



Prime Minister Nehru (left, rear) posed for family portrait in 1924 with sisters Madame Pandit and Krishna (both with daring bobbed hair), his daughter Indira, Ranjit Pandit, and (front) mother, father and Nehru's wife, Kamala.

Men like Jawahar with all their capacity for great and good work are unsafe in a democracy. He calls himself a democrat and a socialist, and no doubt he does so in all earnestness, but every psychologist knows that the mind is, ultimately, slave to the heart. Logic can always be made to fit into the desires of man. . . . A little twist and Nehru might turn dictator, sweeping aside the paraphernalia of a slow-moving democracy. He might still use the language and slogans of democracy and socialism, but we all know fascism has fattened on this language, and then cast it away as useless lumber. Jawahar has all the makings of a dictator in him—vast popularity, a strong will, ability, hardness, an intolerance of others and a certain contempt for the weak and the inefficient. . . . In this revolutionary epoch, Caesarism is always at the door. Is it not possible that Jawahar might fancy himself as a Caesar? . . . Therein lies danger for Nehru and for India!

Though the above may have been written in a mood of self-confession, much of what he wrote then has been borne out. Thirty years of struggle and sacrifice have left their mark on Jawahar; each year has taken away something of the warmth, gaiety and outgoing charm that were so characteristic of him.

The brown eyes that were ever ready to sparkle at some witty sally often hold an expression now of hard defiance or weary frustration. His face is that of a tired man who seems to be driven by some internal force which never relents, never lets go. His smile today is the smile of a self-possessed man, a polite Prime Minister, fully aware of his power, defying any criticism. The dreamer has little time to weave dreams nowadays as he used to do. His features are still fine-lined and sensitive, yet there is a certain set stubbornness about the lips.

Immediately after the first green-and-white-and-orange Indian flag was unfurled against the burning blue Indian skies, a period of great struggle and tragedy faced the country. Instead of being able to build a new India, Jawahar had to sit back and hold together the pieces of the old one. Overnight, with religious riots and wholesale killings, the dreams that Jawahar and others had built were shattered. Death and destruction faced us on every side. It was amazing how Jawahar, with no thought at all of personal safety, went about unguarded and unarmed.

Crisis after crisis confronted him. All day he worked and night after night he paced his room, feeling helpless at being unable to wipe out the religious hatreds which had seized the people.

Indians are emotional, voluble, quick-tempered people, and an avalanche of slashing criticism poured in upon Nehru. He is proud of his iron constitution, but during the first months after independence the mental anxiety and strain took their toll and he has never been quite the same since.

Naturally officialdom surrounds him. He lives the role of Prime Minister every hour of the day. His home, the official P.M.'s residence, lacks a warm, homey atmosphere. Jawahar takes little interest in his house, though, occasionally, if a picture has been moved he will notice and comment on it.

A constant stream of callers comes and goes, led in and out by guardian secretaries. Diplomats come treading carefully, anxious and deferential, careful of protocol, yet straining to rouse a spark of interest or agreement from the polite, enigmatic and difficult man seated behind the P.M.'s desk. They seldom come away with more than "friendship."

Overburdened with work, Jawahar has no recreation whatsoever to take his mind from the ever-pressing problems before him. Waking at dawn, he performs his morning yoga exercises, one of the old habits he still retains. Without them, he says, he could never get through the day.

Sometimes appointments are given to people during the breakfast hour if there is no time to see them later on. At 9:30 Jawahar rushes off to his office, returning at 2 P.M. or later for a hurried lunch. Then he dashes back to his office and remains until 7:30 or 8. He comes home to find a host of people waiting for him. Without a moment's respite he sits down with them until dinner, which may not be served until 10 o'clock.

By then, he is so tired he can hardly keep his eyes open. But even after dinner there are often appointments continuing until midnight. Then he drags himself upstairs to his room, but it is not to sleep. He reads the reports and papers he has missed during the day. How does he keep it up? I also wonder.

Jawahar dislikes air conditioning and refused to have his bedroom air-conditioned even in the stifling heat of Delhi's summers. However, his office and a couple of reception rooms in his residence are air-conditioned for the benefit of official guests.

He loves his garden and after breakfast every morning when he can spare a few moments he takes a quick stroll around the lawn, noticing a new bud that has blossomed, or perhaps a shrub or tree that shows new leaves.

If there are no official callers in the morning and my sister Nan or his daughter, Indira, or I are with him for company, he loves this time of the day best. Breakfast is his favorite meal and consists of orange juice, a large bowl of oatmeal with lots of sugar (another childhood habit), eggs, toast, coffee and more fresh fruit.

Menus for his official dinners are arranged by the Comptroller of the Household, a government servant, in consultation with Indira. When I am in Delhi, Indira usually consults me if there is an official dinner or a large buffet party.

DINNER with the Prime Minister is not the awesome event one might imagine. All official guests receive a formal invitation: "The Prime Minister requests the pleasure of (your) company to dinner at 8:15 P.M." Replies must be sent in writing to my brother's secretary.

When you arrive at the P.M.'s residence (promptly on time; it is *unforgivable* to be late) your car is stopped at the gate.

"Your name?" a uniformed guard inquires. He holds a copy of the guest list and checks you off as you enter.

Indira and Jawahar receive the guests together. After all have arrived, Jawahar mixes freely. He is good at social small talk and, if he has not had too strenuous a day, can turn on the charm and make gay little jokes. He is perfectly at ease with people from all over the world.

Chilled fruit drinks are served, but no cocktails or whisky. Recently Nehru made a statement in the press that it "sickened" him to see how many cocktail parties people dashed about to in Delhi—often going to three or *four* in one evening! He is no faddist about drink, but he objects to a giddy, meaningless merry-go-round, wasting time, energy and money.

During the hot summer Indira usually plans a buffet party on the lovely spacious lawns, and the hedges and shrubs are attractively decorated with strings of white electric lights. Jawahar dislikes the colored lights used for lawn lighting at most functions in Delhi.

At a formal sit-down dinner guests are assembled in a large banqueting hall. The meal begins with soup (something Jawahar has never liked and only sips out of politeness). Next comes a simply prepared fish with sauce and fresh lime (lemons are scarce in India). A vegetarian dish is substituted for orthodox Indian guests. Sometimes a Kashmiri curry with rice is served, though the spices are greatly cut down for foreign taste. The meal concludes with a very good dessert, as the cook knows Jawahar's weakness. Among his favorites are all kinds of puddings, especially chocolate or coconut puddings. He loves chocolate cake and every variety of pie. However, in a hot climate there is nothing more refreshing than ice cream, which is usually what we serve, topped with a rich chocolate sauce.

Coffee is served in the drawing room, and it is here that Jawahar takes the guest of honor into a corner to chat. These chats are really the business of the evening. World problems, foreign policies and controversial issues often are earnestly discussed.

The party is usually over by 10:30 or 11 at the latest, and after the guests have gone

har goes to his "den" to work there until ight. His secretary is always standing by atter what the hour, as Jawahar dictates thing. The only things he writes in long- are a few short personal letters.

cidentally, I must mention the Nehru fam- ooks. All our cooks of the three house- s—Jawahar's and Nan's in Delhi and mine ombay—are cousins. They are quite re- table, all belonging to a sect of the un- hable caste (although that designation has been abolished by law). This particular s known for two skilled professions: cook- nd robbery! Father always had an un- hable cook to produce the lavish Western he loved. Our present cooks are relations e cooks who served father. Once these ws give an employer their loyalty (or as put it, "eat his salt") they are forever ful, devoted—and honest!

the time of the British the salaries of net Ministers were 5000-and-odd ru- Nowadays the salaries are 2250 es (approximately $450) plus 500 rupees) sumptuary allowance free of income tax. har, however, takes only 2250 rupees) and *no* allowance. After income-tax re- on he is left with only 1700 rupees ($350). e was some talk of doubling his salary but fused to accept. Any friends or relations ng with him as his guests he pays for out s own pocket.

vahar grew up from childhood in the care n English governess and, later, private s. He was sent to England to attend Har- and then Cambridge, where he was just verage student, making only average s, which seems sur- g because he took lf and his schooling seriously.

pposals for the mar- of Jawahar started to to father while my er was still at Cam- e. Father's heir was dered one of the eligible young men in India. He was ngly handsome, clever and the son of a rich man. Jawahar himself, despite his ern outlook and upbringing, had no say in the choice of his bride. He willingly al- father to choose one for him.

is the custom in India even today, to a extent, betrothals and marriages are dis- d by the prospective father-in-law considers a n girl acceptable, the horoscopes of the e are studied to find out whether or not are in harmony.

the exchange of horoscopes one delicate esy is observed on behalf of the girl. It is s *her* family which has the right to ask for rospective bridegroom's horoscope. If is any disagreement or rejection of the sal, the girl is saved embarrassment by aceful excuse that her family found the copes "incompatible."

e or two maharajas who were friends of were quite willing to break with tradi- and permit their daughters, who were esses, to marry Jawahar, a "commoner." ather shied at becoming thus intimately ed with the princely clans. His only son ery dear to father and his prime consider- was for Jawahar's happiness. Also, he d to make certain that his son should ntellectual companionship in his wife, hing which father had sorely missed in vn marriage. My mother knew little of s or world affairs.

AT made father decide on Kamala I can- ay. She was a Kashmiri Brahman and ovely indeed (though her pictures do not r justice). Father was quick to see that hing more lay beneath the surface of her ling charm. But there was much talk at me because she did not seem the type was seeking; her English was poor, she ainfully shy and awkward in the presence ngers and at social gatherings. After the copes were studied and found to tally, asked Kamala's parents to send her to our home town, Allahabad. Kamala d to stay with an uncle and aunt of hers ur own governess was assigned to teach nglish, music and painting.

Kamala naturally resented this private finishing school for marriage, but there was no escape. She led a life of strict routine and was permitted to see her fiancé at his home. She came frequently as a guest but was not permitted to spend time alone with him. This may have been a very dull courtship by Western standards, but there is no doubt that on their wedding day the two were romantically in love.

The wedding was even more grand than that of any prince or maharaja. Father arranged for a special train to take the three hundred guests to Delhi, where Kamala's parents lived. An enormous area was dotted with tents for the guests, and the gateway, decorated with flowers and tinsel, proclaimed NEHRU WEDDING CAMP. Those who attended this wedding still talk of the extravagance and lavish arrangements.

INDIANS do not use wedding rings. Each caste or community has its own marriage symbol which one is supposed to wear, like a wedding ring, forever. Being Kashmiris, we adhered to our own custom, which is to wear gold earrings attached to a cord looped over the top of the ear. The earrings have a tassel of gold or silver thread, and if one is very rich the tassels are made of pearls. Kamala's were pearls. These tasseled earrings are today the cherished possession of Kamala's daughter, Indira, though she has never worn them. Her taste is simple in the extreme; and besides, the symbolism would be wrong. Indira is married to a Parsi. (Many people mistakenly think that he is a son or nephew of Gandhi because his last name is the same.)

Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood.

Bound to the family now by love, Kamala applied herself to learning Western ways. Her shyness gradually vanished and, as mother was more or less an invalid, Kamala soon acted as father's hostess. How she strove to make Jawahar proud of her! He was—and so was father, who took all the credit for finding her.

The only cloud in Kamala's happiness was my sister, Nan. Both were the same age and Nan was very spoiled, having been much made over by father. When Kamala became one of the family she, as the daughter-in-law of the house, had preference over Nan. Which was naturally not to Nan's liking at all!

The usual jealousies that exist between sisters-in-law took shape. There were often petty quarrels, tears and pricked feelings. Nan would brook no rival in her own home—nor would she permit even Jawahar's wife to come between her and her brother. Or even father! Nan is strong-willed, and had always had her own way. As a result, Kamala often suffered in silence, rather than have unpleasantness.

I was not involved in these upsets as I was so much younger. To me Kamala was always an adored older sister. Though I was too young to understand the clashes, I always sided with her against mother and Nan.

Kamala had a lovely complexion which needed no aid to enhance it. Strangely enough, in spite of illness which eventually developed into tuberculosis, Kamala never lost her delicate, fresh young beauty.

From the time that she was married in 1917 till 1921, four fleeting years, she lived a life of sumptuous luxury and happiness. Then politics entered our home and swept everything before it. Mr. Gandhi appeared on the horizon with his theory of nonviolence to combat the British and achieve our independence.

Jawahar was the first to join him, to give up his life of ease and comfort to work in the villages. Father flatly refused to do so. He was furious with Jawahar for joining Gandhi. Once, in a rage, he ordered him out of the house!

Mother was frantic and Nan wept, but Kamala stepped instantly to her husband's side, slipped her hand in his. I have no doubt that this gentle touch of hers gave Jawahar much strength, for he dearly loved father and was loath to hurt him, much less quarrel violently with him.

But his jaw was set and there was no backing out.



Whenever you've found you've added a pound...

have grapefruit instead

It's a welcome pleasure any time you slip your spoon into a fresh half grapefruit. It perks you up and satisfies you, and at the same time helps you keep your weight in line.

Florida grapefruit for dessert means mighty few calories, but lots of health benefits. Plenty of vitamin C, for instance. That's the buoyant-health vitamin, one you can't store up but need a fresh supply of every day.

Vitamins crowded in . . . calories crowded out! Reducing is easy—when you *have grapefruit instead!*



Worth its weight in health: Keep on hand ready-prepared grapefruit sections; canned grapefruit juice, chilled and ready to pour; or frozen concentrate—a can makes 1½ pints of juice.

Watch "Twenty Questions" on TV each week. Consult newspaper for day and time.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA



GARLIC BREAD
½ cup butter or margarine
¼ teaspoon French's Garlic Powder
1 loaf French Bread
French's Paprika

Cream butter and garlic powder. Slash bread diagonally to within ½ inch of crust. Spread butter mixture between slices and over top. Sprinkle loaf with paprika. Place on baking pan. Heat in moderate oven (350°F.) 10-15 minutes.

A nifty-jiffy treat made with French's Garlic Powder!

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FRENCH'S SPICES AND EXTRACTS

Without a sign of regret, Kamala slipped into the new life. No more did she dress in silks and gold-thread saris and the fabulous jewelry our parents had given her, jewels which were the envy of the richest maharajas. Wearing thick hand-spun cloth, she followed Jawahar into the villages and worked side by side with him. She was a priceless companion and helpmate to Jawahar. Through Kamala, he reached the people as alone he never could have. He himself admits that he loves to be in a crowd, but is never one of it.

KAMALA died in the prime of her life, the disease taking hold more rapidly because she never took time to look after herself. Father sent her and Jawahar to Switzerland, where they stayed two years, and she returned almost well. But back in India, the Nehrus were caught up in the throes of politics. For the next ten years she seldom knew a moment's peace or security. Jawahar was imprisoned again and again. Kamala's frail body finally succumbed, though to the last her spirit never failed. She died in Badenweiler, Germany, with Jawahar and Indira at her side. Those who knew her well feel that, had she lived, Jawahar might be a different man. In her quiet way she wielded over him an influence no one else seems to have.

When Nan was thirteen there was a friendly understanding between our parents and another well-known family that she should marry their only son. This was quite usual, but it was in no way binding to either party. Nan was not allowed to forget this, however, because mother had set her heart on the match; father kept an open mind.

When she was eighteen Nan was very pretty, though not so lovely as she is today. Having been brought up to associate freely with men and women, Nan had many opportunities for meeting young men. Quite a few were in love with her, including a young prince. But Nan did not seem to like any of these young men enough to marry. It was not surprising she should meet and fall in love with a man regardless of his caste or creed. We had not been brought up to differentiate between one caste and another and had no narrow religious bias. But most Indians at that time were still bound by tradition and custom. Nan did not confide in anyone but kept her feelings to herself.

When our parents began to discuss Nan's marriage to the young man whom they had had in view since her childhood, Nan rebelled. There were tears and tantrums and many bitter arguments. Mother could not possibly conceive of refusing such a match. Father kept aloof, secretly sympathizing with Nan because the young man, though eligible and belonging to a good Hindu family, was somewhat of a prig and not the type he would have chosen for his daughter. However, one day father discovered the real reason for Nan's refusal: her desire to marry another. Then there was trouble.

Even Jawahar, Nan's hero, sided with the family against her. What hurt father deeply was the fact that Nan did not confide in him. Had the young man observed the Indian tradition of asking for Nan's hand in marriage either directly or through a third party, perhaps things would have been different.

Meanwhile Nan sulked, Jawahar lectured to no avail and mother wept copiously at the idea of all her plans and dreams for Nan being shattered. Father's anger was most probably intensified by his strong attachment for Nan.

One day father summoned Nan and told her to pack and get ready to go to Mahatma Gandhi's ashrama. Jawahar was to escort her.

Gandhi lived outside a town called Sabarmati on the banks of a river, forty-eight hours' journey by train from our home. There Nan was supposed to stay until she came to her senses and father's temper cooled. Gandhi and his wife received Nan with much affection Gandhi had already won Jawahar to the caus of independence through nonviolence, and th gentle soul rejoiced to have this occasion t play the peacemaker and heart mender. In th ashrama, Nan had to wear homespun clothe and put away her silken saris and jewelry. Th days passed by peacefully. Gandhi's wife Kasturba, mothered Nan, and Gandhi himse kept Nan constantly by his side. He had lon talks with her and taught her to spin. Th close association with Gandhi was the begir ning of a deep bond that was to grow and la throughout his lifetime.

At last the day arrived for Nan to retur home. Her reunion with father was mo touching. Father put his arms around her an kissed her in forgiveness, for she had bee much closer to him than to mother.

Nan learned on her arrival that her frien had gone overseas, so she bowed to the ir evitable, as always, and gradually went abou her normal life. Yet perhaps something wer out of her which she never got back. Su rounded by admirers, Nan has fewer friend than one can count on the fingers of one hand

The years passed and in 1947, after Nan ha become a prominent figure and ambassador to two of the world's most important diplo matic posts, Mosco and Washington, sh met the friend of he youth again. He r turned to India at th invitation of Jawaha During the years he ha been abroad he had don all he could to explai India's struggle for in dependence to th American people. H reward was that he wa recalled and appointe ambassador. Both h and Nan were then gray haired, both distin guished-looking an both had lived the bette part of their lives in different worlds. The met as friends in a detached sort of way After a couple of years he suffered a heart a tack and died.

DEAR DEPARTING GUESTS

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

To my grateful eye
How their halos glow
Who say good-by
Just once and go!

Some months after Nan's return fro Gandhi's ashrama we went to Kashmir for th summer. Jawahar had recently married an father's idea of giving him a honeymoon tri was to take all of us and several friends in large party to Kashmir.

We were camping near a small town calle Achbal. There was a stream running throug our location and during the afternoons, whic were fairly warm in May, father used to lie o a camp cot in the middle of the stream an have his siesta. The rest of us spread ourselve out on the grass on either side. One day fathe looked up from his book and was horrified t see a huge king cobra rearing itself besid Nan's head. She was reading, also, quite un conscious of impending disaster.

GENTLY father said, "Nan, don't stir. Ther is a cobra near your head!" He repeated th and all of us who heard turned our heads frozen with fear. Father repeated, "Nan— don't move!" and automatically Nan raise her eyes. What she saw paralyzed her! Every body held his breath. One sound or false mov might have proved fatal. A cobra is never sup posed to strike unless it is either attacked o frightened. After a few seconds the cobr quietly slithered away, but it seemed hour to us.

After it had gone everyone rushed up t Nan, who felt quite a heroine. Later that eve ning a mendicant came to our camp. H had heard of the cobra incident, for in Indi news travels faster by word of mouth tha even by radio. He saw my father and told hi that this was the most wonderful thing tha could have happened. Nan would rise t great heights and achieve much fame, he de clared, but her personal life would not b too happy. This prophecy turned out to b correct.

When she was twenty-one Nan marrie Ranjit Pandit. The marriage was practically a arranged affair. Ranjit was a friend of one o our cousins, with whom he had studied i

ngland. He had seen Nan in Bombay once
nen she had accompanied father and had
llen in love with her. Our cousin suggested
father that he should invite Ranjit to spend
few days in Allahabad and get acquainted
th Nan. Father, though very modern in his
tlook about many things, did not believe
uch in love marriages. So he consented and
njit was invited.

One evening I was surprised to hear some-
e singing in the guest room. I lingered near
e door, curious and a little amused. Father—
d in fact the entire Nehru family—was well
own for his unmusicalness. I had wanted to
rn singing when I was younger, but father
used to give permission. After much dis-
ssion I was allowed to have some lessons,
t father thought it a waste of time and after
months made me give it up. Hence I was
ken aback to hear anyone singing in our
me. In a few minutes the door of the room
ened and a young man stepped out.

'Hullo," he said. "Who are you? The little
ter?"

I nodded dumbly and Ranjit put his arm
rough mine and
lked me off into the
rden.

'You sing beauti-
ly," I said, "but fa-
r does not usually
e singing. What are
u doing here any-
w?"

'That's a secret," said
njit with a smile, "but
you are going to be
sister-in-law I might
well tell you. Would
u like me to be your
other-in-law?"

At first I did not un-
stand, then I was ex-
ed. I asked him a
zen questions to
ich he gave amused
dies. I wanted to know
e had fallen in love
h Nan, and if so,
en and where. If fa-
r knew he had come
ask for Nan's hand
nowing father's
per I was nervous for
njit because I had
ed him instantly and
ed father would also).



Madame Pandit on her wedding day. Her husband, Ranjit Pandit, gifted lawyer and linguist, died in 1944.

Ranjit Pandit was tall, attractive, a clever
yer and a brilliant scholar. He was one of
se persons who brought life and laughter
any room they entered. He loved to
ce. He was gay and witty and full of fun.
her, of course, liked him and Nan must
have found him charming and attractive.
er a very brief courtship they were engaged
married in the orthodox Hindu fashion.
he wedding was a grand affair, though not
grand as Jawahar's because by this time
er also had joined Gandhi and given up
practice as well as much of his wealth to
National movement. Nevertheless, festivi-
lasted for a week. It was the last big wed-
g we had in the family.

lan looked very lovely as a bride. Indian
s are not supposed to look bright and
py on their wedding day because usually
marriage has been arranged and they do
know either the husband or his family, so
are a little frightened. That Nan looked
sad and wept at parting from the family
not unusual.

E wear a very simple sari for the actual
ding ceremony, usually shell pink or
h-colored. Nan's was made of hand-
en material. Being pledged to the freedom
vement, all of us had to give up wearing
ign cloth, as that was part of the National
gram. The bride does not wear much
elry either. After the ceremony she dresses
n all her finery and then goes to her hus-
d's home. Now all this has changed. Mar-
es, except among the very wealthy, are
pler and many young people prefer to
ry by registration.

anjit was a Brahman, like us, but not a
hmiri, hence many of our relations ob-
ed to Nan's marriage, but that made little difference to father. He liked Ranjit and that was sufficient. Even if Nan had not been keen on marrying him, father would have persuaded her. Ranjit soon became a much-loved member of our family.

I was thirteen when Ranjit came to Allahabad and I adored him. For the first time I realized how wonderful it was to have an elder brother. He taught me to play tennis, to swim and to do ballroom dancing. We went out riding together, boating and hiking. He even got me interested in Sanskrit (which I was learning but did not like) because he himself spoke and recited Sanskrit so beautifully. An uncle of Ranjit's was a famous scholar and grammarian and many members of his family spoke Sanskrit as fluently as they did other languages. Ranjit was one of the most gifted persons I have ever known. He not only had a flair for languages, but he was also a very clever lawyer. Later, during one of his long prison terms, he translated some old Sanskrit classics into English. For a few years Nan shared his enthusiasm for sports, but, never very keen on outdoor activity, she gradually gave it up. Ranjit taught her to dance when they were in Europe, but she never danced in India. When the Pandits lived in Calcutta, where Ranjit practiced law, he found many friends to share his hobbies. Later, however, Nan persuaded him to settle in Allahabad, our home town.

I think that was disastrous, since Ranjit's talents found no scope in our small town. Furthermore, he was overshadowed by the strong personality of my father. Ranjit soon gave up practicing as a lawyer and took to politics. But he was not the type who could stand prison life. Repeated sentences broke his health, which had once been splendid, as well as his peace of mind. To be able to put up with prison life one has to have a kind of mentality that will adapt itself to numerous rules and submit to many indignities. Ranjit contracted pleurisy soon after he was arrested in 1942, but the authorities did nothing about it and would not release him until his condition was serious. Then it was too late. Nan, who had been released earlier, had gone to Bengal to see the famine-relief work. Not knowing how seriously ill her husband was, she did not return at once. When she did, she found Ranjit at death's door. He died, in January, 1944, as he had lived, bravely and uncomplainingly, quietly bearing the intense pain he suffered. What his thoughts were one does not know, but they must have centered round his family.

Since we had not been brought up in the orthodox Hindu manner, none of us followed the usual pattern of mourning. It is customary for a house to be in mourning for thirteen days. After that one goes about one's daily work, but for six months the person who is bereaved should observe mourning by not attending social functions. The orthodox widow had a very hard time in the old days, and does even today, in certain parts of India. She was ostracized by society, made to shave her head, to wear a plain white sari and no jewels. She could not eat the same food as others but had to eat something tasteless and unappetizing.

Nowadays all this has changed. If a young girl becomes a widow she is no longer forced to wear a white sari or shave her head; she wears sober colors, unless she herself wishes to wear white, and she leads a normal single life. She can wear jewelry and some even put the little red mark on their foreheads which is merely an auspicious sign and a sort of beauty spot, but which used to be definitely prohibited for widows. Nan observed the thirteen days of mourning. Then she took up her normal activ-



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ities again. She wore white or gray for some time and then blue and purple. Nan was forty-four when Ranjit died.

Soon afterward she went to America with her youngest daughter and attended the Pacific Relations Conference. She was invited to make a lecture tour and that was her introduction to America. Her two other daughters, Lekha and Tara, were already in the United States, attending college. When they went there was much criticism in India. Our leaders, including Jawahar, had repeatedly asked students to give up studying and to join the freedom struggle. Yet my nieces were sent away to prevent their becoming bitter or getting involved in politics, while boys and girls in the thousands courted arrest and suffered long terms of imprisonment. Since then Nan has become wholly absorbed in her career and, as the holy man predicted, she has achieved much fame.

In 1926 I was sent to join Jawahar and his wife, Kamala, in Europe so that I could look after Kamala, who was ill, and help to run their apartment. My brother assumed stern responsibility for his lively young sister and made me toe the line. I was not allowed luxuries, treats or spending sprees.

In Europe Jawahar, Kamala and I lived very simply, but when father arrived a year later he insisted on showing me the Continent, in style. Traveling with him, I was like any modern-day debutante, surrounded by attentions in hotels and restaurants, and flattered by father's friends. I adored it all. We went to the theater, shopped, discovered and explored new places, did the tourist spots—laughing and arm in arm, making a lark of it. We even shared a bottle of wine or champagne with our meals. Jawahar, though disapproving because he thought it was bad for me to acquire such giddy habits, sometimes joined us with Kamala.

Jawahar, serious-minded as he was, wanted me to benefit in other ways by my stay in Europe, so I joined the international summer school in Geneva. Jawahar also attended lectures there, off and on, but I went regularly. I loved doing so. Apart from the fact that I met many interesting young people from all parts of the world, Geneva was at that time full of important political figures attending the League of Nations. Many of them came to lecture to us. I met Einstein, Von Ribbentrop and later, in Brussels, Madame Sun Yat-sen, Ernst Toller, Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland and many writers, artists and politicians.

Another episode made my schooling memorable—my first puppy-love affair. My friend was a French-Swiss lad, slim, good-looking and very poetic. He had broken away from his family and was studying art. Gaston had read many books on India, especially the poet Tagore's translations, which enraptured his fanciful young mind. His cousin used to teach me French and that is how we met.

At first he was rather shy and did not quite seem to know if it would be proper to invite an Indian girl to go out with him. One day he gathered courage to ask Jawahar, in the typical French manner, if he might "take me walking." Jawahar, much amused, gave his consent. When we were alone Gaston would hold my hand, always a little cautiously, and recite Tagore's poems to me in French. When I returned to India he wrote a heartbroken letter saying, "If only I were a Hindu prince I would have asked for your hand in marriage."

During these days in Europe I came to feel much closer to my brother, Jawahar. I remember one particular incident in Paris. I had come home with Gaston rather late one night to find my brother, frowning, waiting up for me.

Next morning Jawahar must have decided that he had better give me the age-old, heart-to-heart talk—"What Every Girl Should Know." He was certain that mother had never breathed a word to me. And father, of course, would be the last person in the world to assume such a responsibility! Jawahar squared his shoulders. "Betti"—he summoned me by his favorite pet name for me. We stepped out onto the terrace balcony of my hotel room for privacy, and he went on. "Betti, my dear little sister, there is something I must—uh—er—explain to you." He stopped. He swallowed. He cleared his throat. But he did not go on.

Politely I waited for what came next. The sun shone merrily on the Paris scene below us. Muffled sounds of busy streets and traffic floated up to us. I felt like singing with all the bliss and youth within me. Whatever in the world ailed Jawahar? I wondered. I hadn't the faintest notion what he wanted to say.

At last he blurted out in a rush, "Darling, you go out alone with a lot of young men. That is as it should be, but I hope you know all about everything—er, you know, er—I suppose every girl *must* know, dash it all!"

I didn't know. At nineteen I was saucer-eyed with innocence. The bees and the birds were just bees and birds to me. Most Indian girls of twelve know all about sex, but I had grown up as a tomboy, concentrating on games with boys and games alone. Vaguely I knew there was something dark and mysterious about babies. Nan had once given me a book to read, What Every Girl Should Know, but it filled me with dread and more mystery so I tossed it aside. I did not know, therefore, what Jawahar was getting at and I said so.

"But don't you understand that when a girl goes out with a boy alone anything might happen?" he demanded.

"What? *What* could happen?" Nothing—alas!—had "happened" to me so far.

Jawahar promptly lost his temper. "You are exceedingly stupid! If you don't know what I mean, well, let us leave it at that and trust to God that nothing happens."

"If you can't be more explicit, the fault isn't mine," I said. "I haven't the least notion what you are driving at."

Jawahar clapped his hands to his head. "You idiot! When you go out with a boy, doesn't he try to kiss you and—and get close to you?"

"They hold my hand and quote Tagore, but no one has *ever* tried kissing me." I hung my head in disappointment. "They keep telling me I'm *une Hindoue* and as such I have to be adored at a distance!"

Jawahar paused momentarily, then struggled on. "That may be, but one day someone will try to be more ardent and take advantage of you because you are so stupid."

"Why should anyone do that?" I asked.

"Oh, God!" he gasped and decided to end the topic.

Later I went shyly off to Kamala, whom I'd always loved as a sister, and asked her what Jawahar meant. At first she went crimson, then by bits and pieces she carefully and delicately explained. I was terribly amused and went off into shrieks of laughter, to Kamala's utter astonishment.

One phase of Paris left me quite indifferent in my youth—the fabulous, glittering world of fashion. I always wore saris except when traveling; then I wore a Western dress. On hikes or tours I donned comfortable slacks like all the other girls. Clothes did not interest me at all then. Now when I am in Paris I never miss a fashion show. I have been to Jacques Fath's, Christian Dior's and Paquin's.

The first time I walked into Jacques Fath's with a French friend I saw people belonging to the salon looking curiously at me. I wondered why. After a while the woman in charge of the mannequins, who knew my friend, approached and inquired discreetly:

"Where did madame, the Indian lady, get her coat? It is one of ours—and I know we did not sell it to her."

Janine, my friend, introduced me and I explained that my sister, Madame Pandit, had given the coat to me as a hand-me-down. The coat had been made by Fath especially for her. The salon matron's relief was overwhelming. She feared that an original model had been copied.

The gay days of Europe were soon to be put far behind. In December, 1931, I went to prison with Nan and seventy other Indian women from our home town. All over India women by the thousands were entering British prisons for political convictions. It was the fever of independence which made us willing to bear any hardship. We were sentenced to one year's rigorous imprisonment and we did our full term.

When Nan and I were released and returned home we found no one there. Father had died in February, 1931. Jawahar, thin-faced, buried in his books and solitary thoughts, was in prison. Mother was with Kamala in Calcutta and both were ill. Nan's three daughters were in Poona, near Bombay, in a small boarding school run by a friend. We decided to go there and bring them home.

It was while we were in Bombay that I met my future husband, Raja. He was a lawyer practicing at the Bombay High Court. His family lived in Ahmedabad and owned textile mills. We were at a rather noisy party in a friend's house. Raja sat smoking his pipe and talking quietly, oblivious of the noise around him.

Our host warned me that Raja was difficult and not at all interesting—in fact, he was rather peculiar! But I liked Raja almost immediately. He was different from the rest.

The next day he invited Nan and me to dinner. After that Nan and I went off to our home in Allahabad. A few weeks later I had a letter from Raja, a very casual one saying how "nice" it had been meeting me and that he hoped I would be in Bombay again soon. We began to exchange letters.

After some months I wrote that I would be passing through Bombay on my way to Ahmedabad. Raja met me at the railway station and persuaded me to spend only a brief time in Ahmedabad and to hurry back to Bombay, which I did. We had ten days together. Not once did Raja become romantic—*and to think how Jawahar warned me!*

One evening, as I was preparing to leave, Raja said casually, "When shall we be married, my dear?"

I was rather taken aback and yet thrilled. "Oh, Raja," I faltered, "I am very fond of you but I am not sure I love you."

Raja assured me that I *was* in love with him though I might not be aware of it. Would I please just say "Yes"?

I TOLD him I would let him know on my return to Bombay.

During that week Raja wrote to me daily. They were beautiful letters and Raja was persistent as any suitor. The separation made me realize how fond I was of him and how much I wanted to be with him again.

When I returned to Bombay, I told Raja that I would marry him. For a while I think we both lived in a dream world. But one morning I came back to reality with a bang. In the newspapers I read that mother had been taken ill in Allahabad. I telephoned to Raja and said I must leave at once. Then I went to Lucknow where mother had been rushed for treatment.

The only person to whom I had mentioned Raja was Nan, and on my return I told her that I had promised to marry him. She was glad—so happy for my happiness! I asked her not to say anything about this since mother was so ill and Jawahar was in jail. We kept the secret between us.

Jawahar was finally released from prison and, after many distressing days and nights, mother passed the crisis of her illness and began to recover. It was then that I asked Nan to tell Jawahar about Raja. It did not seem unnatural for me to have chosen my future husband without consulting anyone else. I had always had freedom to do as I pleased—within reason.

The family knew nothing of Raja and his family, but I was confident they would like him and approve.

When Jawahar spoke to me about Raja there was a twinkle in his eye and he said, "Well, my dear, I hear you are contemplating marriage. Could you enlighten me somewhat about the young man?" Then he proceeded to ask what was Raja's profession.

"He is a barrister—just starting his practice," I replied.

"And his family background—what about that? Who is his father?"

I said I hadn't the faintest idea.

He asked next how many brothers and sisters Raja had, and again I looked blank. What college had he attended at Oxford? I shook my head. Why did I call him "Raja" when his initials were "G.P."? What did "G.P." stand for? I looked back, round-eyed and speechless. More questions followed and, alas, I did not know the answers to any of them.

"This is preposterous!" Jawahar stormed. He threw up his hands and left the room.

I had been so engrossed in just Raja, like any other young girl in love, that the other facts seemed unimportant to me. However, eventually things were straightened out and we were married in October, 1933. Raja's family were Hindu Jains, a caste which is very orthodox, and did not take easily to progressive new ways. They are strict vegetarians among other things. Jawahar was concerned about this and asked me privately how I was going to fit into such a family. How would I get enough to eat? I laughed. What, when did *how much* food I ate was the last thought in my head.

But all of a sudden, by marriage, I was transplanted into a different world, frighten-



"That's not a record—yesterday I carried $18.65 worth."

alien and "foreign." I was utterly miser-
and *terribly, terribly hungry*. Love doesn't
e on an empty, or nearly empty, stomach.
e were tears, temper, stormy rebellions.
was upset for my sake, but kept telling
at we would soon have our own place to
far away from the family. Then I could
om morning till night, and anything I

t it did not work out as we planned.
hs later we finally moved into a place of
wn, but still I was not free from my in-
There were numerous battles and argu-
s to prevent us from cooking meat in the
ment. Being a Nehru, with my full share
e famous temper, I finally blew up and
tened to leave Raja unless we were left
to live our own lives! Only then—for
of scandal—did the family reluctantly
raw. But though my brothers-in-law
heir wives stay with us and eat with us
are vegetarians and others are not), to
ay my mother-in-law will not eat a meal
house because meat is cooked there. She
nts to have a cup of tea or coffee, but
s all. However, we have reached an un-
nding and the tea visits are as intimate
riendly as a six-course meal.

hodox eating was not my only trouble.
my wedding day I was dressed in a
-colored hand-spun sari with a gold
r. I wore a strand of pearls, pearl-and-
nd earrings and pearl bracelets—all that
ed of mother's jewelry. I was married
gistration because Raja and I were of
nt castes and could not, therefore, have
du ceremony. Both of us were glad for it.
sliked the elaborate and expensive ordeal
ing into thousands of dollars and often
verishing the parents for the rest of their
of most Indian weddings. But many of
rthodox relations on both sides do not
nize a civil marriage and still consider
e are living in sin.

er the wedding Jawahar gave a lunch
l the guests. In the evening Raja and I
ed to my home, as is the Kashmiri
m, to have a quiet dinner with my family.
t evening my in-laws dressed me up in a
ous gold-tissue sari and presented me
set of beautiful diamond, emerald and
bracelets, earrings and necklace. When
hed home I found Jawahar waiting for
the doorstep. I thought he would be
to see me so glamorously and richly
d. He embraced me and said bluntly:
r heaven's sake, darling, take off all that
y stuff! Must you wear all the family
at once?"
lt a little crushed. Then Kamala, Nan
thers came to greet me; and Kamala, who
d fabulous jewels herself, told Jawahar
ep quiet, for once. I was a bride, she
ed, and I should look like a bride.
ther, on her sickbed, kissed me and mur-
d happily, "My little duckling is looking
beautiful." She examined all my jewels
eemed relieved that I had not married a
r.

wever, when I went to Ahmedabad,
s home town, to spend a few weeks with
ople, I had a rude shock. My mother-in-
alled me aside. "Pick one or two pieces
ur wedding jewelry, my dear," she re-
d, "*and give the rest back*."
uld not understand.

TLY but firmly it was explained that
g I had worn belonged to me; it belonged
e family. Not being used to sharing my
gings with anyone, I drew myself up and
ned her grandly that I did not want any
r "community jewelry," that I would
it all back at once. It was many years
when the family had a semilegal division
e spoils, so to speak, that I came into
might be called my bridal inheritance.
er my two sons were born I did very little
or political work. I was determined not
glect the children and vowed they would
have the kind of childhood I had had—
thing money could buy, but not my
er's or father's lap to crawl onto when-
wanted. Somehow I did not see how a
career could be managed except at the
of close companionship with my sons.
wever, there was something else which
ght I could do and still be at home. I be-
gan writing articles and stories. These were published in Indian newspapers and I felt that I was launched. In 1942 Raja went as a political prisoner to a British jail for sixteen months. Left alone with the children, I found writing a great source of mental release and satisfaction. During the hours when the children were in school I closed my door to the outside world and plunged into my first book. It was an autobiography called With No Regrets. After that I wrote others, among them a children's biography of Gandhi.

Raja came out of prison in 1944—thin, sunken-eyed and ill. He was not himself again for a long time.

In 1947 my American publishers invited me to lecture there and Raja and I went together. It was a happy and quite marvelous experience. Two years later Raja and I were again invited to make a joint lecture tour. This time we took the boys—wildly excited—with us. We broke our journey in Cairo and changed planes to accompany Jawahar part way on his first trip to the States. My sons, Harsha and Ajit, had a hilarious time on the plane with Uncle Jawahar.

ONCE in the States, Raja and I were ready for a strenuous lecture tour. But first we put the boys in the Cranbrook School in Michigan. They were happy there among American students of their own age. After three months of touring and lecturing, Raja went back to India. I stayed on to give the boys a tourist's trip around the States. We loved America and made numerous friends amongst the good-natured, generous people whom we met everywhere. The three of us finally returned home after visiting Paris, Rome, Venice and Geneva.

Indian women have a strong penchant for cosmetics, as they have been making their own creams, lotions, scents and coloring devices for centuries. The little red dot (it can be black, or any other color, but is usually red to match one's lips) is just a beauty spot intended to add to one's glamour. Red is an auspicious color and the dot is always worn on festive occasions if not at other times. It is the equivalent of the beauty mark worn by Western women on their cheek or chin.

Nan does not wear the dot, which we call *kumkum*. Neither do her daughters. She wears lipstick, but rarely uses a bright shade. Nor does she use nail polish.

Westerners are sometimes startled by seeing diamonds, both large and small, being worn in a tiny pierced hole at one or both sides of the nose. This custom is prevalent mostly in South India, but women from other areas also wear it. In our family there was a superstition that if the girls had their noses pierced they would die young, hence no Nehru girl could have it done. Neither Nan nor I had any desire to wear a nose ring, but we both had our ears pierced when we were quite young, and wore earrings. I am still fond of them, but Nan never wears any jewelry except pearls, a ring and a watch.

Her beautiful gray hair is naturally curly, but to keep it well groomed she often has a blue rinse either at home or in a beauty salon. When at work, Nan wears glasses, but she almost never wears them in public.

Nan's greatest concern is her figure. Because she is small, every extra pound goes to unwelcome places and makes her look dumpy. A bad photograph distresses her, as it would any woman. Since she is not fond of outdoor sports or strenuous physical activity, Nan does not attempt to reduce by exercise, but only by dieting. One day a week she goes on a liquid diet. It doesn't work miracles, but it certainly keeps her trim.

Although very conscious of her appearance, Nan has never had an eye for color. When she replenishes her wardrobe on returning to India, she usually buys sari materials in grays, purples, blues and blacks. Then she asks some of us to buy brocade borders or blouse pieces to harmonize with the saris. One innovation Nan made after her first assignment to America as ambassador was to buy plain nylon by the yard for saris. She used to get six-yard lengths and then attach a border or a different-colored piping to it. As saris are difficult to wash and press, the nylon ones proved very helpful, but somehow they never fall as well as pure silk does. In the States,



EASY RECIPE

Sunny clings under a cut-out crust

1 No. 2½ can cling peach slices
½ cup granulated sugar
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
Pastry (basis, 1 cup flour)

Drain peaches. Turn slices into 8½ inch round baking dish. Heat 1 cup syrup from peaches. Blend sugar, cornstarch, salt, cinnamon. Stir into hot syrup. Cook and stir until clear and thickened. Add butter. Pour over peaches. Roll pastry into 10-inch circle. Make 4-inch cuts across center. Place over peaches. Turn points back. Crimp edge. Bake at 400° F. about 35 minutes. Serves 5 or 6.

Extra welcome on a wintry day—sunny, summer-sweet cling peaches from California! And isn't it nice to know—tender clings keep their shape, put up a pretty show on your table baked in a pie or simply spooned from the can for quick desserts or salads. Your thriftiest fruit. Check the label for the best-buy words, "cling peaches!"

Cling Peach Advisory Board

Cling Peaches from California



Chocolate Marshmallow Soufflé

Marcia Camp's *Thrilling New Recipe*

TRY IT!



EASY-TO-FOLLOW RECIPE

(Makes 6 Servings)

3 tbsps. butter or margarine
3 tbsps. flour
¼ tsp. salt
1 c. milk
¼ c. sugar
3 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, grated
32 Campfire Marshmallows
3 eggs, separated
1 tsp. vanilla

In a saucepan, melt butter or margarine; blend in flour and salt. Add milk and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened and smooth. Add sugar, chocolate and marshmallows; stir until chocolate and marshmallows are melted. Remove from heat. Beat egg yolks. Add egg yolks and vanilla to chocolate-marshmallow mixture and mix well; cool. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold egg whites into cooled chocolate mixture. Turn into 1½ quart casserole and place in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 1 hour or until done. Serve warm or chilled with cream or custard sauce.



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if it is winter Nan is apt to wear a mink cape over her sari. She loves high-heeled shoes which lend height to her five-foot stature. As she sits at a top-level conference table, flashing the famous Nehru smile, the deferential government officials around her melt a little and (I'm sure of this, for some have told me) make a mental note to tell their wives that gray or lavender silk worn by a woman over forty is the most flattering color in the world!

In India there is a notion that public figures have to be exceedingly simple to be really great, the exception being Jawahar, who is always a model of fastidious grooming. Hence, though she is never sloppy, Nan caters to the Indian public, and when she is in India she dresses as simply as possible, wearing mostly hand-spun saris with black coats or sober-colored shawls—never her mink!

Nan's three daughters Lekha, Tara and Rita, are all married. Only one was a love marriage; the two others were arranged in the Indian tradition giving the young people time and opportunities to get to know each other. None of the girls seems at all ambitious to follow in their mother's footsteps, though Tara has recently taken an interest in writing. All three were educated in the U.S., the older two at Wellesley and Rita at a school in Pennsylvania. All the Pandits share a warm feeling for the U.S. Nan may at times strongly disapprove of American politics, but she is more at home in America than in India. She has more personal freedom there to go out with whom she likes, although there is nothing to prevent her from doing so at home. But perhaps if she were seen dining with the same man twice in India eyebrows might be raised—whereas abroad nobody shows any concern.

I love change and moving about. To be more pleased with foreign things than our own is a common trait, and I have my share of it. Those who are of the contrary mind, who like their own things best, who think that nothing can be more beautiful than the world before their doorway, are really happier, even if they are not so knowing. I do not envy their wisdom, but their luck. —MONTAIGNE

People have often wondered why Jawahar has never remarried. There were and still are many women of all nationalities who would be proud to have him for a husband. Perhaps he is too wedded to his work to be able to lead a family life. When he was younger he may have felt it would not be fair to Indira to give her a stepmother.

He is deeply attached to his daughter, and her two boys are his greatest joy. Part of the routine of his day is a visit with his grandsons each morning while he is doing his yoga exercises. When he stands on his head their glee knows no bounds. It is not an easy exercise and requires a great deal of practice.

Jawahar delights in taking the boys to a cricket match or to see folk dancing or for an occasional airplane ride.

Indira has much of her mother's nature. She works silently, without any desire for the limelight. As her father's chatelaine, she has a demanding role. It is a little hard on her, since she cannot be much with her husband. At one time there was a clash of loyalties between husband and father. Indira did her best to spend some time with each—and with her two lively little boys—but it was not a very happy arrangement. More often than not the choice had to go to her father and his work. However, Indira's husband now has a job in Delhi, so life is a little more domestic for them than it used to be.

DELHI society being what it is, many women admirers make a great fuss over Jawahar. Some keep hoping that he will succumb to their charms. It is quite an effort to keep these women at a distance, and those who do so are not very popular. Indira and I seldom bother, but Nan, who is and always has been very possessive where Jawahar is concerned, keeps rival women at arm's length.

Oddly enough, it was one of these admiring females who was responsible for Jawahar's trade-mark: the rose in his buttonhole. This particular girl waited for many days on the doorstep to get a word with him. Nothing would discourage her. Finally one day she arrived just as Jawahar came out of the house to get into his car. She stepped forward and handed him a rose. Jawahar loves flowers and this was a very lovely yellow rose. He smiled at the girl and spoke a few words to her. That was all she wanted and her patient vigil had been rewarded. From that day on she made it a habit to arrive daily with just one beautiful rose which she offered to Jawahar with great devotion.

At first Jawahar was merely amused. He didn't want to offend the well-meaning girl, so he slipped the rose into his buttonhole. When teased about it, he gave up wearing the flower but later, as the roses kept coming, he wore them. Now it is the gardener who leaves a rose on his dressing table for him to wear each morning.

IN India some of our people are critical of Jawahar's love of English manners and the English way of life. But the habits of years are not easily changed. He has often said he is a "queer mixture of East and West, out of place everywhere, at home nowhere." Even Gandhi confirmed that Jawahar is more English than Indian in his make-up. He is often more at home with foreigners than with his own countrymen. It was Gandhi again who once jokingly said "When Jawahar talks in his sleep he speaks in English." Since independence he has made more of an effort to speak in Hindustani. But at home all of us speak a good deal more in English than in our own language. Especially when Jawahar is in a temper English words flow—or explode—more readily than Hindi.

Jawahar has a characteristic attitude toward the press: it is common knowledge that a foreign correspondent can get an interview with him fairly easily, but an Indian journalist seldom does. If any writer, foreign or otherwise, dares to be critical of some statement Jawahar has made, he is apt to become *persona non grata*. This applies, unfortunately, even to friends of many years' standing.

On the whole, Jawahar still admires Britain more than any other nation. Many find this incomprehensible after all we suffered under the British. He has respect and admiration for some of the Americans he has met, but no friends among them. He thinks Americans are a very rich, childish and naïve people still in their infancy so far as diplomacy goes; hence they should not imagine that money aids will solve the world's problems.

In India as well as England his friendship with Lord and Lady Mountbatten has been much talked of and criticized. They remain, however, his closest personal friends.

Jawahar has become a nonstop smoker. He reaches for a cigarette the minute he awakens and has one before falling asleep at night. When he went to prison he gave up smoking as soon as he entered the prison gates. He was never forced to do so, but other political prisoners were not allowed to smoke, and he did not want any special privileges. No matter how long he was in prison—six months, eighteen months or three years—he never touched cigarettes, but the moment he came out he started smoking, almost at the gates.

Formal religion has not played a very important part in Jawahar's life. He never goes to a temple, prays in the conventional way or meditates in the Indian custom. But he has the Bhagavad-Gita, which is a sort of Bible, near his bedside table and now and again he reads a verse or two from it.

The Prime Minister's income is fixed at about $450 a month. When a member of the family or his personal friends stay with him at his official residence, he is charged $2 a day for their room and board. Only state guests are entertained by the government.

Any adventurous feat always wins Jawahar's admiration. By nature he is daring. In his youth in Switzerland he adored hiking and climbing in the mountains. Mountains have

lways had a special fascination for him. lence, when news came of Hillary and Tenng Norkay's conquest of Everest he was juilant and especially proud that an Indian herpa, a humble but great man of the eople, had finally reached the summit after o many valiant tries. He could scarcely ait to meet Tensing and shake his hand.

When they did meet, Tensing's utter simlicity and bewilderment with sudden fame ent straight to Jawahar's heart. An attachent almost like father and son grew between em. When Tensing was about to leave for ondon to receive the George medal from ueen Elizabeth, Jawahar wished to give him me useful gift. He opened his wardrobe late ne night and spied a fine brief case. Then he ame across a formal dress coat called a *sherani* (the kind my brother wears most of the me, a fitted coat, reaching to the knee). This oat had belonged to father and to Jawahar it as a special talisman. This, too, he gave to ensing, after a tailor had cut it down to fit im perfectly. Tensing proudly wore this coat n every formal occasion while he was in Engnd and on the Continent.

There is an amusing sequel to the giving of ese gifts. A cousin of ours had married a lungarian girl. She happened to be at the ondon airport when Tensing arrived. Introuced to him, she thought the brief case he arried looked familiar. She inquired about it nd Tensing told her, with a dazzling smile, at it was a gift from the Prime Minister. It as she who had given the brief case as a irthday gift to Jawahar!

A great deal of criticism followed Jawahar's ecision to attend the coronation of Queen lizabeth. The majority of our people did not ink it proper for him to go, but, once his ind was made up, he turned a deaf ear to riticism. He was greatly impressed by the ageantry of the coronation ceremony as well s by the orderly behavior of the vast crowds. he dignity of the young queen impressed him lso.

While in London for the coronation, picures appeared in the Indian newspapers of Jawahar wearing a tweed suit and sporting a bowler hat! To the Congress Party followers in their trailing cotton *dothis*, this was high apostasy. But until he was thirty-four or thirty-five years old Jawahar always wore Western dress. After he joined Gandhi he wore Indian-style clothes. Traveling abroad, he prefers to wear Western clothes except at formal functions.

Winston Churchill, who was once Jawahar's bitterest enemy, paid him many compliments at functions held during the coronation. Jawahar, in turn, made many pretty speeches also praising Churchill. Nothing changed beneath the surface, however.

It is said that power corrupts a man. It has not corrupted Jawahar. It has, however, had the effect of perhaps coarsening him to some extent. He was always inclined to be a little dictatorial—this must have been inherited from father—but nowadays he brooks no criticism and will not even suffer advice gladly. He is highly conscious of his place in history. The very manner in which he holds himself erect as he enters a room or steps to a microphone gives one the impression that he is aware of the power of the Prime Ministership and also that he is still the idol of millions of his people. Still, there is no disputing the obvious: he has broad vision of international problems, and his mind knows no barriers but roves toward vast horizons.

Jawahar is ambitious for India. Whether his one-man control of the country has made him a benevolent despot is a matter of opinion. All one can say is that he is not the Jawahar of old: warm, understanding and affectionate, quick to redress a grievance and to punish a wrongdoer. Too many burdens, none of which he will share with anyone, are weighing him down.

In the eyes of the world he is undoubtedly the only man in India who can guide and control her destiny in these difficult times. Nevertheless, there is danger for him and for India if he is spoiled too much with adulation. In his own words, "It must be checked. We want no *Caesars!*"

END

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- If cabinet is needed indoors for storage, remove either the door or its latch stop so that it cannot lock automatically.
- Drill holes in all cabinets from which you have removed only latch stops! If a child should close himself in and grow panicky he will have air intake and can make his voice heard.
- Or destroy all such boxes altogether. Anyone who discovers an airtight cabinet hazarding children is advised to take the above steps immediately or report the matter to local safety councils or government officials so that they may do so.



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3 Cover tightly and cook 12-14 minutes or until all liquid is absorbed.

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THE LARK SHALL SING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

done something better—perhaps they should have sent him away out of Greenhurst, away to something more than this partnership in the house-agents business. But he had elected to stay here and work in this little office—and after all, Mr. Milward reflected, it was a snug little business; prospering and likely to go on prospering. It would have been no bad thing for Roselle to marry into, but she had had her chance and she had rejected it—rejected Jeff and Greenhurst and gone off to London.

Jeff's voice roused him. "Lucille's coming here first, isn't she? I mean, before going out to the house."

"Yes. Don't be late for the train, Jeff. And try to persuade her not to stay out there all alone; she can stay with us and you can drive her over to Wood Mount whenever she wants to go."

Jeff went out, and Mr. Milward was left to go on with his work, but his mind was not on what he was doing. A series of pictures was passing through his mind. Lucille in tattered shorts, roaming round the beautiful, half-wild garden of Wood Mount, leading Nicholas—four years her junior—into mischief, even into danger. Roselle, a year younger than Nicholas, had trembled when they took risks, wept and fetched bandages in all the gory sequels.

Lucille had been—how old?—sixteen when her father died, and from that time onward she had shouldered most of the responsibility of the household. She had been housekeeper, nurse, mother to the younger ones; she had tried to impose economies, but it had been impossible to make her mother understand that money values had changed—and so the bills continued to come in and the money continued to pour out, until her mother's death two years ago.

Two years. Lucille had been twenty-two—and for the year after that Lucille had tried to make ends meet. Then they had all gone—Nicholas, indeed, had already gone away to do his national service—and now it was the turn of the others. Lucille had gone as secretary-companion to an old lady in Cornwall, Roselle to work in London, Julia as a boarder to school, Simon and Dominic to live with a childless uncle and aunt in Shropshire. The house had been let, furnished, for a year. A year, Lucille had said, and now the year was up, the tenants had gone, but Lucille, her brothers and sisters were not coming back. Lucille had given up her post in Cornwall and was to be married, the house was to be sold.

Mr. Milward sighed heavily. He would lose his favorite, Lucille; his wife would lose Nicholas—and Jeff . . . well, Jeff was only twenty-four; young men of twenty-four—did they love forever? When Mr. Milward looked up and saw Lucille standing in the doorway, he had to pause for a moment to wonder whether he were still dreaming.

"Uncle Bill." She was kissing him gently, giving him a delicious feeling that he tried to describe, afterward, to his wife and which she told him was not in the least godfatherly.

This was the real Lucille, and the other—the one people called hard or cold or overbearing—that was the Lucille who had learned, a little too early, that life could become harsh, that age and illness could turn indulgent parents into selfish or even neurotic patients. This—this was his own beloved Lucille.

SHE drew away from him and sat on the edge of his desk to study him frankly. "Older; much, much older," she pronounced. "Uncle Bill, my pet, you've got two more white hairs and your mustache has faded."

"Did Jeff meet you?"

"Yes. I came straight here; then I'm going to Wood Mount, and then I'll come back and see Aunt Maggie."

"She's got your bed ready; she says it's quite ridiculous to go out to the house and stay there all alone."

"But I'm going—I must. There are a thousand and one things to do. What does the house look like?"

"It looks splendid. Jeff was out there yesterday. I suppose he told you that." He hesitated. "Lucille ——"

"No, darling," she said instantly. "Jeff tried that, and it's no use. The house has got to go."

"A family is a family, Lucille."

"I know that, but we tried it for a year, didn't we? And you know perfectly well that we couldn't afford to stay on."

"But the others ——"

"The others are perfectly happy. Roselle likes her job and she likes her flat; Julia's made no complaints, which means she hasn't got any; the boys are perfectly happy with Aunt Mary. After all, she begged and begged for them—you can't accuse me of posting them off like a couple of parcels. She wanted them—and they wanted to go."

"Little boys of that age don't know what they want, Lucille. And your Aunt Mary had no children of her own at that time, and—as far as I understand it—no prospect of any. Now she has a baby of her own, so ——"

" —— so she could have written to say that circumstances had changed, and so on and so *on*. But she didn't."

"Perhaps she thought it would come better from you."

"Well"—she smiled at him indulgently—"I'll write and ask her. If she doesn't want to keep them, they can come to me in Cornwall. In any case, they would spend as much time as possible with me."

"With"—Mr. Milward fidgeted nervously—"with you and your husband?"

He looked at her firm chin, her magnificent eyes, her soft copper hair. What man was this—this stranger, this Digby Russell, who had claimed her? Nobody in Greenhurst had ever made any headway with Lucille, he remembered. Jeff—perhaps fortunately—had never felt very warmly toward her; he was always on guard beside Roselle, waiting for the first hint of unkindness, of bullying. Lucille—a bully! The fantastic thought brought a smile to Mr. Milward's lips, and then he remembered what he had to say, and grew serious again.

"When your Aunt Maggie and I read your news—not about your decision to sell the house, but of your engagement—we were worried, because we felt that you might, perhaps, be making another mistake. We"—he held up a hand for silence, for she was plainly ready to interrupt—"we thought your leaving the house was a mistake."

"I waited a year," said Lucille steadily. "If mother's money hadn't been in that trust—if it had come to us instead of going to Aunt Mary . . . but even if we'd had the money, what was the use? Julia was the only one who showed any sign of wanting to stay in the house, but I told her that we'd let it for a year, and if she had any complaints, she could let me have them as and when they arose. She's said nothing." She got off the desk and drew a chair close to her godfather. "Uncle Bill, darling, I had enough. I had nearly eight years of nursing and managing and—and ——"

"I understand." He patted her hand gently. "But we feel—your Aunt Maggie and I—that you made a mistake in going away," he told her. "Now you're running away again—this time from a job that perhaps didn't turn out as well as you hoped."

"He's a very nice man," said Lucille, without turning. "He's thirty-five—a solicitor; he's not rich, but he's comfortably off. He lives with his mother; she's a widow and he has always lived with her. The house has a nice lot of ground, so when the children come they can climb trees, and—and run around and—and feel at home."

"Where did you meet him?"

"In Bude. The old lady I looked after ——" She paused and turned slowly round to face him. "Now *that* was a mistake, if you like," she said. "To go from nursing one frail old lady straight to being a companion to another ——"

"But I thought ——"

"I know. So did I. You thought from her advertisement that she was a rich, spry old creature who wanted someone to go around the world with her. Willing to travel extensively—that was what she put, wasn't it? The only travel we ever did was from the house to the sea—eight miles in a hired car once a week in summer. But I couldn't blame her for being ill and not being able to go about. . . . And then I met Digby Russell. He was her solicitor, and he took me out and drove me about and—well, there you are."

She stopped, and Mr. Milward rose to his feet almost as though he were about to propose a toast to her happy future. Instead, he looked at her a little sadly.

"When are you going to be married?" he asked.

"In about two months—in Cornwall. Digby's mother felt she couldn't make the journey all the way here for the wedding."



"Tell me about yourself. Do you think I'm pretty? Do you like my dress? Do you go for my type?"

"I wish you sounded as though you knew what you were doing," he said gently.

Jeff drove the four miles that separated Wood Mount from the small town of Greenhurst. With the last of the houses came almost at once broad open country, dipping beyond Greenhurst and then rising to the wooded slope that gave the house its name. Glancing at Lucille, he saw that she was looking round with a gaze which in anybody else he would have called hungry.

SHE had changed a little. She was quieter, less sure of herself, and that was decidedly a change for the better. She was, he had to admit, strikingly beautiful. He had forgotten—or perhaps, engrossed in Roselle as he had been for years, he had not noticed—what a beauty Lucille was; he had seen her, chiefly, as a somewhat obstructing elder sister. Striving to be just, he told himself that she had never done or said anything to influence Roselle—that is, to put her off him; on the other hand, a word or two in his favor might have helped.

It would be natural, he thought, to ask how she was. Rounding three more curves of the road in order to get the right casualness into his tone, he put the question.

"How's Roselle?"

Lucille turned to look at him in astonishment. "Don't you know?"

"How should I know?" he asked. "She doesn't write."

"She's still in the same job—with that travel agency. She's still in the same flat too. I don't know how it is, she doesn't—she doesn't seem to come through in her letters. They're sort of impersonal. But she's well. Julia stayed with her at Easter."

Julia, thought Jeff with a smile. The other family redhead; the family rebel. The ugly duckling. How old was she now? Simon was eleven, Dominic nine and she came between them; Julia—ten!

"How're the boys?" he asked.

"Nicholas is out of the army, I think—at least he wrote to say he was coming out, but he gave me no dates."

"What's he going to do?"

"As little as possible, he says." Lucille sighed. "How does one get jobs for young men?"

"He'll find one for himself. Any news of Simon and Dominic?"

"Very little—you know the kind of letter boys of that age write. Dominic says nothing and Simon says next to nothing. Aunt Mary says they're well and happy and getting good reports at school. When I'm married, I'm going to see about getting them down to Cornwall."

An obliging gent, this husband-to-be, reflected Jeff; he was going to be a husband and home provider and residential hotel all in one.

Perhaps Lucille read his thoughts. She said, "Some men mightn't take on a ready-made family, but I made it clear before I ——"

Jeff grinned. He had—so often—heard Lucille making things clear.

"Well, I hope he's a good guy; he sounds it," he said. "What's he look like?"

And that, thought Lucille, was the trouble. He looked . . . she fought the memory back, but it welled up obstinately, and she remembered it with shame. The first time she had met him, she had thought, *Tame rabbit*. But even then he had been kind and gentle and protective. Later, he had listened patiently when she had talked of her family. He had been audience, sympathizer; and he had—finally—placed his heart and his house at her disposal.

"What happens to his mother?" Jeff broke into her musings. "You said he had an old mother, didn't you?"

"She'll live with us. At least, we're going to live with her."

"Ah. How'll she like Julia and Simon and Dominic?"

"Why shouldn't she like them?"

"Keep your wool on; I didn't say she wouldn't, and you know it. Don't let's pick another quarrel, Lucille. I dare say it'll work out: if she's a nice old lady, they'll cheer her up; if

s a nasty old girl, they'll kill her off. Well—
we are."
e turned into the short drive and Wood
unt stood before them in all its white
liness. Jeff took the key from his pocket
ushered Lucille into the hall; once inside,
ave a glance at her face and then, hands in
kets, wandered away, whistling softly and
elessly, and left her to roam through the
tered rooms. He went into the garden, sat
he low wall of the terrace and, lighting a
rette, looked thoughtfully at the lovely old
se. A long time later Lucille came out and
beside him, and stared at the place in which
had been born and reared.
hosts, ghosts and more ghosts. Her mother
he library, which overlooked the magnifi-
holly hedge that she had loved—the
ge that took two men two months to trim.
father in his old study. Herself in the old
nursery . . . she pulled herself up sharply.
ugh of that. It took a fool to make a wise
sion and then look round for reasons to
et it.
To run it, I'd need money," she said
ly. "Where would I have got money?"
Couldn't you have persuaded your fiancé
ome and take it over?"
No. I thought of it—but he's tied to his
ness, and he's got his mother to think of.
couldn't leave them—and I don't suppose
want to. No—it'll have to go, Jeff."
Any regrets?"
Yes." She stopped, staring up at the house.
omething in her silence struck Jeff and,
ning to her, he stiffened in surprise. There
e tears on her cheeks—and although he had
her cry, many times, he had never seen her
like this. She had wept from temper, from
riness, from exasperation—but this quiet,
tle melancholy was something different.
assured, overriding, I'll-fix-it-all Lucille
yne . . . groping for a handkerchief and
ging on to the nearest support—himself.
s was where he ought to whip out a clean
are of linen and mop her up—but he'd
his handkerchief to clean up his hands,
r a grope round the carburetor. All he
ld do was look sympathetic and wait for
to pull herself together.
Feeling better?" he asked at last.
he nodded. "Yes, thank you." She blew
nose; a loud, defiant blast sounded in the
of fate. "How much d'you think we'll get
the house, Jeff?"

ARD to say; big houses don't fetch much
vadays—and there's no bus service out
e. Not more than seven thousand, dad says.
're asking eight. Lucille ——"
Well?"
Have you told the others that you're
ing?"
Yes."
What did they say?"
Nothing—yet. I wrote to them all from
rnwall and—and explained. And I asked
m to write and let me know which of their
ngs they'd like to keep. Most of the stuff
have to go, of course, but if they could
ose ——"
Not everything they'll choose is portable,
know."
I know, but"—Lucille moved restlessly—
ere it is, Jeff. We've all got to accept it,
t's all."
eff said nothing. There was nothing more
say.

t looked no different from Lucille's other
respondence. There was about a page and a
f, written in Lucille's careless scrawl; Simon
skimmed almost to the end of the first
ge when a faint, undefined feeling of nausea
pped his stomach. He went back to the first
e and read it more slowly, right through to
end; then he found that his appetite had
him.
He folded up the letter and put it back in its
velope. Laying it beside his plate, he stared
it for a long time. He could not remember
ything in his life that had given him this sick
ling of disaster. He was surprised that his
cle, glancing at him as he asked for the jam,
med to see nothing unusual about him.
s aunt, getting up from the table, issued in-
uctions about the morning's plans and
ted nothing out of the ordinary. It must,
then, thought Simon, be all inside him; he felt green, but he didn't look green.

"There's nothing else, is there, Simon?"

"I don't think so, Aunt Mary."

"You'll find your lunches in the fridge. If Dominic wants more milk, use the small bottle."

"Yes, Aunt Mary."

"You needn't wash up, just pile the things neatly."

"All right, Aunt Mary."

"Go up, will you, and keep the baby quiet for a moment—he's yelling his head off."

Simon went upstairs and stood by the cot; his two-month-old cousin went on howling, but Simon scarcely heard him. Lucille's letter was in his hand and he was reading it through again. Perhaps Lucille hadn't really meant it.

But there was no mistake; the sentences were clear, decisive and quite, quite final, for Lucille spoke not merely as an older sister, but also as a guardian. She was, he knew, the one who ordered all their lives; that is, amended Simon, staring at the baby, his life, Julia's and Dominic's. Nicholas was grown up; Roselle was eighteen and could decide for herself—she had decided for herself, and now she was living in London. But Julia and Dominic and himself—the three young ones—had always obeyed Lucille.

Final words; shattering words. The howls of the baby were no more than an echo of the desolation that filled Simon's heart.

He went into the bedroom he shared with Dominic and stood by the window listening to the familiar Saturday-morning sounds. His thin, brown face with its perpetually harassed look that was caused by the weight of responsibility he always felt for Julia and Dominic now looked strained, old beyond his years. He heard his uncle leaving the house.

Later, his aunt left to spend the day with a friend and took the baby with her. Peace descended upon the house and Simon and Dominic were left alone. But this fact, which



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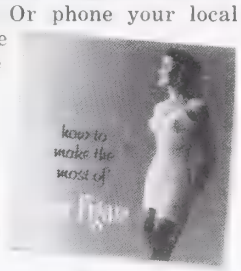
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as a rule brought Simon a great deal of pleasure and relief, was today overshadowed by Lucille's letter.

Dominic was where his brother expected him to be: up a tree in the garden. After an attempt at making him come down, Simon decided to go up. He was an expert climber; a year ago, he had spent almost as much time aloft as aground—but then they had all been at home, and at home there were a great many more trees. Nicholas had rigged up a hammock for Julia under the shadiest apple tree. He had helped Dominic to build his magnificent tree house. The tree house—what would happen to the tree house now? And where would Julia find a place where she could read, hour by hour, quiet and undisturbed? Where ——

He reached the branch on which Dominic sat, and with a spring and a twist, settled beside him.

"'Lo," said Dominic.

Simon, glancing at him, was struck by a feeling of regret that Dominic and the others were so good-looking and Julia was so ugly. He never agreed—audibly—when people said that she was ugly, but he acknowledged to himself that she did have a rather monkeyish sort of face and somewhat stringy red hair, and she looked even worse in the summer, when her freckles came out. It seemed a shame that Dominic should have the fair, clear skin and the almost girlish lashes.

"Shall I read you the letter from Lucille?"

Dominic's large, beautiful gray eyes rested indifferently on his brother. "Tell me about it."

"Well . . . it's a sort of funny letter this time. Lucille says —— *Dominic*, I'm *telling* you something."

Dominic, upside down, was swinging to and fro with skill.

"*Dominic!*"

Dominic, reappearing, shook his hair out of his eyes. "I bet Julia can't do that. She tried to do it before, when we were at home, and she couldn't. I bet I do it better than her."

"Lucille's getting married, and ——"

"Look," interrupted Dominic, pointing a grubby forefinger; "you can see right into the nursery from here."

"Are you going to listen or aren't you?"

"I did listen. Lucille's going to get married. What's funny about that? When you're as old as that, I shouldn't be s'prised if you got married."

"But don't you *remember?* Lucille said that after a year we could go home again. She said we'd all go home and live at home again—if we wanted to."

"Well, all right," said Dominic calmly. "Tell her we want to."

"But I'm trying to *explain*. The house is ——" Simon stopped, swallowed. "It's going to be sold."

"Well, it can't be," stated Dominic flatly, "'cos we're all going back there."

Simon sat for some moments weighing his fears against a feeling of relief. The certainty in Dominic's voice bore out the confidence that he himself had felt regarding their eventual return home. He tried to put himself back to the time when Lucille had called a family meeting, and told them all about her plan to let the house. He had tried to understand all the financial details; he had even tried to put forward his point of view.

It seemed to Simon, looking back, that there had never really been more than one possible end to the discussion. Julia had wanted to stay at home, just as he and Dominic had wanted to stay at home. He and Dominic hadn't been insistent, and Julia had—but nobody had really listened to Julia. Nobody could take advice, he supposed, from a girl of nine, as she had been then—and nobody was going to agree to give up a good year's let and stay in the house just because Julia had three hundred and five books in it. It had seemed, then, a silly reason for staying. Now . . . somehow, it didn't look so silly. It was one thing for her books to be stored in the attic for a year—but if Lucille sold the house, where could the books be put? Lucille's new home . . . but would her husband want Julia's books? And if Julia's books had to go, where would Dominic's tree house go? It had taken them—Julia and Dominic and himself, with Nicholas' help—nearly ten months to build. They had spent days—long days—in it. Dominic hadn't spoken much of home, in this last year; but whenever he did, it was his tree house that he spoke of.

And for himself —— If he had known, thought Simon, if he had dreamed that it would be more than a year . . . but when they sat in the library that evening and Lucille had explained, perhaps he hadn't been listening properly because he had been thinking of—of—well, he'd better keep his mind off that now, or the feeling in his inside would get worse, and he couldn't really be sick properly up in a tree.

"Perhaps I'd better read you the letter," he told Dominic.

"You've told me all what's in it."

"No—only partly. Lucille's going to live in Cornwall, she says. And she's taking some things and the rest is going to be sold."

"*Our* things—sold?" Dominic turned to stare at him, for the first time giving the matter his full attention.

"Well, yes," said Simon. "Not our *things;* just the furniture, like chairs and tables and beds and things."

"Then what about our things? What about all our stuff up in the attics?" demanded Dominic.

"Lucille says she's going to sort everything out—she's at home now—and she says we're to write to her and tell her which of our things we want, and she'll see we get them."

There are two things to aim at in life: first, to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieves the second.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH:
All Trivia
(Harcourt, Brace and Company)

"See we *get* them?" Dominic's eyes narrowed, and Simon saw in them incredulity and the beginning of anger. "How d'you mean, see we *get* them? They're *ours*, aren't they?" Dominic's voice rose. "We've *got* them. We've got them at home. What's she think she's going to do—chuck out all our things just because some silly fatheads go and say they want to buy our house?"

"Nobody said anything about chucking them out. All you've got to do, she says, is tell her what you want, and she'll see you get it."

"All right, then," said Dominic triumphantly. "I want my tree house—see? Tell her to send me *that*."

"She can't do that."

"Course she can't, and that's why she's talking tripe—see?" explained Dominic. "She can't send me my tree house, can she, and she can't send Julia her books, can she, all three hundred and five of the great, thumping things, can she, and she can't send you Long John because they won't let you have your dog here—see?"

It was said. The name was spoken.

For a whole year, Simon had kept the name of Long John hidden away, deep inside him. Never once had he mentioned him. And as Dominic had never spoken of him, as Julia had never written of him, he had assumed that they had forgotten. Now he saw that Dominic had not forgotten, and that Julia, too, must remember. Nobody could forget how he, Simon, had saved Long John's life and carried him home—an eight-weeks puppy—and nursed him until he was well and strong and scampering round the house on his three and a half legs. Nobody could forget how he, Simon, had labored, long and patiently, to teach Long John the mysteries of life; for the van which had left him half a leg short had also been responsible for rattling his brains a little out of place, so that there were certain things—things that came naturally to other dogs—that Long John had to learn. How to come downstairs, for example; it was no use his thinking that he could take off at the top and just float down. How to bury a bone; it was no use his going off to find the ideal burying ground and then going all the way back to fetch the bone, because the cat liked bones, too, and always got ther first—and even if the bone had still been there Long John wouldn't have been able to locat it, because he could smell only the smell-be fore-last. People laughed at Long John—unt they got to know him, and then they stoppe laughing, because they discovered he had wha Nicholas called an unusual personality. Wha dog, except Long John, would get hold of a the things belonging to a visitor he didn't car for, and carry them and put them outside th front door, just as a hint? What other do could sing duets, or chase two separate rabbi in two separate directions—both at once What other dog, if it came to that, ever looke like Long John? A sheep-dog coat, a bul terrier chest, a noble great-Dane head and long, bushy banner of a tail waving behind.

Long John. Did dogs forget, in a year Would he remember, after so long at M Hewett's farm, which was his real and whic was his temporary home? Would he under stand that Simon had wanted, so desperately to bring him here, and couldn't?

If Lucille was going to sell the house, wer he and Dominic to live here, with their aun and uncle, forever and ever? And Julia—Juli didn't really have any home. It had been a ranged that she would spend her Christma holidays with Roselle in London and her sum mer holidays here in this house—but the sum mer holidays would begin in three weeks an the room which, last year, had been Julia's wa now the nursery and the baby was in it. Sure Lucille knew? Didn't she understand? But she was going to be married and live in Corn wall —— People, Simon remembered with stab of fear, people didn't as a rule cart alon their whole family when they got married. An if there still wasn't enough money to live a home ——

Money! It all came back to money. The father had once had some money, but it had a got spent. His mother had had some money quite a lot of money, Lucille said, but it was a in what they called a trust, and when she die it went to her sister, Aunt Mary, and that wa why Aunt Mary had offered to have Domin and himself to live with her. But Lucille hadn said it would be forever!

A rush of nausea shook Simon and h turned to Dominic.

"I'm going down," he said.

"No," said Dominic, "wait. You haven said anything."

"Yes, I have. I've told you what Lucil said."

"Well, I don't care what Lucille said."

Dominic's voice had the calm matter-o factness that Simon so envied. Dominic nev wasted a thought on anybody else's point view; he stated his own, and if anybody di agreed with him, he assumed that he had n been heard properly, and said it all ov again. He was not, now, being defiant: he r ally didn't care what Lucille said; Lucille w free to say anything she liked, but he, Dom nic, was going to have his say too.

"Lucille's our guardian," Simon pointed ou "If she says anything has to happen, then has to be."

"Rot," said Dominic firmly. "It isn't all h house—it's our house too. She told me once. And she can't do anything on her ow without asking us."

"Yes, she can. We're minors."

"We're what?"

"We're sort of too young, and we don have a say."

"Oh, don't we?" inquired Dominic. "We *I* do. And I'm going to say I want to go hom She said we'd come here for a year, and t year's up; all right, we go home—see?"

"Don't be silly."

"What's silly?" asked Dominic in genui surprise. "She won't know what we wa unless we tell her, will she? How does s know we want to go home unless we *tell* her

"But she says the sale's practically ar ranged."

"What sale?"

"I've told you—the sale of the house. A you have to do is sign some papers, and th people buy it and pay for it, and then it'll theirs."

The steady patience, and some other qu ity—something of desperation—in his vo

rought Dominic's gaze round to rest on him nce more, and this time the gray eyes were ool and calculating. "How much have you ot in your purse?"

"My *purse?* What's my purse got to do ith it?"

"Well, how much have you got?"

"I think one pound six . . . no, seven illings."

"How much have I got in my money box?"

"About two pounds, last time you asked e to look."

"Is that enough—two pounds and one ound seven—to get home on?"

"*Home* on?" Simon could only echo the ords stupidly.

"What's it cost to go from here to there in train?"

"Don't be silly," said Simon, with what for m was sharpness. "We'd never be allowed."

"Of course not," agreed Dominic calmly, ut they'd never know. I mean, not till we'd one."

"If you tried to do anything like that, why, l they'd have to do would be to ring up l the stations we stopped at from here to ondon, and they'd get us out of the train and nd us back."

"No, they wouldn't. We're not like Uncle om's Cabin. We'll just go, and we'll leave a tter on the hall table and say not to worry, nd Lucille'll ring up when we get home and ll them we're there with her, and then it'll e all right and we can talk to her and tell her out not selling the house to any other eople."

It was spoken with such confidence, such rtainty, that Simon could find nothing to y. And in any case, this was not the moment r stopping to wonder what their aunt and ncle might think; it was only necessary to onsider what would happen if he and ominic *didn't* go home. Lucille would act, nd their home would be sold and life—real fe—would be over. No! This wasn't the time shilly-shally. Dominic had the right idea, which was to get there. If they waited, it would be too late.

"We could take our lunch with us and eat it in the bus on the way to Shrewsbury to catch a train," said Dominic.

From Shrewsbury, they could get a train to London. They could cross London and catch a train to Greenhurst—they had done the journey up here and all they had to do was reverse the order. Greenhurst—they would be four miles from home when they reached the familiar little station. And from Greenhurst they could walk.

It was breath-takingly bold. It was revolutionary. It was the first step in lawlessness. . . . But it would lead them home.

"Well, are you coming?" asked Dominic.

Simon stared out through the branches, over the trees in the neighboring gardens and to a far-distant point on the sky line. A huge, shaggy head and—at the other end—a banner waving.

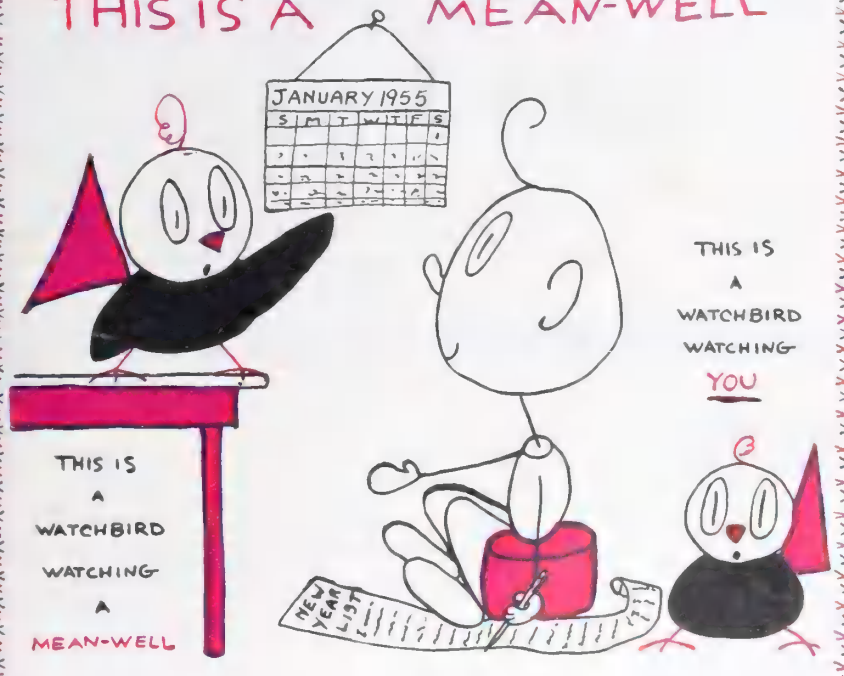
"Come on," he said. "Careful; I'll go down first."

Julia read the letter at the end of a compulsory cricket practice which she had found—as she found all games—very boring. Saturday was, on the whole, she considered, a gruesome day. Laundry-sorting day, cricket-practice day, long-walk day, letter-writing and choir-practice day. Gruesome, all of it.

Life, on the whole, was terrible, and if one couldn't get away from it and read, and read, and read —— Oh, well, now there was Lucille's letter to read.

Long, long after she had got to the last scrawled line, she looked up and found, to her surprise, that the fat Belinda Grant, who had brought the letter all the way out to the games field, was still standing beside her. She stared for a moment, and then realized that Belinda hadn't, after all, been there very long. It had been only a few moments, but they had been long enough for her to go home and back.

THIS IS A MEAN-WELL

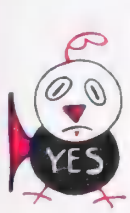


By MUNRO LEAF

Here you see a Watchbird on New Year's Day talking things over with a Mean-Well. This Mean-Well has made a long list of things that it has promised to do in this New Year and it really means to do them—like brush its teeth regularly, wash its hands before eating what it should, go to bed and get up when it should, to be helpful around the house, and lots of things that would make living with it a pleasant and a happy time ——

BUT

there are two kinds of Mean-Wells—those that do what they *mean* to and those that don't. *Which are you going to be for 1955?*





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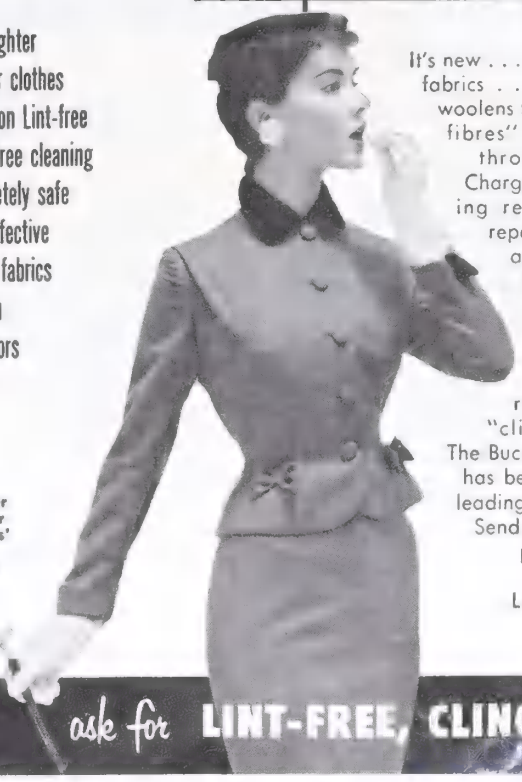
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ask for LINT-FREE, CLING-FREE cleaning!

* patent applied for: product and process

THE DAVIES-YOUNG SOAP COMPANY • DAYTON, OHIO

"Is that your sister's letter?" asked Belinda, whose ruling passion was a desire to find out all about everybody.

"Yes."

"What's she say?"

"You mind your own business," requested Julia fiercely.

Belinda's eyes opened wide in surprise. Julia Wayne was credited with a great many faults, but—in spite of her red hair—bad temper was not among them.

"Come on," said Belinda, "they've put out the milk and biscuits."

"You go. I don't want any."

Belinda went, wondering, as she did so, why she called Julia her best friend. She glanced back: Julia was still standing where she had left her, staring into space. She might say that her sister had said nothing, but it was ten to one she'd written her a few hard words on how many bad marks she'd got last month for reading—not reading in class, or reading the proper schoolbooks, but for reading in bed, in chapel, or under her desk during the French lessons. Julia wasn't the boasting type—one had to give her that—but she did rather harp on the three hundred and what-was-it books she had at home up in the attic. She'd never thrown a single book away in her whole life, not even her baby books; some of them even had teeth marks on them. Julia played games only when they were compulsory, like cricket. The rest of the time, she just read. Julia wasn't pretty, but she wasn't like anybody else. That was one reason why it was nice to take her home every fourth Saturday, when they were allowed to sleep at home for two nights.

Eleven o'clock: milk and biscuits. She might as well take two shares and say she'd take one lot to Julia.

It was just like that interfering poke-nose of a Sister Ignatius to go by just as she'd started on the second lot of biscuits. Oh, well ——

"Why didn't you take them to Julia?"

"Well, I did ask, sister, but she said she wasn't hungry."

"Send her to me, please."

Julia, summoned, ate her midmorning refreshment meekly. This school was always stuffing things down you, like pigs to market. And asking silly questions.

"Did you have a letter from Lucille this morning?"

"Yes, sister."

"I hope everything is all right."

"Yes, thank you, sister."

"Is there any special news?"

No monkey ever looked blanker. "No, sister."

Sister Ignatius sighed, and decided that it was no use. Julia Wayne led a life of her own and it was not the life of the school. There was a lot in Julia, if one could find out where it was and what it was, but she was—as her sister, Lucille, had expressed it, crudely but vividly, in one of her letters to mother superior—not so much a cog in the wheel as a spanner in the works. It was a pity, but she did not seem to fit in here. Julia appeared to be well, and as it was impossible to find out for certain, one could only hope that she was happy. Belinda's parents liked her and frequently invited her down for the month-end visit; perhaps this afternoon, when the big car took the two girls off, Julia would get her color back and forget whatever it was in her sister's letter that had given her that curious look in her eyes.

JULIA always enjoyed the drive: Belinda's parents sent a car and a chauffeur; and the journey, apart from Belinda's too-often-heard voice, was full of the peace and quietness that Julia loved. Belinda saw that her friend's irritation of the morning had gone; Julia was as calm as usual, and only a little more preoccupied, staring through the glass partition at the chauffeur's back.

Roselle wouldn't care and Lucille wouldn't care, and she didn't know about Nicholas, but Simon and Dominic—Simon would be feeling sick right down in the pit of his stomach, reading the letter. But what could Simon do? Who listened to them at their age? Nobody'd listen . . . but if they knew that for the whole of the past year she'd just been waiting, that was all, for the year to end, so she could look forward to going home for the holidays—home, instead of —— But if she had to do it forever? *Oh, please, God, please, God, please, God, I know I only pray properly when I want something, but I swear, I swear I'll try and do something in return—if You'll just stop them from selling the house. Don't let Lucille sell our home, please, God, please! Perhaps if You could make something happen to any of the people who want to buy it, whoever they are—if You could smite them, just so that there could be time to stop Lucille —— Please, God ——*

"What did you say?" Belinda's question brought Julia back with a sickening jolt.

"I didn't say anything."

"Yes, you did. You muttered something. Isn't it funny, I thought you said G-o-d."

"What would I say God for?"

"Hush! If Morley hears you, he'll think you're swearing."

"I might be praying."

"You wouldn't be praying in the middle of the afternoon like this. . . . Oh, Julia, you forgot to ask him to slow down at the Greenhurst crossroads."

"No. It doesn't matter."

She hadn't forgotten. She always leaned forward and tapped on the glass, and they went very slowly, slowly past the road that cut across this one and led —— Well, she couldn't have borne it. Not today. And anyway, it was a long, long way. Even from here, it was a long way—and from Belinda's house, it was . . . . well, it was miles and miles and miles. If she could stop the car now and get out —— But she hadn't much money with her; not enough for a train fare. She could pay for a bus for part of the way. If she got as far as Penley's farm, she could make Doreen Penley lend her her bicycle. But if she was seen in her school coat and hat, so far from the school, people would notice.

She could borrow a coat and a skirt from Belinda and hitch it up a bit here and there—then she could get home without attracting attention on the way. If she could get home tonight and stay with Lucille for just one night and come back the next day, Belinda's mother needn't tell the nuns anything. If she could only talk to Lucille . . . if she could only explain that home was a place where you kept your things and that your things were your life and that being parked with people for holidays, just with two suitcases, was the same as being cut in half and never being able to join up with your other piece. Up in the attic were all their treasures and it was no use Lucille saying, "Tell me what you'd like to keep." If one hadn't wanted to keep them all, they wouldn't be up in the attic, would they, waiting until one could get at them again? Books—great, heavy books, hundreds of them. Whole sets of them. The whole Swallow and Amazon set; the whole Doolittle set; all the Pollyannas; the Katy ones and the Little Women ones; four different Robinson Crusoes and two Wind in the Willows; all the Musketeers. Huge big books of Arthur and his knights, and a book on horses and four volumes of Shakespeare, as new as on the day she got them.

And it wasn't only herself she was thinking of. She wasn't the only one who had treasures. . . . There was the wonderful, the great, spacious, strong, livable-in tree house that was Dominic's retreat. And Long John. *Oh, Simon, Simon, don't mind too much! I'll go and see Lucille, I swear I will. You can't go, Simon, but I can. I'll go; I'll make Lucille see that home is home and that people ought to have one* —— "Belinda ——"

"What?"

"Belinda, when we get to your house, may I borrow some clothes and wear them? I'm tired of school clothes."

She had only to stay behind when Belinda and her mother drove out to fetch Belinda's father. She had only to slip out when they had gone, and telephone back to the house and leave a message: Miss Julia Wayne had been summoned home by her sister and would return the following day.

The bus on the first part of the journey cost one and eightpence; that left her two and fourpence, which wasn't enough to get her to Penley's farm, but she could walk.

Miss Stocker—thirtyish, fat, immovably placid and the firm's only other employee—glanced up from her deadly accurate typing, noted the tearstains and wondered, by no means for the first time, why people with nothing to cry about did so much of it. "Don't cry; try," her mother had said, and it was good advice. Somebody ought to have told this Roselle Wayne that; look at her now, hanging up her coat and dropping tears all over it.

"Hey, stop that, young Roselle," requested Miss Stocker, not unkindly. "Tears don't melt troubles. What's gone wrong?" *This time*, she added to herself.

Roselle glanced fearfully toward the door marked "Private."

"He's not here," said Miss Stocker. "He was at the dogs last night, and if he backed what he said he was going to back, then he lost his pants. He'll come in looking surly and then we'll have to watch how we go. What's gone wrong?"

Roselle made no answer; she was wiping her eyes and taking a grip on herself with a resolution born of her fear of Mr. Newbery, her employer. If he came in before Roselle had finished her letters and laid them on his desk —— Feeling as she did this morning, sarcasm from Mr. Newbery would be more than she could bear. She sat down, opened the incomprehensible series of squiggles she had put down at his dictation and stared at them hopelessly. Miss Stocker sat on the edge of her own desk and regarded her colleague with a puzzled frown.

"Look, Roselle," she said slowly, "what I can't make out is why—if you hate it all so much—why you ever came to London!"

Roselle raised a countenance upon which disillusionment, regret and fear were equally visible. "I didn't know it would be like this!" she said. "I thought ——"

She walked to the window to recover herself, and stared down at the traffic swirling round Hyde Park Corner. Here she had stood a year ago, on her first day in the office, and had felt an uprush of excitement and joyous anticipation. London—at her feet. Well, there it was, still at her feet. She hadn't known before she came to London how noisy a big city could be; now it was a buzz and jangle in her head, day and night. There was no peace, no space, no time, no kindness, no understanding of lonely, green girls who came from the country. If she had been able to get home—out of London—at weekends, things might have been better. Sometimes she had thought, lately, of going down and staying with the Milwards at Greenhurst, but they—and everybody else in Greenhurst—thought she was a successful business girl in London, and she wouldn't have been able to pretend. And now . . . since Lucille's letter had come this morning, she knew fully, for the first time, how much she had missed home, and how much she regretted ever leaving it.

HOME! Was she to live forever and ever in that drab, cheerless room? Even that was more than she could afford. Her salary came in a little envelope every Friday morning, and it melted away by Tuesday morning, and left her with nothing. If she lost this job and couldn't get another—and there was no home to fly to —— She hadn't liked housework much before, because she had preferred to think of herself as a business girl—but now! Oh, anybody could have that dreary room and this dreary, dreary job and this cruel, terrible city. All she wanted was to go home and never never never leave it again. And Jeff was there—Jeff, who had loved her ——

"Don't cry, poppet," came Miss Stocker's comforting voice. "I don't know who had charge of you, but someone should have told you long ago that your type isn't made for rough wear. Why don't you take my advice, Roselle, and pop off back to where you came from?"

"I c-can't. My sister wrote. I got a letter from her this morning to say she's going to—to get married."

"Well, sisters do get married, you know. It's bound to come later if it doesn't come now."

"It—it isn't that. She says she's going to live in Cornwall and s-sell the house."

"Sell the house? Your house?"

"Yes. She's made up her mind, and it's all practically s-settled. The people who were tenants have gone away and Lucille says she's put the house up for sale."

"Why all this Lucille says and Lucille does?" asked Miss Stocker, with a touch of irritation. "Does she have the only say-so?"

"Well, yes. You see, she's the—the sort of head of the family. Ever since my father died, Lucille's had to see to everything—even things like money, and choosing schools, all the things that parents usually do."

"Look, Roselle, why don't you go back and have a nice talk with that sister of yours and see if you can't get her to have another think about selling the house? Why don't you have a shot at ——"

"Oh, Miss Stocker, I'd do anything, anything, *anything!*"

"But that's only *talking*—that's not *doing*."

"It's too late." Roselle's tone was one of sheer desolation. "It's too late. Lucille said she was going to be at home today, to see about everything—all the final details. I'd have to go at once."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

TWELFTH NIGHT, THE CASTLE

By ELIZABETH HENLEY

Love, for all nights, this one
Bank well hearth fire!
The frozen grasses stand so sere
In yard and cart track's mire,
And on the flagstones blows
Forlorn our Christmas tree
Awaiting dawn's snow sparrow,
The winter chickadee,
To hang its boughs with their small notes
And search its last stale cake,
And know by token tinsel
How much our hearts forsake.

Carol and masque and pageant
Go down with guttered candles—
And now on upper hall and stair
There patter silken sandals:
Grandmother ghosts, as little girls
Of long ago, have bidden
The children in the chambers
Of next September hidden
To watch our house, its revels,
While bay and holly burn,
Then with a brace of candles each
To cheerless room return

Like sparks blown out from chimney
Which in dark mirror glimmer
From gilt and glass, from hall to hall,
Grown ever lighter, dimmer.

So near are we to death,
Love only will remain—
Fear sings with icy breath
On midnight-waltz refrain.
This night of brilliant planets
And robin's whirling flight,
Make safe our house for this new year,
God give us all good night!



He looks to you for safe, "tender-skin" care

Love him—comfort him—give him your wisest care

His thinner baby skin really needs this softer tissue

e trusts himself to your love—and to your actical care, too. You watch daily over his by needs to guard him from the smallest urt."

One way you can add to your baby's daily mfort is by choosing a bathroom tissue that gently soft. The new ScotTissue gives his inner skin safe, gentle care. Yet it is strong d absorbent for quick, neat cleansing.

Get several rolls next time you shop. The g 1,000-sheet roll goes further, is your wisest y for the whole family. Another great ott value.

"ScotTissue," Reg. U.S. Pat. Off



You're careful to keep his shirts fluffy-clean and soft. Be sure his bathroom tissue meets his special "tender skin" needs too. The new ScotTissue is softer than ever. Yet it is strong to prevent tearing and shredding



1000 SHEETS—OVER ½ MORE THAN THE 650 SHEETS YOU GET FROM MOST OTHER TISSUES

Softer than ever

ROLLS OF SCOTTISSUE EQUAL MORE THAN 3 ROLLS OF MOST OTHER TISSUES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

"Well, then, *go* at once," urged Miss Stocker.

"I c-can't. If I left here, I'd have to give a week's notice."

"Who said so?"

"Mr. Newbery said so, when he engaged me."

"You wouldn't have to give any notice—not if you didn't take your pay. That's what's called giving a week's salary in lieu of notice. You could—well, here he comes. Now look, don't go and get upset."

Mr. Newbery strode through to his sanctum without pausing to extend the courtesy of a morning greeting. A moment later he walked to Roselle's desk and threw onto it her letters of the previous day.

"Those can be done again—with corrections," he said acidly. "And if it's all the same to you, Miss Wayne, Fiji is *not* spelled with four *e*'s."

The door crashed; Roselle's tears flowed afresh. Some time later, Mr. Newbery came in and dropped an envelope on each of their desks, his expression indicating clearly that the contents were twice as much as either of them was worth.

Roselle's soft lips set into a firm line. She pushed a sheet of paper into her typewriter and typed two lines on it. Drawing it out with a jerk, she put it, and with it her pay envelope, into a larger envelope, and addressed the latter to her employer. Rising, she dropped the package on Miss Stocker's desk and then walked to the peg on which her coat hung.

She got to the door before her movements showed any sign of hesitation, and then, as she seemed to pause, Miss Stocker sprang into action. Without speaking a word, she managed, in urgent pantomime, to convey clearly that it was as well to get going while the going was good, that Roselle had all her good wishes, that she would like to see her again, sometime, somewhere; and yes, the notice was quite all right and she'd retype it, because lieu wasn't spelt with a *w*, but quick was the word and sharp the motion, and go on, go on, before the old hippopotamus came out.

Roselle darted swiftly across the room to drop a light kiss on her friend's hard brown cheek. Then she was gone.

Good timing, Nicholas thought, and went on with his packing. A fellow got out of the army after his two-year term, and just as he was making for home his sister said, "Hold it; there's no home: we're selling." Well, she'd have to think again. A nice girl, Lucille, but uppish; and though, two years ago, even one year ago, he might have been regarded as too young to have a say in family affairs, he was now twenty-one, and he knew what he wanted—and what he wanted most of all, now, was a home. The tenants were out; good. He would see to it that nobody else got in. Except themselves, that is. Newest fiction: The Return of the Waynes. Watch the bookstalls.

Home; well, it was no use wasting time conjecturing—the thing was to get hold of some form of transport and get going.

He shook his money out of his newly acquired tobacco pouch. Sixty-seven pounds, eight shillings and the odd pence. He oughtn't to have bought that trumpet off that fellow—but it was a bargain, and he couldn't regret it. He took it out of its case and played a few passages. Lovely! Oh, lovely! No, he couldn't regret it.

WELL, he ought to be able to pick up one of those broken-down little cars he'd been nosing round inspecting lately; if it held up long enough to get him home, he'd tinker it up and make it as good as new. He mightn't be a bright boy in lots of ways, but (a) he could play a trumpet, and (b) he knew an engine when he saw one. He'd go out to that fellow in Chiswick and see how much he'd knock off that little scarlet number.

Nicholas went to Chiswick and entered the vast garage in which, in a far corner, reposed the scarlet number. While he was looking at it, he was joined by a smooth-sounding salesman who introduced himself as Mr. Druce, entirely at his client's service.

Nicholas emerged forty minutes later with eighteen shillings and some odd pence in his pocket, the owner of a motorcycle and sidecar. It was not until the money had been counted out and checked in the office that Nicholas remembered that even if he had wanted a motor bike, he had no use, or no liking and no desire, for a sidecar. But here it was; he'd got it. Well, it was transport. He wheeled it into the road, kicked it to life and started on his journey.

Lucille might be the eldest, but he was the man of the family, and from now on he was going to have a say in their affairs.

From Shrewsbury, the journey had been uneventful—there had, that is to say, been no alarm, no pursuit. It was a shock to discover when they had crossed London that they were just in time to meet, head-on, the rush of workers leaving the city and bound for weekends in the country.

They stepped from their bus in the station yard straight into a seething, struggling mass of humanity and Simon, keeping a desperate hold on Dominic, fought and battled against the tide.

When they found the right platform, however, he saw that if they got through the crowd and onto the train at all, it would be a miracle. Hundreds—thousands of people, it seemed to him—were jostling, struggling, fighting their way on.

"Look," he said, "you stay close by me and when I say push, you push."

Suddenly there was a parting of the crowd in front of them, and Simon pushed Dominic into the opening. The next moment the crowd had closed inexorably and he found that Dominic had been jerked from his clasp and was being taken irresistibly toward the train, while he himself was being forced back; with a sick feeling of disaster, he realized that Dominic was lost in that cruel mass of humanity—Dominic ——

And then he saw him. He vanished again and then his face—anxious, searching—appeared at a window. Dominic was on the train and Simon couldn't get through to him—and perhaps he would be frightened and try to get out and ——

When Dwight Morrow was asked the secret of his success in dealing with others, he replied, "I never judge anyone until I discover what he would like to be as well as what he is."

Dizzy with fear, Simon moved backward in the hope of isolating himself from the crowd and becoming visible to his brother. If Dominic could see him—if he could signal to him to go on, if he could make him understand that he would come on the next train ——

But he was too small. He couldn't see over all those heads. He shouldn't have come; he shouldn't have left Aunt Mary's and come on this terrible, this ill-fated journey. He had been responsible for Dominic, and he had failed him.

A great sob shook Simon. Straining on tiptoe, craning his neck, he wept openly, and a man passing on his way to the exit stopped to look at him. After a moment, he put a hand on Simon's shoulder.

"What's the matter?"

Simon glanced up. He saw a tall, broad man—a man who gave the impression of strength and dependability, a man with firm lips and kind eyes, and a sympathetic look.

He dashed the tears from his eyes. "It's Dominic—it's my brother. We got separated and he's littler than me and I was in charge of him and ——"

"Where is he?"

"He got on the train—he's there, but he can't see me, and he'll go in a minute and ——"

The man lifted Simon and swung him with the greatest of ease onto his shoulder.

"There—oh, there!" Simon called. "Dominic! Dominic!"

Simon, from his magnificent grandstand, waved frantically; from the window, Dominic saw him and raised a hand in response. Simon pointed in the direction—he hoped—of Greenhurst. Dominic nodded and smiled—and then the train drew out and took him away, alone.

The man lifted Simon down and stood looking at him. "Well, there you are," he said. "All you needed was a bit more height. Where were you bound for?"

"Greenhurst."

"That's in Hampshire, isn't it?"

"Yes. Thank you for helping me," said Simon. "I'll wait for the next train and perhaps it won't be so crowded."

The man studied the small, white, tired face. "Have you come far?" he asked.

"We came from near Shrewsbury—first we took a bus and then we got a train. We—we're going home because"—a tear forced its way out and Simon ignored it—"because we—we wanted to. But we didn't ask if we could come."

"That doesn't sound very sensible. Didn't ask whom?"

"My uncle and aunt. We live with them, but my sister was going to sell our house in Greenhurst and we—we came to tell her not to." It was a relief to tell someone—someone who looked so reliable.

"My name's Debrett—Robert Debrett." The man paused imperceptibly, as though expecting Simon to recognize it, but Simon gave no sign. "What's yours?"

"Simon Meredith Wayne. I'm eleven and Dominic's nine."

"Well, Simon, how about some tea?"

SIMON shook his head. "No, thank you very much," he said politely. "I feel rather sick in trains and so I don't like to eat much." He shifted his case and held out a small, grimy hand. "Good-by, sir, and thank you very much."

"Hold on now." Robert Debrett hesitated for a few seconds to examine the impulse, and then decided to give way to it. "There's no need to go on by train. I've got my car here; I'll run you down to Greenhurst."

"Oh ——" A flush of relief, of hope, crept into Simon's cheeks, and the look in his eyes made Robert Debrett ashamed of the few seconds' hesitation. "Could . . . I mean, if you're really going that way ——"

"I am," said Robert, who had been going to his flat in Knightsbridge. "But as we're driving, suppose we have some tea first; or I tell you what, we'll get out of town first and then choose a nice place out in the open—how's that?"

This wasn't, thought Simon, studying him gratefully, like talking to strangers, a thing he had been warned against. This was no stranger; this man had understood at once that Dominic was being carried off alone; this was a man nobody could call anything but good and kind.

"We'll go to Greenhurst and pick Dominic up at the station," said Robert, answering the scrutiny. "Then I'll drive you home and we'll explain to your parents how we got together."

"I haven't any parents, but ——"

"Well, I'll explain to your sister. Let's get going."

"This is a Rolls, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I knew by that thing on the front. Nicholas taught us about cars."

"Nicholas?"

"He's my brother. He's been in the army, but I think he's out now."

"A sister and a brother—and Dominic."

"And Roselle—and Julia."

"Quite a family. Who's in charge—the uncle and aunt?"

"Oh, no! Lucille's the—the head of the family. But Lucille's going to get married and she wrote and said she wanted to sell the house, but our things are in it and ——"

Robert Debrett stole a glance at his young companion; a smile appeared on his lips, and a gleam of amusement and interest in his eyes.

"Yes? Your things were in it, and so ——"

Simon proceeded to tell him.

The road went on, and on, and on. It was a hot road, and dusty. Of the original two and fourpence, eightpence had gone on a milk shake in Lowdale; that left one and eight; Julia counted it for the third time. She would be able to buy something to eat at Penley's—if she ever got to Penley's. How many more miles? If only she had her gym shoes on—but these were her best strap shoes with the thin soles: at least, the soles had been thin, but now they had worn practically away. Once on Doreen Penley's bicycle, she would be able to put the miles behind her so easily, so effortlessly.

There was a bit of poetry—she didn't like poetry much, but she couldn't help thinking of that bit now:

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.



ell, this one certainly seemed to.
ot! If it was hotter than this in the
ra, then she was sorry for the Saharians,
s all; they could have it, camels and
es and all.
hen Julia reached Penley's farm, it was
arn that Doreen Penley was away from
e—and she had taken her bicycle with

e news was shattering. Julia saw Mrs.
ey looking at her curiously, and fought to
ar unconcerned. Doreen was a friend, but
Penley—she wasn't exactly an enemy,
reflected, but she was by no means an
If she got suspicious—if she rang up the
ol ——
What are you doing out of school?" in-
d Mrs. Penley.
My sister's thinking of selling our house,
we've got to go there and decide which
ur things we'll keep and which will be
" said Julia, with every appearance of
uousness.
ere was nothing like the truth for con-
ng people, she thought. Mrs. Penley
d quite different; she'd been prepared
lot of yarns, but she'd known all the
about the house being sold.
Why didn't you
ome by train?"
I wasn't at
ol; I was staying
my friend Be-
It wasn't until
on the bus to
Lowdale that
I hadn't got
gh money with
so I thought I
come here and
he rest of the
ey on Doreen's
nd send it back
rrow by the
r."
Well, you can't
all that way;
better wait for
Penley to finish
e hayfield and
un you back in
ar."
hank you, but
ot a bit tired,"
Julia. If she
d, she knew
certainty that
Penley would do some telephoning. She
"Good-by, Mrs. Penley."
ood-by. I'm sorry Doreen wasn't here."
doesn't matter. Good-by."

went out into the yard and through the
arm gates. She heard the kitchen door
behind her, and then, with a swift rush,
oubled back and went into the feed room.
ad remembered that Doreen's wasn't the
bicycle on the farm; she had seen an-
lying in a corner of the feed room—
e, she had no idea, but it had looked
doned. It was probably an old one of
enley's. Yes—it was there, in the corner.
a examined it. It was old and rusty and
plorable condition—but it had wheels,
oted with deep thankfulness; she could
her way home and rest her aching feet.
ould send the bike back tomorrow.
wheeled the machine outside and looked
ously down the road. There was nobody
. The tires were flat, but there was no
—and in any case, she could not stop
it. The bike was too large; she found
o pedal at all she must shift her hips
side to side on the saddle; at this rate,
hought grimly, she would get home
ss—but she was off her feet.
ering a too large bike like this was
lt—but she had only to stay on and keep
ng and she would get home in time. It
ot work; it was grueling work; but she
get there. Nine, perhaps ten miles—it
othing. Lots of people had been hun-
than this, tireder than this, hotter than
and they had kept on. She would keep
. pedaling, pedaling . . . pedaling. The
was long and bumpy, but there were no
s along the route. She was safe from
vation, from pursuit. The road was hers.

The road was not quite hers. Some miles ahead plodded a gentleman called Pietro Faccini.

Signor Faccini was on his way to America. His brother, Giuseppe, had sent him the fare—all the way from New York to the village of Costanza, near Genoa; all Pietro had to do, said Giuseppe, was to take the boat from Genoa to New York; there he would be met and given a job, given a home, given money.

It had been an alluring prospect, and Pietro had given his notice at once to the restaurant proprietor at Costanza. But he had not gone to Genoa. He had seen Genoa many times; he would not merely go to Genoa and get on a boat and see nothing but ocean—he would join his brother by a longer, more interesting route. He would see other places on the way—France, Switzerland, England; from England, he would get a boat that would take him to New York, and by then he would have become a much-traveled man of the world, a cosmopolitan, a man able to discourse—and how well he discoursed it was not for him to say—upon the capitals of Europe.

The money, unfortunately, had run out. Before he could board a ship, it was necessary to have passage money; to earn this, he had taken a job with the Venetian Brush Company—and he was marching along the highway in order to save his train fare, and he was presenting himself at front doors and taking off his new English hat with a flourish, before discoursing on the subject of brushes.

It might be the new clothes he wore that gave him his confidence—he could not say. Not that they were new clothes; they were second or third hand. They were too big here, too small there—but they were all of a piece; there were the elegantly striped jacket and waistcoat and the striped trousers of the same pattern; his shoes were of canvas—not clean and not even whole, but a man could not have everything—and the trousers were fortunately long enough to hide them.

Glancing back over his shoulder, Pietro saw that behind him, in the distance, was a little girl on a machine that looked to be too big and that wobbled dangerously. Pietro moved himself cautiously to the extreme edge of the road; he had no wish to find his new suit brushed by dusty bicycle wheels.

Behind him, Julia came on. She had fallen off twice, and her clothes were torn and disheveled. Her hat was gone, her elbows were showing through her sleeves, her face was tear-stained and mud-streaked and there was a buzzing in her ears. She had very little idea where she was—but this was the road and somewhere along it was home. She would come to it in time . . . perhaps.

She saw a figure ahead, and then it became two figures, both dim, both hazy. She steered for a point midway between the two figures, and plunged on.

Something hit Pietro straight between the shoulders and sent him flying. His suitcase went one way, his hat another; Pietro himself went into the ditch, and on top of him came a large bicycle.

"Mother of God," he said in his own language, "am I a cow that I should be ——" He stopped. Wet, filthy, dripping mud, he stared over the side of the ditch into a pair of frightened, streaming eyes.

"Oh," gasped Julia, "oh—are you hurt?"

Pietro said nothing, for suddenly his heart was too full for speech. He could only gaze at her, this thin little girl with the red stringy hair and the dirty face and the torn clothes, this exhausted-looking, this dreary little miss who—herself scratched, bleeding—could yet look at him and, forgetting herself and her troubles, cry out in concern for him, Pietro Faccini—could ask if he was hurt.

He scrambled out and held a muddy hand to help her up. "Me? Hurt? How can a toss into a ditch hurt me, a so-big fellow?" he asked in magnificent astonishment. "All that is for me is a little mud, yes? And I say to myself, how lucky for me that I had my bad clothes—that will not be spoil. A hot sun to dry them, and then a brush—see, I have a whole boxful of brushes."

The suitcase had burst open, and a good proportion of Pietro's stock in trade lay in the ditch.

"Oh," said Julia, "you were selling brushes and I've spoiled them!"

"You? No, no, no!" protested Pietro. "And nothing is spoiled—nothing. Now let me look and see if you have hurt your arm."

"It's nothing," said Julia, surveying a number of scratches and bruises. "That was the last time I fell off."

"You fell off before?"

"Yes; twice. The bike's too big, and I shouldn't have ridden it when the tires were flat, and the road was bad and they came off

NEXT MONTH

He saw some of the light die down in her and was ashamed; watched her going off and was sad, conscious of being wrong, unable to say so. . . .

But what could Jerome say? If he loves a woman, body and soul, and yet cannot trust her, what can any man say? What was it about Lisa which drew other men, and women, to her as surely as Jerome had been drawn? Guilty and uneasy, he learned to be on the

LOOK OUT FOR TIGERS

A new story

By NELIA GARDNER WHITE

complete in the February JOURNAL.



• Flowers express man's hope for everlasting peace. Their delicate beauty and fragrance shut out doubt and darkness by symbolizing the love we hold for those we've lost.

And, because we love, we grieve. But, because we have faith, we look forward to immortality. To our soul's unspoken question on these solemn occasions, flowers whisper comfortingly, "Hope!"

Because . . . like life . . . flowers flourish and fade. But there is something in their vital beauty that cannot wholly perish.

When you can't be there with those who grieve, Flowers-By-Wire carry your sympathy across the miles.

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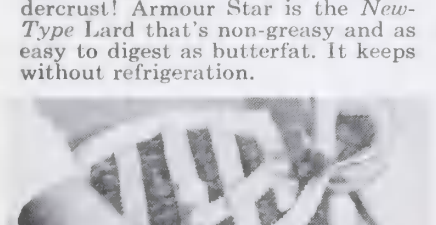
New-Type Lard Makes My

Winter Fruit Pie with a Flakier Crust



—says Marie Gifford, Armour's Home Economist and pastry authority.

Make the crust for this heartwarming Winter Fruit Pie with *New-Type* Armour Star Lard and I promise you flakier results—even a stay-crisp undercrust! Armour Star is the *New-Type* Lard that's non-greasy and as easy to digest as butterfat. It keeps without refrigeration.



How to weave lattice top.



How to make fluted edge.

Use my easy 5-Minute Recipe for flaky-tender 2-crust pie. It's on every carton or tin of Armour Star *New-Type* Lard. Line 9-inch pie tin with half the dough, allowing ½″ overhang. Add the Winter Fruit filling. Dot with butter and top with lattice crust. Bake in 425° F. oven 25 to 30 minutes.

To Make the Lattice Top, cut remaining dough into ½″ strips. Weave diagonally across filling. Press edges and overhang together. Crimp edges high to keep filling from bubbling over.

Winter Fruit Pie Filling. Drain and combine 2 cups cooked dried Apricots with one 9-oz. can (¾ cup) crushed Pineapple. Combine ¾ cup sugar and 1 Tbsp. flour and toss with fruit until coated.

FREE! NEW PIE BOOKLET:
32 new pie recipes and success hints. Write to:—Marie Gifford, Dept. 150, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago. An Armour Star Lard carton top will be appreciated.





The Modern New-Type Lard

Armour Star Lard

in the end and after that it—it wasn't very easy to ——"

Pietro, watching her throughout this speech, was appalled by what he saw. Questions rushed to his lips and he choked them back. Later; for the moment, it was enough to recognize that she—like himself—was being driven by necessity. She would not ride on a machine of that kind—so many miles—unless something compelled her. She was, perhaps, running away—but it was plain to see that she was almost at the end of her resources.

Pietro dragged the bicycle out of the ditch, handed it to Julia to steady and then stuffed brushes—clean, muddy or bent brushes—into his suitcase. He selected a clothes brush and, kneeling before Julia, dusted the worst of the dirt from her skirt. He borrowed her handkerchief and cleaned her cuts as best he could and then, ignoring his own lamentable state, flashed his beautiful white teeth at her in his enchanting smile.

"Now, my idea!" he said. "I am sick of carrying this box; if you will take him and sit on the bicycle, I will push you—and him."

"Oh—no! I'll walk," protested Julia. "You can't possibly ——"

"Oh, no, no, no, no! That will not do," said Pietro. "We have to push the bicycle and carry the box—yes? So we shall have two birds with one stick—one stone. Why shall we push this bicycle with no one upon it? I am too big, so you cannot push me; so you will sit up on it and I will push you. Now see how well we shall go."

Too tired to argue, grateful beyond words for the thought of progressing, even for a short distance, without having to use an effort, Julia, assisted by her new friend, sat perched sidesaddle, the suitcase balanced on the handle bars, while Pietro walked firmly behind her, pushing, guiding the bicycle. It was slow, but it was progress. It would take time, but they would get there.

"Are you going to Greenhurst?" she asked.

"Yes. Greenhurst. My what you call headquarters is there—my office. I go there to tell them the names of the ladies who wish to have brushes."

"Will you be able to get other ones for the ones that are spoiled?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course! If I ask, they will give me more," said Pietro, with a confidence he was far from feeling. But the future was the future; it had never worried him before and it would not worry him now. This little girl—this little miss—still she thought only of him and not of herself. It was extraordinary. She was well brought up, so much was plain; a scarecrow she may look now, but it was clear to see that she was of good family; he knew good family when he saw it—who should not, who had waited on them all his life?

Questions welled up in him, and went unvoiced. She was alone with him on this lonely road; she was too tired to care, but presently she would remember; if he asked questions about her—her name, her business—she would become alarmed. He must keep between them a distance—not physical, for that was impossible, with his shoulder against hers—but he would speak only of general matters. He would discourse.

Pietro discoursed—of Italy, of his native village, of his impending voyage to join his brother in New York.

But discoursing, under the circumstances, was killing work. As Pietro flagged, Julia revived, and so it came about that, mile by mile, he learned more and more of the reason for her being here on a too-large bicycle upon a too-long road. Listening, his heart rose within him, and he forgot his fatigue, forgot his ruined clothes and his ruined prospects, forgot the dusty road and the miles still before them. His body marched, but his spirit knelt—for this, he told himself, this was heroism. This thin child with the freckled face and the unkempt red hair—she was of the stuff that made heroes. Alone, she had set out to save her home. Alone, she was on her way to oppose fate; alone, she meant to battle, to stand up to this sister who so coldly, so heartlessly would throw away that most precious of all gifts—a home. This little creature—a one-woman crusade. Ah, it was magnificent! He, Pietro Faccini, would enroll himself on her side. He would say something to this sister. Only wait; her ears would burn. Before he went out of their lives, he would use his gift of discourse—he would place himself behind this brave, this incomparably courageous little miss, this Julia, this gallant little *signorina.*

There was only one other traveler in the carriage, but Miss Cornhill wished very much that the girl had not chosen this particular carriage to cry in. Crying in public was something so incredible, so inconceivable in a girl of such obviously good background—of what Miss Cornhill termed true breeding—that she came to the conclusion that she must have suffered a recent—a very recent—bereavement. Her not being in mourning was only another sign of the laxity of the times.

Miss Cornhill was an extremely neat person. She was neat in figure—even at forty-eight; she was neat in her person and neat in her habits. Her life had been a model of neatness. She had trained as a nurse—trim, starched, hygienic—and had then taken a post, first as junior, then as head matron in a famous school. She had retired at forty-five and now lived in a neat little boardinghouse in Bournemouth, and kept her tiny room a model of neatness. Life, she used to tell the children under her care, should be lived tidily, with quietness and self-control.

Roselle, observing the model of self-control sitting before her, wiped her eyes resolutely and looked out at the familiar scene. So near home—and the nearer she got to it, the more she dreaded what she would find when she reached it. Where could she, Roselle, find the money to run the house? Work was not enough; if they were to live there, they must eat; expenses must be incurred; bills must be paid. Perhaps Lucille was right, and living at Wood Mount was a dream that couldn't be realized. Perhaps they would never again live there—perhaps they would all have to go away and live forever with strangers.

Miss Cornhill, stealing a glance at her traveling companion, saw the tears start afresh, and noted other things: the girl was too thin. There was something about her, a look, which Miss Cornhill termed the London look—something out of a packet for breakfast, bolted down; a quick-lunch-counter meal in the middle of the day; no tea, and a boiled egg cooked on a gas ring for supper. She needed a sharp talking to—but Miss Cornhill was by no means disposed to administer it.

The time went by, and presently the train began to lose speed and she saw the girl get up and reach for her luggage. Miss Cornh rose quietly to help her down with the hea case, and as she did so saw that the girl's fa was deadly pale. A little uneasy, she let do the window and glanced at the tiny platfor coming into view.

"This doesn't look like a station," she o served.

"No, it isn't. Greenhurst station is a lit further on—this is Greenhurst Halt," e plained Roselle, "but it's nearer my home, a I can walk from here."

A little nearer—but there would still, s remembered with a sinking heart, be a go way to walk, and she felt . . . she felt ve giddy.

The train stopped; Miss Cornhill sat dow and watched Roselle alight. She was, she sa the only passenger to do so; the slight you figure had an oddly forlorn look on the d serted platform.

Then she saw Roselle sway, and her pr fessional instinct took her instantly out of t carriage and to Roselle's side. Her movemer were swift but unflustered; she knew qu well what she intended to do: she must le the girl to that bench over there and let h sit down and recover herself; there would n be time for more, for she would have to g back to her carriage.

But Miss Cornhill was unacquainted wi the train driver's notion of what a halt mea She reached the bench and made Roselle down; she did not wait for thanks, but turn to board the train once more—and saw th it was in motion. With it, she realized with feeling of hopelessness, went her luggage and her handbag. She was left here, pennile at a halt at which it was not likely that ma trains would stop.

The porter, appearing at length, confirm her fears: no train would stop here before t next morning. Miss Cornhill went over Roselle and sat on the bench beside her.

"Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, thank you. I'm terribly sorry—I thi I made you lose your train."

"Never mind," said Miss Cornhill wi composure. "I shall take the bus to Gree hurst and get another train there. The or thing is"—she hesitated and a spot of col appeared on her cheeks—"it will be necessa for me to borrow a little money from you. you will give me your address, I shall kn where to return the loan."

"Oh"—Roselle's wide blue eyes open wider with distress—"I—I have very lit money with me."



"I gave Maxwell a complete workshop for Christmas. So far he's used it to unscrew a stuck jar top."

am not asking for a large sum," Miss nhill said frostily. "A pound would be gh to get me home."

've only got two shillings and eightpence," Roselle, and produced a tiny purse and ed it in unhappy proof. "But if you ldn't mind coming home with me, my r would let you have the money."

oing to a stranger's house on such an nd was the last thing in the world she ed to do, but Miss Cornhill realized that e was no other course open to her.

Shall we go?" she said.

ey would not, Miss Cornhill saw with f, be carrying the heavy suitcase; this was e left with the porter for collection, the said, by the local carrier. With the small they set out along the little lane that led e main road.

My name is Cornhill—Miss Cornhill," she as they walked.

Mine is Roselle Wayne."

ow do you do? This is a nice part of the try, I think," said Miss Cornhill. "I once ed through ——"

e stopped. They had reached the end of ane; they were on the main road, which ched wide and empty to right and left of . No, not empty; a motor bike and sidecar d be seen in the distance.

ey walked on and suddenly, behind them, heard the horn of the motor bike sound, go on sounding. It was a dreadful noise—raucous; but there was an urgency about ignal that this girl appeared to recognize. Cornhill saw her turn, and pause, and ; and then suddenly she had given a cry, she was running—running toward the r bike with tears pouring down her face. rhaps, thought Miss Cornhill, hopefully, aps this young man would have a pound vo ——

cholas had stopped beside them; he had d Roselle's hands in his and was babbling ring of questions, and listening to an herent and tearful account of how she to be here. He looked at her with a t sense of shame at having felt, some-s, that she lacked spunk. Spunk? She was f it! Walked out on her job, thrown her y back in her boss' face, hopped a train come home to stand up to Lucille.

e acknowledged, somewhat absently, the duction to her companion. Cornhill; how u do. He listened to her short and concise mary of the situation.

And so," she ended, "if you will very ly advance me a pound or two, I shall go ght on to Greenhurst station."

cholas dived instinctively for his money, then stopped short and colored deeply. terribly sorry," he said. "I—you see, I ght this bike today, and it cleaned me out. ook—you just pop into that sidecar and Roselle, can sit behind me and ride n. We'll be home in a couple of seconds, we'll prize the dough out of Lucille."

iss Cornhill sat with as much dignity as ble in the little seat; Roselle perched her-behind Nicholas and clasped his waist. Cornhill, clutching her hat, glanced at lle, and saw her smiling lips and trans-ed face—and then the sidecar went a canter and her thoughts became fixed y upon the subject of self-preservation.

ominic's train did not stop at the halt; it drew up at Greenhurst Station, he got and, forgetful of the fact that Simon had ed the tickets, fished in his pocket at the er; finding nothing, he was about to ex-matters to his old friend the ticket ctor, when he heard his name called, and ed up to see Simon coming toward him. Were you all right?" asked Simon.

Yes. A lady gave me some tea. How did come?"

Mr. Debrett brought me in his car." n looked up, and Robert Debrett looked n at Dominic.

Well," he said, "and so here we all are. s go home, shall we?"

e was anxious to witness the end of the r. They had left without permission, and ed without warning; this sister, Lucille, going to get a nice little surprise, and he ld like to be there when she got it; he would not judge unseen, but he had what he thought must be a fairly accurate mental picture of her—old for her years, probably, good-looking, if these youngsters were anything to go by, but lacking in imagination or enterprise. Marrying and clearing out. It would be an unhappy ending.

It was nothing to do with him—but he was going to take the boys home and deliver them safely; having handed them over, he was going to wait until Simon had said his piece; he had said it more than once on the way here, fearlessly and sensibly; if he faltered when facing Lucille, he, Robert Debrett, would put in his oar, would speak a few plain words before taking his departure—or being shown the door. Her ears would burn.

They went toward the car, and Dominic looked from Robert Debrett's face to the huge poster outside the station—and back to Robert.

"Oh," he said slowly, "that's you, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Robert.

It was a pity to be recognized now, he thought, for Simon had been unaware of his identity, and oblivious of the stares of the other customers at the café in which they had had tea. But Dominic, to his relief, appeared to have transferred his interest to the car. The three of them got into the front seat, and Dominic, sitting between the other two, volunteered to act as guide.

"Straight on," he directed, "till I say turn."

It was not spectacularly beautiful country, Robert thought, but it was nice and open—and quiet; remote. The town was not pretty, but it was pleasant; his passengers pointed out the shops they knew so well, and he saw the house agent's where somebody called Jeff worked with his father: Jeff, who seemed, from the artless remarks dropped by Simon on the way here, to be a particular friend of another sister named Roselle.

"There's our gate," said Dominic suddenly.

There was no sign of a house; it must be in those woods over there, thought Robert. Ahead was a wide gateway, and he was preparing to turn into it when it struck him that there was now an astonishing amount of traffic. A bicycle had just reached the gateway; a motor bike and sidecar was approaching noisily from the other direction. The scene, hitherto one of calm and order, changed without warning into a series of calamities. Dominic stared at the girl sitting on the bicycle and reared himself up with a loud yell: "Julia!" The girl, hurling herself off the bicycle, rushed at the car, waving her arms wildly. Swerving to avoid her, Robert found the motor bike bearing down on him and, as he wrenched the wheel over, he saw the machine part and become two separate entities, the motor bike continuing to come straight on and the sidecar performing a crazy solo all over the road. It was impossible, he saw, for him to stay on the road and avoid running into either the motor bike, its errant sidecar or the bicycle which a man was attempting to drag out of the way. He headed for the ditch, swung the wheel and took the dip as gently as he could; the car lurched, heaved and then sank slowly onto its side.

"You two all right?" asked Robert.

They were both on top of him, but nobody was hurt. Nicholas could be seen looking down at them, struggling with the door; he opened it, and pulled them out one by one, facing Robert at last with an expression of almost ludicrous penitence.

"I'm sorry," he said. "The blasted thing came in two."

"It's all right." Robert turned to run an eye over his car. "It won't do it much harm. How's everybody else?"

EVERYBODY but Miss Cornhill had come off without a scratch, but she was lying on the grassy bank onto which the sidecar had climbed before overturning and spilling her out. She was on her back, her face to the sky and her expression one of puzzled resignation. As Nicholas ran to her and knelt beside her, she moved her eyes, but seemed unable to turn her head toward him. White-faced, he spoke to her falteringly.

"Are you . . . how d'you feel?" he inquired.

"I . . . perhaps it's my back," said Miss Cornhill. "I—I don't seem able to—to move."



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Nicholas looked at the circle of faces now looking down at Miss Cornhill, and his eyes met Robert's with an agonized question. Robert knelt beside him and passed a swift, exploring hand over her limbs.

"Try to sit up," he urged gently.

"I—I can't."

"Put a hand under her," Robert said, "and ease her up—slowly."

Nicholas slipped a hand gently under Miss Cornhill's back and encountered something hard. Groping, he found that it was the wind screen of the sidecar; tracing its outlines, he located half of it wedged firmly beneath Miss Cornhill's coat, the other half was caught in the thick hedge. Miss Cornhill's immobility was explained.

They got her up and Pietro dusted her down, using his finest brush. Nothing could be done to repair her torn coat or her split shoulder seams, and only time could remove the shame of feeling her hair hanging in wisps about her brow.

Nicholas led the company through the gateway and along the drive; Roselle walked beside him, Julia followed with Simon and Dominic, and the three new friends of the family formed the rear guard.

Miss Cornhill looked at the house with relief. She had not known quite what to expect; two of its members had been traveling with scarcely a penny to their name. But she could put away her misgivings; with its charming pillars, its graceful flight of steps, this house had something she recognized and saluted: trimness, neatness, grooming.

The door had opened and the newcomers had a momentary glimpse of Jeff beginning to take his leave of Lucille. Then Lucille's glance went past him and, putting him aside slowly, she came out onto the steps like a sleepwalker, her eyes staring down at the company assembled below. Her lips opened, but no sound came.

"Hello, Lucille—we're home," said Nicholas.

He went up the steps in two bounds, took her in his arms and kissed her lingeringly, and Robert Debrett, watching him, felt an unfamiliar sensation and examined it with some misgiving. For the first time in his spectacularly successful career, he was watching another man play a role he coveted.

The next few hours were busy ones for everybody. Fires had to be stoked to provide extra bath water; garments had to be shared out among those who needed them, food had to be prepared. There was no question of the visitors' going to other quarters; Miss Cornhill, though now able to borrow money, could not travel until her own clothes were repaired or others obtained for her. Pietro was fitted out in a suit belonging to Nicholas; Robert was still immaculate, but his car gave him the excuse he needed for staying, and he seized it firmly. He was in this thing—well in—and he was enjoying it. He would have to go soon—but not tonight.

In the meantime, they could all make themselves useful. Miss Cornhill would have liked to be upstairs seeing to the children's baths and clothes, but she felt that on this, their only night with Lucille, she should leave them together. She therefore turned her energies to providing supper, and found her way to the kitchen, to discover that Pietro was already there, peering distractedly into drawers and cupboards and assembling the results of his search on the kitchen table. He greeted Miss Cornhill with an exasperated wave of his arms.

"Here there is nothing," he said. "I tell myself that I shall make a good dinner for everybody, and where are the things to prepare? Look."

Miss Cornhill looked. On the table were three tins of baked beans, three tins of sardines, two loaves of bread, a packet of butter and a dozen eggs: Jeff's response to Lucille's request to him to lay in a few provisions for her use during her stay at Wood Mount.

"I plan a little thing—my little specialty," went on Pietro. "Terrine of duck—but where shall I get everything? I need so little, but it is not here. How I do it, I shall tell you: a duck—large, of course; the feet of a calf and some pork, and one or two things more—some red wine, some brandy, thyme, spice to mix, onions, garlic, shallots, some ——"

"You could put the beans on toast," suggested Miss Cornhill.

"Beans on —— But who will eat that?" Pietro shuddered.

"Or you could see," said Miss Cornhill, "if there were any potatoes in the garden and boil them and mash them up with the sardines—it makes them go a surprisingly long way. Or ——"

"Sardines . . . mashed with —— But no! How shall we eat that? You see me here," declared Pietro passionately, "ready to cook. For my little Miss Julia, a *gâteau*—yes! Gâteau Pêche d'Artagnan. With some ice and some ——"

"If you will try to be practical, Mr.—er ——"

"Pietro, Pietro, Pietro. But I must cook!" he declared. "And see, mees, how little is there to take for my use! Where is the store place here? Where is the ——"

"We weren't expected, and there's nothing to eat."

"But this—ah, yes!" Pietro's smile broke out like sunshine. "This young man, this Jeff—he will have to get food," he said. "I will find him."

Jeff was found and dispatched into Greenhurst; the shops would be closed, but he must beg or borrow, declared Pietro. Just some little things: a duck or some chickens; ham, pork, veal, wine, brandy, peaches; some tender young peas—very young, very tender; fresh shrimps or prawns for a little cocktail, perhaps—but above all, the peaches, ripe, luscious; for Mees Julia, nothing could be too good.

Jeff returned with more sardines and more beans; Nicholas had dug potatoes from the garden; Mrs. Milward sent butter and bacon and more eggs. Pietro set to work with spirits only momentarily dashed, and planned to raise the standard of living as soon as he could get a word with Lucille. Robert, whose object was, for the moment, to avoid Lucille, appointed himself Pietro's assistant, with the idea of keeping out of her way.

Lucille was upstairs with the children. She felt too dazed to think clearly about anything. She had spent the afternoon completing, with Jeff, the formalities necessary to the sale of the house; throughout their interview, he had shown clearly that he considered she was acting unwisely, but the criticism was wordless and she had ignored it. She was not doing this, she told herself hardily, because she wanted to, but because she believed it to be for the best—for all of them.

This unlooked-for development, this shattering, unexpected response to her letter, brought back all her doubts and uncertainties—but nothing could come of it, she decided, except a disagreeable interlude of argument and protest. None of them would have any feasible proposition to put forward; they wanted to keep the house, but they could not provide the money with which to do it. She dreaded the morning, when Nicholas would—she could see—present the case.

In the meantime, there was supper, and as she looked round the table she came to the conclusion that she was dreaming; they were not really here; it was something she had built up in her mind, the result of worrying too much over the house. But they looked real enough: Miss Cornhill, dignified in spite of torn seams; Robert Debrett, calm and—she couldn't help thinking—completely at home; Pietro, dancing into and out of the dining room bearing dishes which—from his reverent handling of them—might have contained caviar, but which turned out to be full of baked beans.

The telephone shrilled as they went into the hall, and Lucille went over to answer it. Some instinct drew Simon to her side; the others waited where they stood, frankly listening. Lucille, looking them over, saw that there was a quite unmistakable eve-of-battle look about them.

"Greenhurst two-four," said Lucille. "Yes. . . . Yes, Aunt Mary. . . . Yes, they are." A faint flush crept into her cheeks. "I was going to ring you up as soon as —— Yes, they —— I beg your pardon?" The flush deepened; the tone, from one of warmth and reassurance, had grown formal and chill. "Yes, certainly; you must do as you please. . . . Good-by."

She put down the receiver, her brows drawn in anger. There was a short silence, and then Simon was heard clearing his throat nervously. Dominic came over to join him, and Lucille looked down at them; it became clear that her anger was not directed against them.

Simon looked up at her. "I suppose that was Aunt Mary?"

"It was," said Lucille.

"Did she sound . . . cross?"

"Not at all," said Lucille calmly. "She sounded relieved."

"What for, relieved?" asked Dominic, puzzled.

"Because you're not going to live with her any more," said Lucille in the same even tone.

"You mean we can't go *back* there?" shrilled Dominic.

"Can we, Lucille?" asked Simon.

"You cannot."

"Oh." An expression of deep relief came into Simon's face. "Oh—*jolly* good."

"Oh, jolly hopping good," chanted Dominic. "I'm glad, and Simon is too—aren't you, Simon?"

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on, glancing at Lucille's face, decided
his was not the moment in which to
s his satisfaction. He moved close to
e and she took his hand and squeezed
tionately. Lucille's eyes rested on them,
e addressed Roselle.
hat happened to your job?" she asked.
ell, I wanted to give notice in any case,"
oselle. "I—I gave a week's notice in
salary."
ce versa," prompted Jeff in an under-

t I don't understand," said Lucille,
you ——"
paused. The telephone bell had shrilled
This time she looked at Nicholas.
hink you'd better," she said.
holas lifted the receiver. "Yes? . . .
ng. . . . Yes, sister, she's here. . . . Yes,
But I can assure you that —— Yes,
. . . Yes, sister." He replaced the re-
his face expressionless.
crept to his side. "Wasn't that ——"
pped.
s, sister," said Nicholas.
. I mean, was she ——"
s, sister. You're expelled."
ok time to penetrate.
—what am I?"
u're expelled," repeated Nicholas.
e sacked. You've got the boot; the
the air; the brush-off. Briefly, you're
d."
four walls were insufficient to contain
emotions. The others were at the front
n their way out to the greater freedom
garden; with a wild shriek, she rushed
the procession, and walked out—on
nds. The door closed on a vision of
able bloomers.
lle, without speaking, walked into the
g room, and after a moment Robert
o the door and glanced at her expres-
sly.
ll," he said, "you seem to have run
me complications, don't you?"

ey are nice, no?" confided Pietro to
later, as they washed the dishes to-

y nice."
d they are all so beautiful, no? All
Miss Julia, I think—but she will grow
t in some years."
doubt."
ke this family already. I feel one with
here," said Pietro, the handle of a
n spoon indicating his heart. "I am
for my brothers and sisters all the time.
g family, how good it is, no?"
are say," said Robert.

lle was upstairs gathering more news
s she put the children to bed.
, Simon, didn't you say *anything* to

ft a letter for Aunt Mary. I said we
ere, and not to worry about us. I left
e kitchen and I put a milk bottle on it
wouldn't blow away."
—you could have *written* to me!" Lu-
id.

we couldn't. We wanted to see you,
nd so we came. But Dominic got car-
way, and I couldn't see him"—Simon
to stare at the horrid memory—"and
r. Debrett brought me here in his car."
you know who he was?"
. He was awfully nice, Lucille. He gave
and two ices." There was a pause and
Lucille ——"
the morning, Simon," she said hastily,
new note in his voice. Tomorrow they
argue it out—not tonight.

. But, Julia ——"
now you think I came because of my
Lucille, but I didn't—not really. It was
ohn."
ng John?"
new Simon wouldn't say anything, and
on feeling bad about him. You said
—you told us all it would only be a
——"
aid we'd try it for a year, Julia. You
lways do what you want to do in this
You have to ——"

"Even if we could understand, Long John wouldn't. Dogs don't forget. And then there was the tree house—how could anybody move a tree house?"

"We'll talk about it in the morning, Julia. Not now."

It was hardest of all to understand Roselle.

"You mean—you can't mean that you *never* liked it? You were so madly keen to go, Roselle—you wanted to live there and to work there."

"How can you know, until you go away, what it'll be like without a home? I didn't like to worry you because I knew you were just as worried about it all as I was—I knew that if you could have us all home again, you would. I didn't know you'd meet someone and ——"

"He knows all about you all and he's longing to meet you. My home will be your home too."

No answer. And no spark of enthusiasm, Lucille noted. This was all going to be more than she could cope with. A dull feeling of depression settled on her.

We do not feel that there is anything "foreign" about the words chipmunk, hominy, moose, raccoon, skunk, all of which we have borrowed from the American Indian. We are not conscious that the words brandy, cruller, golf, duck (light canvas), isinglass, measles, selvage, wagon, uproar are from Dutch. And so with many other words in daily use. From Italian came balcony, canto, duet, granite, opera, piano, umbrella, volcano; from Spanish, alligator, cargo, contraband, cork, hammock, mosquito, sherry, stampede, tornado, vanilla; from Greek, directly or indirectly, came acme, acrobat, anthology, barometer, catarrh, catastrophe, chronology, elastic, magic, tactics, tantalize, and a host of others; from Russian, steppe, droshky, ruble; from Persian, caravan, dervish, divan, khaki, mogul, shawl, sherbet, and ultimately from Persian, jessamine, paradise, check, chess, lemon, lilac, turban, borax, and possibly spinach.

—ALBERT C. BAUGH:
A History of the English Language
New York, Copyright 1935
(Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.)

Her thanks to Miss Cornhill were cut politely, but firmly, short. Miss Cornhill was, in fact, far too busy to listen; there was work to be done and she was secretly amazed at the pleasure she was finding in doing it. Something within her that had been struggling for release had now welled up, and she knew that her two years of retirement had been rather dull ones. She was back to work—familiar work, congenial work; she was extraordinarily happy.

Lucille left her and went to seek out Pietro. Her speech of thanks to him was interrupted while he gave her a picturesque but distressingly detailed description of the state in which he had found Julia. Lucille listened and looked at his expressive hands, his large, flashing eyes and his thick black curls, and wondered once more whether she was dreaming.

Robert Debrett, after their brief encounter in the drawing room, was proving difficult to get hold of; if there were any reason for avoiding her, Lucille would have thought that he was doing so.

She found him at last in the kitchen, putting away the dishes; there was no sign of Pietro. This time her thanks were neither cut short nor snatched from her and returned with flowers; Robert merely listened attentively until she came to a faltering end.

"You mustn't thank me," he said at last. "I enjoyed it very much."

She looked at him; he was acting, she knew, but why would he act now—unless it was from force of habit?

"You can't have enjoyed having your car wrecked," she said with a flash of irritation.

He gave her what, with rising anger, she felt the film director would call a hooded glance.

"Your brothers," he told her quietly, "are charming. And very plucky."

His manner seemed to indicate that they were plucky to come home and face her. A sense of injustice rose in her and he saw for the first time what Mr. Milward had so often seen and deplored—the too-swift rise of her temper.

"They ran away," she said. "What's plucky about that?"

"Your letter was a challenge. They rose to it—beautifully."

"I think you've rushed to one or two unfortunate conclusions, Mr. Debrett," she said. "This thing has many sides and you've only seen one of them."

He turned to study her—a long, speculative look—and she felt her anger increasing. He saw her—of course he would, after spending those hours with Simon and Dominic—as the hard, selfish eldest sister throwing the home to the dogs and going off to find happiness for herself.

A longing to push his head under the cold tap before which they were standing filled her, and showed clearly on her face. Robert watched her, and smiled happily to himself. This was going to be livelier than he had anticipated.

She opened her mouth to speak, and he waited with keen interest—but the door had opened, and Miss Cornhill had come into the room.

"I wonder," she asked Lucille, "if you could tell me whether there are any hot-water bottles in the house? I think the children would go to sleep more quickly tonight, after all this excitement, if they had one each. If you could ——" She stopped abruptly, her face paling. "W-what—what is that noise?" she asked.

"It's all right," said Lucille. "That's only my brother Nicholas giving off a trumpet solo."

"Ah," said Miss Cornhill.

"Virtuoso," commented Robert. "He's quite a —— My word, what's that?"

They listened.

"I think," said Lucille slowly at last, "that it must be Pietro . . . singing."

"Suffering tomcats," murmured Robert; whether as an ejaculation or a comparison was not clear. "I'll go up and choke him."

"Hello," said Nicholas as he went in. "Too much row here?"

"Yes. I thought Pietro was with you," Robert said.

"He was—until he joined in. Now he's in the garden looking for—I think—rare herbs. I did tell you I was sorry about your car, didn't I?"

"Yes—several times. Between you and me, nothing could have turned out more fortuitously."

"Nice word; what's it mean?"

"It means that I'm glad I'm here."

"You won't be in the morning. There's going to be a large-scale attack against Lucille; and you can see, now that you've met her, that we'll only be five to one—which isn't enough. You taking sides?"

"Yes."

Nicholas whistled. "No—really? Hers or ours?"

"Mine and mine only. Your sister and I had a brief interview a moment ago, and I came out of it with less than full marks. The look on her face as I left her said clearly, 'This man must go'—and this man is bent on staying."

"Well, for myself, I'd be glad to have you around when the storm breaks," said Nicholas frankly. "You're a sensible age and you've got a sensible look and the two boys like you. You could stand behind me and prop me up every time I look like sagging."

There was silence; as it lengthened, some of the brightness went out of Nicholas' face.

"What's the matter?" he asked at last. "Don't you feel we've got a case?"

Robert propped a pillow behind his back, and made himself comfortable before answering.

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"You've got a good case," he said thoughtfully, "but as I see it, you're going into court a bit unprepared. All the emotional—the sentimental—factors are in your favor, but your sister is basing her arguments on solid facts. I hate to seem to butt in on your ——"

"Skip it. You're right—I'm only *feeling* this thing instead of thinking it."

"Yes. As I understand it, you can't keep the house because you haven't the money to run it."

"At the moment we haven't; agreed. But blast it, I've only just come out of the army! I didn't buy the bike for pleasure—there was a strictly practical idea behind it: I had an idea that if I could get a job in Greenhurst, I could tool myself to and fro every day—there's no bus service. If I get a job, if Roselle runs the house, that's something, isn't it? It's a start. Not that I'll earn much at first, but all we need, for the moment, is money enough to meet the food bills and the rate bills. You don't just chuck a home away because you're short of money. You look at your potentials, don't you? You list your assets; you see where you can rake in dough. Isn't that right?"

"Your sister's going to be married, and ——"

"Well, let her. Let her go to this Digby character and marry him and raise little Digbys; nobody's stopping her. All we're asking is for time, that's all; time to organize. She's worked so fast that there were people coming to look at the house tomorrow—think of it, tomorrow! She can't *do* that! She ——"

"Pietro's coming back," said Robert, sitting upright and glancing out the window. "Look, Nicholas, don't worry too much—we'll work out something. If there's a fight—which I hope there won't be—I'll come in on your side."

"Thanks. The real fighter," said Nicholas moodily, picking up his trumpet once more, "is young Julia. If Julia were older, she could handle Lucille. I could handle Lucille—if she were a man instead of a girl."

Robert said nothing. He could, he thought, handle Lucille—in spite of being a man.

Lucille slept little that night, but before she slept she had come to a decision: she would telephone to Jeff in the morning, and ask him to come out and drive her in to see his father sometime during the morning.

Nicholas sought her out after breakfast and found her in the bathroom, washing the garments Julia had come home in. He came in, kicked the door shut, sat on the edge of the bathtub and began without preamble:

"Well, what about it, Lu?"

"If you mean the house," she said, without pausing in her work, "I'll talk about it later. Jeff's calling for me soon and taking me in to see Uncle Bill."

"This is nothing to do with Jeff or Uncle Bill," pointed out Nicholas. "This is purely our affair. Look, I've got a proposition: let me take over the house."

She turned from the basin, dripping hands idle, to stare at him.

"It's very simple. You're getting married—incidentally, congratulations, and I hope you'll be very happy, and I think he's a lucky guy if he doesn't knuckle under. He's been very kind and said we can look in on you at any time, but we want to be here, in our own home, Lu, and not in yours. I propose that you go ahead with your life—which is right and proper—and let me take on this house and the kids."

"And support them on what?"

"I can get a job in Greenhurst."

"A third-rate, run-of-the-mill, small-man job in a ——"

"Small town; yes, that's why I want to start there. We're known here in Greenhurst, Lu. In any other place, I'd be just another ex-army guy looking for a job; here in Greenhurst I'm Mr. Wayne of Wood Mount. It may look unenterprising—I used to think it was, but now I don't any more. If I didn't get in anywhere else, Uncle Bill would find a place for me in his office—but I will find something. Now Roselle: I know it's only a reaction after London, but she's burning to cook and wash and work in the house, and so I want her to run the house for us—and a couple of paying guests."

"You think Roselle can tackle a ——"

"Half a mo—I haven't done yet. Schools: Julia's no problem—she can go as a day girl to Greenhurst. It isn't a ladies' seminary, exactly, but she'll enjoy tooling back and forth on a bicycle—and coming home every day. The boys are more difficult, but I thought I'd see my old headmaster. I'll crawl in on my knees and spill the whole story, and see if he can't let 'em in on the, as it were, installment plan—I pay so much now and more as and when I can afford it. If you help me a bit there, it would be useful, but I don't know how this Digby fellow of yours is placed financially. He's supporting his mother, isn't he?"

Lucille hesitated. "No—not exactly. He lives with her—I mean, they're in the house they lived in before his father died; they've just gone on living in it."

VACANCY

By MARY WRIGHT LAMB

Untenanted, my heart, for now
a day,
I have attained some measure
of delight
in solitude; 'tis orderly and
bright,
and has its compensations. I
must say
that former lodger had a
thoughtless way!
He danced and sang and burned
a brilliant light
till dawn; I truly didn't get a
night
of restful sleep throughout his
stay!

He's gone. And I can't say I'm
one to care!
Him and his never knocking at
the door!
He always left his laughter
lying where
it chanced to fall! I'm glad I'll
see no more
of him and his fancy friends,
Delight, Despair!
Him and his puddles of sunlight
on the floor!

"But he has to fork out a bit toward her upkeep, I suppose?"

"No. She's got money of her own."

"Well, that helps; I mean, it might leave you with a bit, and if you sent it along—when you could afford it—we wouldn't proudly spurn it. So there you are. I know you don't think I'm up to carrying the weight, but I'm certain I am, and I'm certain it'll work out. Now you can talk."

Lucille did not seem disposed to talk; she was rubbing the clothes once more, but the energy had gone out of her movements. Nicholas watched her, and a new sense of her beauty rose in him and filled him with an indefinable regret. He had looked at her all his life and he had known that he had a pretty sister—but he had accepted the fact with all the other facts concerning his family. It was only lately that he had come to understand that his mother's illness had been a drain on their resources—and upon Lucille's youth; it was only now that he seemed to see the strength and the courage with which she had lived through all those difficult years. He looked at the glory of her hair, the creamy smoothness of her arms. He wondered, for the first time, whether Digby Russell deserved her and her beauty. A stranger—a total stranger; she was leaving them and going to him.

"If you don't mind," said Lucille slowly, "I'll leave it till I've seen Uncle Bill."

"He'll be on my side."

"Why this talk of sides?" Lucille's voice rose. "This isn't a war—this is a family problem, that's all. And I'm beginning to resent the way I'm represented as the all-time, heavy-footed, bullying head of a bunch of cowering orphans. It's a false picture and you know it."

"I don't know it—yet. Your letter wasn't a proposition, you know; it was a plain statement of fact: we're selling."

"Not from choice—you knew that quite well."

"Not after discussion—I knew that quite well too. I don't altogether blame you; two years ago, I wasn't much use to you—and neither was Roselle. But you shouldn't have assumed that we wouldn't want a say in things now."

"Roselle couldn't get out of this house fast enough—a year ago. If I'd suggested selling it then, she wouldn't have had a word to say against the suggestion. Who's to say that in another year she won't have changed her mind again?"

"A year from now," said Nicholas, "she'll be married to Jeff."

She looked at him scornfully. "No, she won't. She had her chance and she didn't take it. For the past four months, Jeff's been going about with the Arkwright girl. Miriam Arkwright. His mother told me."

"Well, I'm sorry for Miriam, that's all—she's got a big disappointment coming. It's interesting to come back, Lu, and find that you can be as dim as other girls; I've got so used to looking up to you as the great know-how. Roselle has learned a lot in the past year. My bet is that after a decent interval to soothe his pride—and to give Roselle a fright—Jeff will come at her again, and then we'll sling the boarders out and he and she can marry and settle down here; the house will divide quite well and they can have their own bed-and-bath-and-sit. So take what I've said seriously—and leave me the house and get married and be happy and don't worry about us. You've done your whack for this family. I thought a lot when I was away—and I realized that the years mother was ill were bad ones for you. You don't have to go on carrying us all; we've all got our leg muscles now. . . . What's this Digby chap like?"

"He's ——" Lucille frowned. It was difficult not to remember that on her first meeting with him, she had been singularly unimpressed. But she had to remember that it had been at a tea party and he had come with his mother and handed round toasted scones—a situation in which few men looked their strongest. "He's tall—wears glasses, but they suit him; he's got a long, rather clever face—in fact, he's a very clever man. He's kind and—and patient."

"If his mother's got money, why this arrangement of her living with you when you're married?"

"Well, it seemed pointless for her to move out just because Digby was marrying me. There the house was, and there was all their furniture, and it's one of those large, rather solid, ugly, old-fashioned houses that wouldn't fetch much if they sold it—and so it seemed more sensible for us all to go on living there. There's lots of room—for her and for you all."

Nicholas thought the picture remarkably unattractive. He rose and opened the door.

"I'll go into town and see Uncle Bill myself," he said. "And do a bit of scouting round."

"One moment." Lucille closed the door cautiously. "When are all these strays leaving?"

"What—Corny and the chef and Robert? What's the hurry?" Nicholas asked. "We owe them something."

"They can't settle down here forever. If you don't want that suit you lent Pietro, you could donate it to him, couldn't you, and let him go on his way?"

"Then you would have to do the cooking—or Roselle would. Why not leave well alone? He's happy in the kitchen, and Corny's going round the house in a fever, tidying as she goes."

"Well, Robert Debrett isn't cooking an isn't tidying; you can get rid of him."

"Ah." Nicholas looked at her frow brows. "Has he said something?"

"He hasn't said anything; I imagin thinks he doesn't have to: just being ar is enough to enchant people—he thinks."

"Oh, look, Lu, you've got him all wr He's all right."

"He's staying here solely in order t what we're going to do—and I won't ha It's nothing whatsoever to do with him."

"It was my fault that he had to ditch car."

"It isn't in the ditch now, and it isn't hu I went out and looked. Besides, he e fabulous sums—if he wants to hang aro he can go into Greenhurst and get a roo the George."

"But I like him."

"And I don't."

"All right, then—you tell him to go."

She made no reply, and after a glanc her angry face Nicholas went out and, ning in the safety of the landing, ran d stairs and met Robert in the hall. Taking by the arm, he led him out into the garde

"When do you want to go off?" he inqu in a low voice.

Robert looked at him. "I don't want he said. "Not yet, anyhow. But if I'm in way ——"

"We're all for keeping you as long as can stay. All but one of us, that is."

"Ah," said Robert. "I'd already gath that."

"I know. You said so, and you were r Some people make it so plain, don't t You know how you stand with them, a events. But my advice is to treat a cer person with consummate tact. If you d give people the opportunity, then they c so to speak, serve notice on you, if follow me."

"If she really feels I'm ——"

Nicholas looked pained. "If you're goin take that gentlemanly attitude, then I'm w ing my time. I didn't tell her so just now, I have an idea we're stuck with Pietro per nently. He likes us, and keeps saying so. Cornhill will depart in due course—but w she's here, you hang on. We like having round."

"Thank you."

"Would you do me a little favor?"

"Yes."

Nicholas grinned appreciatively at promptness of the reply. "Well, when turns up this morning to take Lucille town," he said, "could you pretend yo got an urgent date with the fellows wh doing your car?"

"Yes. But why?"

"It's only a two-seater, and you could c to drive Lucille in and bring the car b for Jeff."

"But that leaves Jeff marooned out he

"Quite right. But you'll find he won't w his time. Or I hope he won't."

There was a pause while Robert exami all the aspects of this plan. The more looked into it, the more highly did he Nicholas' intelligence.

An hour later, he was seated in Jeff's with Lucille beside him, driving toward Gre hurst.

They said little at first. Lucille leaned ba glad to be for a little while out of the hou she was feeling tired and confused. This t yesterday, she had arrived in Greenhurst w a cut-and-dried plan; today, she was leavin house into which all her brothers and sist had flocked, bringing strangers with them and she was driving into town with Rob Debrett, the screen's most-sought-after bac lor, feeling nothing but irritation at the c tainty that he meant to stay and see the af out to the end. Well, he wouldn't have t satisfaction.

"Worried?" inquired Robert presently.

"In a way," she admitted.

"You're lucky to have a nice family l this. I was an only child, and I missed a of fun."

"You have quite a lot of fun now, judg from the newspapers."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

Her tone was cool, and he found the coolness bracing. This was, he knew, no deliberate withdrawal to make him believe, as some women tried to make him believe, that the glamour of his person and position was having no effect. This girl really wanted him out of the way; she suspected his motives and refused to have him, a stranger, prying into her private affairs. She was right and he was acting reprehensibly in not removing himself at once—but he realized that he wanted, more and more, to stay. There was barely enough excuse for staying, but it was enough: Simon and Dominic liked him, he had brought them home, and in doing so had been deprived of the use of his car. He was ashamed of his lack of delicacy in staying on, and astonished at the dismay with which he regarded his eventual going.

He examined the dismay, and put it down to an instinctive attraction toward the family life that he had missed. This was a real family; a large, a charming family—an interesting family. He wanted to stay with them—just for a little while. He was enjoying himself; he was strangely happy. They all wanted him to stay; all but this girl seated beside him—this lovely redhead. There were a lot of redheads nowadays, but not many natural ones. This girl's beauty would have taken her a long way in his profession; she certainly had the looks . . . and she certainly had the temperament.

Lucille got out at Mr. Milward's office, and Robert drove away to the garage. She stood and looked after him thoughtfully, and then turned and went into the dim little entrance.

Mr. Milward settled her in a chair by the window and heard her out without interruption. His advice was unexpected.

"You must send for your fiancé," he said simply.

Lucille stared at him. "What for?" she inquired.

The question seemed to him an extraordinary one from a woman who was about to take a man as a life partner. A great many answers came to his mind: for help, for counsel, for guidance—even for comfort. He looked at Lucille mildly.

"This concerns him as well as yourself, Lucille. Your decision will be your own, but your fiancé has the right to know what is going on."

"Uncle Bill, is Nicholas' plan ——"

"It has a great deal to recommend it," Mr. Milward told her.

"But it sounds . . . crazy! How can I just walk out and leave him and Roselle to—to run the place? All he's got in the world is a few pounds, a motor bike and a trumpet. And Roselle's sweet, but what help will she be?"

He put on his glasses and looked at her in silence for some moments.

"You must learn," he said quietly at last, "that you're not in charge of them any more, Lucille. You —— One moment!" He held up a long white hand and waited for silence. "You have been splendid all these years; splendid. But things have changed now; Nicholas is a man and you can—you must—pass the burden over to him. You don't have to worry, any more, about whether things will work out or not; their success or their failure will depend on Nicholas' strength—or weakness. You must not deprive him of the right to test himself."

"But—but he hasn't the faintest idea of what running a house entails! He ——"

"He'll learn."

"And money—where will ——"

"He will get a good job here in Greenhurst, and he's extremely sensible to realize it. In fact, I think his whole scheme is full of sound sense. He is known here, and liked—and trusted. This is a progressive little town, and he will do better here—for the present, at any rate—than in a place in which he is unknown. You mustn't feel that you're leaving them all entirely without friends, you know. You can go away and live a happy life with your husband; everything will be well here."

Lucille was staring at him, and he saw that there was a strange look on her face. If it had been anybody but Lucille, he would have said that she looked forlorn. Then, to his astonishment, he saw tears spring to her eyes and roll down her cheeks.

"My dear," he said gently, "you're not to worry about them."

"I'm not w-worrying," sobbed Lucille. "I-I'm just thinking."

"Of the future?"

"N-no." It was a desolate sound. "But everybody—all of you, all you say is 'Go.' Nicholas told me to g-get out—oh, not in so many w-words, but that's what it amounted to. And now you've just said the same thing. Go away. Go and get married. Go away and leave Wood Mount and all of them in it—leave your home, leave your family, and go on down to C-Cornwall and stay there. I kept the home together—you know I did. You just said so. And now you say that all I've got to do is—is walk out and leave it and ——"

He got up and walked in his slow, measured way across the room. Standing by her chair, he put his hand on the hair he loved so much and stroked it tenderly.

"Lucille, you're going to a home of your own. Soon you'll have your own children, your own family."

It sounded weak; it was weak, thought Mr. Milward. She wasn't going to a home of her own; she was merely joining her husband and his mother. He wondered, with a recurrence of misgiving, what sort of man this Digby Russell was—he must find out.

He waited outside while Lucille put the call through; when she joined him, he thought she was looking better.

"He's coming," she said.

Mr. Milward gave a small, inward sigh of relief. "Good," he murmured, and walked to the door with her. "By the way, where's Jeff?"

"He stayed at the house," she told him. "Mr. Debrett drove me in—he had to come to see about his car. I hope he finds they've got it ready for him."

"You mustn't let him escape without your Aunt Maggie getting a glimpse of him, you know; she's very much excited. She surprised me very much; I didn't think she knew so much about these famous personalities. I suppose he'd be too grand to come and have a little dinner with us before he goes?"

"Why too grand? Who are these film stars, anyway?"

"Well, busy people," pointed out Mr. Milward mildly. "If you can persuade him to look in, it would give your aunt pleasure. I must say that, for myself, I'm a little out of touch—but Jeff says he's a fine-looking fellow."

"He's got a straight nose and a good opinion of himself—and here he comes."

The car stopped and Robert got out. It took him, Lucille noted, exactly twelve seconds to find out that golf was the passion of the old man's life. She stood by while they discussed clubs and scores and tees; she saw Mr. Milward standing on the pavement in the sunshine, looking up at the tall, handsome actor with his mild blue eyes glistening with pleasure.

"I was just saying to Lucille that if you could find time before leaving us . . . my wife . . . a little dinner . . . very quiet ——"

Nothing would delight Robert more. Tomorrow; if his car was not ready—and it didn't look like being ready—Jeff would go and fetch the four of them in the big car: Robert and Lucille, Nicholas and Roselle.

They drove away; Lucille had no comment to make. She had seen steady, solemn, slow old Uncle Bill charmed as a snake was charmed. Potent, that was the word. It was like a tablet: if you swallowed it, it worked almost instantaneously. Well, Nicholas could do almost the same damage without any star backing. Some people did it for nothing, and some people commercialized it and netted a packet—that was all.

"How long will the car be?" she inquired, and hoped it sounded merely a polite inquiry.

"They couldn't tell me. No serious damage."

"Good. Doesn't your—your studio get agitated when you vanish like this?"

"They might if I were in the middle of a film. At the moment I'm in the middle of a holiday."

There was silence, but she felt that she had made her point. When they reached the house, she drove it home ruthlessly.

"Thank you for taking me in," she said. "I always feel better when I've talked to Uncle Bill. He made me telephone my fiancé."

"Oh yes?" Robert got out and opened the door for her.

"Perhaps I ought to have thought of it last night—but I was too bewildered. He's coming here."

"Really? When does he arrive?"

"He should be here," said Lucille, "at any moment."

Dominic left the breakfast table and went straight out of the house, across the lawn, through the paddock and so to the home of his spirit.

When he came down, he found Jeff coming out onto the lawn, and with a frown of anger made his report.

"Somebody went up my tree house," he informed him.

Jeff looked down at his accusing countenance and arranged his features in the proper expression of concern.

"Well, now," he said, "you can rule me out; I haven't had time to go climbing up trees. And my father's too old to get up there."

"Then who?"

Picking the right wife is a major step on the road to political success. As a group, congressmen's wives are the most remarkable helpmates I have encountered. They average higher, judged by the occupation of their husbands, than any other group. Frequently it is the wife the voters are electing, and they know it. Perhaps this explains why so many wives succeed their husbands. Senator Margaret Chase Smith is a late example of a wife who not only succeeded her husband but was then promoted. —WILLIAM BENTON
Former senator from Connecticut

"Not the tenants. They were rather big, both of them; if they'd tried to get up, the tree would've come down." Jeff pursed his lips and pondered. "Now you come to mention it, though, I do remember seeing a boy who ——"

"I *knew* all the time!" Dominic gritted his teeth. "I bet it was that stinking Derek Arkwright. I bet it was. I told him if he ever went up there, I'd kick him. It was him, wasn't it?"

"He was too far away for me to be sure," said Jeff, playing for safety. "It might have been any boy."

"It was him, I bet. I'll go and kick him."

"Oh, but wait now! Suppose it wasn't Derek Arkwright?"

Dominic was already setting off. His lips were set firmly, and it was clear that he was going to kick Derek Arkwright as soon as he could get near enough. There was a slim chance that he hadn't been up the tree, but a good kick would ensure that he didn't go up it in future.

Jeff looked after him with some apprehension, and turned to find Simon beside him, looking extremely anxious.

"Hello," said Simon. "Have you seen Dominic anywhere?"

"Dominic? Yes—I think he's gone off to look for Derek Arkwright."

Simon's desire to keep his young brother out of trouble remained uppermost in his mind.

"I'll go and find him," he said.

But search as he might, he saw no sign of Dominic. He turned back at last, and for the first part of the return journey he kept to the paths by which he had come. At the first crossroad, however, he hesitated; his footsteps slowed, dragged and finally stopped altogether, and his eyes went to a distant point and remained fixed there.

It could do no harm to skirt Mr. Hewett's land. Even if he just caught a glimpse in the distance—the tip of a tail, the wind lifting a shaggy coat—it would be enough. That was all he wanted, just now. It was all very well for Julia to talk as though she had got her books back forever; she could believe, if she wanted to, that nothing would ever separate her from her things again. Dominic could do the repairs in his tree house and talk as if he would never again be away from it for so long as a year; he was young and he couldn't really understand. Julia was young too; Julia had said that if you thought about things as you wanted them to be, they often turned out that way. Perhaps she was right—but it was too much to risk. One parting was enough. He couldn't—he wouldn't go through that again. Never. Never, never. Long John was fairly settled—it wasn't fair to see him again and to make him believe it was for good, if it wasn't going to be for good. Dogs had just as many feelings as humans, and Long John must have suffered just as much as he had when they had to leave each other. It wouldn't be fair to let him know that they had all come back.

If he did know, would he remember? Could a dog forget in a year? He wasn't very old—he wasn't three yet. Did young dogs have better memories than old dogs? It wouldn't hurt, anyway, to walk past. The footpath was a long, long way from the house, and even if Long John was outside, it wasn't likely that he'd be near the path. He'd be out in the fields chasing rabbits, or digging up things.

There was something there . . . moving; something . . . there in among the trees, just near the house. A long way away, but who could mistake that banner of a tail? Who could ——

He was turning this way. How far could dogs see? It was too far to be able to recognize anybody, that was one thing.

He was coming nearer. No, he had stopped, and was just looking. He probably thought it was a trespasser, but anyway, he wasn't moving any more; he was just standing.

It was time to get on. It wouldn't do to look backward too much . . . he was still standing there. He was moving . . . he was coming . . . he was ——

Simon's nerves could bear no more. He looked blindly in the direction of home, and began to walk quickly. After one more backward glance, he broke into a run, and ran, and ran, and ran, his heart thumping madly within him.

They had been walking for some time. The beech tree was not the place that Jeff would have chosen to walk round—it stood in the very middle of the lawn, in full view of several windows—but he had given up all hope of getting Roselle into a more propitious spot. She was being gentle and sweet, but she seemed to be more than a little absent-minded; she walked slowly but steadily; all he could do was walk beside her.

His voice penetrated at last through her meditations, and she turned to him.

"What did you say, Jeff?"

"I said"—Jeff cleared his throat—"I just said that it had seemed a long time. That you were away, I mean."

His normal calm and sensible manner had left him; he was a picture of gloom; his brow was furrowed and his mouth drooped. She was here beside him, and he had so much to say—but none of it would come out.

"It was a long time," he said again.

"It was a year," said Roselle.

"Yes. I—I missed you very much, Roselle."

There seemed to her to be nothing to say to that. He had not wanted her to go, and she had gone; it was sweet to come back and find that he hadn't forgotten, but she could not explain that she had not—at first—missed him in the way that he had missed her. When she had wept, in London, and longed for home, she had not thought of him—at first; he had been part of the enormous ache in her heart. She had never known Wood Mount without him, and that was why she could not reply and tell him that she had missed him, because it would have meant explaining that she thought of him as part of her home, part of her background, part of everything she loved.

Jeff's heart slid slowly down and rested on his brogues. She might go away again—and

ne, perhaps, she would stay away for-
Unless—unless he laced up his courage
d her what she meant to him.
out out a hand and took one of hers,
ey did a complete circle round the tree
t speaking. Words rushed to his lips
ere choked back again; he longed to
but what, he asked himself dismally,
as the use? He had opened his mouth
de already, and he was a cad, a brute,
down philanderer who hadn't the right
Roselle's boots, even if she wore boots.
s weak-kneed and faithless, and he
o be cut into small pieces and thrown
dogs. He had betrayed Roselle. He had
d her love.
ad kissed Miriam Arkwright.
had kissed her. But he had never—
never—forgotten Roselle. And Roselle
re now, and he loved her and if he
ell her so, openly and without equivo-
she would go away again, and be lost
forever.
thought stabbed him into action. Tak-
irmer grasp of Roselle's hand, he led
o the shelter of the rhododendrons. He
d the thickest bush and stopped, and
e stood beside him and realized, with a
g wave of emotion, that until she had
m again, she had not known what he
meant to her. He had thought only of
he had been selfishly absorbed in her
reams. He was patient and loyal and
and she knew—at last—that she loved

selle ——"
s, Jeff?"
ve you, Roselle. I love you very much.
u—could you love me . . . a little?"
s, Jeff. I could. I mean—I do."
as undoubtedly the most concise con-
ver drawn up, but, enfolded in each
arms, neither of them had any thought
t of relief.

n they were assembled for lunch, there
sign of Simon.
went looking for Dominic—but that
long time ago," said Jeff.
's back," said Julia. "I was up in the
orting books, and I saw him."
ll, he'll turn up," said Nicholas.
ert Debrett was at the door, and he
ed to shut it. As he did so, he saw
disappearing into the pantry at the end
corridor. He went out and Lucille
ed him; together they reached the
door, Lucille made to pass him, but
swift movement he put out a hand and
d her. She looked past him into the
and then stood silent.
on was staring through the window at
npty square of garden outside. Lucille
at he was panting and, although their
ce had not been accomplished without
he was unaware of their presence in the

was waiting for something—but what
come through the pantry window?
could—but of course! This was the
w through which Long John had always
This was the window which had been
en always, for the comings and goings
estless puppy; there were old scratches
e window sill, and the plants growing
h the window had always been in a
state, battered and trampled by his huge

window was closed now, but as they
unmoving, there was a sound outside.
hing—something heavy—seemed to have
ed onto the flower beds that the tenants
arefully restored. Something was to be
. . . and now it was to be seen. Two
ous paws and a head—a huge, shaggy
and a pair of brown eyes peering out of
almost obscuring fringe.
ille walked forward and unlatched the
w. Before it had opened more than a
a hairy body launched itself past her,
a chair and onto the waiting boy. There
thump as the two hit the floor together,
hen boy and dog were inextricably mixed
d a hysterical tail, two groping hands, a
n smooth head and a black-and-white
y one appeared and vanished and ap-
d again. The dog's yelps were joined by
other, quieter, murmuring sounds as Simon talked in the language that Long John knew so well. His eyes were shining; on his cheeks stood the tears he so rarely shed.

That evening Lucille entered the drawing room, where the household was assembled. Nicholas looked up from the hearthrug, on which he was sprawled playing draughts with Julia. Robert, playing beggar-my-neighbor with Dominic, gave no sign of interest beyond putting down two plain cards for a king, instead of three, and then sweeping the trick absently and illegally into his own pile.

"Hey, that was mine!" protested Dominic.

"It was? So it was—and I owe you one more. Next thing you know, I'll be cheating purposely. Tck tck tck. Here you are."

Nothing, Lucille thought, could look more ideally domestic than this gathering. Miss Cornhill, there on a window seat, sewing something of Dominic's and looking as though she had been in the family for generations; Pietro drawing a map of Italy for Simon, as they both lay on their stomachs on the floor. The entire group looked placid, pleased and . . . permanent. There was even the dog. They were, one would have said, looking at them now, a tight little, right little family. Except for that big, handsome deb's dream sitting there doing a children-adore-me act.

It might be an act, she reflected, but the children did like him. Simon's large, serious eyes followed him wherever he went; Dominic had admitted him to his tree house—and for a man who seemed to take so little exercise, Robert Debrett had got up the tree with remarkable skill and swiftness. He and Nicholas—brothers, no less.

The thought came to her suddenly that it was unfair to expect Digby to stand up to this competition. There was nothing the matter with Digby; if the children had seen him first, they would have—they might have liked him.

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One didn't, as she knew from her own experience, appreciate his good qualities at a first meeting—but once they got used to him —— She rejected the term, seeking one more loyal. To have to present him to the children—even to Roselle and Nicholas—with their eyes, their minds full of Robert Debrett . . . it was unfair, and it was going to make things very much more difficult.

Robert looked up for a moment from his game and met her gaze, and he saw with some surprise that the expression in her eyes was less openly antagonistic than it had been since his arrival. He went back to his game, speculating quietly on the reason for this.

Lucille, indeed, was feeling that she had done him less than justice. It was not his fault that he was a famous and sought-after figure; it was not his fault that he had roused in her irritation and a feeling that he was using this interlude to indulge a liking for family life. He hadn't sought them out; he had performed a kindness and in so doing had come among them. If she thought he was staying too long, certainly nobody else did; and as he had made it clear, without saying anything, that he would go immediately Digby came, perhaps she had been giving him somewhat less than his due.

Wood Mount. . . . She was to leave it, but not to strangers, which would have been comparatively easy. She was to go away and leave everything, everybody she loved here in this house. Everybody, that is, but Digby. She was to live in Cornwall, in the Russells' great, ugly, echoing house; Mrs. Russell would have her own rooms, but they were to eat together. Digby's mother—for breakfast, for lunch, for tea, for dinner every day. The long, thin face, just like Digby's; the quiet, flat voice and the even flatter statements. Large rooms, quiet rooms; yes, certainly quiet; there would be nothing of the hurly-burly in which she had lived and moved all her life. One couldn't, of course, take one's childhood, one's girlhood into marriage. Husbands were like magnets: you got drawn in and sucked up and there you were, attached; stuck. Wherever he went, you went, even unto what used to be called the Outposts of Empire. Your old life was left behind and you set forth with your mate.

Mate—Digby.

Digby—mate.

It didn't go, somehow. And she felt sure that he would not care to be referred to as a mate; there was something earthy, even coarse about the term that wouldn't, she knew, appeal to him. He would be a tender lover, perhaps; a reliable, a good, a fine husband—probably; but mate? Perhaps not.

Certainly not.

Definitely not.

She was roused by the extraordinary, the fantastic and at the same time quite real picture of Miss Cornhill shepherding the younger members of the family to bed. Pietro went to the kitchen to concoct the preliminaries of tomorrow's special dish. Robert uncoiled himself from the floor and leaned out the window to look at the lovely night.

"Stars, millions and millions," he said, without turning. "Nicholas, would your sister trust herself with me out there under them?"

"Surely," said Nicholas. "She's armed against fascinating strangers—she's got this Digby chap, remember?"

"If I don't remember, I feel she'll remind me." Robert turned to look at Lucille. "How about it?" he asked. "It's a wonderful night."

"Go on, Lu," urged Nicholas. "If he gets above himself, give our old call whistle—remember it?"

HE pursed his lips and gave vent to a shrill, melodious theme: from upstairs, on the instant, came the children's responses: the same notes, the same signal.

Lucille suddenly could not speak. The call was one which went farther back than their own childhood—their father had used it, and his father. It was a small thing—a special family whistle, useful sometimes to locate one another in crowds, on expeditions; a special call to special people. But she had not used it for over a year—and in the life to which she was going, there would be no whistling. Whistling was out.

She stood up, leaving a remark over her shoulder as she went out of the room.

"I'll get a coat," she said.

She walked with Robert through the paddock and along the path beside the fields beyond. The air was cool and clear, and Lucille, with a sudden feeling of enjoyment in the exercise, quickened her step and found Robert lengthening his stride.

They went, at first, in silence; then she began to ask him about his work, and found herself learning something about his life. She put aside, for the moment, all the reservations she had felt about him. She wondered fleetingly what Digby would say if he could see her now. He would be upset, rather.

In the meantime, she was enjoying herself very much. It was impossible to know whether Robert Debrett was enjoying it too.

They stopped at the mill and looked up at the ruined shell silhouetted against the sky.

"We used to swim here," Lucille told him. "It was cold, but it was fun. Nicholas nearly drowned once—fooling about."

"He's a nice fellow," said Robert, "and if it doesn't sound too presumptuous from a comparative stranger, I think his idea of keeping the house is a good one. Are you going to let him do it?"

"I don't suppose letting him will come into it," said Lucille. "It's almost twenty-four hours since I was the head of the family. Now I'm just hovering on the edge of things, watching them all."

"It must be good to know that things will go on satisfactorily when you've gone away; it must make you feel better."

"Well, it doesn't make me feel better; it just makes me feel . . . lonely. I suppose I've got so used to ordering them about that I don't take kindly to the idea of . . . just stepping out. That's what Uncle Bill said, anyway."

"How long have you known your fiancé?" he asked, as they walked on.

"Digby? Seven—eight months."

"He's round about thirty, isn't he?"

"Thirty-five. He doesn't look it; he's the type that doesn't age much. In twenty years he'll probably still look slim and boyish and I'll look like his mother, instead of like his wife."

"Twenty years. . . . Marriage is a long contract," he mused. "I suppose it doesn't seem long when the Lucilles and the Nicholases and the Roselles start appearing. I think it's a good idea, this one of your parents—having a family in two separate halves."

"No, it isn't a good idea. Just when my parents were beginning to relax, they had to go back to the beginning and bring up Simon and the other two. My parents weren't young enough; they couldn't stand up to it when things like staff and money became difficult. Were your parents young?"

"My mother was; my father was twenty-four years older than she was—but it worked out very well. As a matter of fact, she died before he did."

"Were you famous before they died?"

He laughed. "No. I was in a small repertory company doing odd parts and painting scenery in my spare time. It wasn't until I was cast as Bassanio in the Merchant film that I got going. I looked fine in those tights—and of course, the part's what Julia would call a pet of a one."

He talked no more about himself; he went on to speak of Julia, and Simon and Dominic; from Dominic, they got somehow to Denmark and from there to Europe and travel, and Robert learned the story of the old lady who was to have taken Lucille to the cities of her dreams—and who had remained at home.

The shape of Wood Mount appeared before them, and Lucille sighed a little to herself. It was over—but it had been a pleasant hour from which in some strange way she had derived strength and comfort. Perhaps the incident would emerge, in later years, as one of those wistful, faintly embarrassing little romantic episodes her mother had sometimes related to her. She could tell her children about the walk, and touch up the details with a little glamour and romance. She need not explain that he had taken her hand firmly into his, at the end, in a merely friendly, brotherly way; she could say he took it—and leave it at that.

There was no news of Digby the next day. Nobody noticed the omission except Lucille—and Robert Debrett; and neither of them was disposed to comment upon it.

When they were ready to set out to the Milwards' for dinner, Robert sat in front beside Nicholas, who wanted to handle a Rolls for the first and probably, he added, the only time; Lucille and Roselle sat behind.

The dinner was in the nature of a celebration. When they had settled down afterward in the little drawing room, the party was interrupted by a telephone call from Julia. A man had come, she said.

"You mean Digby?" said Jeff, who had answered the telephone.

"I don't know. I suppose so. Pietro let him in and he just said he wanted to see Miss Wayne, and Pietro took him into the drawing room, and I came down in my pajamas to telephone and tell somebody about him."

"But haven't you seen him?"

"I saw him from the bedroom window when he came. It was a taxi, and it went away and left a sort of thin man with glasses. If that's Digby, I think he looks a bit gruesome."



"Just once I'd like to ask you to do something and not have you say, 'Sure I could fix it if I only had the proper tools!'"

Jeff remembered that the telephone was o the hall table, just outside the door of t drawing room. He also remembered the carr ing quality of Julia's voice.

"Don't talk so loud; he'll hear you," warned.

"No, he can't hear—he's shut in the dra ing room. Shall I tell him to go away a come back tomorrow?"

"No, don't be an ass, Julia; you can't that. I'll tell Lucille—look, I'll call her. may not be Digby."

"I bet it is. He looks just like a Digby. said he would, didn't I?"

"Shut up, Julia, or he'll hear you. I'll p Lucille on, and you go on in and ask him come to the phone."

"In my pajamas?"

"Haven't you got a dressing gown, f Pete's sake?"

"No; my luggage hasn't come from scho yet. These are Nicholas' pajamas."

"Well, never mind whose pajamas they ar you go and call Digby—I'm going to fet Lucille."

LUCILLE returned to the drawing room announce that her fiancé had arrived by trai and was waiting for her at Wood Mour Robert was the first to break the silence th followed.

"I'll drive you back," he said.

"No, I'll take her," said Nicholas. "Or no perhaps you'd better; then you can lea Lucille with him and come back here, and needn't break up the party."

"All right," agreed Robert.

They began the drive to Wood Mount, ar Lucille sat silent, squaring up to the fact wi all the honesty of her nature that Digby coming had put an end to a peaceful, even magical interlude. From now on, argumen would begin—and whatever happened at t end, she herself would be going away fro Wood Mount forever.

And long before that—tomorrow, pe haps—Robert Debrett would also be goi away—forever. The thought left her with cold feeling.

They spoke scarcely a word on the wa home, but Lucille got out of the car with t curious feeling that a great deal had bee said. Robert helped her out and watched h as she went up the steps.

"Good luck," he called softly.

She looked back at him and tried to spea No words came, however, and she mere raised a hand and then went into the hous

The picture that met her eyes in the drawi room was not an encouraging one. Digby wa sitting on one side of the fireplace; opposi sat Julia, cross-legged, pajama-clad, with a expression on her face that spoke of utter an abysmal boredom. Digby, glassy-eyed, wa still doing his best, but his almost joyo bound from his chair came as near to enthu siasm as she had ever seen him display.

"Ah—Lucille, my dear."

"I think I'll go to bed now," said Juli rising with a huge yawn. "I was talking to hi till you came, Lu."

It was plain that she felt this act merite all Lucille's gratitude. As she went out an closed the door, Digby's lips parted in stifled sigh of relief. If they were all like tha And he had done his best. He had ignore the remarks overheard on the telephone; h had treated her as one should always, he ha heard, treat children—as though they wer grown up. He had talked of every subject i the world calculated to hold the interest of ten-year-old—and she had sat there lookin at him as though he had been something on slide; unwinking, wondering and plainl bored.

"I came as soon as I could," he said. "Ho is everything?"

"Working out," said Lucille. "Did anybod offer you a drink, Digby?"

"No—I don't want one, thank you. I hop you've room for me; Julia seemed to indicat that the house was full."

"Your room's ready. I'm sorry I wasn here when you arrived—we were asked t dinner at Uncle Bill's."

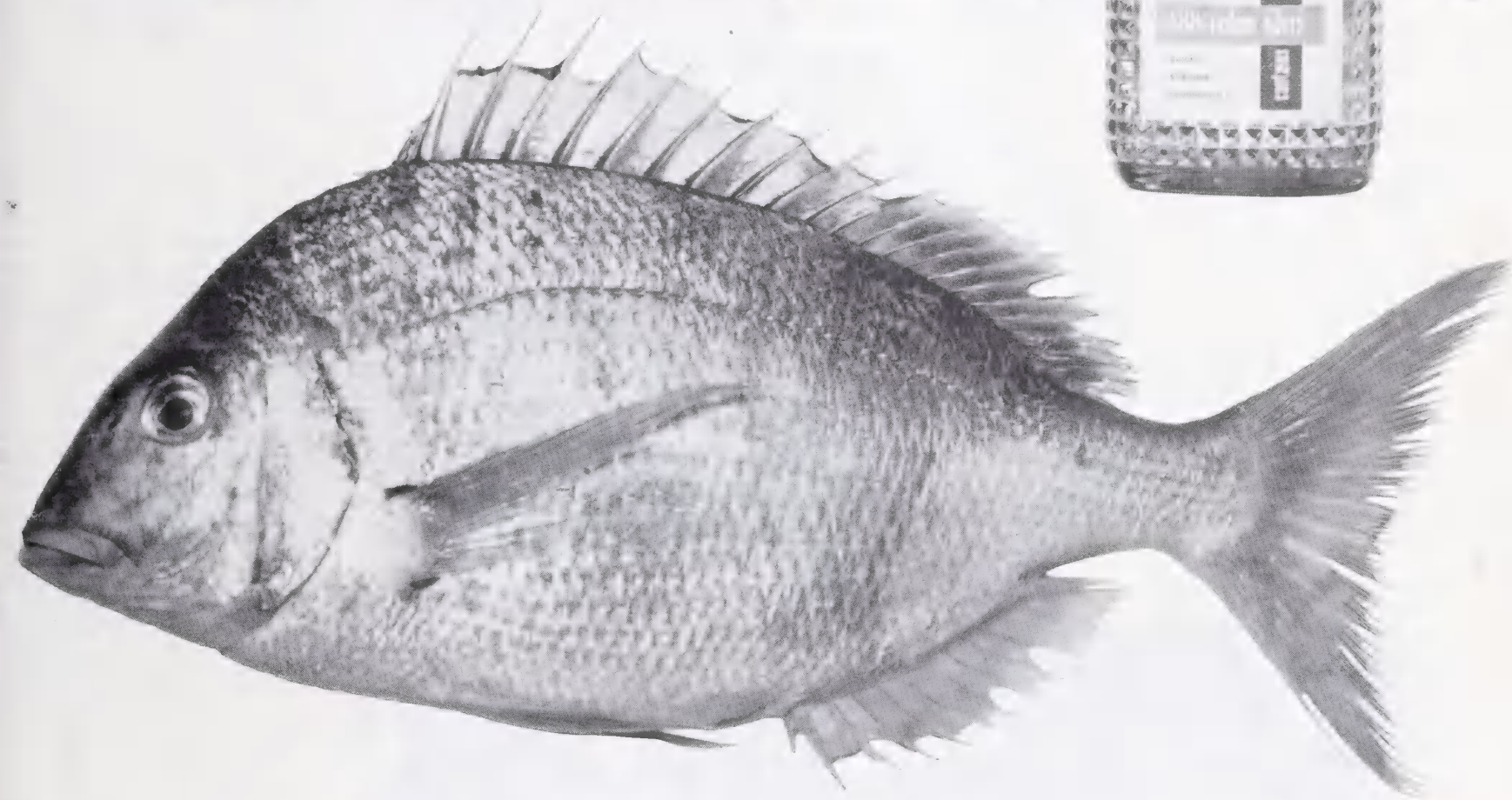
"Uncle Bill—ah, Mr. Milward," said Digby pleased to be able to show his grasp of th

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

cast. "I expect I shall be meeting him tomorrow. Has anything at all been settled, Lucille?"

He was certainly a conscientious man, she reflected, looking at him with a gaze that she fought to keep from becoming too keen, too analytic. He had come to discuss this matter, and here he was, discussing it.

"Let's leave it till tomorrow, Digby," she said. "I'm rather tired tonight."

"As you like, of course. But as we're alone ——"

"*Now, we're alone, it's high time we were making love.*" . . . The words of the currently popular song, the tune of which Nicholas played a dozen times a day, came to Lucille's mind. But that sort of song—like whistling—would not go down well with the Russells. Digby and his mother called themselves musical and went to a great many concerts, but they would not enjoy "*Now, we're alone.*"

"Let's go up and I'll show you where I've put you; it isn't the room I wanted you to have," she said, as they went up the stairs, "but things have been rather confused lately."

"The foreign-looking man who let me in ——"

He paused. Pietro had appeared on the landing, clad in a pair of Robert's pajamas and a dressing gown that had once belonged to Lucille's father.

"Ah. The lover!" he cried. "I tell Mees Cornhill, and she say 'No, that cannot be'—but I was right, so! *Signore*, you are a very lucky man; very lucky. You have a beautiful wife; she will have beautiful children. Men will be at her feet; they will adore her. You, too, adore her, no?"

"Well, yes, I do, rather," said Digby, endeavoring to edge past the speaker.

"I will not keep you; she is taking you to your bedroom. Soon"—Pietro gave a leer that made Digby's scalp crawl—"soon it will be the other way about, no? I give you both my salutations; you will be so happy, so happy, so happy!"

At the second repetition, Pietro was well on his way downstairs. Digby looked at Lucille and she saw that his face was pale.

"My word!" he murmured. "Very foreign."

"In here," said Lucille, opening a door. "Will you be comfortable?"

"Thank you—yes, of course. This is a beautiful house," he commented. "I can understand why you hesitated before parting with it."

She paused on her way out, looked at him for a moment, and then decided that she would take it up in the morning.

"Good night, Digby."

"Good night, my dear." He came over and kissed her, and she put her hands on his shoulders and looked at him earnestly.

"I've got a nice family," she said slowly, "but you might find them difficult to get to know."

"I've got a long time to do it in," he reminded her. "The rest of my life."

"You may need it."

"Who's this Debrett fellow that appears to have rescued Simon? Not the actor, is he? Julia must have got it wrong."

"No, she got it right."

"My word, you must have your hands full with them all."

Not the jealous type, Digby, she reflected, shutting the door and going downstairs again. He thought she was going to bed, but she wasn't going to bed yet. For two pins, she thought rebelliously, she would go back to the party. They had all been happy, they had all been enjoying themselves; it was mean to think that Digby had put a damper on everything, but he did have a way of reducing things to a sensible level. She ought to be thankful that he was so levelheaded, but ——

She was in the kitchen when the others returned, sitting at the table, cutting sandwiches for them all. Nicholas looked in and then ushered in Robert and Roselle.

"Where's Digby?" he asked in surprise.

"In bed. He was—he was tired, and there was no point in his waiting up."

"None—unless he wanted to meet Roselle and me," observed Nicholas dryly. "Food good. Tuck in, fellows."

LUCILLE made coffee, and they all sat round drinking it. It was long past midnight, and she ought not to have waited up for their return, but she felt happy—and strangely relieved. Digby had come, and perhaps it wasn't going to be such an upheaval after all.

Roselle was the first to go upstairs to bed. Nicholas yawned widely. "Good night, Robert; good night, Lucille."

He went out, and Robert looked across the table at Lucille.

"I'm looking forward to meeting him. He must be an extraordinary man."

She looked at him a little warily. "Why?"

"Because if I'd come a long way to see you, and found you alone, I wouldn't have gone up to bed . . . alone," he said deliberately.

"I don't suppose you would." Lucille's voice was suddenly cold. "You'd probably have done what you wanted to do, instead of what somebody else wanted you to do."

"Hard words—but no doubt true," he acknowledged. "But he must be the bloodless type."

"He wouldn't make one of those smoldering screen lovers. But he's got some qualities almost as good—decency and kindness, for example. And the fact that he can go placidly to bed and leave his future wife alone with you doesn't mean that he's underestimating your charms; it simply means that he ——"

"—— underestimates yours," put in Robert, and saw her rising to her feet. "If I promised to keep my mouth shut, would you stay?"

"No; I'm tired. Good night."

"You're angry with me, aren't you?"

"No. I'm tired, I told you."

He was between her and the door; he did not look as though he were deliberately barring her way, but she hesitated for a moment.

He looked at her, but he knew, suddenly, that he could say and do nothing that would help him to an understanding with her. His name and his fame had put a barrier between them, a barrier she had erected to defend

The Best Cooks way to QUICK MEALS

2 QUICK-TO-MAKE DISHES *made more delicious with*

STOKELY'S Finest **CUT GREEN BEANS**

Tender, slender, and garden fresh with slices of corned beef and mustard.



Stokely-VanCamp



Sweet and fresh as if you had just hulled them—with a pork chop and parsley.

STOKELY'S Finest **SWEET PEAS**

against any assumptions he might egarding her susceptibility. She thought ught he was irresistible, and it was use- try to tell her that his work was his and his life was whatever, wherever he to make it. He was an actor, and he me into contact, in the course of his with scores of beautiful women; they en costars, colleagues; sometimes they en more—but he was aware that he had before, outside his professional orbit, woman who had disturbed or distracted r more than a moment.

l now.

said that she was beautiful, desirable, ld her that he loved her, that he wanted ry her, that he wanted to go upstairs ll that pale imitation of a man out of l and throw him out the window, she think that he was piqued at her aloof- d anxious to break down her barriers. was nothing he could say that she believe; the more convincing it sounded, re she would applaud the act.

noved aside and opened the door for Good night," he said. "I'll be leaving Mount in the morning, but I would like k you for ——"

have to thank you," she broke in ly, and then without another word past him and out of the room.

losed the door behind her, kicked two savagely and stood staring down at le.

kfast was not a comfortable meal, but , looking at the assorted elements round the table, felt that things might een a good deal worse.

and Digby were the first down; the came in one by one and Digby, she ced to acknowledge, tried his best with he fact that he had made little impres- them discouraged her, but she was not surprised. Roselle sat dreaming of imon was engrossed in Long John, ic intent upon his food. Julia consid- at she had done enough by entertaining for a crushingly boring half hour the before; it was now somebody else's Nicholas—he was not impressed, Lucille ee.

f Digby did not excite admiration, she eel thankful at least that his was not a ality to rouse the children's antagonism. reeted him, answered his inquiries as to ealth with detached politeness, and him.

ert Debrett was by far the most com- e among the grownups at the table. He o the kitchen to superintend Pietro's g of his omelet, and bore it to his place t.

ille," said Dominic, "can't I have an like Robert's got? Here, Long John. he *likes* corn flakes!"

u're not to feed him at table," said angrily. "Stop it, Dominic. He isn't "

isn't *begging*," denied Dominic. "He's *ing*."

u're *not* to *feed* him," repeated Simon. u're cruel," said Julia indignantly to

, I'm not. Long John knows it's wrong snuffling at people at table. He never do it."

ll, I'll take him out after breakfast and ll with him," promised Julia. "I will, ohn darling—I will. Ball, fellow!"

RE coming out with me," Nicholas r, leaning across to hand his cup to for refilling.

ere to?" asked Julia in surprise.

're going to see the headmistress of the in Greenhurst. Uncle Bill fixed an ap- ent for us," said Nicholas.

as some time before Julia could speak so unexpected, so crushing was the Mouth open, fork dropping with a onto her plate, she gazed at her brother, ess.

chool!" she gasped finally. "A *school?*"

you think you'd finished with them?" Nicholas.

—but ——" Julia's mind darted in of life lines. "But I haven't got any proper clothes to put on! Only my other school clothes, and you can't go to other schools in other school clothes!"

"You can take off the distinguishing marks," said Nicholas. "We leave the house at eleven."

"But ——" A ray of hope illuminated Julia's countenance. "They won't have me. I've only just been expelled."

"But you didn't do anything bad," said Dominic in an attempt at reassurance that drew upon him the full glare of Julia's wrath.

"I didn't ask *you* to say anything," she shouted. "Why don't you mind your own beastly business?"

"Quiet," said Nicholas. "And finish your breakfast. You'll need your strength."

"I—I don't feel very well," said Julia. "I've got an awful pain suddenly."

"That's tough," said Nicholas. "You must go and lie down—when we get back."

HOPE died, and Julia sat hunched in despair. The others were silent; Simon looked across at Lucille thoughtfully for some moments and then made a wary circle round the point on which he wanted enlightenment.

"Lucille ——"

"Yes, Simon?"

"I was only wondering," said Simon, "about me and Dominic. I mean, will we have to go to new schools, like Julia?"

It was Nicholas who answered the question. "You'll go—eventually—to my old school," he said. "But there's no hope of getting you in straightaway like Julia. She's the lucky one; you and Dominic will have to wait until the school's ready to take you—to wit, next term."

"Is Julia's a day school?" said Dominic.

"Yes."

"But how will she get there?" asked Simon.

"She'll get there on a bicycle."

"Yes—but where from?"

There was a moment's pause, and then Nicholas spoke quietly. "From here," he said.

There was complete silence in the room. Julia, her mind swept clear of her own affairs, could only stare. Simon had turned white; Dominic had a good deal to say, but was having difficulty in deciding where to begin. Lucille, watching them, was feeling the effect of a double shock. She had known nothing of the arrangement made by Nicholas to see the school. And this sudden public announcement of it was made, she knew, to cut the ground from under her feet—to prevent arguments, to bring her face to face with the fact that there was, in fact, to be no argument; she had made her plans for the future, and Nicholas had made his.

She saw, dimly, that he had acted with promptness and good sense. Her fiancé and her fiancé's mother were unknown quantities, and however helpful they might turn out to be, they could not provide a home for the children. It was not Lucille's own house—it was old Mrs. Russell's, and the children could be no more than welcome visitors. Their own home was here; she wondered miserably how she could ever have thought otherwise. They had no home but this—and now she was leaving it, but Nicholas had stepped into her place, and they were all going to stay here with him.

She felt sick and shaken, but hardest of all to bear was the relief she had heard in Digby's voice after Nicholas had made his announcement. After one meal with them, after less than an hour in their company, he showed plainly that the noise and confusion, the caper-and-toss of a healthy and boisterous family, were not his idea of gracious living. He had done his best. Everything that patience and amiability could do, he had done—but if this chaos was to be repeated at every meal, his aloof countenance said plainly, he would prefer a tray in the study.

Lucille struggled to be just: he was an only child, she reminded herself, and he lived in a morgue. She had looked forward to opening the closed windows of his house, his life, and letting in stimulating drafts of fresh air; he was kind, but he was not gay because he had never had gay companionship. His evenings were passed with his mother and their music, and it was not his fault that he had more than a touch of heaviness. She—she and the children—could have made him smile, made him younger.

She and the children. But the children, she knew now, would not come—or if they came once, they would not repeat the visit. She had no home to offer them, and she could not—at this late stage—go back on her assurances to Digby that she would not mind living with his mother in his mother's house. She had thought, without knowing that she thought it, that the arrangement would not be for long; Mrs. Russell was old, and old ladies did not last forever. But now, in a flash of blinding certainty, Lucille knew that some old ladies did—and that Mrs. Russell would. She would go on, tough, indestructible, until Lucille's youth was over, until Digby had settled immovably into dullness and middle age.

EDEN

By LIONEL WIGGAM

Everything shone, everything glistened,
All of it new, all of it theirs;
Holding his breath, he marveled, listened:
The lakes were little ungazed-into mirrors,
The grasses grew upright till they might lie there,
The sand lay unruffled till they might walk there,
The air hung unstirring till they might talk there,
Nothing could perish, nothing die there.

Not even love: it would unfold forever,
Forever new and forever theirs.
Here in these groves they would lie down together,
Dreamlessly sleeping, his hand in hers.
Here in the mornings, as even this minute,
She would advance up a hill with her laughter
Rippling before her, the mists closing after,
Her hand reaching toward him with some treasure in it.

The family—here at Wood Mount.

Herself—with the Russells down in Cornwall.

She lifted her head to find Robert Debrett's eyes on her, studying her quietly, and into her answering glance she tried to put all the anger and despair and frustration that filled her, all her dim conviction that this was, in some way, his fault.

Her reason told her that he had nothing to do with it—her instinct told her that his presence among them at this crucial time had been responsible for the confidence, the ease and assurance with which Nicholas had arranged their future. The ideas had come from Nicholas, but if Robert Debrett had not been here to back him, encourage him, Nicholas would not have found sufficient courage to act so effectively. She would have put forward alternative schemes, Mr. Milward would have urged caution, Jeff would have bided his time. It was Robert Debrett—cool, poised, completely sure of himself—who had provided the stiffening. He might not have said much—he might not have said anything—but he had shown Nicholas clearly that he thought his course was the right one.

Perhaps she ought to be grateful. Perhaps this was just what they had all needed: a man of wide knowledge and experience, sufficiently interested in them to want to help—to guide. Perhaps, if she could see clearly, she would see that this role was the one that Digby might have, should have, filled. Perhaps it was her own fault that Digby had proved so totally inadequate—perhaps her own decisiveness had led him to believe that no guidance, no help, was needed.

But the fact remained: Digby was sitting here beside her at the table, looking like a man whose troubles were at an end. He was relieved—he was deeply thankful to know that Simon and Julia and Dominic—and Long John—would not shatter for long the peace of his home. It was too late for him to adapt himself to a large and growing family; he had been reared to quietness and good behavior, and no doubt he felt at this moment as though he had just breakfasted in the jungle—or at the zoo.

Robert Debrett's eyes were still on her, and she became aware, to her horror, that there was no anger and no reproach in her glance: there was only a desperate appeal. She had no clear idea of what she was asking him—or telling him; she knew only that the panic in her heart had shown for a moment in her eyes as she looked at him.

She came out of a trance to realize that the others had gone out, leaving her with Digby in the dining room. Lucille could hear Jeff's voice, and she knew that Nicholas had met him in the hall and had taken him into the drawing room, and that Robert and Roselle were in there too.

An overwhelming sense of her isolation swept over her. It was too sudden, this severance, she thought desolately; they were behaving as though she were already gone.

She got up and walked across the hall, and Digby, after some hesitation, followed her. Lucille made no attempt to approach the subject by a circuitous route: she faced Nicholas and released something of her feeling of reproach.

"You've worked fast," she told him.

He looked at her. "Yes," he admitted. "But ——"

"And without a word to me."

"I told you exactly what I was going to do," he said. "The only surprise is that I did it."

"You had no right to do anything definite without talking it over with me."

"I've got your letter in my pocket," he said mildly. "You'd given orders for the sale of Wood Mount before you'd so much as asked us all what we thought of the idea. You meant well, but you forgot that even if you didn't want to live here any more, we might want to."

"I told you that we couldn't—that I thought we couldn't afford to keep the house. If you had any other ideas, I was the person you ought to have discussed them with."

"Why, Lucille? You've done your whack for us all, and I'm grateful and I think you did a good job. Now it's up to me to let you get out with a clear mind—a clear conscience, if you like. It was nice of Digby here to offer to take us all in, but it wouldn't have worked. Now you can be at ease, be happy; we can look in on you and you can look in on us and you'll be able to feel that everything's ironed out nicely. I'm only sorry you dragged Digby all this way for nothing."

"Not for nothing," said Digby politely. "I wanted to meet you all, rather."

LUCILLE stared at her brother. She wanted to ask him where he was getting money from; he could not take over a house and a family, pay household bills, pay school bills without money. If she asked him; if he said that Robert Debrett—a wave of fury rose and almost choked her—then she would forget her upbringing and she would personally throw every penny back in Robert's handsome, calm, unreadable countenance.

She heard Jeff clearing his throat nervously and turned to face him.

"I came to tell you, Lucille," he said, "that . . . well, as a matter of fact, the house—the house has been sold."

Bewilderment, shock, a feeling of utter misery swung the drawing room round Lucille and settled it again at a somewhat crooked angle. "Sold?" she managed to ask.

"Last night," said Nicholas.

She stared at him, comprehension beginning to creep into her mind. "Who . . . bought it?"

"I did," said Robert.

"I did," said Jeff.

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"I did," said Nicholas. "We all did. All three of us. We put down one third of the price apiece—roughly. In case you're wondering where my share came from, I'll tell you: from the bank. A little thing called a mortgage. The house fetched eight thousand: three thousand from Robert, three from Jeff, the other two from me. The bank got a bit stuffy about security, and Uncle Bill said he'd take care of that. I'm keeping a third of the house for myself and the three kids; Jeff and Roselle are having their bit, and Robert's putting a bathroom in the top flat and using it as a weekend and holiday home for the sole purpose of keeping in touch with Pietro's cooking. Pietro's a fixture, and so is Corny—Miss Cornhill. She ought to go, she says, but she can't make herself do it. And so there you are. You can have a lovely wedding—and none of us hanging round your neck."

He stopped, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Lucille could not have spoken if she had tried; the others were silent, watching her.

At last, clearing his throat a little importantly, Digby decided to voice the appreciation of the Russells.

"I'd like to say," he began, and found the words dying on his lips. Lucille was looking at him, and the expression on her face was so . . . he groped, rejected and finally settled for "ferocious." She did, he thought in astonishment; she looked positively ferocious.

"Please keep out of this," she said in a low, dangerous voice. "This is nothing whatsoever to do with you. It's between Nicholas and myself and nobody—*nobody* else."

"Except Jeff and Roselle and Robert," Nicholas reminded her.

The hot, tight feeling in Lucille's throat moved to a spot behind her eyes. She felt them smarting, and knew with a sort of horror that in a moment she was going to open her mouth and cry. No, not cry; howl, she told herself in panic. She was going to open her mouth and howl like a dog, howl because it was all over and settled; finished, tied up—to everybody's satisfaction . . . except her own. She was free; she could marry Digby and live happily with him and his mother and Bach and Beethoven and all the other great masters. Her way was clear.

And she was going to howl.

But not here. Not in front of them all. Not with Robert Debrett's cool, quiet, all-seeing eyes upon her. Not with this feeling in her mind that he had done this—somehow—to force her hand. She was too confused to think, too miserable to speak.

Robert Debrett was quite clear on all points but one: how he was to extricate Lucille from an unsuitable engagement. That she had pealed to him he was completely certain had not meant to—but she had been fr ened, and she had turned to him with a spoken plea.

She loved him; if she didn't, she wou have allowed him to stay in Greenhur word from her would have sent him aw but she had not said it. That was enc She thought, the poor sweet, that she stuck with Digby; he would learn soon en that Lucille was not for him.

Robert met Digby's glance briefly; the bent and laid his lips on Lucille's. The took her in his arms and did the thing thoroughly.

At the door, Nicholas turned and stu Digby curiously. In many ways one cou help liking him; it wasn't his fault that been harnessed all his life to a neat little out, and never once been allowed to ge of a trot. He would make a decent so husband for the right girl, but he, Nich had never really thought that Lucille wa right girl.

He heard Digby's voice. "You were wa for me to go away, I presume?"

"Quite right," said Robert. "It's not to tell a girl you love her when her fia around."

"An honest man might have consid coming to me first," pointed out Digby.

"I thought of it," said Robert, "but I pened to like you, and I also—since being honest now—had an idea that you finding the setup rather more than you gained for."

"I was prepared to do my best," said Di "I'm not a family man and I don't preter be. I'll be as honest as yourself and a that—for my mother's sake—I am reli that Wood Mount is not to be sold."

Nicholas looked at his sister. "Can't say something?"

"I've got nothing to say," said Lu "except that if Digby doesn't like my fa he's only got to say so."

Robert took her arm and turned her g to face him. "Listen," he said slowly. "I you. I would like you to know that before—except when reading it from a scri have I asked a woman to marry me. If love this fellow, then say so and we'll all k where we are. But if you feel that—later you could get to like me, I'd be very p to wait."

Lucille's eyes went to him. She put hand and he grasped it; with her glance ing on him, she spoke slowly and drea

"I have an idea," she said, "that I'm a to be jilted."

TELL ME DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

outstripped all the others and it alone will reach full maturity and ovulate.

"The follicle at this time is about one fourth the size of the ovary. It becomes more prominent as it finds its way to the inside of the ovarian capsule, which it causes to bulge. This finally breaks, the ovum being extruded. It has been known to precipitate enough internal bleeding to produce peritoneal irritation of considerable importance. There have been cases of ruptured tubal pregnancy less severe than some of these ovulatory episodes."

"Then it is this rupture which causes the pain?"

"It is generally considered to be, although some believe that the pain is at least partially due to pathological processes developed in the uterus and tubes, perhaps in response to excessive ovarian secretion. There is also the possibility that intermenstrual pain may be, to some extent, due to the swelling of the ovary itself."

"I guess I ought to consider myself lucky that my trouble is no worse than it is. What I don't understand, Doctor, is why I should bleed outside when the trouble is inside the abdomen."

"The 'spotting' which you described is much less than the bleeding experienced by some women, which may be severe enough to resemble a menstrual flow. It is either a small amount of blood leaking down the tubes lowing the ovulation, or the result of engo ment of the uterus with a leakage through uterine lining. It can be controlled by mone treatment if this seems necessary advisable."

"What about the vaginal discharge?"

"A mucous discharge occurs to a great lesser degree in most women. Since it symptom of congestion and activity of uterine glands, it is often rather violent before or at the end of the menstrual flow sometimes at mid-period, as in your ca wouldn't worry about it. And, Mrs. Hill —

"Yes, Doctor?"

"You told me you were anxious to ha child. In one way you might consider you fortunate; at least you know definitely w ovulation occurs. It is common knowl that pregnancy has to take place, with fe ceptions, during the week following ovula which is known as the 'fertile period.' Th accomplish pregnancy just after this i menstrual pain has occurred. Unless the some other factor which we have not as investigated, I prophesy a very fair chanc success."

"You couldn't tell me anything that w make me happier, Doctor."

Another article in this series by Doctor Saffor appear next month.

THE DOCTOR ALWAYS DOODLED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

hen Nature has been good to you, Miss
n. Yes, I think she has. You're an
ordinarily pretty woman, for one thing."
e sat up straight in her chair. "Why,
you, doctor."
scowled at her. "Don't thank me. Thank
ancestral chromosomes." He returned to
oodling. "Perhaps you're leaving to get
ed?"
h, no," she said, with an audible gasp.
ou seem startled at the idea."
m not startled. I'm just ——"
ow that I think of it, why haven't you
married before this?"
ecause I've been too busy earning a liv-
Jane said. "And besides, I'm never
to marry except for ——"
or love?"
es, for love. I suppose you think that's
hly old-fashioned and romantic."

," he said. "As a matter of fact, I
it's fundamental. *I* got married on a
al basis, as a matter of biological ur-
, so to speak, and it didn't work. I don't
my wife—my ex-wife—for divorc-
e."
ou didn't love her?"
o."
e drew a deep breath. "Doctor, have
er loved *anyone?*"
looked up, stared at her blankly for a
ent, then smiled. "Yes, once. When I
leven years old."
h," Jane said.
was in love with a girl in grade school,
home in Cincinnati where I was born.
as a plump little thing, with blue eyes
blond hair—lighter than yours—and I
ht she was an angel from heaven."
id you tell her so?"
o. I was too bashful. The closest I ever
to it was when I sent her a homemade
tine—a picture of my heart with an
stuck through it."
nd did that win her?"
o, it did not."
ow sad," Jane said. "What became of
little blond angel?"
he grew up and married a streetcar con-
r."
think that's very sad," Jane said.
ell!" the doctor said. "We're getting off
bject." He started to doodle again. "You
't yet given me your reason for wanting
ve."
e said, "Must I have a reason?"
es, you must."
hy must I?"

"Because you're not the type to act irresponsibly. You're a sensible young woman. You ——"

"How do you know I'm sensible? You don't know anything about me, really. I mean, all you know is that I'm an efficient nurse and—you said I was pretty—but I mean you've never really noticed me, or ——"

"Of course I've noticed you!"

"Not really, I mean. That is—I mean ——"

He threw down his pen. "What *do* you mean?" he demanded. "Why are you leaving your job? You can't just walk in here—at the end of a long, hard day—and tell me you're quitting without telling me why."

"Maybe I don't know why."

"You do know."

"Why do I? Sometimes people just act on instinct."

He looked at her, ran both hands through his close-cropped brown hair and then, picking up his pen, went back to his sketching. "Miss Martin," he said, "I believe you once told me that you'd read my book?"

"Yes, Doctor Palmer."

"Did you understand it?"

"Well, I think I got the main point."

"Then you know that in the human nervous system—yours, for instance—there's a bundle of nerve fibers, called the pyramidal tract, that runs from the brain all the way down the spinal cord?"

"Yes, doctor."

"In other words, there's a connection between the cerebral cortex and the lower reflex centers?"

"Yes, doctor."

"And you also know," he said, doodling industriously, "that this connection means that people are probably conscious of their actions, even when they're responding to some so-called instinctive or primitive impulse?"

"Well, yes, I ——"

"Miss Martin, I assume that your pyramidal tract is in good working order. Therefore, when you decide to walk out of my life ——"

"Your *life*, Doctor Palmer?"

"I mean, my office. When you plan to walk out of my office you know what you're doing, and you know very well why you're doing it."

Jane sat forward on the edge of her chair. "All right, then, I do know. But I'm not going to tell you the reason."

Without looking up, he suddenly barked at her, "Damn it, why not?"

She didn't answer and, lifting his head, he saw that her eyes were unusually large, unusually bright. "You've never sworn at me before," she said.

"I apologize."

"You needn't. I liked it. It made you seem . . . human."

He glared at her. "Have you any idea that I'm not?"

"Oh, I'm quite sure that you're human—anatomically."

"What do you mean, anatomically?"

"I mean I assume that *your* pyramidal tract is working too."

"Of course it's working! What are you driving at?"

"Well, I mean that you're probably conscious of what you're doing in asking me all these questions."

"Certainly I'm conscious. I want to find out your reason for going, so that I can try to persuade you to stay."

"You want me to stay?"

"Very much," he said.

"Why?" Jane asked. She leaned forward till her bosom was pressing against the edge of the desk. "You must know why!"

"I've already told you why. I depend on you. I need you."

"You need me?"

"Yes. This office has never been run as smoothly as it has since you came."

"Oh," she said. "It's the *office* that needs me."

"It certainly does." He was sketching slowly now. "That's what I've been trying to tell you."

"I see," Jane said. She put her hands on the desk and pulled herself to her feet. "If you'll stop doodling, I'll tell you my reason for going."

He stopped. But he didn't look up. He was staring at the design he had drawn and his voice sounded queer as he said, "What is your reason?"

"I'm in love with you," Jane said. "I've been in love with you for more than a year—maybe from the first day I came to your office—and I'm not going to stay here and eat my heart out. Because I know you've never thought of loving me. You've never looked at me as a woman. You're not looking at me now, and you never will. You'll probably never love anybody and I—I want to get out before I go all to pieces. So good-by, Doctor Palm——"

Her voice broke. She whirled around, stumbled against the chair and then started blindly for the door.

"Miss Martin! Wait!"

"No, no!"

"Come back here."

"No, please. I just want to ——"

"But I've got a phenomenon to show you!"

"A phenomenon?"

"Yes. Come and see."

She turned then and walked back warily toward him. He was still staring at the piece of paper on the desk before him. "It's a remarkable example," he said, "of a purposeful act that did *not* involve the factor of consciousness."

SHE stopped a step short of his chair. "If you're going to talk neurology ——"

"No. Look here." He reached out and caught her wrist and pointed to his handiwork. "See what I've drawn without knowing it."

Jane leaned down and looked at the result of his doodling.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh, Jonathan!"

There on the paper, surrounded by a border of lacelike squiggles, was the drawing of a heart—not an anatomical, but a conventional heart—pierced by the conventional Cupid's arrow.

"Jonathan," she whispered, "do you mean it?"

"I must mean it, don't you think?" he said. "Because it's an exact copy of the only valentine I ever sent to the only girl I ever loved."

"The only girl you ever loved," Jane said, "till now."

"Yes," the doctor said, "till now."

Then he laughed, and stood up, and took her in his arms. END



"That's a new kind of grunt for an answer. What does it mean?"

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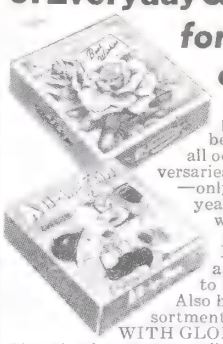
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15-Minute Meat Loaf

When Hunt's home economist developed this recipe she said, "Busy homemakers and career girls will appreciate this one!"

And you will! Because, besides being a "quickie" – just fifteen minutes cooking time – it is truly delicious with its savory tomato gravy!

Be sure to use Hunt's Tomato Sauce when you make it. For Hunt's brings you true tomato goodness seasoned just right. No starchy fillers, no "soupy" flavor. The beautiful color tells you that it's *all* tomato.

When you and your family have enjoyed this delicious 15-Minute Meat Loaf, you'll want to try Hunt's Tomato Sauce in many of your own favorite recipes. Simply add it to stews, soups, casseroles, meat loaf, spaghetti. You'll gain flavor for your cooking!

1½ lbs. ground beef 1½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper 2 tbsp. chopped onion
2 tbsp. chopped green pepper (optional)
2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce 2 tbsp. sugar
¼ tbsp. Worcestershire Sauce

Combine beef, salt, pepper, onion, green pepper and ½ can Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Press into greased 9 x 12 x 2-inch baking dish. Bake on lowest shelf in hot oven (450°F.) for 10 minutes. Broil 5 minutes longer. While meat cooks, combine remaining tomato sauce, sugar and Worcestershire. Boil about 3 minutes. Add meat drippings, if desired. Cut meat in half crosswise. Arrange sandwich fashion on platter, pouring sauce between and on top. Serves 6.

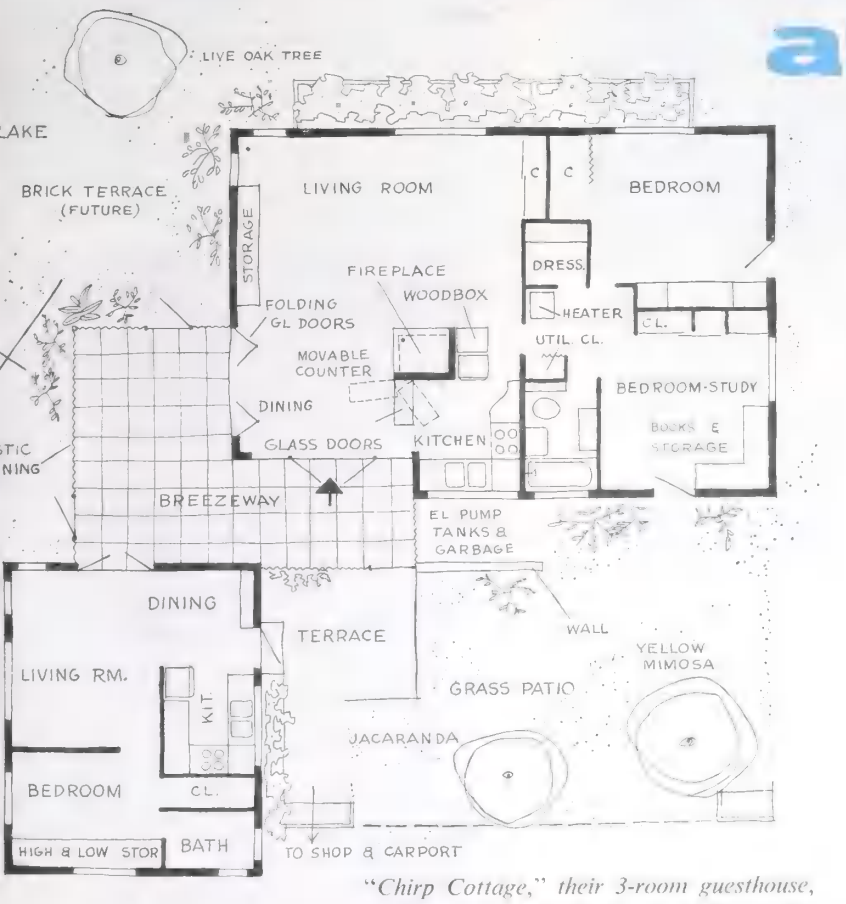


WANT RECIPES? *There's a delicious one on the back of every can of Hunt's Tomato Sauce – at your grocer's. Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California.*

Hunt-for the best

Seldom apart, Sarvises stroll with wheelbarrow of laundry to car, drive to launderette. On 2½ Florida acres ($2200) they lived in trailer while building a home.

How Young America Lives— at seventy-five!



"Chirp Cottage," their 3-room guesthouse, and "Birdsong," the 6-room main house, join via breezeway. Interiors are almost done.

Retirement, for Guy and Maude Sarvis, rings the bell for starting a whole new life.

BY BETTY COE SPICER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS

Birdsong, Woodsmere on Lake Lucy
Orlando, Florida

Dear Editors: We have no retirement blues, believe me! I never felt more creative in my life, except when giving my four wonderful babies to the world. I still look around me sometimes and wonder if I didn't die back there in 1951 and if this isn't my personal kind of heaven! Until he was almost fifty my husband taught in the University of Nanking in China, a mission college where we lived on a substandard missionary salary. Needless to say, with four children to put through college (they have, of course, long since established homes of their own) we have *never* had enough money to even attempt doing the things we've gone ahead and done. It does seem as if the story of what we've done here might encourage some other retiring people in danger of feeling that life has ended and give them a vision of how beautifully creative and absorbing retirement can be with a little imagination.



Maude's recipe for living: "Lots of interests." She cooks, weaves upholstery materials, sews curtains and slip covers, paints, writes, dances and takes Spanish.

Larks sing, gardenias grow, avocados cost a nickel. Guy and Maude now budget $2400-a-year income from Social Security and pension.

Perhaps it all came about because my husband used to scare me to death by saying that when he could no longer teach, he wanted to die. So when retirement finally came, I determined to have a house for Florida living. And since we were both seventy years old, it had to be a house mighty easy to care for! I wanted spaciousness in a hot country, and got it by a living room—and a real *living* room, with room for my loom, for dining, hobbies, books, and so on, 24′x26′ with a small kitchen taken out of one corner, making it ⌞ shaped. (And what a darling knotty-pine kitchen!)

We accepted a neighbor's offer of a trailer to live in while we built first a 20′x24′ guesthouse, Chirp Cottage, which we rent to friends during the winter, and have for our own guests the rest of the year. This is a cute little place, too, which our friends clamor to live in! A retired couple from Syria will live in it this fall while building their own house across the lake. We moved into it before it had any doors or screens, any bathroom or cupboards—when our trailer was sold from under us! We finished it and lived in it until we moved into Birdsong House five months later. CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Young
HOW AMERICA LIVES

Daughter Betty's family with 3 children (Sarvises have 6 grandchildren) visits from St. Petersburg. Playground was cleared by Guy.







Lake Lucy is framed like a painting by Sarvis picture window—"beauty shouldn't be skimped on!"

Eating is mobile. Guy and Maude wheel cart to lawn, lake or breezeway for lunch tête-à-tête.



"Passionate picnickers," Sarvises describe nselves. On shoestring, they've driven to Mexico, nokies, New England with a yen for outdoor life.



At 75, Guy is a do-it-yourself fan. He hired masons but did his own insulating and he paneled walls, hung doors, made built-ins.



Gardener Maude tends to fiddle-leafed fig, fishtail palm, poinsettia, rose, hibiscus. Guy's bird feeder draws cardinals, jays, mockingbirds.



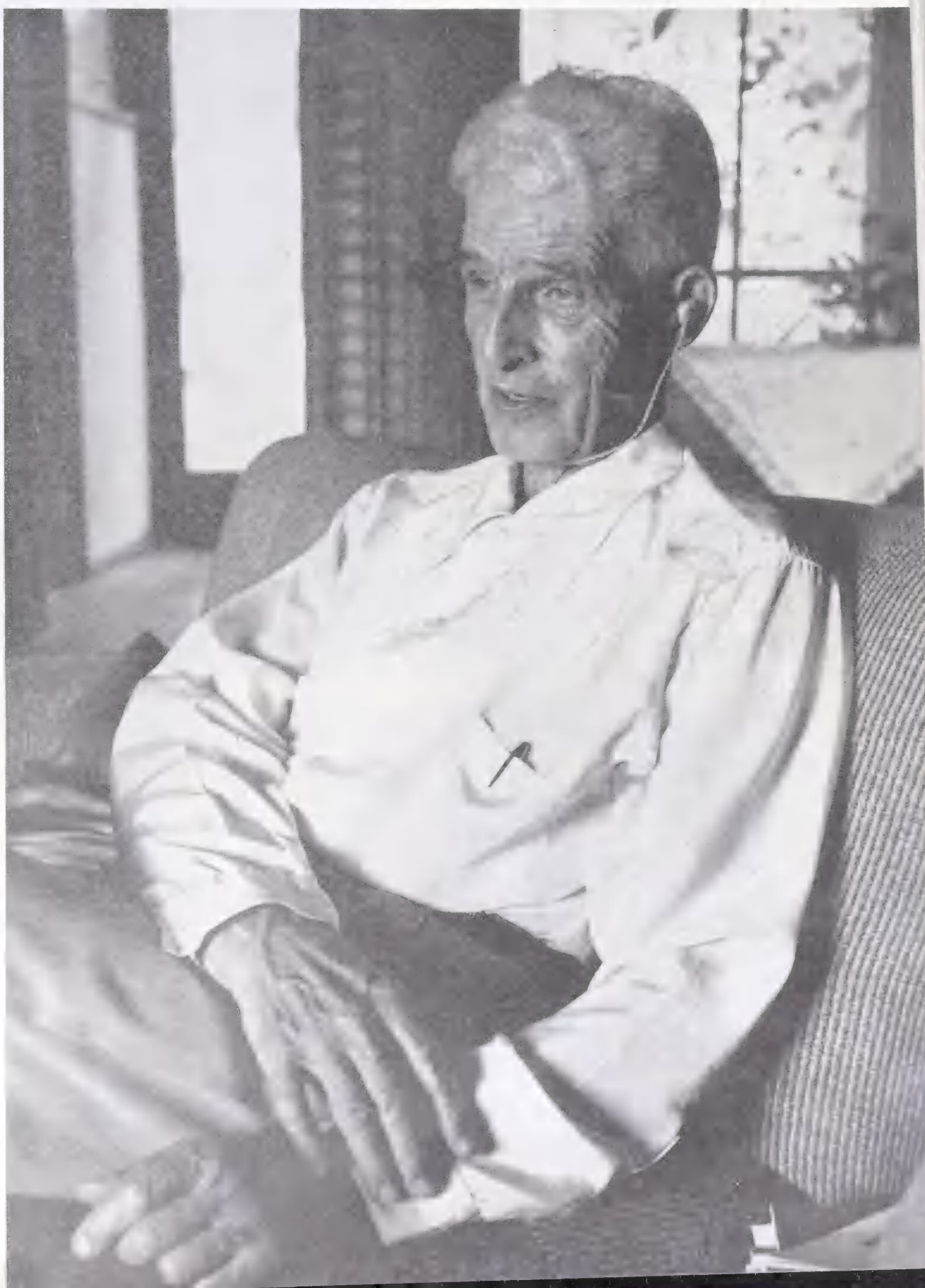
"Learned square dancing at 50, can't get gh of it! . . ." Maude's feet fly, Guy is courtly in favorite numbers—Lancers, Lady Walpole's Reel.



Chica, the Chihuahua, nestles in Guy's lap. ah Pete, the Siamese, naps under table as Maude nakes pottery. No TV. Conversation preferred.



Sociable twosome, she's company as he saws eplace logs. Once Guy said, "If I retire, I'll die," but now feels—"I've started a new chapter."



onary and professor, Guy taught sociology for 38 years.

No stay-at-homes, Sarvises enjoy exploring. Guy had 75 birthday letters from world-wide friends he wishes he could visit.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108 How about a story of a couple who, in their seventies, bought a piece of cut-over Florida jungle, replete with chiggers, wood roaches and even snakes (we killed two corals the first year), cleared it, built a driveway passable for the trucks, then found a couple of masons willing to work by the day, and started in and built two nice houses and made a garden, and we think we have built for less than $8 a square foot! Sincerely,

MAUDE TAYLOR SARVIS

WATCHING the Sarvises—Guy is 75, Maude, 73—sketching further ambitious plans for their two-and-a-half-acre lake-front home, you have a feeling that somehow you must have made a mistake: these brisk, handsome people can't possibly be septuagenarians. You're even surer of that after you talk with them. Their interests are tremendously wide, their enthusiasms keen, their future apparently limited only by the modest retirement pension they live on.

They took a trip to Orlando, Florida, the winter before Professor Sarvis retired—after thirty-eight years of teaching sociology, fifteen of them at the University of Nanking in China—and they fell in love with the place. When they bought their property on Lake Lucy—one of three small lakes that make up Woodsmere, an area "just too far from town to be called a suburb"—they accepted a neighbor's offer of a trailer and lived on their land while they were clearing and building. They had intended living in an Orlando cottage bought for the purpose, but the long-time tenants of the place, one an invalid, were greatly upset by the prospect of moving.

"I hate to put them out," Maude worried, and Guy agreed. When CONTINUED ON PAGE 112





She dresses up and puts a bow in her hair when going out with Guy. "He's such a handsome man. I was a tomboy when I met him."

Always a venture ahead—
they plan to see South America, read all the great books,
take up new skills if they can find time.



Maude, as fond photo keeper—"Here we are engaged, in 1908"—has just begun a Florida album.



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their neighbor offered that trailer. Maude said, "I'm willing, if you are." Guy was.

They cleared their land themselves, all but two areas left wooded to screen the road and a neighbor's dump. Then they built a driveway, hired masons by the day and started work on the smaller of two planned buildings. This was to have been a combination carport and shop (for Guy's woodworking tools, Maude's loom and a longed-for pottery kiln), but it evolved into a compact three-room cottage as well. When their borrowed trailer had to be returned to its owner, they moved into the unfinished cottage and went right on building.



The cottage finished, they began the main house. Birdsong—the many birds that woke them every morning gave the place its name long before it was completed.

They did have to economize, but both were determined that for *this* house "economize" was not to mean "skimp." "It is foolish to live in Florida and not have windows wide enough to let in the sun and the breeze," Guy said. And Maude added, "I'll sacrifice almost anything for spaciousness." Together they outlined a plan. If they could live on Guy's small pension and their Social Security—total, about $2400 a year—and devote all the income from two properties (the small house in Orlando is rented for $52.50 a month, and their former home in Ohio brings in about $187 a month from tenants who are buying it in installments) to retiring the debt on this new home, they could have just the house they wanted.

Masons put up the cement-block walls of Birdsong, built the fireplace, put the roof on—though not the insulation; Guy did that himself. He put in all partitions in the house and did the wood paneling over them. He hung the doors—"a tricky job, since a fraction-of-an-inch error throws the whole thing off." He made all the many built-ins—shelves, cabinets and chests—and painted the outside of the house the pale, soft green chosen as the best background for the luxuriant flowers, vines and shrubs Florida's semitropical climate grows in profusion.

Their 24′ x 26′ living room has a beamed ceiling, a big brick fireplace, wide windows framing "our million-dollar painting"—Lake Lucy and the gently rolling country on the far side. Along one wall Guy built shelves and cupboards for books, a record player, a growing collection of records, favorite bits of pottery—Mexican and Chinese as well as Maude's own work. Most of the furnishings are modern, but a few old family pieces—a desk, a cherry chest and table—fit in comfortably, as do teakwood-and-brass tables from China and brightly painted wooden and tin masks from Mexico. A delicate wrought-iron "bride's lantern" from China hangs at one side of the modern fireplace.

Partitioned off by the fireplace and by an easily movable room divider (built by Guy, it incorporates breakfast bar, shelves and cabinets) is Maude's small, meticulously planned kitchen with its pine-paneled walls, double sink of gleaming stainless steel ("my luxury"), and sunny window overlooking a terrace where there is comfortable outdoor furniture.

There are two bedrooms, both bright and spacious with doors opening onto a tree-shaded lawn. The bath faces a small dressing room across a closet-lined hall. ("The dressing room is for those times when we have so many guests we both give up our bedrooms and sleep on the breezeway.") This screened breezeway connects the main house with the cottage. A narrow ell of it doubles back to the kitchen along one side of the living room, providing a breakfast room for sunny mornings. The wide door between living room and breezeway is the folding type which can be thrown back to make the two already large rooms into one huge one. There are no thresholds in the house.

"We like to eat our meals wherever the spirit moves us—on the terrace, the breezeway, in front of the picture window overlooking the lake." This is easily accomplished with a light, three-tiered aluminum table on wheels which Maude calls "one of my indispensables. I just load everything on this and push it to wherever we want to eat."

She says, "We've had a specific division of labor on this project. Being independent, we both specialize—and respect each other's specialties." Maude was purchasing agent for all the materials that went into the house. She did all the interior painting and finished the woodwork. She also planted the "many more than a hundred" small trees, vines and shrubs, made all the curtains and slip covers. "You can tell that I love clear blues, greens and yellows—sea and sun colors—they are all through the house."

Closets in the house have accordion-folding doors made of basswood slats and designed to waste no space. Circulation of air is essential during the Florida summers when heat and dampness make for a really serious mildew problem.

Accounting on the cost of Birdsong isn't complete yet, but the Sarvises think that they have built their "more than 1500 square feet of house and 260 of breezeway, including well, pump and septic tank, for less than $8 a square foot—not including our own labor." Estimated total cost, including the $2200 price of the land, from $12,000 to $15,000. Estimated value, about $20,000.

There are still things to be done. Only Guy's room is what Maude calls "really decorated." The dark red cement floors must be sanded and waxed with heavy red wax to give them the proper finish. The Sarvises would like to build a second terrace in the L between living room and breezeway.

Both Guy and Maude love the house and are very proud of it. Guy will say smilingly that "It's the hunt, not the hare, and the real enjoyment is in the doing, not the having," but he is pleased with their accomplishment and Maude feels that having this three-year work project has greatly eased the shock of retirement he once dreaded so. For herself, she says, building Birdsong has lightened the "no longer necessary" feeling that comes to a woman when her children are all grown up. Planning ahead for this time, she never let herself give up interests outside her home. "In fact," she says, "I was a selfish mother, and made a point of constantly acquiring new interests. Weaving and ceramics among the newest." Weaving supplies are limited in nearby shops, but Maude's instructor says she has "a natural eye for color" and she is looking forward to visiting a well-stocked mill she has heard of and choosing "whole armloads of materials" for her loom.

"These are my favorite pieces of pottery, so far." She displays a set of small bowls in soft pastels. Each has a simple, stylized design—a leaf, a flower, a whimsical horse a child would delight in. "These were made in molds. Now this"—a larger green-and-terra-cotta bowl—"this was simply pressed." Her hands turn and pat the bowl deftly to show how this was done. "It is unusually large for a bowl made by this method." She puts it back on its shelf. "I'll do more when I get the new kiln."

Maude is also learning Spanish. Two summers in Mexico gave her "enough to manage," but she wants to be really proficient in the language.

"We've always been great 'trippers,'" she smiles. "Our travel generally had to be done on a shoestring (provided by squeezing the budget and sometimes, I'm afraid, even putting off jobs we might have done to finish the house sooner). We travel by car and avoid staying in the big, expensive touristy places. Sometimes we have camped out and picnicked on food bought in crossroads grocery stores. We're lucky, too, in having many friends to exchange visits with. In Mexico City, we took an apartment and I loved bargaining with the stallkeepers in the local markets. In the villages where we went looking for special kinds of pottery, we could always find a woman who would cook a meal for us—and you get to know the people so much better that way." Biggest bargain of all: enough fine changeable silk to make two dresses ("still my Sunday favorites") for $1 a yard. Dressmaker's fee, $5 a dress.

Besides Mexico, Guy and Maude have been to New York, Cape Cod, the Smokies, British Columbia, and California, where two of their four children live—daughter Mary Alice helped finance this trip. Next time, they'd like to go to Mexico again, or maybe Jamaica or the South American countries—"though you can't *drive* there!"

"Travel gets a little more complicated when you own pets," Maude says. "But somehow any time we stay in one place more than a few weeks, we *do* own them." Two current pets are greatly loved and enjoyed, a Siamese cat named Sugah Pete and a bouncy six-month-old Chihuahua puppy named Chica. They get along amazingly well. Dignified Pete puts up with Chica's teasing, with having his ears nipped, his tail pounced on and his food bowl robbed until he gets good and tired. Then he retires to the security of a high chest in Guy's room. He scolds the puppy, sometimes slaps her, but never unsheathes his claws. Both pets seem to know that though mice, snakes, even butterflies are fair game for chasing, the birds their people think so much of are to be left severely alone.

The Sarvises don't own a television set ("What happens to conversation?" they ask dubiously), but their radio is a source of information ("We listen to the news with breakfast, our favorite commentators with dinner") as well as pleasure ("Monday night is wonderful for music programs"). Additions to their record library are apt to be symphonies, choral group recordings or square-dance music. They are ardent square-dance fans.

"Guy and I never danced when we were young," Maude says. "Our families didn't believe in it. We discovered square dancing when we were nearly fifty, and we mean to go on with it until we die!"

Any Saturday night during the winter Birdsong's big living room is apt to resound to the strains of music for Lady Walpole's Reel or the lancers, and the voice of Dr. Harry Irwin, a friend and neighbor who calls the dances:

> "—— *half right and left, swing your partner and promenade home* ——"

Maude, her cheeks pink from the lively dance and her blue eyes sparkling, detaches herself from the group and goes into the kitchen to get out her biggest coffeepot while she explains, "Our square-dance club is made up of people who live in the seventeen houses around the lake—mostly retired teachers like us. Sometimes we meet at members' houses if they have a room large enough, and sometimes

HOW THE SARVISES SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Day-to-day bills are met from $200-a-month pension and Social Security income. An additional $2874 a year from former property goes directly into paying the $8000 debt on Birdsong. Sarvises pay no income tax. Under Florida's homestead tax-exemption law, property tax is low. Twenty-year life insurance is paid up. Most furniture came from former home. Guy built new items and these and appliances came out of their building fund. A menu of vegetables, local fruit, fish and poultry dishes comes to a moderate total; Maude can buy a watermelon for 35 cents, pick papayas in the back yard. "Now we're settled, we don't keep a strict budget. Just spend. And what's left over we use for entertainment, house, garden, hobbies or postage stamps."

Food	$60.00	Dry cleaning, shoe repair, household needs	5.00
Clothing	12.00	Club dues	2.00
Property tax	9.00	Books, magazines, newspapers	4.00
Fuel, light, water	11.00	Church ($100 a year, and this year an extra $100 for building fund)	17.00
Telephone	4.00	Charities (a large share to friends abroad—food and clothing boxes where needed)	17.00
Hospitalization insurance	7.00	Total	$183.00
Medical and dental (drugs and vitamins are provided by Dr. Mary Alice)	5.00		
Car expense	30.00		

a nearby village hall. We don't fuss
vith refreshments or party trimmings;
cing itself is the thing and we all get a
eal of fun out of it."
Sarvises are members of the Unitarian
in Orlando and they are active in most
affairs. Sometimes, after church, they
town for Sunday dinner at a favorite
ant where the palm-shaded dining ter-
erlooks a blue and glistening lake—"A
at."
belongs to the University Club and
njoy going there for special parties.
gh we *don't* enjoy driving after dark,"
says, "and it is fourteen miles. That
nits the number of movies we see."
winter they are rejoining a group which
every other week to discuss books.
cally our only chance to see young peo-
se days," Maude says ruefully. "We're
y oldsters in the group."
haps that isn't such a good thing," Guy
th a twinkle. "Because we *are* older,
tend to listen very politely when we
is a great temptation to talk too much."
four Sarvis children are adults now, of
with homes of their own. All were born
the Sarvises' years in Nanking. Idealiz-
United States, they were still far more
r with the ways of China, and there
a good many pangs of readjustment"
ney came home to a country they really
ttle about.
Chinese love children so," Maude
Any blond, blue-eyed child is apt to be
petted and spoiled. I remember when
Alice was going through that fussy-
clothes period we found she was chang-
dress three or four times a day and
g the soiled, wrinkled one to one of our
e servants to launder. The servant
mind—he thought it quite fitting—but
I'd have to make Mary Alice see
rong it was for a little girl to cause a
man—servant or no—all that work just
fy her whim of the moment." Maude
over the memory of her solution to the
n. "I told her that if she wanted to wear
se clean dresses she'd have to launder
erself. The servant was scandalized, but
't long before Mary Alice was wearing
ne clean dress a day and taking reason-
re about keeping it clean." All the chil-
uffered miserably when, after begging
o "say something in Chinese," friends
erica laughed because words they spoke
ch a "singsong" rhythm. And American
vas practically a whole new language for
o learn.

, the eldest, is 41. ("He was too charm-
a child. Things came too easily to
He now lives in San Francisco, where
rks as a draftsman for an engineering
nd devotes his spare time to a theater
in which his wife, Winifred, member of
troupe during the war, works with him.
have two children: Deborah, 6, and 3-
ld Paul.
39, psychiatrist Dr. Mary Alice is co-
or of a clinic she helped to establish in
rancisco, has just finished building a
of her own there. "Now maybe she'll
he time to find just the right man to
." Maude smiles.
y, 37, is married to builder Erwin Luse,
Petersburg—"Close enough for frequent
" The Luses have three children: Bob, 15
s Robin until last year, when he rebelled
sisted it had to be Bob); Janet, 11; and
Danny. "Betty is a born mother,"
e says admiringly of this youngest
ter.
lor, 30, who "always hated being the
of the family," is a painter and has just
his master's degree. He plans to teach.
and his wife, Constance, have a six-
-old baby girl, Alison."
a keepsake for these children and grand-
en, Maude is writing a family history.
touching on just the high points of the
career, it is apt to be a fat volume be-
he finishes it.

y Sarvis was born July 6, 1879, in Pon-
llinois, but his earliest memories are of
on a farm near Highmore, South Da-
His father raised wheat and dairy cows.
According to Guy, who, with his brother, had to work the land and milk the cows, it was "forty acres of wheat to work in the daytime, and forty acres of cows to milk at night." He went to country schools, "hired out" to tend sheep when he was ten. His mother died when he was very young. "Guy's early life was deprived of affection," Maude says. "His father remarried and his stepmother was one of those unlucky, neurotic people who can never really accept—and perhaps, in the truest sense, inspire—affection. She was always in need of reassurance that no one could find a way to give her." (Maude, who took care of her the last eight years of her life, still speaks regretfully of her own inability to ease "Aunt Isabel's" unhappy conviction that she was unloved and unwanted.)

Guy taught in country schools for a while to pay his tuition at a business college in Sioux Falls. Then he went to New York, where he worked as a secretary for the Y.M.C.A. a year to finance more education. He had two years at Mount Hermon before going back to work—this time for the Y.M.C.A. in India. India was fascinating, but he still wanted college in the United States, so after two years he found a job that would take him home again—that of secretary to the writer of a series of travel books whose titles all began A Yankee in —— The trip home via Africa (A Yankee in Pygmyland) gave Guy enough money to start college. He chose Drake University at Des Moines. There he met a very pretty blond, blue-eyed tomboy named Maude Taylor. They were engaged at the end of his junior year.

Maude, who met him in class, noticed him first because he looked like a neighbor of hers back in Shelby County, Iowa. A second look told her that this handsome six-footer had "a fine, strong face—and the most beautiful hair I had ever seen." It was wavy, black, touched prematurely with silver. Maude was intrigued by his traveled background too. She had always wanted to travel. "When I was a little



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girl," she says, "I used to sit and wait for the daily train to go by, listen to the whistle echoing and wonder whether I'd ever get on that train myself and go off to new and wonderful places."

Maude's people had moved to Shelby County from Eastern Iowa in a covered wagon. Her father paid $10 an acre for eighty acres of untouched prairie land. Her mother, Mary Ellender, "so homesick she almost died for the sight of trees," wept almost constantly until her husband planted trees for her—fourteen acres of them. Either the trees or the fact that a number of her relatives came west and settled nearby salved her misery. As Maude puts it, "She settled down and had children as fast as she could." Maude was the third of six. She remembers her childhood as happy. Her father was "stern, but fair." Her mother, "tired a lot, sometimes tense and nervous," still found time to play with her children and introduce them to books and music. "It was she who brought all the color and imagination into our lives." Her daughters were taught the housekeeping skills, and as soon as they were old enough they all had regular chores to do. Maude's own earliest memory of this, "standing on a chair so I could reach high enough to dry the dishes."

She also remembers as "the greatest compliment my father ever paid to my ability as a housekeeper" the time he trusted her to cook for the threshers when her mother was ill one harvest season. Every farm housewife tried to outdo every other in setting a lavish table for the threshers. There were at least a dozen of them, Maude remembers. "And if you gave them roast beef for dinner, you had to cook chicken for supper. And pies! Hundreds of them, I think. Not to mention the mountains of hot biscuits, fresh bread, vegetables and preserves."

"School was like doors opening—every new idea presented led to something even more fascinating." Like Guy, Maude taught in a country school for two years to earn money for college.

"I never thought Guy would fall in love with me," she says with a smile. "There were so many pretty, *dignified* girls who liked him, and I was such a tomboy! But he did." They were married September 10, 1908, in the small church Maude and her family attended at Harlan, Iowa. Maude spent hours sewing "a million yards of lace and insertion" into her wedding dress and the bell-shaped petticoat that went under it. ("Very daring, to wear only one.") One sister was her maid of honor and she had four bridesmaids. They didn't wear special bridesmaids' dresses, only regular light summer ones, with wreaths of pink and blue asters in their hair and bouquets to match. Maude and her sister had "store" bouquets. They had decorated the church themselves with greenery from the woods and garden flowers.

"On the morning of my wedding day I suddenly remembered a scene from years back," Maude laughs. "One lovely summer day when my sisters and I, in our early teens, sat under a tree crying our eyes out because someday we'd get married and be separated. And a family of elderly spinster sisters who lived nearby telling us, 'Don't be silly! Do you want to grow up to be like us?'"

One fear haunted Maude. Her father was a "plain" man who made few outward displays of affection and hated anything "fancy." "In those days," Maude says, "a wedding procession always went down the aisle in a sort of hesitation-step march. I just knew my father wouldn't do that, and I was scared to death he wouldn't give me away at all!"

But Lutellas Sylvender Taylor (whose distinctive name represented the romantic side of his mother's nature) did escort his daughter to the altar, hesitation step and all. Not only that, but in a startling gesture of elegance and fatherly pride he rented for his daughter's trip to and from the church a matched team of white horses and a surrey kept for visiting dignitaries (William Jennings Bryan, for one).

After their marriage, Guy and Maude went to the University of Chicago, where Guy did graduate work in sociology and Maude attended classes as well as kept house. Three years later, in 1911, Guy was sent to China to help establish the University of Nanking. Technically, he was a missionary, his church, the Disciples of Christ, one of three churches supporting the work of the university. Guy was one of the first two sociologists in China. It was a challenging job and he was keenly excited at the prospect. Maude was not, at first. They had put off having children until Guy was finished with his graduate work, and she didn't want to go on waiting for the family both were eager to have. "'Still,' I told myself finally, 'if other people can raise families in China, I can too!'"

They went to China by way of Europe and the Middle East—Maude called it their delayed honeymoon. They arrived in Shanghai on a chill, gray November day in 1911. On the boat they had heard disquieting rumors (they learned one of their first Chinese phrases, "*ye yen*" or "wild talk") of revolution in China, but an "old China hand" aboard reassured them, saying blithely, "There is always a revolution brewing somewhere in China." From their ship they saw the imposing buildings along the Bund—Shanghai's water-front sky line—literally draped in white sheets. Maude thought it strange that the people of such a fine-looking city should be hanging their laundry out the windows. It wasn't quite like that—the white sheets were flags of truce. Shanghai had surrendered to the armies of the revolution.

There was no possibility of going on to Nanking just then—foreigners from that city were refugeeing to Shanghai. The Sarvises spent their first China winter in a crowded mission house, devoting most of their time to learning the language so they could manage a household of their own when it was safe to go on to Nanking. "We never doubted, somehow, that it *would* be safe." They began their lessons with a Chinese student, studying in a church with an earthen floor and hard wooden benches. They sat bundled in blankets, their feet resting on tiny charcoal stoves that did little to keep out the bitter cold.

Maude was young and eager and what she felt to be the narrow views of some of the older missionaries were hard to understand. "I'm afraid I shocked them sometimes. I used to argue more tolerance, room for other people's faiths," she says. "I remember one fantastic winter when people were dying by the hundreds and I was sick with anger because I couldn't find a way to feed them all. 'Prayer will help them,' one woman missionary said. I *had* prayed, and I *was* praying. I wanted to do more. 'You don't change God's mind by uttering a few words to Him!' I cried, and ran out of the room.

"Later, I saw that same woman risk her life calmly to help people of a plague-stricken village. 'Their lives are so much better than their doctrines,' I told Guy. 'Maybe *my* tolerance needs widening too.'"

REMEMBRANCE FOR ROSEMARY

By CHARLES EUGENE MOUNTS

Her face lights up in thoughts of little boys;
So I prescribe her four. Their fun and noise
I fondly dream how she with grace commands
Where lesser mothers fret or scold. Demands
Of love will ever be upon her; yet
Lover, husband, babies will all get
Their due return of love, and somewhat more
Than mortals may dare hope. How happy he
Who takes this bride to bed, posterity
How blest! Long and lovely, smooth and white,
She'll lie beside him all the night,
Work beside him all the day; days on end
And year by year all their lovingness expend.
So with long labor for love's dear sake
They shall an endless matrimony make.

Once established in their own home in Nanking—a thirteen-room, three-story house called Heathcote—the Sarvises settled happily. "I guess I was homesick at first," Maude says. "I used to stare up at the moon and think, 'My mother and sisters are looking at it, too (we had arranged that before I left). 'It's the same moon wherever you are.' But I really think we both felt at home in China from the start." They went on with their study of Chinese.

Guy worked hard helping to establish the university and teaching classes. Maude set her household to organize, a steady stream of guests to take care of. "We looked after all the new families arriving in Nanking until they could learn enough Chinese to manage establishments of their own." Both Guy and Maude recall that their favorite guest was the great admired Jane Addams, of Hull House.

"These were good years. We found so many friends. Guy's work was deeply satisfying to him. My life was soon filled with babies, and from being a specialist in the teaching field became another kind of specialist—a nurse of kind. Guy was working so hard that he never had enough time to spend with the children, but we had hikes and picnics and trips to climb the beautiful Purple Mountain outside the city.

Maude felt that during this period the children's needs came first. She taught English to the children of a wealthy Chinese family, and this paid the tuition of her own children in Nanking's American school. And she tells, laughingly, of the time a domestic crisis left her without servants on a day when she had promised to take the children to a long-awaited picnic. "And just that day, of course, Guy brought home a visiting British dignitary for dinner. I hadn't had time to cook, and there wasn't anything in the house, so our guest had to eat corn-meal mush along with the children. He kept looking up from his plate, smiling and saying, 'Fancy! Maize mush.'"

One terrible winter Guy did famine-relief work in a northern province, working in areas where bandits were constantly looting villages, sometimes kidnaping foreigners and holding them for ransom. Often "accidents" happened and the victims vanished before they could be ransomed. It was this winter that Guy's "pepper and salt" hair, so attractive to Maude, turned completely white. A favorite story among Guy's friends is that this was due to the responsibility of trying to decide which of many starving people could be fed with the limited amount of food there was to dole out. "Truly a life-or-death power," and the strain took its toll.

Of that winter Maude says, "I never worried half so much about danger from warring bandits as I did over the possibility of a single typhus louse coming near Guy!" Typhus was wiping out whole villages, and there was no easily available vaccine to control it then.

"Our China life ended very abruptly." But now there is regret in Maude's voice.

The Sarvis family was in the United States on furlough in 1927 when, in a wave of anti-foreign agitation, the city of Nanking was again looted. Homes of foreigners were marked targets. Six foreigners, including the American head of the university, were killed. "Our Chinese students at the university were wonderful, we heard. One group set up a cordon around the bed of a woman teacher who was ill and announced that they would have to be killed before the invaders could harm her."

Many foreign teachers were replaced by Chinese. Later, when Guy could have a

refused. Those who had replaced him own students, and he felt it would not o them.

arvises had planned to spend at least heir retirement years in China, where respect for and deference to the expe- d maturity of the old would have made ant indeed. "But I guess it's good for have had our ego so inflated," Maude erfully. "We're here, and we're ad-

djustment years were not easy. "Guy ost fifty; he had no name in the aca- orld of America." For fifteen years lived on a substandard missionary Most of their prized possessions were y had four children to educate. ("I r a group of religious publications," ays. "And often it was a matter of try- cide which of the children would have college if I didn't sell a story that) Too, in 1929, America was strug- solve a problem called the Great De-

five years," Maude says, "we never e year whether Guy would be working "

st of 1935 was low point for them. n a month before the college season to open, Guy still had no job. came an offer to teach in the sociology ent of Ohio Wesleyan at Delaware,

NEXT MONTH

E VANISHING BANKBOOK

ast winter was a shakedown ise," say Merle and Bobbie Law- ce in their $13,350 house. Rains e. Water seeped up through the crete slab. Tile flooring squished n they walked on it. Hot-air ducts owed steam. Interior paint peeled The front door warped. Nails pped out of the walls.

t that still doesn't explain to a zzled family where *all* the money s. Even in Ann Arbor, Michi- n, where Merle works and where ng costs are high, it's a mystery be

BROKE ON $11,200 A YEAR

By G. M. WHITE

OW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES In the February JOURNAL

nd for the first time since they had left g they felt they had a home again—a Victorian-style house which Maude at for its gingerbread ugliness and or its many spacious, high-ceilinged Guy stayed at Ohio Wesleyan until his nt—as head of the department—in

n he was asked to help build up a department at Wesleyan College in Georgia, he accepted. After his first re, it was suggested that he stay on "as he wanted to teach." His reply indi- Maude that much of his fear of retire- as gone.

t's fine," Guy said. "That will be one ear."

51 they retired to Florida and began enture of building Birdsong, for years dream and a set of house plans that had one "probably a hundred changes." rld of their young years comes to them, the form of visiting friends and letters. was pleased and grateful at the tfulness of friends on Guy's 75th birth- summer.

re was a letter for every year—letters hinese, Czechs, German and Hungarian Negroes. It was such a nice cross section Friends and interests. I don't think any- ould have pleased him more."

n China, "our much-loved second coun- Guy and Maude hear very little these days. But they like to feel that this will not always be so.

A round-robin letter started in 1917, when Maude and her friends formed the Young Mothers Club of Nanking, is still going its faithful round, keeping the members in touch with one another—even though, in some cases, it is being carried on by the second generation. On Mother's Day there were phone calls from all four of the Sarvis children, including chats with the grandchildren suggesting it was time for another visit from their grandparents.

There is still work to be done on Birdsong and its garden, and the daily routine of housekeeping, simplified though it is, takes time and planning. Maude makes enthusiastic use of such work savers as frozen foods, but feels that bakery bread is inferior to bread she bakes herself, and ready-ground coffee not half as delicious as coffee freshly ground in a little hand mill before each meal.

She is painstaking in the brewing of the jasmine tea they both learned to love in China too. "Use an earthenware pot and never let the tea stand on the leaves after it is brewed. It spoils the delicate flavor."

Many of their favorite menus are based on dishes from China and India. Maude's chicken chow mein is rich with mushrooms and whole pecan meats, as well as the traditional Chinese vegetables. A simple dish like scrambled eggs becomes very special indeed when beaten with a little cream, seasoned delicately with curry powder and cooked in the top of a double boiler ("That keeps the eggs light and fluffy"). Serve with crisp bacon, home-baked bread, a green salad and fruit for dessert. This year they have their own papayas, grown from a handful of seeds Maude brought home from a lunch in town one day.

There are the pets, Pete and Chica—the trips to places they haven't seen yet.

"And so you see, as I mentioned in the beginning," Maude says, "we're *far* too busy to have any retirement blues." END

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TUMS *for the Tummy*

Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers

When can you start toilet training?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DI PIETRO

Dr. Spock says: "We know for a fact that the natural loving care that kindly parents give to their children is a hundred times more valuable than their knowing how to pin a diaper on just right."

OF the many letters I've received from JOURNAL mothers, more have asked about toilet training than any other topic. Here's a forthright example: "Maybe I'm different from every other mother in the country, but my children are not inclined to be toilet-trained at ten or fifteen months. Our three-year-old son is now socially acceptable—just a recent development of his own. I tried to influence him in that direction all winter, but I'm sure it wasn't all my efforts that finally did the trick. I started early with him (eighteen months) but had no luck. Was I not watchful enough? It seemed all I did was try to take him to his chair. I feel that maybe my great concern for it may have held him back. At times I'd wonder if he was even intelligent, I'd get so provoked! Our second one will soon be two and he is still in diapers. I'd like to have him in training pants, but it's a constant mess to clean up—I just can't catch him. He doesn't seem to be regular about either his wetting or his bowel movements." At the end of her letter she adds, "It's these other parents who sometimes drive me too far with their attitudes!"

Another mother says, "Linda, past two, very bright, just won't train. I let her alone till about sixteen months, whereupon I couldn't even get her to the toilet seat. I let her alone for many weeks until she was willing to try the seat. But her movements are so irregular I just can't catch her. At the ripe age of two years two months she's never made a BM on the toilet. She again shows resistance to sitting on the seat."

A third mother says, about toilet training, "This subject is the most unpleasant part of child raising and any help would be appreciated."

In the first place, I've always thought and said that between 12 months and 24 months is the most impractical age for a parent to become vigorous about toilet training. This is the age when children become *much* more aware of themselves, of their bodies, of their wishes, of their rights, of their dignity. They sense—quite naturally, I think—that their bowel movements are really their own private business. They'll take tactful suggestions about the movement, but they won't take too much bossing or irritable interference. They just get balky, which is the normal defense at this age. Then if the parent gets angry about it, and especially if the parent resorts to force—dragging a struggling child to the toilet or using an enema or suppository—then the child acts as frightened as if he thought the parent were going to remove a *part* of his body, not just a product of it.

If, on the other hand, a parent feels *entirely* agreeable to waiting, there is a good chance (not a 100 per cent chance) that the child will become interested in using the toilet himself somewhere around 2 years of age—a few will get the idea before 2, some not till 2¼ or 2½, a few later still. I think that letting a child train himself is a natural and handy way to accomplish the job. Most mothers will report that when it happens it happens fast, both for bowel movements and urine. In fact, it's a bit of a nuisance for a few days because the child becomes so enthusiastic that he is taking himself to the toilet, asking for help in getting his pants down and getting up on the seat every few minutes, when he obviously has nothing to do. The greatest advantage is that the child considers it his proud accomplishment, rather than as giving in to his mother, and it therefore doesn't occur to him, at some later time when he's cross at her, to relapse out of spite. In other words, self-training is much more likely to last.

These views are probably old stuff to most of you, but I have to repeat them in order to lead up to the main issue, which has to do with the questions: Why don't all parents want to wait for the child to train himself? Why do parents who think they are being fairly tactful in their training efforts in the 12-to-24-month period run into balking? The answer is that we Americans and Europeans have grown up in a kind of society that for many centuries has considered early toileting darned important—not just as a health matter but as almost a moral matter. Most of us were taught early in childhood to consider bowel movements and urine as more or less dirty and disgusting. A lot of us probably had parents who became cross or angry at us at times in our early years when we had accidents. Those early impressions sink in deeply and don't wear off easily. We may think that as educated adults, who have studied or heard about modern theories on toilet training, we are very sophisticated and don't mind waiting a long time for our children to train themselves, but underneath we may still be old-fashioned—all ready to get cross and disapproving if our child doesn't become trained when *we* think he should.

I've often seen this sharp contrast between what parents think they believe and what they really feel, in other aspects of child care. A mother of a child with a feeding problem says, "I was a feeding problem myself and I can still remember how, when my own mother urged and forced me to eat, it only took my appetite away further. I know clearly that it's the very worst thing to do and yet I find myself continually urging and forcing my child." Many modern parents imagine ahead of time that they will be much too wise to become tense when their child asks his first sex question or gets into an early-childhood kind of sex play, but most of us instantly become at least slightly anxious or disapproving when that moment comes.

I don't mean by these examples that I think that all parents are so concerned underneath about toilet training that they can't wait to let a child train himself. Many are relaxed enough about it to be able to wait agreeably—they really don't worry. Many others are very concerned about early training and don't mind admitting it. And some who think that they don't care, care a lot underneath.

It seems clear to me that the mothers writing the three letters I quoted from all felt pretty strongly and deeply that their children should be trained fairly early.

I don't believe there is any one right way to train a child. Every parent has to bring up his child according to his own convictions. I think it's helpful for parents to know what students of child development have learned about how children grow and how they feel about life at different ages, so that parents can fit their efforts best to their child's readiness. I'm convinced enough myself about the advantages of self-training to the toilet so that I'd offer this approach for the consideration of any parent asking my advice. But if a mother answered, "I couldn't stand letting a child be dirty that long, and besides, I don't think it would be good for the child," then I'd know that this wouldn't be the right method for her. Even if she tried conscientiously to follow my advice it would go so strongly against her grain that it wouldn't work and she'd end up with a worse conflict on her hands than if she'd gone at it her own way, whatever it was.

I'd suggest to her that I think it's preferable to wait at least until her baby could sit alone (6 to 8 months) and until his movements were regular enough so that she had a chance of "catching" it on most days. Most babies between 6 and 12 months who are regular will accept regular toileting quite willingly, as long as it is reasonably tactful, and after a while will establish the habit of pushing co-operatively as soon as they are on the seat. I'd still recommend not keeping the baby there longer than ten minutes, for fear of provoking rebellion, and letting him off sooner if he becomes restless. And I'd explain that plenty of babies who are well trained for the bowel movement at 12 months rebel temporarily sometime between 12 and 18 months when they are feeling their independence, and that I'd recommend dropping the toileting temporarily if this happened.

I'd never recommend the starting of active, vigorous training between 12 and 24 months.

I'd wait to try to catch the urine until the baby was holding his urine for two hours at a time, which averages somewhere around 15 months, and then go at it gradually.

I'll discuss bed wetting in a later column.

I've received a few letters from mothers who were frantically upset about such matters as a severe feeding problem, an extremely willful child, and a child who was crying all day. Such problems which are way beyond the average range and which have produced great tension in the parent can't be tackled helpfully in an article. They require long, understanding discussion between parent and someone skilled in counseling. Who is that? Very appropriate would be a child psychiatrist, or general psychiatrist in private practice or in a guidance clinic. Unfortunately, they are too few and mostly located in larger cities. Some pediatricians and general practitioners are interested and skillful; others prefer, because of their training, to stick to physical diseases. Some psychologists, some schoolteachers, school-guidance counselors, school social workers ("home and school visitors"), some ministers can be very helpful, either directly or by referring the parent to another worker. Most likely to be helpful, in a city or town where there are no psychiatrists available, is a family social agency. There are sometimes Protestant, Catholic and Jewish family agencies. If in doubt in a city, see if there is a Council of Social Agencies listed in the phone book. They will direct you to the proper agency. In communities, especially rural, where there is no Council of Social Agencies there may be a county welfare agency or department of public assistance which may have people on its staff skilled in family problems or able to direct you to such. Or write the state Department of Welfare in the state capital, giving them a rough idea of what kind of problem you have.

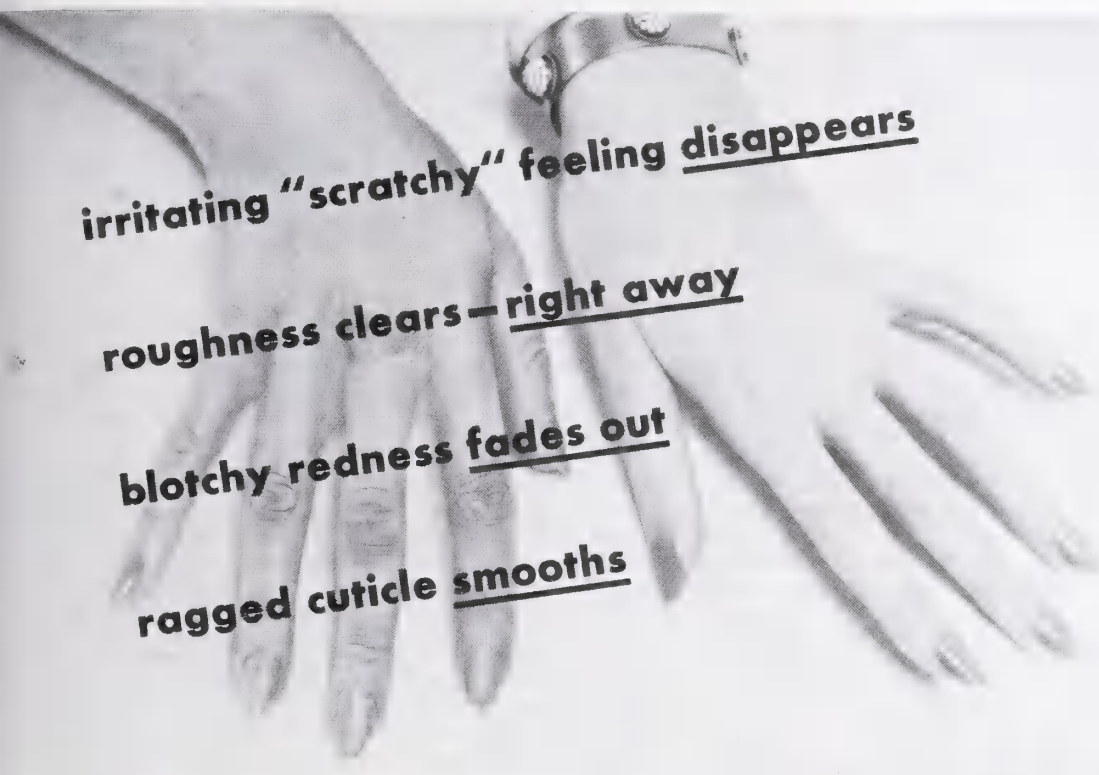
Many people don't think of turning to a family social agency when there are behavior or emotional problems, in the mistaken belief that such an agency is only for those of low income. The best agencies are eager to help families at any economic level and consider counseling their most vital contribution.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—*Ed.*

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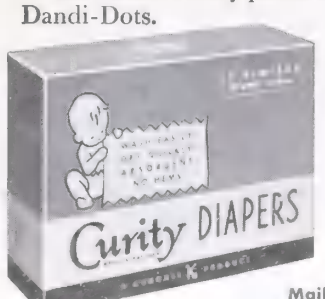
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DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE

Some of the people hereabouts are turning their steps southward. I always think of Florida as a strange land with strange birds singing, full of color and light and incredibly dreamy. I like to read about it, as I like to read about tropical islands, and imagine myself strolling under date palms and picking hibiscus. No, the date palms are California.

Most of us stay right here and keep the walks shoveled and the furnace going. And have wonderful conversation about just how cold it was this morning! And read in the dark evenings or play the word game or listen to good records. And plan next year's gardens!

Winter colors are beautiful, but it takes a discerning eye to appreciate them, since they are more subdued and subtle than the blazing of autumn or the ebullience of summer. In the meadow, cinnamon and puce show against the snow; in the woods, the strong green of the pines makes a deep beauty. The tall deciduous trees on all the winding roadsides lift ebony branches, and their brave trunks are black as a midnight ocean. Silver lace edges the brook, icicles hang their crystal from the old well-house.

Smiley's buttermilk pancakes make a fine Sunday-morning breakfast on a cold dark day. I make the batter the night before and put it in a narrow-topped bottle in the refrigerator. The recipe calls for 2 cups flour, 2 cups buttermilk, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 egg. I use an electric blender and mix the whole at once—it could be done by beating in well. If it seems too thick (buttermilk differs in thickness, I find) I add a little extra buttermilk until the batter is fairly thin. In the morning, I shake it up well, pour on a hot griddle in spoonful amounts—these pancakes are best rather small. Smiley does them cowboy style, in plenty of fat, and lets the edges get dark brown and lacy. I am more moderate; I turn them when they bubble in the middle, and keep them light golden. Either way, delicious. They are perfect with maple sirup, or buttered and dusted with powdered sugar. Good with white-clover honey too.

As the New Year begins, it is good to tal stock of what blessings we have. I think o greatest blessing in America is that we are st free to help people. We can give to hundre of causes, and nobody is going to intimida us. With so much dire need in the world, v can, as far as we are able, send goods ar clothes and packages abroad, can adopt w orphans, can help the underprivileged in o own country. We can, through our churc groups, contribute all the year round to ma in need. I shouldn't wonder but that freedo to serve might be the greatest freedom in t world!

When the church bell rings on the frost winter Sundays and the valley folk gather the little white church as they have gathere down the years, I like to think that even in th atomic age we are preserving some of our heri age. It's a good thought to go ahead on!

The cockers and Irish shake the snow fro their paws and settle down by the applewoo fire and hope their own new year will hav plenty of titbits and balls to chase.

MAGGIE THE DAZZLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

girls and I live smack in the middle of the city. At least it's called Midtown, being rather south on the island of Manhattan. So today I do admit it wasn't culture drove me to the keys.

Tommy, in addition to being a soulful genius, is very beautiful—one of those lithe black Irishmen with the inky hair and the heavy brows and the burning eyes. I think burning eyes are usually black, but Tommy manages very well with blue. I went out with him all through college and I never once stared him down. I always looked away first.

I'm not making excuses, but he's not someone you would forget—especially when there is unfinished business between you. Tommy never bothered to leave me really. He simply took off. You can't even be mad when that happens because you don't *know* when it happens. After a while you realize there's no point waiting. The thing is I was always such a drip with Tommy I can't even blame him for leaving me and I want to dazzle him good, just to finish the business my way. I could do it now, I know I could. I've grown to be rather dazzling when I set my mind to it.

Daydreams are a little embarrassing to relate, but I am determined to give the fancies as well as the facts. It is a fact that whenever I play the Rustle I fancy that I am alone in the saloon of a great ship or behind the palms in a deserted music room at a ball. I am performing heartbreakingly well. And suddenly Tommy appears behind me and says, "I knew it was you, Maggie," and he pulls me to my feet and I do not skitter. We go into a scene you would recognize from a certain perfume ad, minus the violin.

Thus was I occupied when my husband returned from his hospital rounds this morning at about a quarter to ten. I didn't even hear him. When I finished playing I kept my hands on the keyboard, head bowed humbly, and unloosed a loud sigh.

"That's nice, Maggie," said Jack. I jumped a mile. "I like your spirit," he explained. "You look as if you're going to break the piano."

"Art," I said and guiltily kissed his sweet brow.

He gave me a vague hug, went to the kitchen for coffee, and graciously ignored the plants, pots, laundry and dishes. Some men would be upset at this panorama of neglect, but not my Jack. He just pushed the socks aside and laid out two cups. I brought us some heated-over coffee, which some men would also object to, but he even said it was good.

"I'm going back to the hospital," he said. "I've got to hang around those twins today." He's been knocking himself out over seven pounds' worth of two new babies—trying to find out how and what to get them to eat.

"I've got to take the girls to Best's after nursery school. They both need pajamas," I said. "We'll walk over on Fifth."

I sipped my coffee and stared at the socks without seeing them. I thought, *Maybe I'll run into Tommy on the street someday.* I have thought of this before, I must admit. Say I'm walking along in my melting pink velvet hat and pale gray coat with the sleeves that push up so you can't move your arms. I'm whistling some beautifully complicated ancient air that only Tommy would know. I'm carrying a copy of Dylan Thomas with the title showing. A dark graceful man hears the air, sees the book, hurries to see the face under the hat. . . . Of course having two little girls along would cramp my style somewhat, but I can fit them in—they're so delicate and lovely, all feathery blond-haired with faces like flowers.

And soon there we were for real, mommy and the two flower-faces, walking down Fifth, somewhat less ethereal than the foregoing. I had Cathy's left hand in my right and in Cathy's right hand was Ann's left. Ann, who is two and a half, had to have a hand free for Snoopy's string. Snoopy is a black-and-white wooden dog about two feet long whose legs whirl around as you pull. He makes a penetrating noise when a taut metal strip inside his belly hits against a moving grooved surface. I was once at a hi-fi party where they played a 33-RPM frog's mating call at 78 speed and the result was a lot like Snoopy's. People on the Avenue stared. Cathy, who is three and a half, made a penetrating noise, too, by repeating mercilessly, "Hey, mommy, hey, Maggie, can I get a bathing suit with ruffles on the seat?" My saying no didn't stop her, and neither did saying yes. They both had lollipops, which get quite messy when you eat them no hands, and their navy-blue coat fronts were wet and shiny.

I wore oxfords with flaps, English but still clumpy, no hat, and a camel-hair coat with big pockets. In the left pocket, sticking out, were two Little Bitty Books, both about rabbits. In the right was a plastic football, Annie's precious screw driver, one mitten with a monkey face cross-stitched on by my mother, two whole and five broken graham crackers. I carried in my left hand two tams and a big old saddle-leather pocketbook. I was singing an ancient folk tune whose entire text is, "All the ducks are swimming in the water, fol de rol de rol de," which I render during baths, my own included—I can't help it.

Well, I guess you know what's coming, because I wouldn't have a story to tell if it hadn't happened, but I wish I could have known in advance. In the middle of a "fol" it happened. Right in front of Best's I stopped abruptly, fouling Snoopy's lines, because a large object stood in our path. It was a lithe black Irishman with a smile like the sun com ing out. It said, "Maggie, Maggie, I knew I' find you again."

I'd have fainted if I'd had the time an knew how to, but both girls were howlin having dropped their lollipops. These wrapped in a handkerchief and added t the right pocket. Then I introduced them "Tommy, this is Catherine—Cathy, Mr. Ca houn."

Tommy said, "How do you do. You loo just like your mother," with an old-tim burning glance at me.

Cathy said, "You a friend of my daddy's c something?"

"And," I continued, "this is Ann Eliza beth."

Ann said, "I hate you," and punched h leg.

Then the girls stood there, sticky-chinne and cold-eyed, and watched us. I said, " don't know what to say," as if I ever did wit him.

"I'll tell you what to say tonight," he said "Aggie Ames told me I'd be seeing you."

"Why is your face all red?" said Cathy.

Tommy bowed to us and walked off. I don know what kind of pajamas I bought and w almost lost Snoopy. Fortunately the bath and-supper rush keeps you so busy you can think, but nothing keeps you so busy yo can't worry in the background. Somewhere in my head was that nagging feeling like th one you get when you're going to have tw impacted wisdom teeth out. Aggie Ames' part was tonight. And I can't say that I was un prepared, not this time.

I've often imagined meeting Tommy at party. I've enjoyed thinking about how would be to surprise him. Actually any sig of life in me would come as a shock. Tomm was forever dragging me to faculty and elite student teas and things where I'd stand froze watching him stare down the better-lookin girl brains and pass from professor to pro fessor dropping pearls of pure intelligence Oh, how I hated parties. Then he'd collect m and we'd go sit somewhere and he'd talk an I'd admire and ask what I hoped were goo questions to show I was listening. I was kind of blotter, I think. I don't know why h stuck with me so long.

You know how it is when you go to a goo party—that sharp change of mood from out side in the dark air to the bright noisy warm place. For a minute it's like coming onstag and you can't see who's there. Jack and love parties and we go to lots of them, an practically every time, in that sharp onstag minute, I've imagined that I see Tomm leaning against an Adam fireplace or sittin alone in a Saarinen chair. When he sees m he clutches his glass and his jaw muscle work. He stares at me in my jonquil silk sli

dress that matches my genuine blond that is no longer lank, college style, but t and boyish to make my soft chin and der neck all the more feminine. (As re- ls coiffure and wardrobe, I am being ual though flowery. The next is sheer y, though it could be a blueprint.) I give husband a luminous smile, intimate and nanly. He looks adoring and touched. n I walk across the room to Tommy, my s outstretched shoulder high, palms up, way Katharine Cornell would. We clasp ds, look deeply at each other. He turns eyes first. "Darling," I say, "you look derful." For four years I worshiped this and tried to call him darling. Once I aged a "dearie" in imitation of a glib smate, but it came out chorus-girly and ngruous and rather pathetic, I think.

E of the first ways I knew I loved Jack how I fell into calling him darling so y. When I started seeing him it was after months of nothing from Tommy, then a l-hand report that he was in Rome with llet dancer. I wasn't bursting with confi- e. Jack and I went on a picnic on our l date that was a revelation to me. In the place, while we were sitting around the Jack asked me how my teaching was g and I started telling stories like the one e my most naughty boy said to the class ng a scolding, "I think I hear the voice of . Oh, no, it's not God, it's Miss Mar- t." And here was Miss Margaret, former er, regaling seven people with anecdotes. e second place, driving home I dozed on 's shoulder and he said, "Have a good ?" and I said "Yes, darling" without a ght. And then back home in my kitchen ng coffee with my parents, Jack caught ye and winked and I winked back. When l like I was can wink at a guy, she should y him quick. Which I did in another th.

ook, some housewives listen to soap as. They fill an emotional need. I just e my own. So there I am in my jonquil clasping Tommy's hands. I take his arm y, though the pressure of my fingers t be possessive—he can't tell—and I duce him to my wonderful friends. A astute phrases and they are blindingly led to each other. Then I sink deep in a and Tommy sits on the edge of a foot- looking up at me and tells me about elf. From time to time someone comes A woman says, "Maggie, you've got to me that marvelous recipe for shrimp e for sixty people." A man says, "My I hope you can tell us what to do about Alan. He's at that terrible age." Tommy s dazzled, and pained at what he's lost.

ck was sleeping while I dressed for the ses' party. He hadn't moved for an hour I shoved him on the bed and arranged in a nap position under the afghan. He ed so sweet—his profile pressed into the w. His nose was pushed up and his th was open a little and so vulnerable- ing. His light brown hair looked damp curly and his eyes were shadowed with ue. I wondered what he looked like to the nts of the twins, who were going to live. gazing at this masterpiece of a man I ght, shallow woman that I am, how nice were a little more brooding and dark and ant. So I kissed his eyelid, guiltily for the nd time today, and woke him to dress. ggie Ames is an old college pal of mine, Tommy's, married to a nice man who rited a lot of money and a house in nwich Village with a garden in back and ron gate in front. Every year they give they call a Spring Riot around the time the college boys are raiding girls' dorms moving statues in the parks. It's always ame—about seventy-five people, big buf- nd Fish House punch. I wore the jonquil fake diamond earrings that hang down inches, lots of goo on the eyes and pale der and lipstick like the Italian actresses oing it. Jack didn't say how I looked, but nirror did, and he's so preoccupied I for- him. It's just a good thing he didn't take pulse—not that that's his habit—I was y charged up.

After we got rid of our coats, I plunged into the living room. I saw Tommy right away. *Now to wipe out that Fifth Avenue fiasco. Here comes Maggie the dazzler.* Tommy was at the punch bowl, ladling a drink for pretty Gretchen Frank, a flirty restless housewife, Aggie's sister-in-law. There was a clear path. I had about ten feet to go, room for the Katharine Cornell gestures and everything. I couldn't move and I felt the expression on my face. That's a bad sign, no matter what the expression. This one was familiar—from five years ago. That old faculty-tea feeling. Tommy saw me. He strode over and took both my hands, somewhat the way I'd planned it, and Gretchen was right behind him. "Aggie said you knew this devil," she said. Tommy kept on holding my hands, Gretchen shrugged and moved on.

"Maggie, you look as delicate and lovely as ever and you still blush. How did you hatch those ruffians?"

Delicate, that won't do. Ruffians, indeed! "Ruffians, indeed," I said.

"How about some punch?" he said and I nodded. *A good idea. I'll get drunk. They say you're the real you when you're drunk and the real me is not this frozen face.*

I tossed down two cups standing there with Tommy, being very busy looking the party over. Jack was having a fine time. Gretchen came by with another guy. "She's not my type," Tommy told me when she'd passed. He always told me his reactions to girls.

ON AN IRREPARABLE PIANO

By JOAN AUCOURT

Some of the bumbling keys are blanks, and freeze.
Others strike crazy chords. The wires hum
Haphazard as a swarm of baffled bees
Buzzing about in an abandoned drum.

Old melodies, translated in such tones,
Sound slantwise, tricked, and tilted at the ear:
The sunniest reveille dissolves in drones,
Tentative as a tired chanticleer.

Or try a funeral march, and it will sound
Musingly, mildly, maddeningly gay:
Major and minor, sharp and flat, compound
Confusion worse confounded as we play.

And there it stands, lapped in attentive air,
Worrisome as a mute, melodic woman;
Nor can one just pretend it isn't there—
Its very lack of eloquence is human.

And by its haunting inexactitude
Proclaims itself akin to common clay.
There's nothing for it but a running feud:
It strikes too close to home to throw away.

"Who is?" I said, with several ounces of rum and two kinds of brandy to help me.

"You are, Maggie, you still are," he answered. He's a smart one. I just noticed he always uses your name a lot. It's really gripping.

"But I've changed," I said.

"No you haven't," he answered. "Same little shy gazelle."

"You should have seen me on the sound truck in the gubernatorial campaign," I said.

"I don't believe it," he answered and I'm sure he didn't. "Anyway," he went on, "I wouldn't let you do that kind of thing. Not my Madame Butterfly."

He looked around the room restlessly, gave us each another cup of punch and took my hand. "Come on," he said. "I know where there's a piano." We went up to the second-floor library. I felt like a sleepwalker. No one was up there. The room is lined with books and the ceiling is dark and the piano stands in a bay window overlooking the garden. An old brass lamp with an orange globe was lit.

We sat down together in front of the keyboard. I drained my cup. I was terribly dizzy, but still no dazzle. I said, "Oh, Tommy, after all these years." There was quite a mood in that room.

"Maggie," he said. No one else pronounces my name that way—it's like the Gaelic. "Maggie, why didn't you wait? I was only waiting for you to grow up a little."

What a thing to say to a dizzy woman. I had no answer.

"Maggie, play that old boom-boom thing." He got up and stood behind me. Close.

I started to play. Who was dazzling whom? I was all mixed up. I tore into the old Rustle. Tommy put his hands on my shoulders the way he used to. My wrists felt numb the way they used to. Then just as I'd imagined it, he pulled me up and I remembered how good he smelled. And, helpless woman that I am, I kissed him. It was nice and nostalgic and new, but I ruined it. In the middle something exploded in my head and I got sober. Somewhere in that dim room the spirit of Pure Reason struggled with Nostalgia and won. That plus a little middle-class morality. Anyway, I had a question. I pulled away.

He said my name. He didn't know I was sober. "I have a question," I said. "If you were just waiting for me to grow up, why didn't you say so? Why did you wait with that ballet dancer in Rome all summer? Aggie told me all about that. You were bored because I was boring and I was boring because that's what you wanted."

PURE REASON was flapping his wings triumphantly. "With you I'd always be boring," I said and knew what a thing I was saying.

"And what do you want from me now?" I asked, but I didn't give him a chance to answer. "I think you're pretty and I think you're smart," I told him. "And I could give you dinner and an evening every month or so, but even if I weren't married I couldn't give you all that dumb stupid adoration I think you're still looking for."

"You *have* changed," he said.

"You bet," I said. "See you around. Wipe off the lipstick." I went downstairs and met Gretchen.

"What did you do with the brain?" she asked.

"In the library," I said. "But wait five minutes." She looked at her watch and said O.K. and I understand she wasn't seen again for an hour and a half.

I went over to Jack and got him away from a crowd.

"Jack," I said, "do I have to tell you everything?"

"What a bore that would be," he said. "Where'd you leave your dark friend?"

"To his own devices," I said. "He'll get by." Such a clever man, my Jack. I took his punch cup, walked up to him till our shoes touched and toasted him. I smiled right into his face and moved my head so the earrings clinked. I felt very happy.

"You know what?" he said. "You look dazzling! I meant to tell you."

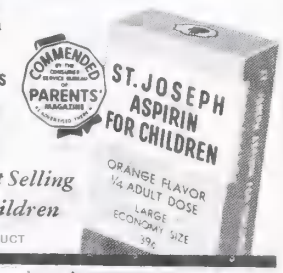
So I kissed him for the third time today. This one wasn't guilty at all.

I guess I'll have to listen to soap operas on the radio. END



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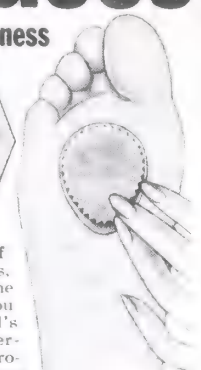
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What's for Dinner?

by Marian Tracy

THESE days when almost none of us has a cook or maid, a one-dish m is much simpler to prepare, cook and serve—more fun too. There is l fussing around and everything gets done at the same time and you have m time for your family.

And the one dish can be almost anything, just so that you have ple of it: a robust soup that is almost a stew; *pasta* (which is to say one of many shapes of macaroni-type products—pick your favorite); a broiler m which follows the same principle—everything done in one fell swoop; o lamb curry unroutine in its service and so easy to make.

A broiler meal is simple and practical to cook—with almost no preliminary preparations and almost no watching.

Broiled Fish Steaks with Lemon Butter
Broiled Tomatoes
Broiled Cooked-Potato Slices
Frozen Pineapple Crush—Ginger Cookies

BROILED FISH STEAKS WITH LEMON BUTTER

Place 4 fish steaks, fresh, or frozen and thawed—cod, haddock or small swordfish steaks—on the broiler rack. Cream 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind with 4 tablespoons butter or margarine and put a dot of this mixture on each fish steak. Save the rest of the butter for later. In another row on the broiler rack, place 4 tomatoes with blossom end removed, cut in half, with the cut side up. Season well with salt and pepper. Put about ½ teaspoon butter or margarine on e tomato half. Dip thick slices of coo potatoes in melted butter or margar Arrange alongside tomatoes. Season w salt and pepper. Turn the potato sl and fish steaks over after 5 minu broiling time and divide the rest of len butter among the 4 steaks. Season w salt and pepper. The steaks will be d when the fish has become opaque, ab 5 minutes. The potatoes, tomatoes fish steaks should take about the sa time, but will vary slightly according thickness, and so on. Your eye will g you the signal Serve the fish steaks, matoes and potato slices arranged p tily on a large warm platter. Sprinkle tato slices with chopped parsley. Serve

FROZEN PINEAPPLE CRUSH

Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind t No. 2 can crushed pineapple. Pour i freezing tray. Turn up refrigerator coldest position. Freeze about 1 hou shouldn't be completely frozen, mushy when stirred. Stir once or tw during this time. Serves 4.

Pasta at its prettiest, with crisp bread sticks to give gentle and piquant emphasis.

Green and White Pasta with Red Clam Sauce
Endive Salad with French Dressing
Bread Sticks
Fresh-Fruit Bowl

GREEN AND WHITE PASTA WITH RED CLAM SAUCE

Sauté 1 peeled clove garlic, cut in half, and ½ cup chopped onion in 3 tablespoons salad oil until pale yellow but not brown. Remove the garlic and add 1 No. 2 can (1-pound-3-ounce) tomatoes, one 6-ounce can tomato paste, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. (I always put in ½ teaspoon dried tarragon, which is nice but not obligatory. Or you can us tablespoon of tarragon vinegar, if have that on hand.) Simmer over heat until thick—about ½ hour. T add two 10½-ounce cans minced cl and their juice and let the sauce c about 15 minutes more. Meanwhile, c ½ pound medium noodles and ½ po medium green noodles separately in b ing salted water until just tender but mushy. The time will vary according the size of the noodle. The green noo come in several sizes, but be sure to the same size as the plain. Drain and range the noodles decoratively on a wa platter—I like to wreathe the platter w first the white noodles, then the gr Pour the rich red sauce in the mid When serving, try to give each per some of the green and some of white noodles. Pass around a bowl freshly grated cheese, Parmesan if can get it, to sprinkle over each pl Serves 6.



eal from sunny Italy, dressed in Italy's colors.

tail soup, lusty fare for a winter It is a beloved soup often forgotten.

Oxtail Soup
Green Salad
with Roquefort Dressing
Garlic Bread
Chocolate Pudding
with Mocha Cream

OXTAIL SOUP

n 1 oxtail, cut at the joints, in 2 spoons butter or margarine with 2 d cloves garlic, cut in half, and 1 d onion, sliced. When the pieces of are brown all over, transfer to a soup pot and add 8 cups water, 1 eaf, 1 lemon, sliced thin, 2½ tea- ns salt and 6 peppercorns. Cover simmer over low heat for about 3 . Chill, skim off fat and strain l back into pan with pieces of oxtail. k seasoning, adding 1 teaspoon estershire sauce and more salt and er if necessary. Scrape and cut 4 ts into 1″ pieces; peel and quarter 4 onions; remove core and shred ½ small head cabbage. Add all to soup with one 6-ounce can tomato paste. Cover and simmer for ½ hour or until vegetables are tender. Serve in warm soup plates. Enough for refills. Serves 4.

GARLIC BREAD

This New Orleans version of garlic bread is very pretty with its sprinkling of parsley. Heat 1 peeled clove garlic, minced, with ½ cup butter or margarine. Cut ½ loaf French bread in thick slices, but do not cut through the bottom crust. Pour or brush the melted butter or margarine in all the cuts so that the slices are soaked on each side. Sprinkle ¼ cup finely chopped parsley on all the buttered parts. Place on a baking sheet and heat in a moderate oven, 350° F., until the bread is brown and hot. Serves 4.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING WITH MOCHA CREAM

Cook 1 package chocolate pudding according to package directions. Pour into individual dishes. Chill. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream flavored with a little instant coffee and vanilla. Sprinkle with grated chocolate.

curry is not only a rich, smooth and sauce, but a pleasingly dramatic act the tiny bowls of accompaniments, a e from the usual. The lemon gelatin he black Bing cherries makes a fresh elicate finale to the meal.

Lamb Curry with Rice
and Accompaniments
Green Salad
French Bread
Lemon Gelatin
with Black Bing Cherries

AMB CURRY WITH RICE AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

1 peeled clove garlic, minced, 1 d and cored apple, diced, and ½ cup ped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or arine. When lightly browned, blend tablespoons flour, adding 1½ cups llon (1 can—10½-ounces—with gh water to make 1½ cups, or 1½ lon cubes and 1½ cups water may be used). Stir in 1 to 2 tablespoons good curry powder, depending on how strong a curry flavor you like, and 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind. Simmer until thick, about 20 minutes. Add 1½ cups diced cooked lamb and 1 cup evaporated milk and heat together for about 5 minutes until thoroughly heated. Put 1 cup rice in a pan with 2 cups bouillon (prepared as above), 1 small peeled onion, minced, and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil, turn the heat to the lowest point, cover tightly and cook exactly 14 minutes without looking. At that time the rice should be dry and fluffy with bits of half-cooked onion in it to give a nice flavor and texture. Serves 4.

Serve the lamb curry and the rice in separate bowls with a few tiny bowls containing several of these traditional curry accompaniments—crumbled crisp bacon, chopped hard-cooked egg, chutney, chopped peanuts, shredded coconut, grated orange peel, and so on. Small, inexpensive cans of Italian eggplant relish, which are available in many places, make an inexpensive variant for the more costly chutney.



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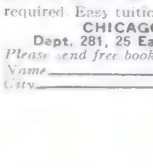

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

"I was in a fever of nerves and anxiety. I could hardly wait for Brad's evening visit. The minute he walked in I demanded to know what had happened. At first he tried to evade, but then he broke down and confessed he'd lost nearly all our savings in gambling. His humiliation was a dreadful thing to see. He looked like a little boy I once caught cheating in my classroom. He begged me to forgive him. He promised to reform.

"That was two years ago. Brad has been gambling ever since, gambling uncontrollably. Today he is as financially irresponsible as a child of six. He says he can't help it. His whole attitude is completely baffling to me. In my opinion, Brad doesn't actually *enjoy* gambling. With him, it seems to be almost a sickness. He no longer admires or likes himself. There are times he suffers such agonies of shame my heart aches for him. There are other times I almost hate him.

"We go from one financial crisis to the next. I owe the milkman $40, I owe my mother $75, I owe two years of back taxes, I'm behind on all our utility bills. Brad owes $600 to his father. I don't know the exact amounts he owes elsewhere; he tries to conceal his borrowing from me just as he tries to hide his gambling losses. In the early days of our marriage I kept a careful budget, paid our bills on the dot, and banked a regular amount each week. No budget is possible with a husband who gambles.

"Our home and guest cottage are our sole remaining possessions of value, and recently Brad began clamoring for an increase in our mortgage. I do not intend to put our real estate at Brad's disposal. We both know what would happen. Last January I learned I was pregnant again. I was desperate. One night Brad came in late and found me crying over a stack of unpaid bills. When he put his arms around me and asked what was wrong, I went to pieces. For the first time I threatened to leave him. I don't make idle threats. He knew I meant it. He was terrified. He was filled with self-reproach. I made him sit down and go through the stack of household bills and add up the figures. There the story was—how much his gambling had cost us.

"We talked until dawn. Brad acknowledged his future, our future, was at stake. We worked out a financial arrangement that seemed foolproof. Since he couldn't resist temptation—and admitted it—the two of us decided I would take charge of all our money. When he went to work next morning, Brad requested his company to mail his salary checks and commission checks straight to me. Every Saturday I divided up his earnings and paid a little to each of our creditors. I kept only enough money to buy food and give Brad a $4 weekly allowance. With an allowance that small, I didn't see how he could possibly get in trouble. Brad was obliged either to cut out cigarettes or skip lunches. I didn't think a few sacrifices would hurt him. I, too, was sacrificing. I took no allowance for myself.

"WITHIN a few weeks," Kyra said, "Brad was right back at gambling. While I was paying old debts he ran up new debts. Brad is persuasive and charming. First, he borrowed from his friends. When he had exhausted that list, he began to borrow from company customers. One of the customers is now pressing him for payment. Inevitably Brad's boss will hear about that and then Brad will be out of a job. Brad knows it too. Strangely enough, this seems only to provide him with a further incentive to gamble. Now he feels he *must* win.

"In trying to win back what he has lost, Brad gets in deeper and deeper. To his mind, he has had bad luck and his luck is certain to turn. In our endless arguments he often tells me he is bound to hit a winning streak and that then he will quit gambling forever. I don't for a minute believe that good luck at cards and horses—even a long run of good luck—will cure him. He needs to change his thinking, his whole point of view. But apparently he has convinced himself he can't do it. And he has certainly convinced me.

"Brad does almost unbelievable things, sneaky, dishonest things, to finance his gambling sprees. Just last month he took the week's grocery money from my purse—intending, of course, to put it back. Somebody had given him a hot tip. The horse lost. We had a terrible scene. I cried, Brad cried, little Sally woke and she cried. The old tired promises of reform were trotted out. The very next day Brad wrote a $50 check that was no good, and he promptly lost the $50 in a poker game. The bank called me and I had to phone his father—who covered the check.

"I cannot understand how Brad can bear to obligate himself to his father," cried Kyra. "He loathes his father. My father-in-law is openhanded with money when he chooses to be, but he is intolerably patronizing. He is as free with orders and criticism and unwelcome advice as my mother. I am sure he treated Brad badly in his boyhood, and now he insults him at every available opportunity."

Kyra looked down at the shabby purse in her lap.

"If my father-in-law hadn't made me a personal loan—a loan I personally intend to return—I couldn't pay for my confinement. The money I borrowed is now in a safe-deposit box so Brad can't get at it. My father-in-law insisted on the precaution, and I guess he was wise.

"If I could help Brad I would stick by him even now," Kyra said to the counselor. "I can't help Brad so long as he refuses to help himself. My mother and Brad's father both say I should get a divorce and go back to teaching. They say the children and I are entitled to live like normal human beings. Brad swears up and down he loves me and Sally, and wants the new baby. Perhaps, in his strange, selfish way, he does love us. That isn't good enough for me. I cannot live with a man whom I pity a great deal, love at times, but for whom I have no respect."

Brad tells his side:

"When I was in the service I was lucky at poker," said Brad. A handsome man of twenty-eight, he looked at the counselor with an odd mixture of defensiveness and defiance. "I'll tell you something Kyra doesn't know. I left the Army with several thousand dollars in poker winnings. Now I'll tell you something that may sound screwy. In my mind, that money stood for more than money. To me my winnings went to prove I was just as smart as the other fellows, or even smarter.

"I got a boot, a big boot, out of being good at something for once in my life. My father used to say I was the most stupid kid on earth. After my parents were divorced—I elected to live with my mother—he predicted I would wind up in the gutter. At the moment you are probably thinking my old man was quite a crystal-gazer. I don't blame you.

"MY best friends think I'm a heel. Everybody thinks so, up to and including me. I don't need to be told by a psychologist that I'm breaking Kyra's heart. I know I should never touch another card or bet another horse. I know I should reform. How to do it is the question.

"Two years of almost steady losing should be convincing evidence that my luck in the service was a fluke, but I ignore the evidence. My common sense tells me I was born a bad-luck guy. In the mornings when I wake up I think of my losses and the spot I'm in, and I feel sick, physically sick. In the mornings I decide: Never again! By nightfall my fine resolutions are forgotten. Invariably I break my promises to myself. Worse, I break my solemn promises to Kyra.

"What's wrong with a guy like me? I have a little girl I love, and another baby on the way. I have a nice home, thanks to Kyra. Why can't I count my blessings, quit gambling and behave like other family men?

"I have a good job, as sales jobs go. My income is adequate to support any family not in debt. By being careful, and with Kyra's help, I could even whittle down my debts. I particularly want to pay off my father, and get him out of my marriage and out of my life. I'm not doing it.

"It's easy for me," said Brad, who seemed to take a queer, savage pleasure in demeaning himself, "to find ways to squander money. I have the use of a company car to make my calls on customers. My daily route leads me directly past the Santa Anita race track. In fifteen minutes you can drop a hundred dollars there if you've got the dough and are so inclined. Part of the year the track is closed. But Kyra and I live right next to a little town—Gardena, California—where gambling is legal and the gambling houses operate a twelve-month season. Day or night you can drop in and match your poker wits against the next fellow's. My family isn't the only family that has suffered. You can look around the premises any time and see people who are taking a flier with next week's grocery money.

"When I sit down at a poker table," said Brad, "I never expect to lose. When I reach for my cards across the green felt a little inner voice, stronger than my conscience, stronger than my will, seems to whisper to me that this time I'm bound to hit. Life can be boring and frustrating. At least I find it so. When I'm at home Kyra looks at me with wounded eyes, with contemptuous eyes, and I feel like the worm I am. On my calls I'm pushed around by my customers; in the office I'm pushed around by my boss. In a poker game I can be a king—for a little while.

"When I am winning I am flooded with a sense of power and of calm. I feel certain, absolutely certain, that my luck has come to stay. I imagine myself rushing home and into our bedroom and waking Kyra, and pouring thousands of dollars in her lap, and seeing her eyes open wide with surprise and admiration as I tell her our financial troubles are over. Invariably I stick with the game too long and lose my winnings and more too. Now I am so far in the cellar I can't afford to quit. It's hard for me to concede bad luck can pursue a man forever.

"When I married Kyra," Brad said, "I intended to be a good husband, a responsible

THE KATE

By ELIZABETH MCFARLAND

Nobody has deep glimmering eyes
Long in the pointed face—
Not even the dawn's gray pussies
On the trails where the purrpads race.

Nobody's laugh is a laugh that sounds
Like bluebells stroked with heather,
As though all the ice-cream carts in the world
And church bells were singing together!

Nobody's hands are kiss-me small,
Nobody's nose is merry;
Nobody's grin so cutthroat sweet
And sudden and warm and contrary.

Nobody has a kiss that starts
Down where the dewdrops do;
Nobody else owns all these things
Nobody, ever, but you.

en. Kyra is the only person, except my girl, who has ever loved me. My mother oo busy fighting her own battles with my r to show much affection for us kids. s dead now. She was a sweet woman but and lacking in will power—like me. I to try to take my mother's part. One I recall my father jumped up from the er table in a rage and announced he was to death of her and was spending the with another woman. When he started he garage my mother ran after him, g, and he turned around and knocked own. I made a jump for him. He grabbed carving knife and threw it at me. The grazed my cheek and then stuck, quiver- in the kitchen door. I reached for the , shouting I would kill him. But then I . When he hit her again, I broke out in and just stood there. My parents were ced when I was twelve.

he first time Kyra ever smiled at me I ed her to be my wife. When she finally ied me, I knew the meaning of joy. Now ld have a real home. For a long while," Brad, "I did everything in my power to e Kyra happy. In some ways, she isn't ly an easy girl to please. My picture of marriage wasn't quite the same as hers. re I joined the Army, I had two years of ge and it was my ambition to be an tect. I figured Kyra and I could rent a apartment and I could finish college, my GI benefits.

YRA thought one degree per family, her e, represented plenty of education. She thought architecture was a chancy pro- on. I wanted a houseful of kids. Before arted on our family, Kyra said I needed set with a well-paying job and we needed vn a home. She made perfect sense. She ys does.

While I was hunting a job, Kyra and my r put their heads together and fetched vith a better job than I was able to e. I found myself working as a sales- for a frozen-food company. I don't like ood business, maybe because my father ts perpetually about his brilliance as a esale grocer. I'm not the back-slapping man type. I prefer working with my s or at a drawing board.

had a chance to use my hands," he went when Kyra bought a piece of land and led the time had come for us to build a e. She also decided a back-yard cottage d provide us with extra income. I did of the construction work, except for the bing and the wiring. There wasn't much for my drawing board. Kyra drew rough hes of both our places and I followed her tions. When we moved into our home, I ght she would give up teaching right and we would begin on the family. But then decided we needed a $1000 backlog over emergencies, and that she should another year. In order to get the back- we cut our spending to the bone. Kyra up beauty parlors, went bare-legged, ht no clothes. It used to make me feel p to see her run around without stock- When she suggested I cut my cigarette lunch money to $10 a week, I did so. In Army I never carried less than $100 in my et. I felt pinched and embarrassed in the pany of the free-spending salesmen I met. ometimes, even in the early days of our iage, there seemed to be no fun for me e things we got by planning. Quite often t crowded and hemmed in, and caught lf looking back on my Army days as st a period of freedom. No, I didn't ever plain to Kyra," he replied in answer to a tion. "I was ashamed to seem ungrateful, al, quarrelsome. In those days I was y determined Kyra and I weren't ever g to quarrel as my parents had quarreled that I would never raise my voice or w like my father.

After we finally got the $1000, Kyra ed in her teaching contract. When she me pregnant with Sally, I walked on the ds. I thought nothing was too good for At that time my company, a big whole- concern, was offering a $500 prize to the man who peddled the most frozen chicken s retail customers. Kyra was bound and determined I get the $500 prize. So I went out to win it. For three months, with her cheering me on, I worked my head off and blanketed the Los Angeles area with frozen poultry. Eventually I won top place and cinched the prize with a comfortable margin of 500 cases of chickens. Anyway, so I believed from the Friday night the contest closed until Monday morning. It then developed I had only won a moral victory. One of my customers, a big chain-store buyer with ten retail outlets, bought 1000 cases of chickens from me on Friday and weekend sales were held in the ten stores. The retail bargain sales flopped. On Monday morning the buyer returned 700 cases of unsold chickens to my company, a thing he had no right to do. But he claimed I had upped his order without authorization, that no contract existed. I had an order book carrying his signature in black and white. I showed it to my boss. Afraid to risk offending the buyer and losing the chain's future business, my boss ran out on me. He tore up my order blank, took back the 700 cases of chickens with profuse apologies, and then forced me to apologize to the buyer for a 'mistake' which all three of us knew I hadn't made.

"Failing Kyra," Brad said, "was worse than missing out on the $500. Her disappointment was hard to take. She doesn't understand the food business. She didn't say a great deal. But I could tell she blamed me for dropping from first to second place in the contest almost as much as I blamed that cutthroat buyer and my yellow-livered boss. I felt so mean and sore about the whole affair I wanted to duck the convention where the prize—my prize—was to be awarded to somebody else. Kyra thought it wouldn't be sporting or manly for me to stay away. The company was meeting the travel and hotel expenses. She gave me $20 spending money.

"On the train, some of the fellows started a poker game. I hadn't played a hand of poker since my Army days. For a while I watched. Then suddenly I asked to be dealt in the game. Maybe, like a fool, I figured I would win $500 to take home to Kyra. My $20 was gone in nothing flat. I got hot under the collar, excited. Almost before I knew it, I turned to a kibitzer and borrowed $50. The $50 went too.

"I couldn't go home to Kyra," Brad said, "and admit that in addition to losing the contest I'd whooped off $70. I thought I would win back the $70 on the return trip and clear the slate, without her knowing it. On the return trip, I lost $100. Then and there I was hooked. Since I took that convention trip, I have lost nearly $5000 trying to get back $70 and be even with the board. The way I feel is Gardena and the tracks *owe* me the money I have invested there. If I ever once get even, I can quit.

"Anyway, that's what I think some of the time. Other times I decide I'm kidding myself and that I will never quit, that I can't quit. Often I am convinced I was fated to be a rotten human being and a rotten husband like my old man. His vices are women and whisky. Me—I'm stuck with gambling. To raise a gambling stake I will stoop to anything. The urge is irresistible. The only time I feel really good, really wide awake and alive, is when I'm gambling. How I wish I knew a way to break loose from the spell, the fascination! Unless you can help me," Brad said to the counselor, "my wife and kids will leave me, my job will leave me, and I will be done for."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"After my first interview with Kyra and Brad, I felt at dead end. How could I assist the couple? How could I put Brad on the right track? Both he and Kyra were agreed that all the faults in the marriage were on Brad's side, that she was entirely blameless. While professing his desire to reform, Brad was eluding the discomfort of reform by pleading lack of will power. This dodge, a favorite with gamblers and drinkers, is hard to get around. You can't sit a man in a chair. serve him a portion of will power, and make him swallow it.

"Excessive gambling, like excessive drinking, is nearly always rooted in a hidden



She shot the ashes off the Kaiser's cigaret



HER name was Phoebe Mozee and she was born in Darke County, Ohio, in 1860. and she could shoot the head off a running quail when she was twelve years old.

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psychological dilemma. Brad proclaimed his love for Kyra, but it struck me as curious he had begun to gamble during her first pregnancy and had been gambling heavily during her second pregnancy. His failure in the company contest readily explained the first poker game, but did not explain the years of reckless gambling that followed. Some emotionally immature men consider a wife's pregnancy as a rejection of themselves, and some gamblers substitute the thrill of the pari-mutuel machine and the roulette wheel for sexuality. This was not the case with Brad. His sexual relationship with Kyra was good. He desired children.

"Then why, I wondered, would he gamble away the family money at a time Kyra had most need of his emotional and financial support? Some gamblers, guided by obscure and difficult-to-explain motivations, subconsciously want to lose their money, wind up penniless, and thereby punish themselves. Although Brad told me there were occasions he was relieved to lose the last dollar in his pocket so he could leave the gambling house and go home to bed, I didn't think he desired to punish himself.

"It seemed to me that Brad's gambling represented a subconscious attack on Kyra. It seemed to me Brad subconsciously wanted to punish and hurt his wife. The question was: Why?

"I had further interviews with Kyra and Brad. Slowly, a different picture of their marriage emerged. On the surface Kyra wasn't bossy. Nevertheless she was a clever, soft-spoken, modern version of the critical, pushy, domineering mother she very much disliked. In marrying Brad, Kyra got a husband whose self-confidence was already badly shaken by his abusive, domineering father. Brad needed to be built up by his wife. Instead of building him up, Kyra proceeded to nibble away his slender stock of self-esteem. She began by placing him in a sales job he disliked—a type of work, incidentally, to which he was temperamentally unfitted—and furthermore she got his father's assistance in doing so. Before the honeymoon was over, Brad's love (his wife) and his enemy (his father) were, in his mind and feelings, conspiring together against him. Easygoing Brad did not protest and scarcely acknowledged his resentments.

"Next Kyra maneuvered herself into a position where she made the decisions, did all the planning, managed the family budget. It is hardly surprising Brad wasn't interested in household bills. Until his gambling produced a crisis, he was never shown any of the bills. Kyra paid them. Brad was impulsive, generous. Kyra was cautious and . . . adamant. From the first week of his job, she decided the amount of Brad's personal spending money. It was all very well for thrifty Kyra to save on beauty parlors, but she had no right to inquire into the sums Brad spent in the barbershop.

"KYRA treated her husband like one of her adolescent students. Without either of the two realizing it, she created for Brad an emotional atmosphere very similar to the detested atmosphere of his childhood. He felt stifled and thwarted in his work, stifled and thwarted in his home. Guiltily, he suppressed the feelings. By his code, criticisms of Kyra were *verboten*. Too often he had heard his father shout abuses at his mother. Imprisoned in an emotional trap set and sprung by his wife, Brad rebelled.

"Some type of rebellion was almost inevitable. He was virtually compelled to find a release from the boredom, frustration and tensions of a life where he had little choice of action. In some fashion he had to assert the manhood his wife had subtly stolen away. Liquor and infidelity—his father's vices—had no appeal for him. Gambling provided a perfect escape hatch, a perfect means of punishing Kyra who robbed him of gaiety and fun and freedom and who thwarted him emotionally as he had been thwarted in his childhood. In his days of Army play Brad was unlucky enough to have good luck.

"Before Brad could break the chains that bound him—he was a real slave to gambling—he needed to understand the psychological reasons for his plight. Kyra also needed to acquire an understanding of her husband an herself. Then the conditions of their life to gether needed to be changed.

"Kyra was appalled when she came t recognize her resemblance to her mother. B reflecting each night on her suggestions of th day to Brad, her little hints, her maneuvers t triumph over him and get her own way, sh perceived the truth. Kyra had no wish to b like her mother. Almost immediately, sh dropped her habit of command. She began t seek Brad's opinions, ask his advice, lean o him whenever possible. She also stopped re questing his assistance with the housework Kyra was inclined to take advantage of preg nancy and she had been imposing on he husband.

"Among the males of Brad's acquaintanc housework was not customary. Drying dishe and washing diapers made Brad feel servile he was a man who already felt too servile too pushed around and put upon. Onl when he was gambling did he feel a sens of mastery, a confidence that he stood equa with his fellows. He felt a failure in his mar riage, a failure in his business, a failure in hi personality and character, but he felt he could beat the wheel, the pari-mutuel machine, th cards. For always there was a chance. Kyra set out to make Brad *feel* like a success. She gave him many proofs of her love and trus and awakened his slumbering self-respect.

"KYRA requested no promise, but once again Brad promised to stop gambling. This promise, unlike his promises in the past, was real to him. He now understood his gambling was a symptom of an emotional dissatisfaction and frustration for which he was not wholly responsible. He realized he was entitled to assert his masculinity. He forced himself to become a more dominant partner in the marriage. He didn't bottle up his resentments. If Kyra forgot to ask his advice in a household matter, he pressed his ideas on her. If she showed signs of brushing his wishes aside, he resisted. Boredom, being at loose ends, can be fatal to a person who has the habit of gambling. In order to fortify his promise to himself and steel his resolution, Brad took another concrete step.

"He found an evening job—a physically exhausting job—at a drive-in restaurant. He earned an extra $60 a week. The long hours filled the time when otherwise he might have been tempted to gamble. The hard work helped to alleviate his deep feelings of guilt. Brad was the kind of man who had a definite emotional need to expiate past sins. On the practical side, the extra money he earned assisted materially in reducing the size of his debts. His nighttime income was directly applied to past-due loans and bills. Brad collected his own earnings and made the payments in person. He now was handling the family finances. It took him eighteen months of hard work to climb to solvency. During this period, Brad's taste—his craze—for gambling left him. Assisted by Kyra's encouragement, the change in her and in their emotional environment, he cured himself of gambling fever.

"Brad and Kyra are now the parents of three, two girls and a boy. Seldom have I seen a prouder father and mother. They are buying insurance policies which will put all three children through college, although the payments are stiff for them to meet. Brad is finding the sledding tough in the construction business; he gave up selling frozen food a year ago. Kyra applauded the decision. It seems unlikely Brad will ever be able to complete his architectural studies, but he enjoys his present work.

"The last time I saw Kyra and Brad, he said to me, 'I hope the JOURNAL will print our story. In many cases similar to mine I am sure the trouble is never resolved because many gamblers feel too degraded to seek help. Kyra and I and our children were saved from ruin because of the psychological help we received. Now that Kyra and I understand what was behind my gambling, I have no further need of it. Gambling just bores me. Kyra and I are free and we are happy.'"

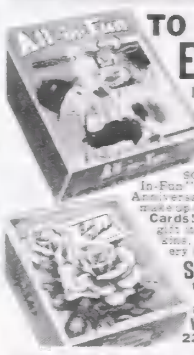
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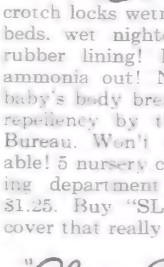

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"I WAS A HOPELESS FATTY"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

t was the worst part of being a fatty?

g left out of things—ignored by boys at when most girls are dressing up for their al dates, going to parties and dances. I ways the horse of the crowd, the target sing. "When Diane walks down the the pavement cracks," is the way one scribed me; or "Hey, Diane, what are rrying in your hip pockets?"

eaded gym class. All the other girls prance out in their suits—those r-type garments that make you look our actual size—and I would waddle nine looking like a baby elephant. I al- nagined the other kids were talking me behind my back (often they were) ed hard to pretend not to care. There e awful time when I went out for cheer- only to discover to my horror and dy else's amusement that I couldn't f the gym floor. I thought I'd die of em- ment. When your feelings are hurt, you awfully bogged down in loneliness and .

t you ever have a date during school?

nt to the Junior Assembly Dancing on Saturday nights (mother made me) oys danced with me (their mothers hem). Later, in my junior year, I dated y exclusively. He went to college in a ring state, and the only time we went s when I invited him to our school or parties. If he couldn't come, I home, and missed all the fun. I realize at I was being "true-blue" to him be- wasn't being asked out by anyone else.

did you let yourself gain so much weight?

always plump as a child. By the time I junior high I was just plain fat be- just plain ate too much. Tons of rich ade cookies every day—three or four ars to nibble on during classes or at an on movie. School lunches consisted of m, a bag of pretzels, soda pop—all the ounter things I could buy quickly. I lazy to stand in line at the cafeteria for r lunch. After school I'd often eat four slices of bread and mayonnaise to tide r until dinner, when I had second and lpings of everything.

made you decide to diet?

y—although he didn't know it. Our lived at the same beach, where Jack feguard. Day after day I used to sit, all n my bathing suit, watching Jack and g about how wonderful it would be to have him notice me and ask me out. But with all the pretty girls buzzing around him like bees, I didn't have a chance unless I did something about the way I looked.

I started my diet the summer between my junior and senior years in high school. By the time I graduated I had reduced from 160 to 125. I lost ten more pounds during my first year at junior college, and when I came back the next summer, weighing 115 pounds, Jack didn't recognize me. "I'm Diane Macom," I told him. "I've been coming to this beach for *years!*" Jack thought awhile and then, "Oh sure. I remember you as big as life sitting out there. What's happened? You look terrific!" I just smiled up at him all starry-eyed and thought, *He's the one for me!*

Was it hard for you to diet?

In the beginning, yes. I was starved. But it had been the between-meal foods and the extra helpings that had made me fat. By cutting them out, I was able to lose weight and still have three good meals each day. My doctor gave me a diet outline, told me not to exceed 1200 calories a day, and suggested that I carry a calorie booklet as a means of keeping exact track of what I was eating. That little booklet became my beauty bible. I can tell you the calorie count in anything from an apple to a cup of zucchini!

Did you cut out all sweets?

I had dessert almost every day. Fresh fruit in season, simple custards, gelatin, a small slice of plain cake. On weekends when I *couldn't* resist some luscious dessert mother might fix, I'd have a small portion. But then the next week I made up for the extra calories by having a few no-dessert days. I cut out completely things like candy, peanuts, sodas, sundaes, doughnuts, and so on. When I was hungry between meals I had two saltines with a tall glass of tomato juice (90 calories) instead of a soda or sundae (350 calories). No extra helpings at mealtime, either. I was determined to lose those 50 pounds. Whenever I was tempted to cheat, I'd ask myself, "Now which is more important—this deep-dish apple pie, or a compliment from Jack?" It stopped me every time!

Did you exercise during your diet?

Yes, I got up at 6:45 in order to work in 20 minutes of exercise before school. Another 20 minutes after school. Waist bends, hip spanks; I even made a conscious effort to stand *tall*, and to walk more gracefully—with my shoulders down and back, hips tucked under, diaphragm flat. I looked better and felt better too.

"Barpoint"... fascinating spring trend.



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"Gosh darn it, mommy, I wish you hadn't been deprived of so many things as a child."

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JEAN PETERS, *20th Century-Fox star, starring in the Hecht-Lancaster Production,* "APACHE."

"Any squaw would be glad to have Springmaid sheets in her tepee."

SPRINGMAID SHEETS

Isn't it a relief not to have to continue dieting?

I'm still careful about what I eat, because I don't intend to go back to my old weight-building habits. By dieting over a long period of time I gave myself a chance to reduce my *desire* for rich foods too. At times when I am tempted, I get out my little calorie booklet which I still carry with me, or think about the tiny-waisted dress I'm going to have to zip up with ease for my next modeling job, or remind myself that Jack prefers slim girls.

Did you ever get the date you dreamed about with Jack?

Lots of them. The one last summer was the best of all. It was a beautiful wedding. I was the bride and Jack was the groom!

Diane's Reducing Diet — a Typical Week

MONDAY

Breakfast (same every day)	Calories
Fruit juice (4 oz.) or any fresh fruit in season (medium serving) approximately	50
Poached egg on whole-wheat toast, lightly buttered	175
Skim milk (8 oz.)	88
Coffee (plain)	—
	313
Lunch	
Chopped-steak patty on half toasted roll	225
Tomato slices on lettuce	35
Skim milk (8 oz.)	88
	348
Afternoon	
Tomato juice (8 oz.)	60
Saltines (2)	30
	90
Dinner	
Broiled lamb chops (2)	275
String beans	15
Tossed salad (lettuce, endive, carrot, radishes, onion)	50
Fresh pear	50
Coffee (plain)	—
	390

Total calories for day—1141

TUESDAY

Breakfast	313
Lunch	
Sliced-egg-and-lettuce sandwich on whole-wheat toast	225
Skim milk (8 oz.)	88
	313
Afternoon	
Tomato juice (8 oz.)	60
Dinner	
Broiled calf's liver (4 oz.)	275
Broccoli, lemon juice	15
Cottage-cheese-and-pineapple salad (medium serving)	175
Coffee (plain)	—
	465

Total calories for day—1151

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast	313
Lunch	
Fresh fruit salad (orange, grapefruit, banana, apple)	150
Saltines (3)	45
Tea with lemon	—
	195
Afternoon	
Tomato juice (8 oz.)	60
Dinner	
Sirloin steak (4 oz.)	260
Peas with mushrooms	75
Tossed salad (lettuce, tomato, carrot, onion, radish)	50
Bread, 1 slice, lightly buttered	100
Skim milk (8 oz.)	88
Coffee (plain)	—
	573

Total calories for day—1141

THURSDAY

Breakfast	31
Lunch	
Grilled cheese sandwich on rye toast	30
Apple	10
Skim milk (8 oz.)	8
	48
Afternoon	
Tomato juice (8 oz.)	6
Saltines (2)	3
	9
Dinner	
Broiled chicken breast (6 oz.)	15
Spinach with sliced egg	5
Cucumber and tomato slices on lettuce	4
Fruit-flavored gelatin	7
Coffee (plain)	—
	31

Total calories for day—1206

FRIDAY

Breakfast	31
Lunch	
Peach-halves-and-cottage-cheese salad (medium serving)	15
Whole-wheat toast, 1 slice, lightly buttered	10
Skim milk (8 oz.)	8
	33
Afternoon	
Tomato juice (8 oz.)	6
Saltines (2)	3
	9
Dinner	
Chicken consommé	—
Swordfish (4 oz.)	17
Diced beets	2
Mixed green salad	5
Baked vanilla custard	13
Coffee (plain)	—
	37

Total calories for day—1116

SATURDAY

Breakfast	31
Lunch	
Cheese omelet (2 eggs in 1 tsp. butter, 1 oz. cheese)	27
Melba toast (2)	4
Skim milk	8
	40
Afternoon	
Tomato juice (8 oz.)	6
Dinner	
Meat loaf (4 oz.)	20
Asparagus stalks, large serving	2
Whole-wheat toast, 1 slice, lightly buttered	10
Lemon gelatin salad with cabbage and carrot shreds	12
Coffee (plain)	—
	45

Total calories for day—1226

SUNDAY

Breakfast	31
Dinner	
Roast beef (4 oz.)	26
Peas and carrots	5
Celery stalks	
Fresh fruit cup	
Coffee (plain)	
	39
Afternoon	
Tomato juice (8 oz.)	6
Supper	
Meat loaf, sliced-tomato-and-lettuce sandwich on whole-wheat toast	30
Skim milk (8 oz.)	8
	45

Total calories for day—1216

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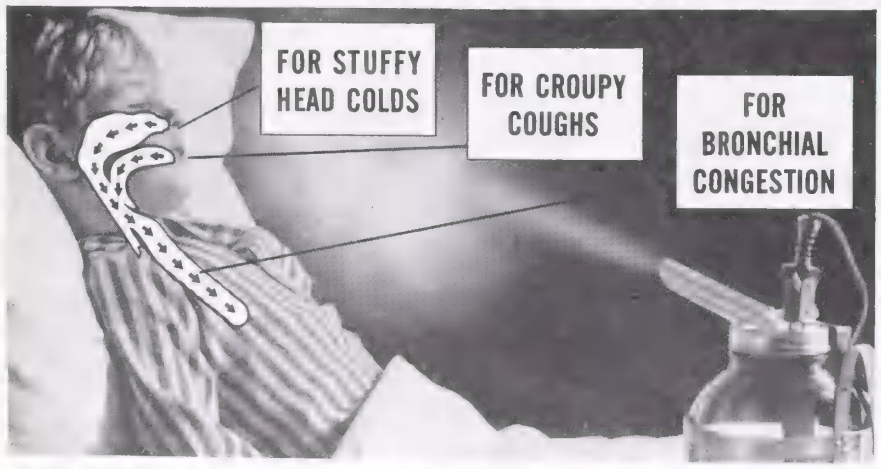
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RESPECT FOR LAW BEGINS AT HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

And hate his father,' said the mother
rly.
Not unless you side against his father, and
o over Bobby, and pet and comfort him.
ou stand by your husband, your son will
lop a healthy respect for his old man. And
ants to respect him. All children *need* to
ect their parents.'
The father followed my advice. The
ner stood by her husband and stoically re-
sed her feelings, and Bobby's 'complex'
cured. It took quite some time, because
by had never been told *No!* in the firm
ntion to make the command stick. If he
been treated with loving firmness from in-
y, he probably might never have had to be
ked. Nine is a late age to begin disciplin-
a child. But better late than never. For if
by had gone on as he was doing, society
ld eventually have disciplined him, in a
y cruel way."

s story was told in a discussion of juve-
delinquency. My eminent friend, on the
of a famous mental hospital, expressed
elf very strongly on the cause of juvenile
e, and its link with psychotic disturbances.
rgued as follows:
child's first encounter with "law" is in his
home—with the rules and regulations
olished by his parents, and especially by
ather, who initially appears to the child as
owerful. The child knows that his father
e support of the family and the source of
ell-being—his role in the young mind is
r like that of God. A child must know his
r to be kind, loving and beneficent. But
ust also see him as Justice—as lawgiver
law enforcer. The mother is naturally the
's intercessor. But every home needs a
r, for it is very difficult for a mother to
the dual role of judge and comforter.
e child's attitude toward his mother
ld be that of the protected and protecting.
children especially should early learn to
hings for mother—to run to fetch her
ething she wants, to help her in little ways,
ake her smile; to reciprocate, in short, her
ectiveness. And this is one of the first laws
e home that the father should lay down
enforce: that the children treat his wife
their mother with gentleness, respect and
ideration—that they be obedient to her
ing. For by this the child knows that his
r loves her, and the love of his parents for
other is the very foundation of his emo-
al security. Children are all instinct. They
v that if their parents love and respect
other, they, the children, are also assured
ve.
e father must, however, represent the
authority—he must, as the saying is,
down the law."
ws for children are, or should be, very
, and represent a hierarchy of lesser and greater thou-shalts and thou-shalt-nots. Children should never be punished for things that merely cause inconvenience to adults—though these can also be reduced by inculcating good manners, for which the most effective instruments are praise, pride and example.

But there must be other laws in the home that actually correspond on a small and childish scale to the laws of civilized states. Lying, stealing, destroying property, indecently exposing oneself, malicious assault—these are forbidden by every legal code, and their infraction in the home should meet a stern and instantaneous reaction. For if no code is enforced in the home, by that beneficent Godlike authority who is papa, the child grows up "lawlessly," unprepared to recognize or obey the laws of society.

Bobby, for instance, was guilty of what, in legal terms is called "vandalism." The laws of society—of the state—did not touch him because his offense was committed in his own home, under the protection, actually, of his parents. But the next step in Bobby's career would be an extension of that vandalism. It goes on all the time—the breaking of windows, slitting of automobile tires, defacing of walls. Then its perpetrators become "delinquents." Similarly, a child who kicks his mother without encountering "the wrath of God" will kick his teacher next, and go on to worse brutalities.

It is ridiculous to expect a child, as he enters teen age, with the violent exaggerations of instincts and urges that so often accompany puberty, to suppress them in obedience to the laws of society when he has never become conscious that there is such a thing as law, enforced by the first authorities he ever encounters—his parents—and by the next authorities—his teachers.

Children learn self-control by initially being controlled. Much of morality or immorality is habit, and all civilization rests on the cultivation of inhibitions. Few children—there are some exceptions—are *naturally* good or bad. They become one or the other according to how the twig is bent. Even training in manners, superficial as that may appear, influences the inner development of a child. A class, for instance, that stands up when teacher enters the room is making a gesture that implies respect, and the mere gesture helps put the pupils in a frame of mind to accept the teacher's authority. The first and most basic training, without which all further education will fail, is in *deportment*. My friend repeated, "If a child is permitted to be rude to his father or mother or teachers, he will become a rude youth and a rude man, and crime is only the ultimate expression of a rude mind and soul."

My friend went on to express himself on the relation between crime and insanity, remarking that both were on a serious increase in America.

"In the hospital where I serve," he said, naming a nationally famous one, "we have every variety of mad people—paranoiacs, schizophrenics, manic-depressives, melancholics, and so on. In some few cases their derangements have a physical or congenital cause, but such are in a minority. The majority are just people who have lost control.

"And how do we cure them?—and we do cure very many. We put them under control, like children in a nursery. Every hour of their day is mapped out in strict routine—rising hour, breakfast, occupational therapy, lunch, rest, sports, bath, dressing for dinner, bed—rather like a very strict, old-fashioned boarding school. Usually, during the first few days they rant and rave rebelliously, but they learn very quickly, crazy though they are, that father's word is law—father, in their case, being the doctors and staff—and that the law will be enforced. No good, modern mental hospitals put people into painful strait jackets or abuse them in any way. But we have other nonpainful ways of wrapping up violent cases so they cannot harm themselves or others. And as they come to accept control they begin, gradually, to regain self-awareness and self-control. When they can discipline themselves and recognize and control their illusions, they are cured.

"Many suffer from mental breakdowns for reasons that might induce the same condition in almost anyone. But I am convinced from long experience with thousands of cases that others would never see the inside of a mental hospital if they had ever learned self-control through being properly controlled as children. We have to start them all over again—in a nursery."

Though this conversation occurred several years ago, I have never forgotten it. My friend's remarks on juvenile delinquency ran counter, of course, to the prevailing notions of its cause, which is largely attributed to physical environment—to poverty, slums, inadequate recreational facilities for youth, the evil influence of some popular forms of reading matter (horror comics, for instance), and the violence depicted in some radio and television programs and movies.

I would not write these off as contributing factors. I am no apologist for poverty or slums. But the facts about juvenile delinquency and crime do not jibe with this explanation. Juvenile crime is on the increase in every social class and in every type of community—in country towns where no children need play in the streets, in expensive suburbs, in beautifully laid-out government housing projects—where, in fact, vandalism is very common—and it has been steadily increasing along with a general rise in the standard of living. It is far worse than it was in the depression years.

Although much visual matter available to minors is coarse, violent and evilly suggestive, and requires greater public regulation, there have always been panderers of pornography. But responsible parents saw to it that such literature did not fall into their children's hands, and that tastes were cultivated which would contribute to their rejecting it if it did.

What can clearly be equated with increase in delinquency is the accompanying relaxation of disciplines in home and school, where the child or teen-ager is allowed freedoms incompatible with his immature responsibilities and capacities of judgment. Granted that the moral and intellectual disciplines of forty years ago were often so strict as to be oppressive and creative of rebellion; that the old-fashioned teacher was sometimes tyrannical and despotic, without being benevolent; and that at no time have all, or perhaps most, parents been loving, kind, just, and still, where necessary, stern, the situation is not improved but worsened by standing relationships upside down—by firing a teacher who punishes a child, but doing nothing to a child (or his parents) who kicks a teacher!

Respect for law—for rules of conduct and deportment—begins in home and school, or it does not begin at all. And lawlessness is a self-perpetuating, ever-expanding habit. END

WITH SYMPATHY

By ZOË AKINS

You will awake each day remembering
That she has gone elsewhere, and will not hear
Your voice cry out; or should she, your own ear
Will fail to catch her far-off signaling.

And now night long you will be running, calling,
As though in night's dream spaces you may find
Your child again. As well seek in the wind
The touch of hands, the warmth of young hair falling!

Oh, vain as summer rain to change in rivers
Their seaward course is mortal grief or plan
For those, our dearest. . . . Let us hope who can—
Even if we know an obdurate fate delivers
The thrust that none can guide—that some far kindness
Lies in its purpose, hidden by our blindness.

"Coffee-break"
with
Mary Margaret McBride





Is the man in your life a fanatic about good coffee? Well, it's no trick at all to make perfect coffee for him every time.



The Coffee Brewing Institute advises: "just use one Standard Coffee Measure, or two level tablespoons, of coffee to each ¾ measuring cup of fresh, cold water. Find the ideal timing for your coffee maker and always time your coffee exactly—never let it boil." If you don't have a Standard Coffee Measure, just send a dime and your name and address directly to the General Manager of the Coffee Brewing Institute at the address given below. They'll be glad to send you one.

And now if you're one of the smart hostesses who's discovered that she can entertain a much bigger crowd at a festive "Coffee-and-Dessert Party" than she could ever cope with for dinner, here's a recipe that will make your next one a talked-of success.

COFFEE CHARLOTTE

2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup ground coffee
1½ cups milk
1 envelope unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 egg whites
1 cup heavy cream
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
Lady fingers
Maraschino cherries

Beat egg yolks. Add 2 tablespoons sugar gradually, beating constantly; add salt. Add coffee to milk, bring slowly to scalding point, strain through cheesecloth. Add to egg yolk mixture, cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats spoon. Sprinkle gelatine on cold water and dissolve in hot custard. Cool slightly. Beat egg whites stiff and fold in. Cool. Whip cream, add remaining sugar and vanilla, fold in. Line sherbet glasses with lady fingers. Fill with custard mixture. Chill until firm. Garnish with additional whipped cream and maraschino cherries. Serves 6.



And remember, party days or plain days—*any* occasion, in fact—there's nothing like really good coffee well-brewed to bring out the full flavor.

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Anyone can frame a picture

When you use inexpensive lath stripping f your frame, there's no need to miter the corners, and the cost is a matter of pennies.

By NANCY CRAWFORD

HERE'S a way to make picture framing wonderfully simple for the amateur. The trick is to use strips of lath, the ends butted squarely together and securely glued, which eliminates the need for mitering the corners as with regular picture molding. The ½" x 1¾" lath was used for the four attractive frames pictured below. Three of these were covered in fabrics—felt, velveteen and burlap; one was painted in blue-and-black stripes and decorated with gold paper. But the possibilities for decorating your frames are endless as your imagination will allow. Odd pieces of tweed or upholste fabric, wallpaper, shiny gilt gift-wrappi foil, bookbinders' paper would be go alternates, but be sure that whatev decoration you choose complements color and feeling the print you want frame.

Choose your lathing in a width that in a good proportion to your pictu The 1¾" lath used for the frames b low was 7 cents per foot. The lumb dealer from whom you purchase t lathing will cut the strips in the exact si that you want. Keep in mind that t

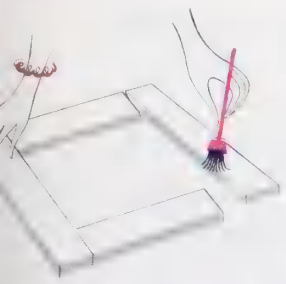


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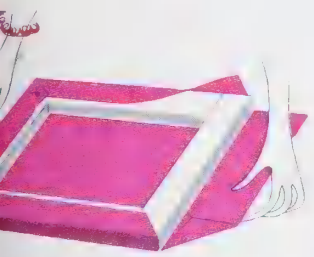
Lovely old French flower pr by Prevost is one of a portfo set of six which sells for $1.0 Emerald-green velveteen w chosen to cover the frame, a four small wooden medallio (about 8 cents apiece at a ca netmaker's) were gilded a glued in the corners.

The frame for Picasso's Lovers *was painted in stripes of blue and black casein paint (masking tape was used for a smooth clear line). Whole frame was sprayed with a plastic spray to insure durability. Strips of gold party-favor paper decorate the inside and outside edges, as well as marking off separation between blue and black.*





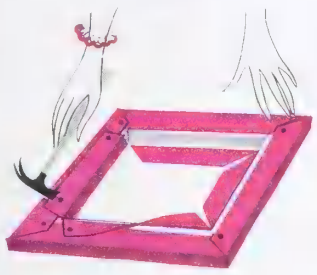
of the frame should be at least
ller than the over-all size of the
—in other words, there should be
of margin in back so that the pic-
be tacked to the frame. Choose
flat surface to work upon, and
gether with any strong resin glue



ur pieces of lath as shown in
1. When the glue is dry and
olds solidly together, reinforce
r joinings by hammering small
ted brads into the wood.
ame method is used when cover-
frame with either fabric or paper.
e frame on a piece of fabric or
rge enough to cover at least half
th of the frame when wrapped
to the back. Apply glue lightly to
of frame with a brush. When the
s become slightly "tacky," wrap
l around frame on all four sides,
securing it in back with small tacks (drawing 2). When frame is completely covered, outside corners neat, and material in center taut, puncture a hole in center of taut material, and cut to each corner of frame. You will have four loose triangles of material attached at inside edge of frame only. Trim the four triangles, allowing enough material to wrap around to the back. Cut four small strips of material (the width of the laths) and glue to inside corners, to cover small spaces exposed when material is wrapped to back. The four loose sections are then wrapped tightly around the frame, and tacked (drawing 3).

Your print should be mounted on either cardboard or thin plywood unless the paper is very firm. Use the same resin glue, diluted so that it is free-running. Smooth the picture from center to outside, forcing out all the air bubbles. The mounted picture should be allowed to dry, weighted by some heavy object which covers entire surface. When dry, coat with a plastic spray, obtained in pressure tins at most paint shops. The mounted (or unmounted) picture is then attached to back of frame with small nails or thumbtacks.

3





or print of Edward
s Marshall House
ered in turquoise
cording to instruc-
ve, then decorated
llel strands of heavy
itting wool, stretch-
across each side of
e, and tacked in
Cost of the entire
as 65 cents.



Felt in a rich crimson was chosen to complement the frame for Holbein's portrait of Anne of Cleves. *The strip of upholsterers' gold braid decorating the felt was 17 cents per yard, and the gilt rosette upholsterer's tacks which decorate the corners, about 7 cents apiece.*

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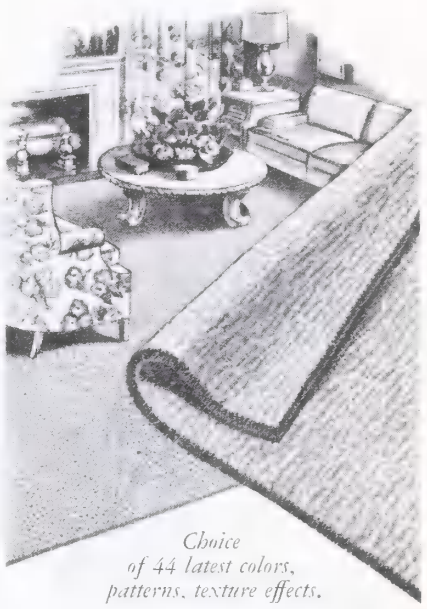
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WATCHING THE NEW YEAR IN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

cornstarch or even to ice cream. And don't let baby get it.

MUSTARD SAUCE

For cold meats or frankfurters, or for spreading on sandwiches.

Add ½ cup prepared mustard, 2 tablespoons minced chives and 2 to 3 teaspoons lemon juice to 1 cup mayonnaise. Season with a dash of salt. Chill several hours before serving so the flavor develops. Keeps well.

Potatoes are fun if you get on their right side and give them a poke in the ribs. And what you *can't* do with them you could put on a punched dime and have room for Milton's Paradise Lost. Here's one way, one only, but it's tops on the hit parade at a party, you'll discover!

FAVORITE POTATO SALAD

The day before you plan to serve the salad, cook 4 pounds potatoes in their jackets in boiling salted water and make the following dressing: Mix together 1½ teaspoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons dry mustard, 1½ teaspoons salt and 2½ tablespoons flour. Scald ½ cup vinegar. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, and add gradually to flour mixture, blending until smooth. Add 1 clove garlic, crushed. In top of double boiler, beat 2 egg yolks slightly. Add vinegar mixture gradually and, stirring constantly, cook over hot (not boiling) water until mixture is thickened. Chill and blend in ½ cup heavy cream, whipped. Now for the salad itself: Peel the potatoes. Cut into ½" cubes. There should be about 2 quarts. Pour 2 tablespoons hot vinegar over the potatoes and let stand while you prepare other ingredients: ¼ cup chopped scallions or green onions, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 cup chopped celery and 1½ cups garlic dill pickles, minced fine. Add to the potatoes and add the dressing. Season with pepper and 1½ to 2 teaspoons salt. Mix thoroughly and taste for seasoning. Pack firmly into a large mold. Chill well. To unmold, loosen thoroughly but gently all around the edge with a spatula and turn out carefully onto serving platter. Garnish with deviled eggs, olives, celery hearts, radishes and scallions.

I don't know why herring should be traditional to New Year's, but it is, and here it is in a salad.

HERRING-AND-CABBAGE SALAD

Mix together 6 cups finely shredded crisp cabbage, 2 cups diced ripe tomatoes, 1 peeled mild onion, thinly sliced, 1 large green pepper, seeded and coarsely shredded, and two 7½-ounce jars herring fillets, drained and cut into 1" pieces. Season well with salt and pepper and toss with 3 tablespoons salad oil and 3 tablespoons vinegar. Serve in lettuce-lined bowl.

Not for the bride. When you see the word "confetti," what does it bring to mind? Well, don't say Nesselrode sauce. Stop and think a minute. Weddings? Why, of course. It calls up visions of rice—less humane than confetti, but still being shaken out of coat collars and the bride's flounces and slippers.

But have you ever thought of confetti connection with stuffed eggs? No? Well, y are about to now. So give eye, lend ear a learn what this is all leading up to. It is

CONFETTI DEVILED EGGS

Peel 6 hard-cooked eggs. Cut in half long wise and remove yolks. Mash yolks th oughly and add 2 tablespoons finely chopp toasted almonds, 2 tablespoons minced gre pepper, 1½ tablespoons minced pimiento tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon vine and a dash of Tabasco. Mix well and seas to taste with salt and pepper. Fill egg hal with mixture.

Tray stuff. That little tray that's so a mired wouldn't be so highly thought of if y tried to get all t cheeses suggested he It's quite a list and tell you that it took t will power of Lucifer resist adding a few mo Just to give you a wi choice, that's all! Se on the tray, or close a variety of crackers a forget any sweet on It's cheese you're tending to. So, acco ing to the tray capaci fix it up with your be liked cheeses. (There' red-skinned Gouda a a yellow pineapple supply color and pre up the tray.) So lo over the catalogue, li ited. Here are bl cheese, chive-crea cheese, Camembe process Chedd Gouda.

The staff has seve names. This refers, you know, to the bre basket. Might have r pumpernickel, fran furter rolls, as well white. And inclu plenty of soft butter margarine—*not melte* for the love of Minerv not that. And y wouldn't go far out pasture if a nice b plate of hot, sugare unsugared and rais doughnuts came to t party. Escorted by firkin or jerkin or Bennington jug of cider. you long to be praised in the gates, this is And to toast the New Year, have on han plenty of soft drinks and a party punch suc as this one.

LEMON-STRAWBERRY PUNCH

Combine one 6-ounce can frozen lemonad concentrate, 1 package frozen sliced straw berries (half thawed—juice and berries) an one 6-ounce can frozen orange-juice concen trate. Just before serving, add 1 qua sparkling water and 1 quart ginger ale. Mi well. Place in a punch bowl with ice. Ga nish with additional strawberries and slice bananas.

Same old day—same old wish. Well, th time has arrived to date our checks and ou letters and all dated things 1955, for '54 is ou on some secret quest, we believe, and neve more will come back. So date them right. I' try too.

And while I'm writing "January first," will come to me—that old old wish that neve grows stale and that is ever new: Happy Ne Year. It has a silver sound like a trumpet on high hill. It echoes through all the days t come.

A happy—the happiest of all—a happy Ne Year is the wish I make. Can you hear it?

Your ANNIE

IF YOU CAME

By VIRGINIA ESTERLY DUNBAR

If you came in the half-light, in the dusk,
My doors would open, and my shutters yield;
If you came in the leafy lavender night
My singing would stir the plumed dark wheat.

But if you came with the high sun at noon
Such brightness would blind my two eyes,
And blindness would bring me my own death—
For sight of you is food, breath, blood.

Oh, come, my darling, as a veiled face,
Come as a shadow falling from the king;
And light will bloom within us like a birth,
Like larks pouring morning from their throats.

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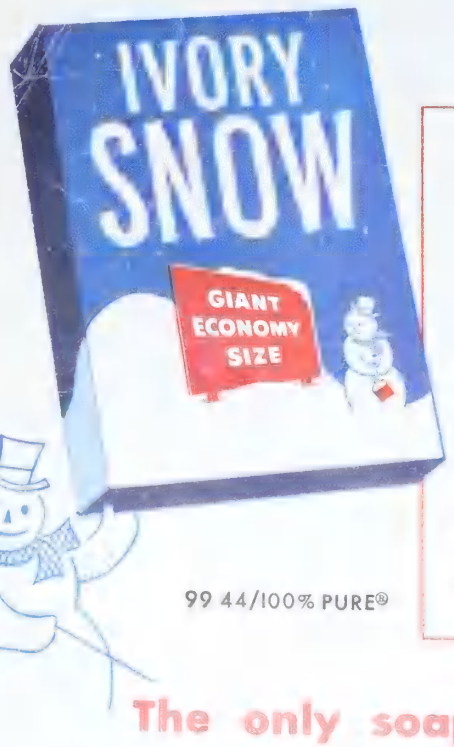
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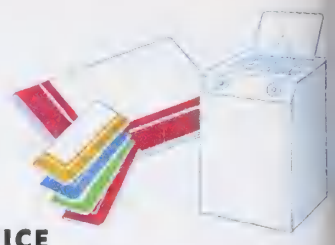
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Journalities



The above sketch by John Singer Sargent of ETHEL BARRYMORE, great lady of the American theater, appeared on the JOURNAL cover in January, 1904. *Ethel Barrymore's Memories* (beginning page 42), written especially for the JOURNAL, will recall to her millions of admirers some of the magic of her acting and her life.



Scott Young

SCOTT YOUNG'S story of love in Florida (*The Beautiful Washerwoman*, page 64) is, he says, at least partly the result of a deep split in national allegiance. He explains, "As a Canadian, I am expected to like cold weather. The truth is I like to spend my winters in Florida, but at the request of our two young sons, we spent last winter in Omemee, Ontario. I set out to create an illusion. I wrapped myself in heavy shirts, opened the furnace full blast, trained the electric heater on my feet and finished this story I'd started in New Smyrna Beach the previous February."

"I find it very difficult to make anyone understand that I write from my imagination," NELIA GARDNER WHITE tells us, "that I am not jogged into stories by anything I have experienced. Oh, of course it is experience that feeds the imagination, but I rarely take any particular incident and say I am going to write about *that*, any person and say I am going to write about *him*." So perhaps the professor and his young wife in *Look Out for Tigers* (page 46) are people *you* know, or will want to know after reading her story.



Nelia Gardner White

Journal

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Tired, aching feet

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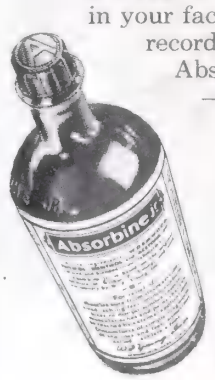
Perhaps even worse, those tiny, pain-drawn lines in your face can "set" into wrinkles that make a girl look old before her time.

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There When Needed

Bonner Springs, Kansas

Dear Editors: I have often wanted to write you and say how much I prize the JOURNAL, but now I must.

Last week my husband died of a heart attack and I have been so busy trying to carry on his business and looking after his dear mother, who is in her ninety-second year, that I've had very little time for anything, let alone reading. However, I always read the little quips and poems. This time, when I read the quotation from Winston Churchill, "Only when the dark comes down the stars shine," and also The Lantern, by Mary Kennedy, it seemed they were put there especially for me. Life was never more beautiful and full of love, and I realize that love never dies and the truth of the Bible verse we first teach our children, "God *is* love."

Sincerely,
MARY L. EYERLY

They Attacked the Problems

Sweet Springs, Missouri

Dear Editors: Even in 1836 there were school problems! I have a contract executed August 29, 1836, in Russell County, Kentucky, in which five citizens agree to hire Joseph M. McMillin, my great-great-grandfather. He is bound to teach five days per week for a term of six months commencing September 15. He must teach "spelling, reading and wrighting as far as his ability and capassity will admit." He is further bound to "give due attendance to said school and to keep order and decoram there in and atone for all lost time by him."

Rates of payment are, "Eight dollars per scholar per year to be discharged in good merchantable corn, porke, beef cattle, beef hides, shoe cloth, salt, iron, wheat, sheep wool, cotton, new gees or duck feathers, beeswax or tallow or parts of each, all of which is to be paid against the first of January at the market price."

In turn the "board" agrees to "build a comfortable school house, seats and writing benches against the 15th of September, 1836." A total of eleven scholars were enrolled.

I wonder if, 118 years hence, our present-day contracts will seem as antiquated as this one.

Sincerely,
CORA E. SMITH

More Parents in Action

Chicago, Illinois

To whom it may concern: Chicago, too, is working very hard through its Illinois Congress Parents and Teachers Association to curb lewd and crime comics.

I am a high-school-council chairman in District 24, which covers ten high schools with a P.T.A. membership of 181,000 parents. I really believe we are progressing splendidly. At present we are renewing our survey on merchants. We also joined forces with other organizations to found the Citizens' Committee for Better Juvenile Reading. We have contacted publishers and distributors. So far three distributors that we have contacted have been very co-operative.

We stress that the parents should also maintain vigilance and impress upon youngsters the importance of reading only the best. Good books mold character—cheap books degrade.

Sincerely,
MRS. PHILIP KLEZEK

Ethics in Business

Sacramento, California

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: The women of the Synodical Society of the Presbyterian Church U.S.A. of the Synod of California, Utah and Nevada have noted with approval that your magazine does not feature liquor advertising or mention it favorably. May we congratulate you also for publishing the condensed book, Seduction of the Innocent?

We feel that you are an example of ethics in a business society and wish you every success financially, as well as in moral gratification.

Yours very truly,
MRS. G. C. STODDARD
President
MRS. HAYDON R. O'NEAL
Secretary,
Social Education and Action

Done With Mirrors

Yuma, Arizona

Dear Editors: When a woman on the shady side of thirty-five gets a plea for a "pin-up" of herself, no less—from her husband overseas—she does have a problem! If her hobby is photography, she can take her own picture. I did, and made the startling discovery that an ordinary dressing-table mirror, with ordinary electric lights, is a peerless glamourizer.

The professional glamour shooter's whole battery of equipment couldn't be kinder. Wrinkles, bags under eyes and other unpleasant truths vanish in this soft light, while the camera records your mirrored best expressions—and who



Mirrored likeness.

knows them better than yourself? Photographing the "woman she loves" is bound to please normal female vanity, and results, though far from technical perfection, are practically guaranteed to delight the man overseas.

For instance, this shot went night-clubbing in Nagoya! A letter from the most wonderful man in the world tells of dropping in at a night spot, while on a weekend away from his station in Korea, of setting up this picture and one of our little son on the table in front of him, while he and his friends drank a toast. Could a nicer gesture of appreciation be asked by a photographer—or a wife?

Sincerely,
SHERRY COLE

Journal Friends Even Drop From the Skies

St. Johnsbury, Vermont

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Being a How Young America Lives family has been one of our most enjoyable experiences. Since the story appeared, we have discovered that we have friends all over the world and have had some very heart-warming letters from all sorts of unexpected places. We have had a flock of visitors who found their way over our dirt roads up to our hilltop. We had one young man fly here from California in his own small plane and spend a couple of days with us. (We had never met or heard of him before.) A woman in New

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



FOR *'Radiantly Alive' Hair*

SO SOFT, YET MANAGEABLE . . . SO SWEETLY CLEAN!

Come-hither loveliness—that's what your hair has after a luxurious Prell Shampoo! It's caressably soft, yet so *obedient!* Yes, angel-soft, smooth as satin, glowing with that 'Radiantly Alive' look *he'll* love! And Prell leaves your hair *really* clean . . . fresh and sweet . . . and free of embarrassing dandruff!

Prell is easy to use, too—so convenient. No spill, drip or break. Try Prell tonight—it's *wonderful!*



star in his eyes—your Prell-washed hair!

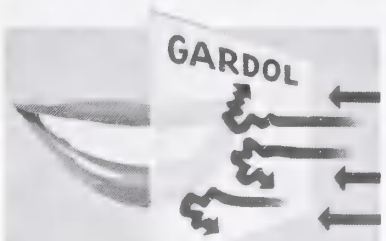


Whether You Brush Your Teeth Just Once, Twice, or 3 Times a Day...

Colgate Dental Cream Gives The Surest Protection ALL DAY LONG!

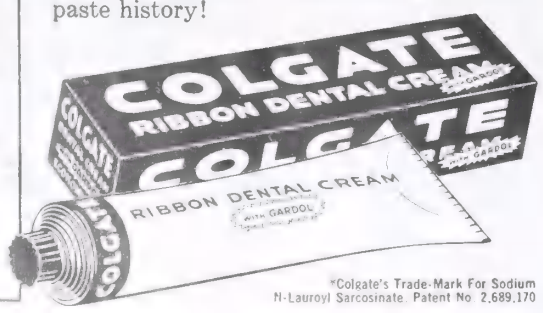


Because **Only New Colgate Dental Cream —Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains GARDOL* To Stop Bad Breath Instantly . . Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!**



Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. That's why Colgate's—the only leading toothpaste to contain Gardol—gives the surest protection ever offered by any toothpaste!

Your dentist will tell you how often you should brush your teeth. But whether that's once, twice, or three times a day, be sure you use New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate. Patent No. 2,689,170

Every Time You Use It...New Colgate Dental Cream

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

York sent us two purebred American saddle horses. Imagine how the children feel!

We have had a lot of fun and we are happy that some people found our story helpful or interesting.

Best wishes from all six of us,

Sincerely,
BETS PARKER

▶ *Scudder Parkers, last September's attractive How Young America Lives family, enjoyed typical reception from* JOURNAL *readers. First time we've heard they now add airplanes and horses, though. ED.*

How to Save Money

Downers Grove, Illinois

Dear Editors: I believe you could help a lot of housewives by starting a Readers Write Us devoted to tips on how to save money. Probably each one of us has some ideas that would help. May I offer a few of my own?

A little dust on the furniture can go unnoticed when I realize it is better I do one of the following:

1. Mix up some powdered milk to dilute our regular homogenized milk, as you suggested to Mrs. Canner last August.

2. Keep the refrigerator defrosted so it costs less to run and isn't so hard on the motor.

3. I try to bake everything I can. I take advantage of the ready mixes often as they are economical. If I bake two loaves of banana bread, or two coffeecakes, I put one in the freezer.

4. We buy day-old bread and put it in the freezer. You can make sandwiches of frozen bread and put them back in the freezer so you have a stock for lunches. Also, you can toast the bread frozen.

5. I find that measuring the soap you pour into your washer is a big saving.

May all your JOURNAL years be prosperous! I could use some other tips too!

Yours sincerely,
JEAN L. ANDERSON

Cat-Kin

Elmhurst, New York

Dear Journal: This is my entry for your mother-and-daughter theme, which you have on some of your covers.



Like mother, like daughter.

Sincerely,
FLO KIESLING

Night Stick to Knitting

Newberg, Oregon

Dear Editor: I also took up the cudgel for the kids in Korea. My boy wrote from there it was hard to watch those little kids trying to keep their hands warm by sticking them up their sleeves, so my wife and I have knitted 168 pairs of mittens in all in the last two years. Then this summer I made 40 more pair and took them to city, county and state fairs. I have three seconds and one first prize on my knitting. Forty pairs being shipped tomorrow to Korean Christian Mission, 32–6 Song Wol Dong, Seoul, Korea.

I have also worked out a new pattern for a neat, smooth thumb, either hand. I make them all rainbow since kids over there like plenty of color. I am 69 years old, a retired Cleveland, Ohio, policeman.

Respectfully,
ARNOLD SHERBURNE

▶ *Work begun by* JOURNAL*'s Operation Kid Knit two years ago this month, and expanded into Operation Can't Knit and Sock Knit, still going on busily all over America, still gratefully received in Korea according to Mrs. Ellis O. Briggs, our ambassador's wife.*

Letter to a Journal Editor:

Dear Mums: Scott is taking one of his big surges ahead in talking, pores over books and magazines and picks out cars, dogs, cats, babies, telephones, and so on. His real passion is dogs, live and in pictures. We went through the JOURNAL page by page and do you know there was only *one* dog in the whole magazine, and not a very good one at that.



Journal second generation.

Would you please send a memo to the Goulds to correct this oversight, or the JOURNAL will lose a small but powerful customer.

Speaking of that, I hope you are going to give me a JOURNAL year again—I got a bill to renew and I just hoped you would.

Gratefully,
"J——"

Dr. Spock Reaches England

Ruddington
Nottinghamshire, England

Dear Editors: As the twenty-three-year-old mother of three, your articles on child care, and so on, fascinate me.

The differences, however, between the methods of bringing up a baby in our two countries are amazing. Do you, for example, really have a "formula" for a baby's bottle? It sounds *terribly* complicated.

When not breast fed, our babies usually go onto powdered milk mixed with boiling water and sugar, varying the strength according to the instructions on the tin.

And "pediatricians"—what a lovely word: unless our infants are ill, they see the doctor only once or twice in their first year, to be immunized against smallpox, whooping cough and diphtheria.

And do you really have those lovely machines for sterilizing bottles?

My youngest has his bottle and teat (both singular, please note) boiled up for a second in a saucepan, and is none the worse for it.

Another thing I noticed when reading the JOURNAL was a picture of a very heavy-eyed young mother giving her baby a middle-of-the-night feed. How long does this go on for?

It must be awful! Our babies are put straight on five four-hourly feeds from birth (unless under seven pounds) and my three have all dropped the last at ten weeks, and slept a twelve-hour night, thank heavens!

In conclusion, the differences between our customs was brought home to me with a bang last week.

After laying Mark, the baby, flat on his chest in the pram (à la various illustrations in the JOURNAL) and finding him *extremely* comfortable like that, I took the children into the village to do some shopping. In six different shops, six different women came dashing in to tell me that "Your baby's turned over onto his face, Mrs. Adams—you'd better come quick!"

Nuff said!

Yours sincerely,
SONIA ADAMS

P. S. Can you *really* buy colored nappies?

Now buy Delsey in your favorite towel colors

Fine and firm and soft like Kleenex tissues



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4 Luxury Guest Towels

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These fringed guest towels in pastels and white are Dundee's quality terry. Deep looped; highly absorbent. Mercerized borders; reinforced selvages. Guaranteed fast colors. Send today for as many sets as you wish.

Order your sets of luxury guest towels NOW!

Address: Delsey, Box 7739, Chicago 77, Illinois.

Please send me ____ sets of 4 guest towels. I enclose $1.00 and 2 Delsey wrappers for each set ordered.

NOTE: Indicate sets desired: ____ sets of 4 pink towels: ____ sets of 4 yellow towels: ____ sets of 4 blue towels: ____ sets of 4 green towels; ____ sets of 4 white towels: or ____ sets of assorted colors (one towel of each color – pink, yellow, blue and green).

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City _____ *Zone* ____ *State* _____

Offer good only in the U. S., and is void wherever prohibited, taxed, regulated or license is required. Offer expires December 31, 1955.

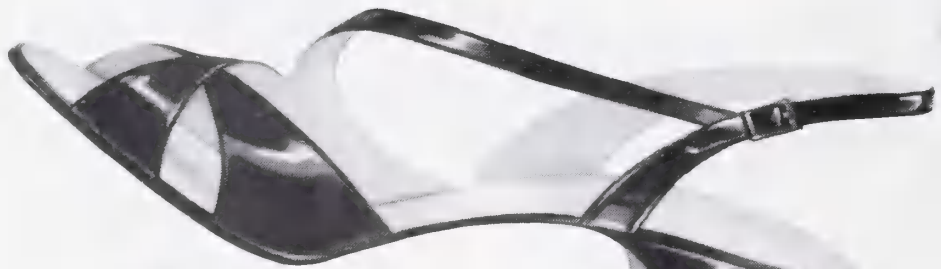
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no gap, no pinch . . . look good from every angle. Patents

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Young America has it...
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The milder the beauty soap, the prettier your skin.
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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

uce Gould

Beatrice Blackmar Gould

Editors

The Little Towns

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Although of late years, and for time-saving purposes, I have traveled inside and outside America almost entirely by plane, I love trains. The new ones, particularly west of Chicago, are luxurious with lounges, excellent dining cars, comfortable bedrooms, radios, television sets and the latest magazines.

I appreciate these increased comforts, but they are not why I love trains. I love them because one can look out the window and see the country roll past, slowly enough for one's eye to take in many details. From a plane the landscape appears only as an abstract pattern, of geometrically outlined fields and forests, ribbons of roads, clusters of houses, which must be villages, and the lines, lights, squares and towers of great towns and cities.

This fall and winter a speaking tour took me out to the Middle West—Ohio, Kansas, Minnesota—and to places not easily accessible by air, so I went on trains, fuming, as I started, that so much "time would be lost," and then wondering whimsically what becomes of lost time—wondering to what limbo it is consigned and what it does with itself when it gets there—and recalling the words of that delightful poet, William Henry Davies:

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

So I sat and stared, well rewarded, as the colored counties passed my window, noting with satisfaction the many terraced and contoured fields, brown with the stubble of harvested wheat and corn, or emerald with sproutings of winter rye; noting the reflections of the last leaves and of racing clouds in little ponds, designed to hold precious water; admiring the neat white houses, their doorways usually shaded by twin trees, and around them big barns and silos, painted "Indian" red, or sometimes built of flashing aluminum, within neatly fenced barnyards.

But most of all I loved looking at the little towns as we went through. One doesn't see the best aspects of a town from the railroad yards, but as the train pulled in or out, slowing down even if it did not stop, one always had a vista of streets—of "Main Street" where the shops and stores and largest buildings always are, and of the streets where people live. And, looking down those streets, neatly paved, shaded by great maples or arching elms, their homes set back among raked lawns and clumps of shrubbery, I thought, as I have thought time and again, that nobody knows *anything* about America who does not know its little towns.

We have few great cities that for beauty, grace, architecture or comely planning compare favorably with Paris, Rome, Florence, Vienna, Madrid, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Brussels, or even Berlin, handsome if not lovely before it came crashing down, or with foggy, imperial London. The European landing on our shores finds New York splendid, breath-taking, monumental, exciting, but, with its apparently insoluble transport problem, noisy and anything but comfortable, and quite incredibly dirty. How could a city be otherwise which is inhabited by eight million people, where (in Manhattan, at least) there are no alleys, and garbage must be collected at front entrances, and streets cleaned between rows of parked cars?

Washington is a handsome city but a cold one, a "company town" devoted only to Government, extraordinarily lacking in metropolitan amenities, even to numbers of first-rate restaurants, and containing in immediate juxtaposition to the finest residential areas many slums.

Chicago, perennially ill-governed, handsome in parts, vital and exciting always, can challenge all contenders with the extent of its constantly encroaching slums.

America, I think, is worst represented in its great cities, and these are what the foreigner usually sees—noting the dirt, the noise, the slums jostling the boulevards, and the terribly high rentals for tiny apartments. But for comfort, cleanliness, comeliness, coziness, few, if any, countries can match the American small town—from New England to California, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border—taking them *as a whole*.

There are exquisite English, French and Italian villages to which the tourist is directed by Baedeker. But there are also thousands that are unspeakably dreary, with streets of dark, uncomfortable homes set wall to wall flush with the sidewalk, without lawns and, except for public parks, hardly a tree. Life, too, in them is provincial and inbred to an extent that it no longer is in the American small town. "Gopher Prairie" is not "the climax of civilization," as it was not when Sinclair Lewis so dubbed it with ironic scorn in his introduction to Main Street. But Carol Kennicott, whose frustrated discontent is the subject of the famous novel, would find much more stimulation and sophistication today in Gopher Prairie than she did less than a generation ago.

In the Middle West, the architecture seldom has the grace and proportion observable in New England, Virginia and the early-settled states, where Georgian influences still predominate. The Middle West grew up when wood fretted gables,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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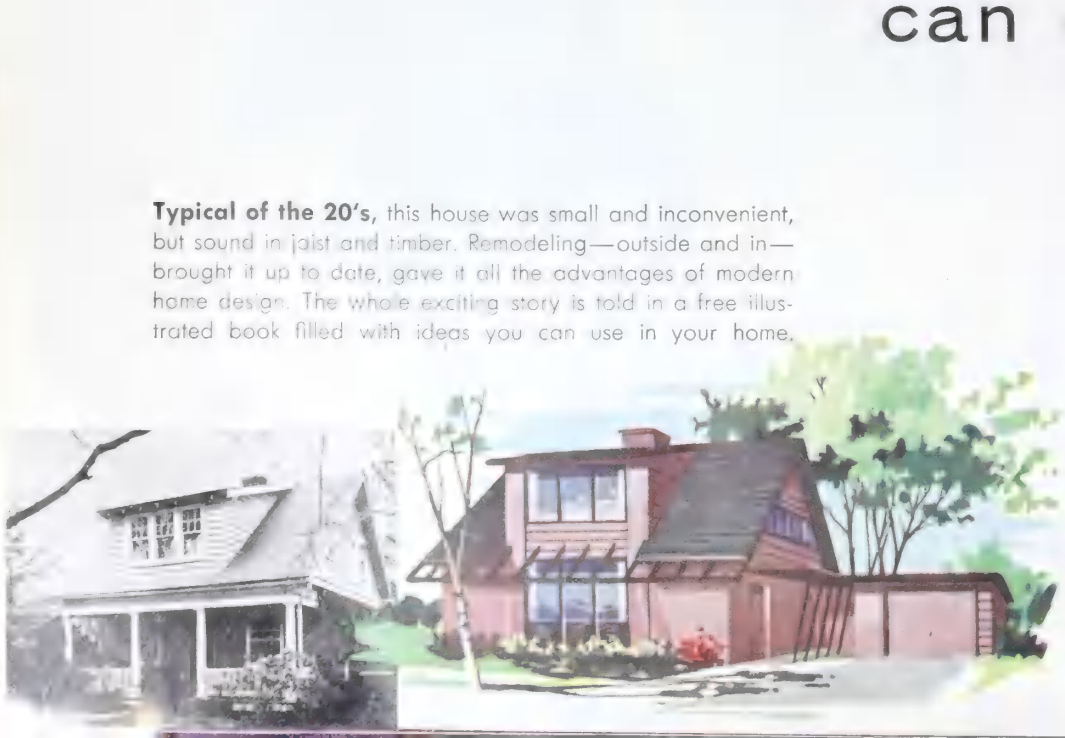
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Floor is Armstrong Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, Style No. 5302.

Look what modern ideas can do for an old house

Typical of the 20's, this house was small and inconvenient, but sound in joist and timber. Remodeling—outside and in—brought it up to date, gave it all the advantages of modern home design. The whole exciting story is told in a free illustrated book filled with ideas you can use in your home.



You can still enjoy all the spaciousness and convenience of America's new way of living, even though you have an older house that's cramped and out of date. Look at the magical transformation made in this typical house of the early 20's—and take courage! The floor plan was opened up to give it the roominess that marks the modern home. From there on, Armstrong decorators took over, creating dozens of exciting ideas to make the house both attractive and easy to care for.

Choosing the right materials can make all the difference in adding modern beauty and easy care to an old home. That's why Armstrong Linoleum was such an ideal choice. It's modern because it offers such a wide selection of designs, colors, and textures to help you bring decorative harmony to the living areas of your home.

(continued on next page)



l partition walls are gone and a modern-od-grain styling in Armstrong Linoleum unites of the modern open-planned living area.



Strikingly handsome for the living area, Armstrong Linoleum is also practical for the kitchen. It's greaseproof, easy to clean, comfortable underfoot—and surprisingly moderate in cost. Made in dozens of striking designs and color combinations to enhance any decorating scheme.





Upstairs, an awkward closet is removed. Two bedrooms and a den-guestroom are color-related with Armstrong Spatter® Linoleum—Style No. 5017. It's handsome with rugs or without.

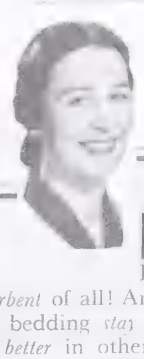
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Free book of remodeling ideas. If you're planning to remodel your present home, or thinking of buying an older one and modernizing it, you'll want the exciting, illustrated book about this house. It's filled with helpful remodeling suggestions. Write Armstrong Cork Co., 5502 King Street, Lancaster, Pa.



BUY-LINES
by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN

I KNOW SOME MOTHERS who think all diapers are alike . . . but in my opinion there's only *one* brand to buy! It's CHIX Diapers . . . for recent tests prove they're the *most absorbent* of all! And you know what this means . . . that clothing and bedding *stay dryer* and baby is *more protected!* CHIX Diapers are *better* in other ways, too . . . for instance, they always *dry wrinkle-free* and are as easy to wash as can be. Furthermore, they're made of top quality *surgical type gauze* in *birdseye weave* . . . and this unique weave makes them more caressably soft and gentle to a baby's tender skin. CHIX Diapers also fold to fit any size baby . . . and never seem to wear out. They're made by a Johnson & Johnson Company, you know . . . makers of famous Chux* Disposable Diapers, Redi-Fol* Diapers, Chix* Crib Sheets and Chix* Diaper Liners. But send for this:



SPECIAL SAMPLE of a CHIX Diaper . . . *to try before you buy!* It's only 25c . . . see OFFER #1 in box below.

*T.M.Reg.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME these snowy, blowy days . . . especially when you have a selection of PARKER GAMES that your family can play together! We play them all the time . . . and all of them are grand. But I think you'll be particularly delighted with "*Monopoly*," the most fascinating real estate trading game in the world . . . because everyone likes to invest in properties to get "rich" and win. "*Keyword*," the best of all crossword board games, is equally wonderful . . . as is "*Clue*," the exciting who-done-it game . . . "*Sorry*," the pursuit game where even the tail-ender can win . . . and "*Hollywood Go*," the newest PARKER GAME! They all make marvelous gifts and perfect party prizes, too . . . but above all have lots of PARKER GAMES to keep your family happy at home.



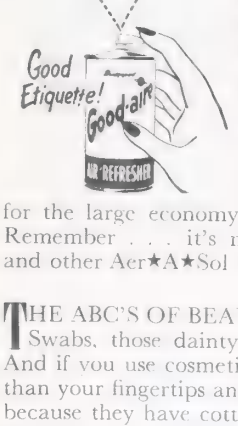
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FEBRUARY IS THE PARTY MONTH . . . with three gala holidays that "invite" you to entertain. And I hope you'll "accept" . . . then call on O-CEDAR DRI-GLO to dress your furniture in its company-best! It's the new miracle furniture polish that gives a beautiful "*Bone Dry*" shine . . . without hard rubbing! All you do is smooth DRI-GLO on, let it dry and wipe off . . . its modern, non-oily *silicone* ingredient leaves such a glowing sparkle that both old and new pieces glisten *mirror-bright!* O-CEDAR DRI-GLO is more protective than anything else you could use, too . . . even spilled liquids won't mar its rich beauty and there's no oily film to attract dust. I don't ask you to take my word for it, either . . . DRI-GLO is *guaranteed* to *outshine* and *outlast* any furniture polish you ever used! But only seeing is believing . . . so I'd like to send you this:



GENEROUS SAMPLE OF O-CEDAR DRI-GLO . . . and let the facts speak for themselves! Costs only 10c to cover postage and handling . . . see OFFER #3 in box.

JUST WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT, someone comes to call . . . so keep the air in your home fresh and sweet to welcome them. You can do it easily . . . by using GOOD-AIRE regularly! That's what I use . . . for *nothing I've ever tried beats GOOD-AIRE* for making odors disappear! And it takes no time nor trouble . . . you simply push the lever on the GOOD-AIRE can and poof! . . . odors from cooking, bathrooms, pets and the nursery, along with tell-tale odors from stale air and tobacco smoke, fade away. Imagine . . . with a mere touch of the finger you can get rid of unpleasant odors and give your home a fresh-as-Springtime air. In other words, *GOOD-AIRE is good etiquette* . . . a courtesy you owe your family as well as your guests. You can afford to use it *every day*, too . . . for GOOD-AIRE costs only 89c for the regular size and $1.98 for the large economy size. At Drug, Grocery, Hardware and Department Stores. Remember . . . it's made by the makers of Bridgeport® Aer★A★Sol Bug Bomb and other Aer★A★Sol products.



THE ABC'S OF BEAUTY begin, surprisingly enough, with "Q" . . . Q-TIPS Beauty Swabs, those dainty, cotton-tipped applicators designed especially for cosmetics! And if you use cosmetics, I think you *need* Q-TIPS . . . for they're far more talented than your fingertips and put an end to make-up slip-ups. That's because they have cotton at both ends like baby's Q-TIPS . . . but are *longer* and *slimmer* . . . so *easy to use* and so *expert* that I consider them my boudoir "beauty operator" and once you try them you will, too. And in each pretty dressing table box are lessons in loveliness by that master of make-up Ern Westmore . . . which teach you the beauty secrets of the glamorous movie stars. For instance, you'll learn such "Q's" as:



Allure for the Lips . . . Magic for your Eyes . . . Rouging the Right way . . . Perfume Pointers . . . Hiding Flaws . . . Hair Helps . . . Removing Smears.

So don't let "dabbed-on" make-up give your face hard, harsh lines . . . use Q-TIPS Beauty Swabs and look naturally lovely!

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- ☐ OFFER #3 . . . SAMPLE of O-Cedar DRI-GLO. Please enclose 10c to cover postage.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

towers and porte-cocheres made a "mansion," when verandas were thrown out in all directions, and the *ne plus ultra* was a window of quite hideously gaudy red-blue-and-green glass on the stairs: the age of golden oak, black walnut, Brussels carpets, lace curtains, whatnots, center tables and bead curtains. Many of these houses are left, as I saw from the train, passing through Ohio and Kansas, and one of the finest collections of them I have ever seen is in Van Wert, Ohio, population 14,000, where I stopped to speak. There, too, the old Marsh mansion, now hostess house for a school for maladjusted children, is probably the best extant museum of the period.

I confess that these houses delight me. I remember them from my childhood in upstate New York, as the homes of my father's wealthier parishioners or friends. Whatever they lacked of grace, they did not lack space and stability. They were built for big families, in which every member had a room of his own which was not a cubicle. They had parlors for the grownups and guests, sitting rooms where the children played in blizzardy weather, big dining rooms which were often the family sitting rooms—and how many problems in compound fractions, or "essays" on geography, have I not done under the hanging lamp over the dining-room table! They had attics full of trunks, storing two or three generations of old clothes to dress up in. If it rained, one could ride a tricycle on the wide verandas. And they also had "hired girls," and even, occasionally, uniformed maids. And perhaps I like them now as an amusing break in too-standardized "good taste."

If we wish to make a new world we have the material ready. The first one was made out of chaos.

—ROBERT QUILLEN

But looking down the streets of the little towns, I saw that the newer homes are small and "laborsaving"—for the hired girl has vanished—but still with much more space, outside and in, than any but the rich can afford in big cities. Some are the ranch type, low, wide and wide-windowed, but most are two-storied, or a story and a half with dormers and usually with front porches, on which often stand bicycles or tricycles. One could trace the growth of the family by looking at the houses, the ell that had obviously been added, the dormer that plainly had not originated with the house. Some of the owners, I saw in passing, had in an outbreak of rugged individualism defied the prevailing white or white and green, and painted their little houses—whatever the architecture—pink, or robin's-egg blue, or gray with blue shutters, and they sang to me. And always the lawns, with never a high hedge or fence against a neighbor, and always the noble American trees.

I WISHED I could be taking some important Russian—incognito, in a false mustache—along with me, to show him what *community*, as contrasted with communism, can be; to show him the wonderful friendliness of small-town America where nobody is an anonymous cipher.

And also to show him what "progress" or "advance" manifests itself in the little towns that metropolitan Americans still call "the sticks." Despite the continued growth of our great cities, and apart from the millions of Americans living on farms, nearly 42,000,000 of our people live in "the sticks," in towns or cities of under 50,000.

How does today's Main Street differ from the one described in Sinclair Lewis' famous novel of 1920?

Like Sinclair Lewis, I was born and brought up in little towns of the period he described, and I never could quite agree with the picture he presented. But even that ironic satirist would change it, were he to write today. As a speaker, I have, of late years, visited every state in the Union but one, and spoken in hundreds of small towns—invited by a Chamber of Commerce, a women's club, a local college, a public forum or some other civic group, and not to entertain an audience but to speak v seriously about American problems, fore and domestic. This, in itself, indicates change—a shift to a far-wider range interest. I have spoken in towns of 5000 a upward, always rejoicing when my sched gave me a free day in which to meet peo and look around. And if there are any sm towns without *proportionately* as many c ilized, informed, public-spirited and wi awake people as there are in the great citi I haven't been in them. Their local ci consciousness, I think, is higher than that the big-city populations. In the great cit people vote for reforms. In the little tow they *undertake* the reforms. And the provincial tightness is disappearing.

ALMOST all Americans, whatever their s called "social station," travel today to su rounding big cities, and often from one e of the country to another. Hundreds thousands have been abroad. A physici in a village of 2000 whom I had to consu about my throat wished to discuss Chin He was born in China, when his father w a missionary there; had lived there to t age of fourteen, speaks several Chinese di lects, and returned eventually as a memb of U. S. Intelligence. While he swabbed o my throat he told me more about China very precisely, chapter and verse—than could learn from much reading.

"Why did you decide to settle here?"

"I like it—several of us are starting a litt clinic—it's needed—nic place to live—nice pe ple."

A garage owner tol me about spending las summer in Italy. And s it goes.

People in the sma towns read. "What d you think of Dewhurst' article on the Russians i the October twenty-ninth issue of U. S. News and World Report?" a Kansas rancher asked. I had missed the articl in my travels. He outlined the contents and promised to look it up when I got back recommending in turn the book by the Eng lishman Edward Crankshaw, Cracks in the Kremlin Wall. He made a note of it, after which we talked about soil conservation, o which he is a master and an enthusiast.

I ran into friends of friends. Miss Mary Bowman, who has a quite fabulous china and gift shop in Salem, Ohio, and knows all about Austrian and Swiss toys, Bohemian glass, and the merits and demerits of English, German, American, French and Italian porcelain and ceramics, inquired about her friends Ann Batchelder and Lisa Sergio, who are my neighbors in Vermont.

The spontaneous kindness of small-town people to the visitor, the warm way they take one into their homes and hearts, their interest in and curiosity about places they have not seen, or topics they confess they "haven't given much thought to," are surely unique to this country. I am ever reminded of Walt Whitman's tribute to America:

"Here is the hospitality which forever indicates heroes."

The interest of small-town folks in the national and international scene is, of course, much more Platonic than their interest in their own state and community. How, or why, should it be otherwise? The world is too big for many of us to love. Even America is too big really to *love* except as an abstraction. American patriotism, I have come to think, is the accumulation of thousands of little patriotisms. The Vermonter, the Kansan, the Virginian, the Ohioan—I choose at random—still seems to believe as he did in Lewis' time that all America revolves around his state, the state around his town, and that his is the best state and the best town in the nation. But the new value of this attitude is that he tries his best to make it so! It is not just vainglory.

"Main Street," the commercial part of the small towns, is, indeed, greatly standardized throughout the country. One sees the same supermarkets, dime-to-dollar and drug stores

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

How long since you've tasted real cheese?

You know the kind of cheese we mean: a naturally aged cheddar with a texture that welcomes a cheese knife and a flavor guests just plain love. Miss Wisconsin is this kind of cheddar and eating it is an exciting treat. Because even Mild Miss Wisconsin has rich flavor, while the Sharp Aged is a gourmet's delight. So if you're bored with process cheese, treat yourself to this natural cheddar.



ARMOUR STAR

Miss Wisconsin Cheddar comes in generous wedges—Sharp Aged, Medium or Mild. There are lots of ways to use it. For free recipes write: Marie Gifford, Dept. 211, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois.

Miss Wisconsin NATURAL AGED Cheddar Cheese

ALSO MISS WISCONSIN SHARP CLUB, SWISS, BRICK AND BLUE

wet feet today may mean a

COLD

tomorrow!



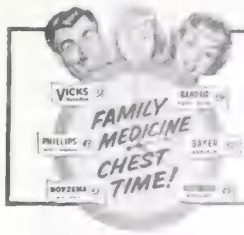
at the first sign of a cold—
take 2 Bayer Aspirin tablets
and feel better—

FAST

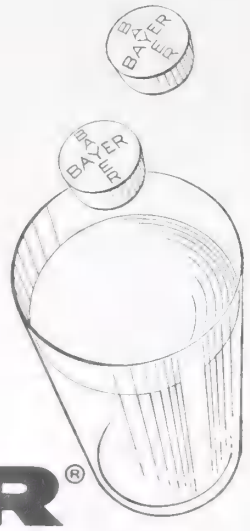
Amazing—how quickly Bayer Aspirin makes you feel better! That headachy, feverish feeling, those muscular aches and pains—are relieved *quickly!*

One reason—a Bayer Aspirin tablet starts disintegrating fast—*stopwatch* fast—and is ready to go to work almost instantly.

So keep Bayer Aspirin handy. And for soothing relief of sore throat due to a cold, gargle three times daily with 3 Bayer Aspirin tablets dissolved in one-third of a glass of water.



Now! At Your Neighborhood Store
FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST TIME
A 6 star feature display offering your favorite drug products at lowest prices.



Get the best—get BAYER® ASPIRIN

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

COPR. 1952 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.
IN HOMEBODIES (SIMON & SCHUSTER)



WITH a fire crackling in the fireplace and the wind howling down the chimney, the children in bed . . . the examination papers read . . . the cooky jar filled with fresh gingersnaps . . . this is the time to curl up with a book that will carry you far away.

●

When I read a book alone in a room and laugh out loud, then I like the book. This was the case with ODDLY ENOUGH, by ***Paul Jennings***, English columnist on The Observer. It is a collection of little essays that came out in the column: telephoning in a pay station that is dark; trying to buy a ball of string at a stationery store with people in line waiting for their newspapers. . . . I know, they don't sound funny. But there's no accounting for tastes. I found them uproarious.

And oddly enough, the next book is in much the same category: MY ZOO FAMILY, by ***Helen Martini***, that intrepid lady who takes care of the infant animals at the Bronx Zoo—little lions, tigers, jaguars, gorillas, chimps. It is a nursery story with claws—a tender, lovely, laughing book. (Remember her Mother Was Human in the JOURNAL?)

●

A book with which to surprise the stolid, the heavy-handed, the self-confident, the obvious of your acquaintance: **HOMEBODIES, *by Charles Addams—a book of cartoons not to be viewed in the full light of noon.***

●

"In the time of the April lilacs in the year 1865, a man in the city of Washington, D.C., trusted a guard to watch at a door, and the man was shot, lingered a night, passed away, was laid in a box, and carried north and west a thousand miles; bells sobbed; cities wore crape; people stood with hats off as the railroad burial car came past at midnight, dawn or noon."

These words open THE LINCOLN PREFACE, by ***Carl Sandburg***. He wrote it thirty years ago as an introduction to THE PRAIRIE YEARS, but when he planned THE WAR YEARS decided against using it. Sandburg's splendid one-volume LINCOLN, out last fall, is a "must" for every American's library.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

COURTESY TRUE, THE MAN'S MAGAZINE



"I took a thorn out of his paw a few years back."



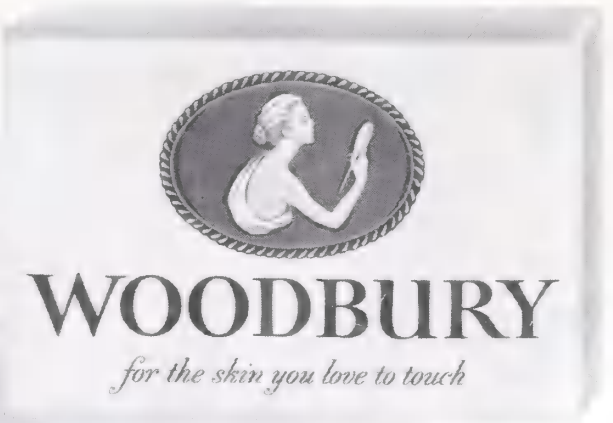
Have you tried the soap with

7 FACE CREAM OILS?

It's New WOODBURY SOAP, and it is made by skin scientists. They know that these 7 oils and emollients help replace softening, natural oils . . . oils you need for soft, radiant skin . . . oils you ordinarily wash away. This is why Woodbury's luxurious, fragrant lather actually smooths your complexion as it cleanses.

Try it, facial and bath size.

Why shouldn't you have "the skin you love to touch"?





Just as AUNT JEMIMA did—

for real Buttermilk Pancakes pour it in fresh!



Aunt Jemima Lege

The day after churn butter, Aunt Jemima ways made a spec pancake treat. She u the fresh, golden fleck buttermilk (kept cool i big crock in the w house) in her famous p cake recipe. Aunt Jemi Buttermilk Pancakes! E ing them was sheer bl

...so easy today with Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix and FRESH buttermi



BUTTERMILK PANCAKES AUNT JEMIMA STYLE

There's only one way to get the real old-fashioned fresh-churned buttermilk taste and tenderness of buttermilk pancakes . . . add *fresh* buttermilk yourself. Add it to Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix in this quick and easy recipe. Result—blissful eating enjoyment hard to equal.

½ tsp. soda — **1 egg**
2¼ cups buttermilk — **2 tbsp. melted shortening**
2 cups Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix

Dissolve soda in buttermilk; add with unbeaten egg and shortening to Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix, stirring lightly. (Do not stir out small lumps.) Bake the regular way. *For thinner pancakes, add about one-fourth cup more buttermilk.*

the matchless **4-flour flavor**

of Aunt Jemima Pancakes takes on special eating charm when you make 'em with FRESH buttermilk

RELIEF IN
COLDS

Help
ourself



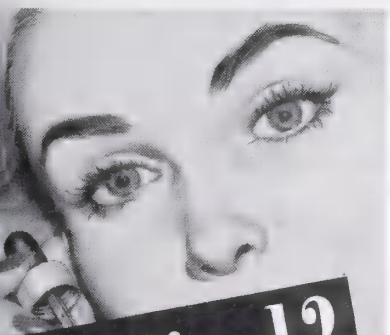
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Seltzer®

KA-SELTZER re-
s the headache, fever-
feeling, aches and
s of a cold. It helps
FEEL better while
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eyes tired?

resh them regularly, daily
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red eyes feel delightfully re-
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ean, healthful condition. Murine
akes your eyes feel good!



MURINE
or your eyes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

A remarkable book about the last fatal scene of Lincoln's life is just out: THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT, by *Jim Bishop*—a re-creation of the time, the place, the act.

We assume that we've known the details of that terrible night all our lives, but this narrative brings us right onto the scene ourselves—much as Cinerama brings in the audience. It is a new technique—this careful, painstaking research into the minutest details surrounding a great event; in this case the city of Washington before and after the assassination, the weather that night, the scents and sounds of that April, the clothes that the people in Ford's Theater wore, the gleam on furniture, the hotel clerks, the policemen, General Grant, Tad Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln, the tone of Booth's voice as he cried out when he shot. All authentic; and it's all happening before our eyes.

It is amazing that a story we know so well should come as new and fresh and appallingly dramatic.

●

This year, February will have only three phases of the moon—a rare occurrence, say the two almanacs that are running neck and neck: Agricultural Almanac (Lancaster, Pa., 20c) and The Old Farmer's Almanac (Dublin, N.H., 25c). Both make

COLLIER'S



"Now isn't this a lot nicer and smoother than those other trails?"

excellent reading. The N.H. outfit predicts a fine big blizzard in the first ten days, which should be good business for White Mountain ski lodges.

●

This, as it happens, is the season for thrillers.

Try FELLOW PASSENGER, by *Geoffrey Household*, author of ROGUE MALE, THE THIRD HOUR and other off-the-beat mysteries. Here is a gay, impudent story about an English-Ecuadorian who is the answer to a maiden's prayer, a handsome young man who plays the guitar ravishingly, and finds himself by error in a nest of nuclear physicists, one of whom is a woman. I don't want to tell too much. You'll have to take my word for it.

Then there's PRAY FOR A BRAVE HEART, by *Helen MacInnes*, whose spy stories are classics: ABOVE SUSPICION, ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY, FRIENDS AND LOVERS. This time she thrusts an American into a Central European plot involving French, Swiss and Germans, a jewel robbery on a national scale, and the rescue of escapees from behind the Curtain by brave and reckless amateurs. A grave waiter watches stealthily while beer flows and stein songs echo.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

FOR VARICOSE VEINS
FROM BAUER & BLACK



AN
ELASTIC
STOCKING
THAT DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE
ONE

Now – nylon elastic stockings so sheer and dressy-looking you can wear them without overhose!

Here at last is an elastic stocking without that "wooden leg" look. One that keeps your varicose veins a secret, gives welcome relief, too.

New Bauer & Black nylons are so sheer that you can even wear them without overhose. Still, veins won't show through. They're *fashioned* to the shape of your leg so they fit smoothly, without wrinkles. And because they're fashioned, these stockings assure you of correct support from ankle to thigh—the kind most doctors recommend. They are open-toed for foot comfort. Won't discolor. Easy to wash. Quick drying. Light and cool.

Wouldn't you feel better in *these* elastic stockings?

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET!
"Comfort, Relief and New Leg Beauty"



BAUER & BLACK
Nylon or Cotton Elastic Stockings

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New method fo
wit



CHOCOLATE CAKE

1½ cups sifted cake flour
1¼ teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup cocoa
⅔ cup Kraft Oil
1 cup buttermilk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
1¼ cups sugar

Sift together the flour, soda, salt, and cocoa. Add the oil, buttermilk, and vanilla; beat until it forms a very smooth batter. In a separate bowl, beat the eggs until thick and foamy. Gradually add the sugar, and continue beating until very well blended. Fold this egg and sugar mixture *thoroughly* into the batter. Pour into 2 waxed-paper lined 8-inch layer pans. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, for 35 to 40 minutes.

Frost with:

CHOCOLATE "PHILLY" FROSTING

1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
1 tablespoon milk
4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
3 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 teaspoon vanilla
Dash of salt

Blend the cream cheese and milk. Add sugar gradually, blending it in well. Add melted chocolate, vanilla, salt. Mix again.

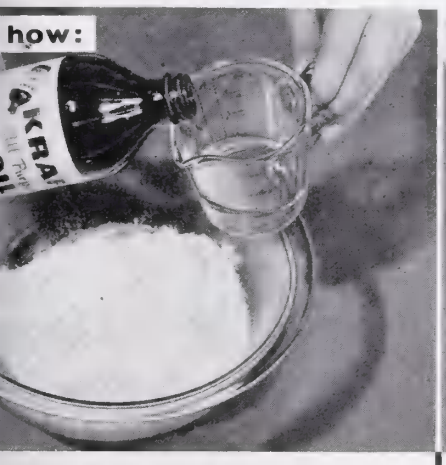


haking all cakes (REQUIRING SHORTENING)
Kraft All Purpose Oil

Spice cakes, jam cakes, chocolate cakes . . . all your favorites can now be made with Kraft All Purpose Oil as the shortening.

Kraft Oil is delightfully easy to measure accurately. And you know how important accurate measurements are in baking.

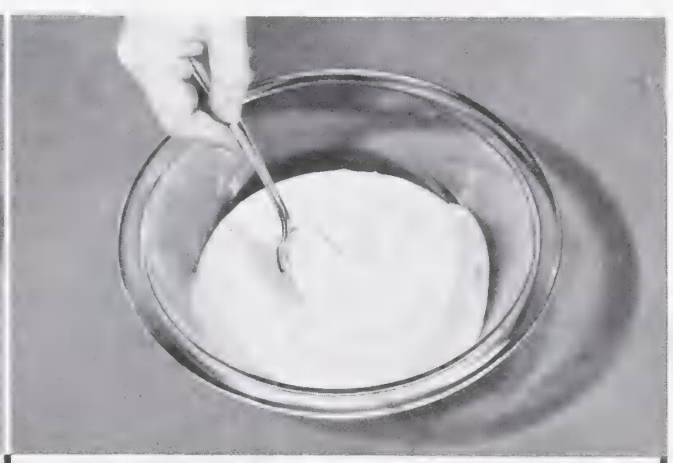
Kraft All Purpose Oil blends right through the batter to make cakes unbelievably delicate in texture, moist and rich right down to the last delicious crumb. Why not send for your free recipe book right away?



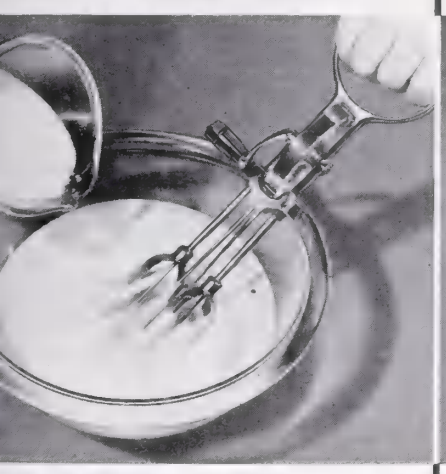
gether all the dry ingredients except
Measure Kraft All Purpose Oil.



2 Add Kraft All Purpose Oil, liquid, and flavoring to the sifted dry ingredients.



3 Beat this mixture until it forms a very smooth batter.



e bowl, beat eggs until thick and foamy.
gradually, beating until well blended.



5 Fold this egg and sugar mixture thoroughly into the batter.



6 Pour into waxed-paper lined layer pans and bake, according to the directions on recipe.

All Purpose Oil . . .
st wonderful oil ever created
ep-frying, pan-frying,
nade salad dressings,
w . . . baking cakes!



Free!

Recipe book full of wonderful cakes to make with Kraft All Purpose Oil!

Twenty kinds of delicious cakes from spice to chocolate to jam cake . . . the recipes are all in here just waiting to be made! Recipes for delicious frostings, too.

Just fill out coupon and mail.

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Mail to Kraft Oil Cake Recipes, Box 730, Chicago 77, Ill.



For the softest, smoothest skin in the world

Soothe and protect baby's sensitive skin with a LINIT bath

Yes, it's true... for 3 generations doctors have recommended starch from corn to soothe and protect baby's sensitive skin. So it is only natural that Linit, pure starch from corn, is ideal for the bath. It does wonders for the skin, cools surface irritations... makes baby happy, comfortable.

Linit is ready to use. Pour about ½ cup of Linit Starch into the bathinette... use more in a regular tub. Swish Linit around, it dissolves quickly, smoothly into milky liquid. Bathe baby as usual ...then pat dry with towel.



Make this easy test—convince yourself! Swish a handful of Linit Starch in warm water. Place your hands in the water for half a minute. Pat hands dry... feel the sheer film that coats and guards the skin, giving it gentle soothing comfort.

COMMENDED BY THE CONSULTANT SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE





I always get an EXTRA box of LINIT ... it's my favorite laundry starch

Produced by Corn Products Refining Co.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

THE MISSING MACLEANS, by ***Geoffrey Hoare***, is a true story, but on every count as exciting as fiction. This is a reconstruction of actual events as fascinating in detail and psychology as the Hiss case. It is the step-by-step report on the young British career diplomat who disappeared in 1951—presumably behind the Iron Curtain—leaving his wife, two children and a third on the way; and of his wife who disappeared two years later with her children in the same direction. All the facts are assembled, the characters knowingly described. What remains is the question, the problem, the guess.

Another true tale, packed with adventure, is **ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE WORLD**, by ***Wilfred Skrede***. Skrede is a young Norwegian who in 1941 went from Occupied Norway to Canada to join the RCAF. The catch is that he went *east!* Through Russia, Russian Turkestan, Chinese Turkestan, Sinkiang (where he broke his back and was bedridden for three months!), across the Asian desert on top of a pile of oilcans on a truck (back not yet healed!), on foot alone down through a Himalayan pass into India, out of Singapore by ship on the day the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, and into Toronto one year and eight days after leaving Oslo!

Because he broke his back he probably knows more of Moslem China than any other Westerner, and it's the days in the so-called hospital that you'll never forget: a single doctor for a region that sounds like Texas for size, but with no trained nurse, almost no water, only flies, filth and unbelievable food. You'll also remember the instant reaction of the Chinese to the word that meant "Russian."

●

PRELUDE TO DUNKIRK, by ***Gen. Sir Edward L. Spears***, is probably the best diplomatic history of the war, along with the Churchill, from the British

WIDE WORLD



The Dunkirk evacuation.

point of view. Spears was Churchill's representative to the French government, and his day-by-day account of the relationship between France and England is drama in world terms. Things were pretty touchy for a time and the strain on Sir Edward must have been terrific. This is the first of two volumes, ASSIGNMENT TO CATASTROPHE.

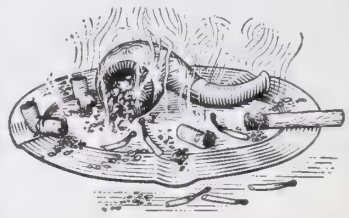
●

U.S.A. at a Glance **is a chart which every school should have. On a single sheet of firm paper, 21″ x 26″, you can find 30,000 facts about the history of the United States: the terms of each President, great events, trends, population, income, admission of states—everything! One chart is 60c, quantity discounts. (Publications Services, Inc., Dupont Circle Bldg., Washington 6, D.C.)**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

SOS Smoke Odor Sufferers!

air-wick kills stale smoke odors fast!



air-wick works like nothing else possibly can...to kill disagreeable odors from smoking, cooking, bathroom and other sources...and to make the air in your home seem fresh and clean-smelling in a jiffy. It's the only household deodorizer with **chlorophyll**. And, test after test by scientific laboratories prove **air-wick** three times as effective as imitations. Don't waste money on imitations! Insist on genuine **air-wick**!



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NEW FRIGIDAIRE THRIFTY PAIR Fully Automatic Washer and Electric Dryer

Fully Automatic Washer! Exclusive Live-Action multiplies cleansing power of modern and detergents. Float-over Rinsing carries p and away and down the drain. Uses 2 to 8 s less hot water per load. Saves suds for re-use red. Lifetime Porcelain top and tub.

New Electric Dryer—it's automatic! Dries clothes without fading or snagging. Basket-high, full opening door for easy loading. Lifetime Porcelain drum. Adaptable for 120 or 230 volts.

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See! Compare! You'll choose Frigidaire . . . ask for demonstration at your dealer's now!

IT'S MADE BY SWIFT

so you can feed your dog as well as you feed your family





Swift
1855 CENTENNIAL 1955
TO SERVE YOUR FAMILY BETTER

PARD HAS THE
Good Beef Taste
DOGS LOVE!

If your dog is a finicky eater, remember . . . he's only human. He wants his food tasty and flavorful just as you do. Hence the great appeal of new Pard. Its aroma (take a sniff) is clean and fresh and meaty . . . and its wonderful good beef taste comes from the juicy beef variety meats, ground beef bone, and beef fat Swift puts into Pard. Your dog knows what's good for him. That's why he'll pass up even red, raw meat for Pard's complete diet of essential foods. Get a good supply. Nobody makes dog food like Swift makes Pard.

FACTS ABOUT PARD YOU SHOULD KNOW:

*PARD is a complete dinner. 11 generations of happy, healthy dogs have been raised on just PARD alone!

*When you feed one can of PARD, you're giving your dog as much nourishment as you get from a hearty roast beef dinner.

*PARD can be fed to puppies as early as 6 weeks. It's extra rich in protein which is essential to a growing dog's health.

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PAIN
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the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to
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Beware of combs
That scratch and tear.
Replace with Ace
For years of wear!

Be as careful of your comb
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Use a hard rubber Ace: it
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glides safely across your
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sharp "burrs" between teeth
and each tooth-end is
smoothly rounded. Moder-
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OTHER ▪ STRONGER ▪ LAST MUCH LONGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Elizabeth Bowen's readers will be happy to know about her new novel, A WORLD OF LOVE, a sensitive, fugitive story comparable to DEATH OF THE HEART and A HOTEL IN PARIS.

I saw Elizabeth Bowen in Ireland last year. She lives halfway between Cork and Limerick in Bowen Court, the home of her ancestors—a big austere house made up of enormous square rooms with ceilings 15' to 18' high, heated by tiny coal-burning fireplaces. After steam-heated interviews in pretentious hotel lobbies, as happens in New York, the memory of sitting beside Elizabeth Bowen in front of that small glow of firelight is like an earlier incarnation—a very lovely one.

●

PLAIN WORDS, THEIR ABC, by *Sir Ernest Gowers,* is destined to make the world run faster and more smoothly. Every writer of books, editorials, sermons, class compositions, office memos can use it. Originally devised as a guide to concise writing for British civil servants, it will start you crossing out every "as regards," "in respect of," "with reference to," "in case of," and substituting "of," "in," "to" as fits the case.

And speaking of writing, here is a Chinese rejection slip received by the author of a novel: "We have read your manuscript with boundless delight. If we were to publish the book, it would be impossible in future to publish any book of a lower standard. As it is unthinkable that within the next ten thousand years we shall find the equal of your book, we are, to our great regret, compelled to return this divine work."

●

Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott were good friends. Each had a game leg and was lame. Otherwise they had nothing in common. Politically they were at opposite poles. If you've never read a life of Scott and want to, try SIR WALTER SCOTT, by *Hesketh Pearson.*

●

"If you believe in New York, support the public library." That amazing reference library at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, free to all, open every day and evening in the year, probably the busiest library in the world, is not city-supported! It depends upon private donation! Eighty miles of shelves holding some 3,500,000 books, any one of which you can get in nine minutes, a main catalogue of 7,000,000 cards, someone to help you with every question . . . and it asks so quietly and with such dignity for help!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"This morning he received a rejection slip that not only rejected the story he sent them, but anything else he might write."

GENTLE EX-LAX HELPS
YOU TOWARD
YOUR NORMAL REGULARITY





TONIGHT—If you need a laxative, take chocolated EX-LAX, America's best-tasting laxative. Take it at bedtime—it won't disturb your sleep.

IN THE MORNING—You'll enjoy the closest thing to *natural action.* No discomfort or upset. You'll soon feel like yourself again!

NEXT DAY—EX-LAX continues to help you toward your *normal regularity.* You hardly ever have to take EX-LAX again the next night!

When you have a COLD and need a Laxative—
take gentle EX-LAX. It is *one* laxative that "gets along" with any cold remedy you may be taking. Unlike "hurry-up" laxatives, EX-LAX does not carry off fluid and food with their vitamins and minerals—does not upset you.

Buy The New 65¢ Size—
Save As Much As 37¢
Also available in 30¢ and 12¢ sizes

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MORE PEOPLE USE EX-LAX THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE

The Clothes You Wear

THE WORLD OVER women are washing more and pressing less. Two reasons back of this are the increasing lack of servants and the twentieth century emphasis on cleanliness and the strong promotion of soaps and detergents. Another major reason is that the world over you'll find rayons, linens, cottons and mixtures that are marked Tebilized for tested crease-resistance. Tebilized (rhymes with surprised) is your assurance of superfine and tested crease-resistance that lasts the fabric's lifetime. These fabrics resist rumpling. Any slight creases hang out overnight. They're a cinch to iron after laundering, too.

Linen Fashions . . . Have you ever considered the special advantages of wearing linen? Linen always looks well. It wears beautifully and actually improves with laundering. Linen suits and dresses have a special elegance. So do linen blouses. A good fashion scheme is to have well-tailored linen blouses and shirts to wear with your suits and slacks. Have one in white—nothing could be more becoming. And have one in a sharp stinging color; for example, a violent yellow or an intense violet. (There is no better interpreter of color than linen.) Nowadays you don't have to worry about the crushing of linen. For linens marked Tebilized are wonderfully crease-resistant. Look for Tebilized on the tag or label and you're safe.

How to press a rumpled linen dress. Simply hang it up as you do fine wools or silks over a steaming bathtub. You'll find it will leave the steaming amazingly fresh-looking. But you must first make sure that it is a linen marked Tebilized. That's what gives it its remarkable resistance to creases.

Look for the new year 'round cottons marked Tebilized for tested crease-resistance. You'll find them in smooth solid color broadcloths, in striking prints and in interesting weaves. Also wonderful to wear: Tebilized-marked spun rayons, rayon crepes and, of course, linens. Tebilized-marked fabrics are available in clothes for your husband and children, too. Tebilized-marked fabrics are also sold in Canada.

FREE . . . for samples of fabrics marked Tebilized, snippets of the latest colors and prints in these fabrics, and stores near you that carry them, write to:

T. B. Lee Company, Inc., Testing
Dept. LH-1, 101 W. 31st St., N. Y. C. 1

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The Tebilized mark is applied only by permission of the owners of the mark to those fabrics which conform to specified standards of crease-resistance and quality established by them.

fabrics marked
TEBILIZED®
for tested crease-resistance

Now...discover how good *really fresh* tea can be!



You'll be amazed—*as tea experts were*—
at the difference Tender Leaf's New Seal-Tight Foil Wrap makes in freshness, fragrance and flavor!

It's a fact—only *really fresh* tea is full-*flavored* tea! We proved this in tests all over the country—compared tea in ordinary packages with Tender Leaf protected by this new seal-tight aluminum foil wrap. Frankly, *even we* were amazed at the difference! You can actually *see* Tender Leaf's brighter color, *smell* its finer fragrance, *taste* its richer, deeper flavor. Discover for yourself how good *fresh* tea can be . . . try Tender Leaf Brand today!



TENDER LEAF—FIRST AND ONLY TEA PACKED THIS FLAVOR-SAVING WAY!

Y.W.C.A.—Wives' day out

. . . Youngstown, Ohio



First arrivals for Y.W.-Wives' Holiday head for third-floor nursery rooms where children will spend the day.

THE six-story brick building at 25 West Rayen Avenue in Youngstown, Ohio, has a wide, friendly-looking entrance fronting on the street, but if you go in that way most of the women gathered in the sunny, colorful lobby will recognize you immediately as a visitor. Eventually someone will explain: "The back door just happens to be more convenient, so practically all of us use it—just as we might at home." That "home" informality pretty well sums up the feeling most of its members (more than 9000) have about their Youngstown Y.W.C.A.

If the time happens to be just before ten o'clock on a Tuesday morning, you'll meet some 90 to 100 young women arriving at the Y to enjoy what they call variously "a day out," "my *own* day," "fun, friends—plus a little painless education!" and "a real wifesaver." Officially, the Y calls it a Y.W.-Wives' Holiday, one of three each week. Its purpose, to give homemakers a chance to keep up with what's going on in their community, to learn new skills, make new friends.

Five years ago they scheduled one Holiday a week with three ten-week terms a year. "The response told us that this new program was filling a long-felt need," says sandy-haired Olive Riddell, executive director. A year later a second Holiday was added; in 1953, a third. "If they had Holidays every day in the week I think every class would be crowded!" says one enthusiastic young wife. "My husband says that my Y Holiday fees [$7.50 for each ten-week term] are the best money we spend."

The young homemakers come from all over the city and its suburbs, from small towns as much as twenty miles away. They walk, come by bus, get up early enough to drive their husbands to work so they can have the family car for the day. They wear casual clothes—skirts with sweaters or blouses, low-heeled shoes, sometimes white cotton socks. A good many of them still look like schoolgirls.

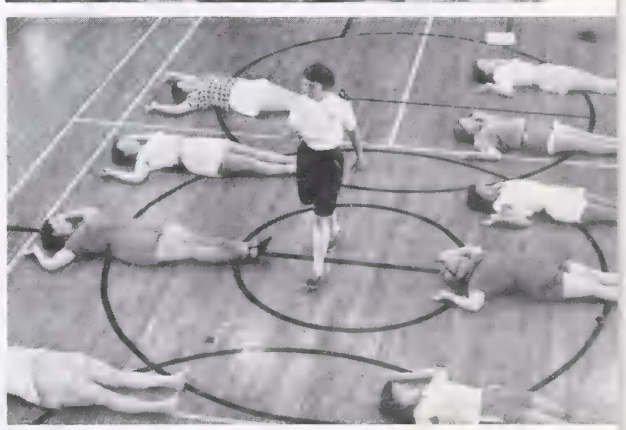
First to arrive are the mothers with three-to-five-year-old children, like pretty Jane Thompson and her bright-eyed Betsy. They head for the nursery rooms on the third floor and if Jane stops to chat with friends or check to see who today's lunchtime speaker will be, Betsy tugs her impatiently toward the elevator. "It's *school*time, mommy!" reproves the pert four-year-old whose brown bangs peek out from under a beribboned sailor hat. Her mother hands a small brown-paper bag to a friend (who carries one just like it). "Save me a place at one of the tables, will you, please? We can lunch together."

All the women carry "sack" lunches and boxes or bags containing gym clothes, swim caps, materials for whatever class they've chosen for the afternoon—perhaps sewing, knitting or ceramics. In two big ground-floor rooms (both have cream-colored walls, bright curtains, one has a piano) long tables have been set up. Already the paper-bag lunches—or maybe a sweater draped CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

JOE MUNROE



Learning the crawl is easy if you relax, as the instructor suggests. Nearly 50 Y.W.-Wives are enrolled in swimming class.



While the leader calls the turns, exercisers stretch flat on the gym floor for posture and figure improvement.



At lunchtime everyone gets together over friendly "sack lunches." Today's guest speaker is an air-defense officer from a nearby base.



This new dress would be a welcome addition to any wardrobe—and it's so easy to make in class when someone helps with fitting.



Knitters enjoy making new friends while they work on socks, afghans or sweaters under not one, but two instructors.



It's their *day out too. While mother exercises or sews, youngsters act out songs. Later they will have lunch, take naps.*

One of today's great beauties

The Duchess of Rutland

chooses "the one perfect make-up!"

The charming young Duchess of Rutland is one of the real beauties in England today. She says, "For sheer 'becomingness,' no other make-up even approaches Pond's Angel Face. And the Mirror Case is a delight . . . fits into my slimmest handbag . . . goes happily with *every* costume. Angel Face is, without doubt, the one perfect make-up!"



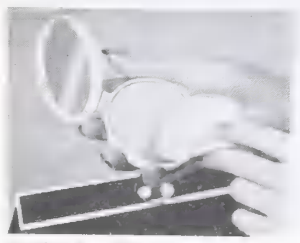
Tall, slender—with an exquisite rose and cream complexion—the Duchess of Rutland is the very ideal of English beauty



No greasy fingers or wet sponge!



No spilly powder!



In the lovely Mirror Case—Angel Face is perfect to use everywhere. With puff, mirror, choice of 8 skin tones—just $1*

The secret of its "magnetic" attraction for your skin

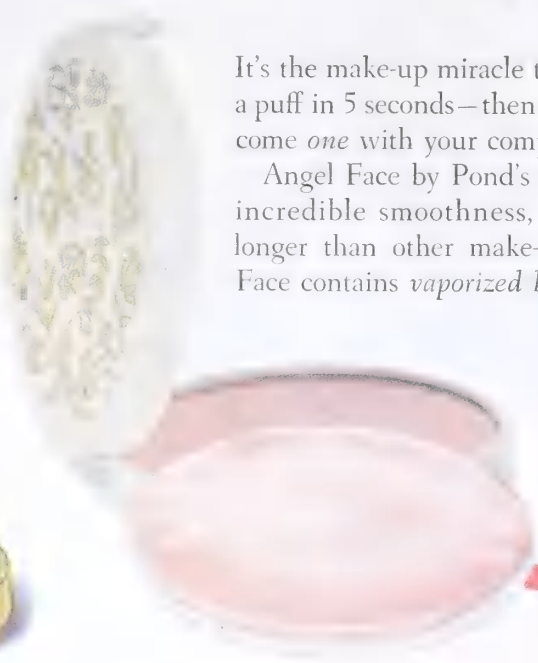
Vaporized Beauty Oils

It's the make-up miracle that smooths on with a puff in 5 seconds—then actually seems to become *one* with your complexion!

Angel Face by Pond's goes on with almost incredible smoothness, looks lovely *hours* longer than other make-ups. Because Angel Face contains *vaporized beauty oils* that have a "magnetic" attraction—a real affinity for your own natural skin softeners.

Creamy-smooth, never "shiny"—Angel Face hides little skin flaws, yet never looks made-up. *And Angel Face won't dry your skin.*

No wonder surveys show that *more* women use this "one perfect make-up" than any other!



For your dressing table—the blue-and-gold box, with velour puff: 89¢ and 59¢* *plus tax

Angel Face

by POND'S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

a chair back—mark lunchtime places
rved." In a small kitchen off the larger
, two gleaming coffee urns, a fat brown
t and a tableload of cups are ready for
t noon.

t before lunch, the Tuesday Holiday
will have an hour's "refiguring" exer-
plus another hour of swimming.

the big, two-story gym a piano is play-
brisk, rhythmic tune while forty-odd
en in shorts and jerseys bend, stretch
roan good-naturedly over the commands
eir instructor. (A very recent grand-
er, she has a figure a teen-ager might
) "We tried volleyball and organized
s, but the girls liked the exercises better."

wnstairs, the large tiled swimming pool
its twin sets of locker rooms, showers,
lryers, heat lamps and temperature con-
s the Y's great pride. If you look over
annual report for 1953 you'll find—high
e list headed Accomplishments—"Suc-
lly launched new swimming pool!" a
ear, $350,000 project.

omen in bright-colored suits of cotton
fill the big pool. Instructors are easy to
fy in suits of lighter blue. Slim, dark-
d Connie Goldberg is telling her class,
s work on the crawl." Benches overlook
ool but the room is heated to a tempera-
comfortable for the swimmers and it is
ot to stay long if you are fully dressed.
s have a look at what the children are
in the nursery," suggests tiny (5′)
na Becker, who heads the Y's Adult
ities Department.

one room of the blue-and-white nursery,
en give rapt attention to a storyteller;
other, two small boys
tiny girl with yellow
argue whether a
ring-book rabbit
d be brown or pink.
s are putting to-
a gay, crazy-quilt
n of bright plastic
s. There is a slide, a
nce bridge," a rec-
layer with records
g and dance to—
thing scaled to the
to-five age group.
ha says, "Their
will be chicken
peanut-butter sandwiches, carrot sticks
nilk. They like that menu best. Then
—miniature cots have fresh white
. "There are apples and cookies for
ernoon snack." This is as much their
out" as it is their mothers'. It was
mall, appreciative boy who gave the
y part of the Holidays program its
—he called it the "Wee W." The "Wee
a very necessary part of the program.
brown-eyed Jane Thompson says:
very woman should get away from
keeping worries once in a while. But if
ay a baby sitter for a whole day out,
on't have money left for anything when
t out! And you worry about your child
while you're gone—the things a four-
ld can get into! Here at the Y nursery
a dollar a day and that includes Betsy's
I'm right here in the building. I know
all right. And Betsy loves it. All the
en in our neighborhood are older and
ool this year. Betsy thinks *she's* in
l, too, when we come here."

rtha glances at her watch—11:40.
e to go downstairs and make the coffee
nch."

w minutes before twelve, girls come in
pool and gym. Some have done up
damp hair in pin curls and covered it
bright scarf. By twelve o'clock you see
noccupied places at the long tables. The
s grow noisy with talk and laughter as
rls unpack lunches, line up to serve
elves from the big coffee urns. One
n sits down at the piano and everybody
n singing old favorite songs (they were
d with their impromptu harmony on
Been Working on the Railroad). But
oom quiets quickly when Martha
uces their "noonday speaker." Today
oung Mr. Israel Stollman, director of the City Planning Commission. His subject—slum clearance.

That he has an attentive audience is clear when he asks, "Are there any questions?" There are. "Why is the clearance project centered on one particular area?" (It is a substandard location for housing, but a perfect one for new industries Youngstown is hoping to attract.) "Where will the people now living there go?" ("Safer and more sanitary" housing will be found for all of them—some will qualify for public housing.) "What will it cost us?" (If Youngstown taxpayers pay one third of the clearance cost, the Federal Government will pay the other two thirds.)

"Members themselves suggest lunchtime speakers," Martha explains.

WIDELY different subjects are covered—child guidance, travel, beauty, fashion, cancer detection (sponsored by the American Cancer Society). Soon after his election, Youngstown Mayor Frank Kryzan came to the Y to speak on his future plans for the city. Probate Court Judge Clifford M. Woodside spoke on the work of a receiving hospital which bears his name. The police chief talked about juvenile delinquency; civil-defense problems were covered. There are speakers whose return visits are eagerly requested. One is Carl Gangloff, of the Greater Youngstown Area Foundation, an organization formed to bring new industries to Youngstown. Mr. Gangloff ("A real dynamo!") is credited with having brought in "more than a hundred smaller new businesses." Another favorite is seventy-year-old Herman Kling, whose Market Street bakery has been supplying Youngstown families with birthday and wedding cakes for more than fifty years. "Everybody loves Mr. Kling," Martha smiles. "He brings along some of his cakes and frosts them while he talks—even lets the girls try their hand at copying his fabulous frosting decorations themselves."

If I have learned anything it is that pity is more intelligent than hatred, that mercy is better even than justice, that if one walks around the world with friendly eyes one makes good friends.

—PHILIP GIBBS: Pageant of the Year (Heinemann, Ltd.).

When lunch is over ("Holidayers" take turns washing the coffee cups) the long tables become working areas for the 30 members of the sewing class. There are seven sewing machines, a steam iron and board, cupboards filled with other sewing and tailoring aids. The Tuesday teacher is soft-voiced Mrs. Ethel O'Hara, who "came here to fill in for six weeks as a favor to a friend" and is now a veteran of six years' standing. "At first I was scared to death at the thought of teaching a class, but doing it helped me overcome my lifelong shyness. I see the same thing happening to girls in my classes and it makes me feel the work is really worth while." Her students say Mrs. O'Hara's classes are among the program's most popular, but she says firmly, "I *know* I get more out of this than I put into it."

Down the corridor the knitting class is meeting in one corner of Bentley Hall (the auditorium). More than 30 women are gathered at two round tables, chatting and comparing progress on sweaters, socks or mufflers since last week. ("What a lot you've got done!") A busy instructor pauses long enough to say that they're all doing well—"considering that at the beginning of the term two thirds of them had never held needles in their hands."

A small ceramics class makes flat dishes of clay, patterned on large green leaves. Teacher Mrs. Harley Littler displays their next project—small flower pins.

In a room with a gay color scheme of deep blue, gold and coral, a Red Cross member is teaching a class in home nursing. How to change bed linen with the minimum disturbance for an invalid is today's demonstration. "Always explain to the patient just what you are going to do *before* you do it," the instructor tells them.

The bridge class is meeting in the residence lounge, and five tables of learners are keeping instructor Mrs. Calvin Weston busy with questions. "This is always one of our most popular

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140



There's room to relax in uncrowded

Canada

VACATIONS UNLIMITED...



It's easy to find the kind of holiday setting that exactly suits you in *uncrowded* Canada. Here's a vivid and varied playground of mountains, seacoasts, lakelands, National Parks, colourful cities—each offering an endless choice of exciting things to do and see, each a wonderful place to be. No passport needed. See your travel or transportation agent soon; send the coupon now.



Canada's congenial resorts furnish grand facilities for summer sports.



Canada's smart shops offer opportunities to pick up bargains in handicrafts, imported goods.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU,
OTTAWA, CANADA

Send me your 48-page, full-colour book on vacation attractions in all parts of Canada . . . . ☐

Tell me where 16 mm sound films on Canadian travel subjects are available in the U.S.A. . . ☐

Check √ as required

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By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

Making marriage work

Silence is golden only where understanding exists—it can be the rust that destroys.

The Sulking Husband

"AFTER five years of marriage, I've almost lost hope. It's like a wall shutting me off from my husband. When something goes wrong, or I displease him, he lapses into mournful silence. At first his spells lasted two or three hours; now he goes as long as a week without speaking to me once. I can't sleep or eat when he's like this; I'm so nervous I drop things and make foolish mistakes, which would irritate anybody. He never criticizes, and we never quarrel, but I wish we did. I'd do anything to correct my faults if only he'd tell me what's wrong," a wife writes me.

It's hard to find excuses for this man's sulks and silences and the selfishness behind them. By cutting communication with his wife, he has ended their chance to develop the understanding and feeling of oneness essential to happy marriage.

The difficulty is unusually severe, but not uncommon in nature. In many marriages, understanding is limited and less satisfactory than it *could* be because husband and wife don't communicate freely.

If your husband is often sulky or won't talk, these suggestions may help you see why, and so find ways of improving the situation.

Some husbands are inarticulate. He may be uncommunicative because he hasn't learned to put thoughts and feelings into words. If he was brought up to be "seen but not heard," he needs practice and encouragement. Perhaps you can help by asking simple, tactful questions or by making remarks which invite his comment. But what he needs most is assurance that you think him worth listening to. Bring up subjects interesting to him, listen and reply attentively, and show by your attitude that you want to hear more.

Some husbands don't get a chance. An inarticulate man or any other quits trying to talk to a wife too busy to listen. The talkative wife isn't the only one whose husband can't get a word in edgewise. When your husband is in a mood to confide, let other tasks wait.

Some husbands overvalue self-control, and take pride in concealing their worries and bottling up grievances. But a wife worth having expects to share her husband's problems. If she has hurt him or made a mistake, she wants to know it. Tell him how you feel, and that honest criticism and occasional temper are easier to bear than tight-lipped silence.

Some husbands feel inferior. The well-balanced man is proud of his wife's accomplishments. But the man lacking self-confidence may fear that his wife's advantages in education, social position or talent show up his weaknesses. Withdrawal and silence may be a defense against feeling outclassed. Try to build up his confidence by avoiding situations better suited to your abilities than his, and by planning your social life around people with whom he feels at home.

Some husbands are confirmed sulkers. If he is cheerful and talkative when he gets his way, but sullen and silent when something doesn't suit him, he hasn't outgrown the "spoiled child" stage. Whether his motive is to force you to give in, to "punish" you, or to make you miserable, too, he isn't easy to live with.

Before you decide that he belongs in this category (few men do) try any reasonable method you can think of to bring about improvement. Tell him frankly how much you suffer. Even if his behavior is deliberate, he may not realize how seriously it hurts you and handicaps your marriage. Though we seldom recommend tears, in this case they may be justified—and effective.

But if he persistently refuses to co-operate or respond, seek professional guidance about the future. Your counselor may feel that separation is the only solution for you, but let him warn your husband before you take this step. The fear of losing you may get results when all else has failed.

What People Want in Marriage

WHAT do today's young people want in marriage? The question is vital, because satisfaction in life depends less on getting what we want than on wanting the right things. The person who marries for money or social advancement may achieve that particular ambition, but happiness in marriage is not based on material values. The goals a husband and wife set and together seek to satisfy determine the quality of the relationship between them.

In a recent survey of several hundred college students, we asked what one quality or satisfaction they most wanted in marriage. More than three in four said love or companionship! For a marriage lacking these elements is little more meaningful than any other legal transaction. But the husband and wife whose relationship is based on love and companionship are united by bonds more enduring than any contract.

Still, there is more to marriage than love and companionship, essential though they are. To fill in details of the picture, we asked students to compare the importance of various possible goals. Here are their replies:

Men	*Most Wanted from Marriage*	*Women*
22	Companionship	20
21	Love	28
15	Home life	11
12	Children	12
12	Sexual satisfaction (harmony)	8
8	Security	14
5	Wealth and comfort	1
3	Religious values	5
2	Prestige and (social) position	1

Note how closely the replies of men and women correspond. In general, these young men and women want substantially the same things from marriage (though there may be wider disagreement in individual instances). This, too, is vital. For motives worthy in themselves do not insure harmony unless husband and wife agree on their importance.

In contrast, a study eight years ago revealed sharp differences in the marriage aims of college men and women. For example, men ranked sexual satisfaction second only to love as a reason for marrying; women rated it next to the last. Disagreements in motives like this can bring heartache.

The current study indicates a far healthier attitude. To value the sex relationship as part of marriage is natural and right, but to value marriage primarily as an opportunity for sex distorts the meaning of both.

Thinking about what you really want may renew your appreciation of the things you *have*. Would you willingly exchange your husband's peace of mind, or good credit rating, for an imposing house beyond his means?

The important goals may be closer than you realize. Don't let trivial or unworthy motives erect a barrier on the way.

ASK YOURSELF:
"Have I a Responsible Husband?"

A wife's security depends on her husband's acceptance of responsibility and his concern for her welfare. In answering these questions "Yes" or "No," base your answers on what is generally true rather than the occasional exception.

Does your husband:

1. Drink sparingly or not at all?
2. Get up in the morning without prodding?
3. Get to work on time?
4. Handle his personal spending sensibly?
5. Often praise you even for little things?
6. Try hard to win job promotion?
7. Lend a hand when you are pushed?
8. Keep appointments with you promptly?
9. Confide in you fully?
10. Take an interest in home problems?
11. Value his reputation?
12. Avoid taking chances in doubtful ventures?
13. Consider your wishes in making decisions?
14. Tell the truth? (Bragging doesn't count!)

Total the "Yes" answers you have credited to him. If his score is nine or ten, he is about average. With a score of twelve or more, both you and he deserve commendation. If his score is seven or less, why not talk over frankly and constructively the points that distress you? Your recognition of any improvement, however slight, may encourage him to do better.

Do You Agree?

Do most men today expect their wives to hold jobs?

Among college men, almost two thirds expect their wives to work at least for two or three years.

lew Rinso Blue washes whiter because it blues as it washes



Guess which girl washed her shirt with *RINSO BLUE*? (*The one on the right.*)

narkable sky-blue detergent gets your wash whiter – because it blues as it washes! Unless your present detergent does that – it's doing only half the job.

SO BLUE is the very latest scientific de-elopment to emerge from the laboratory. It ents a tremendous step forward.

oes so many different jobs, and does them brilliantly, that it honestly makes other ents seem *obsolete*. Listen to this:

INSO BLUE actually blues as it washes. As lt, your sheets and shirts and pillowcases out cleaner and *whiter*, your colored clothes er. And *you don't need to add any bluing!*

Ve developed this completely new RINSO a to give you the cleaning power you need clothes *really* clean and white in your g machine.

INSO BLUE dissolves *instantly*, even in the hardest water. And it makes rich, white suds that float out the dirtiest, grimiest dirt—even from heavily soiled work clothes. Yet it's safe for your finest lingerie.

4. It's delightfully *mild*. That's why so many gals also use RINSO BLUE for washing *dishes*. It does up to twice as many dishes as last year's leading detergent—and cuts grease like crazy!

Lever Brothers will gladly refund your money if you don't agree that RINSO BLUE is a vast improvement on the detergent you are now using.

▶ ***Above all, remember this:*** RINSO BLUE *gets your clothes extra white because it blues as it washes. Unless your present detergent does that—it's doing only half the job!*



The SUB-DEB to a HAS BEEN

Edited by Ruth Imler

THIS is our valentine for all the sad and puzzled girls who are having trouble sleeping, can't concentrate on their homework any more, who can't even get interested in dating, who because of a certain boy are thinking:

—"We made an agreement that if one of us stopped liking the other we'd let the other person know so that we wouldn't be left sitting there wondering. If he has stopped liking me, why hasn't he kept his promise of telling me so?"

—"What could have come over him in less than three days?"

—"Is there anything I can do besides wait, hope, pray for his return?"

—"The last thing that he said that night was that he would see me sometime that next week, but that time never came. Why?"

—"Should I try to be friendly now, confess liking him, try competition, or is it hopeless?"

Maybe he's just trying to make me jealous, you decide hopefully, *or maybe he's just playing hard to get or maybe it's true that his parents object to his dating or maybe he doesn't want to get tied down now because of college or maybe he's worried because we were getting too serious . . . maybe, maybe, maybe.* There are as many reasons for the mysterious ways boys behave as there are boys. Maybe you can stumble on the real reason for his behavior, but more likely all you can be certain of is that if you can't win him back, you definitely want to get over him.

If he never asked for a second date . . . You had the time of your life on that first date—and so did he, you just know. Now it's three weeks later and you haven't heard Word One from him. What happened? Maybe his report card turned up a D in Spanish and he's boning up; maybe he's broke. Maybe he's afraid of being typed as your steady—in some schools, it happens after two or three dates. And if he isn't dating any other girl, maybe he just isn't girl-crazy!

Instead of going up to talk to him when he's with a crowd of his male friends or making heavy-handed jokes—"Hey, lose my telephone number?"—you can:

Give him an especially big "Hello" when you see him around school. Shy girls are especially prone to look the other way when the man of their dreams comes near and this is often mistaken for unfriendliness.

Instead of inviting and inviting him to girl-ask-boy parties and dances, you can:

Invite him to one party or dance and then leave the next move up to him.

Instead of scaring him off by telling your friends to tell him that you like him, you can:

Make a point of remembering something that interests him and calling it to his attention. Ask him if he's heard the latest George Shearing record. ("You haven't? Gee, I've just bought it—want to come over after school and hear it?") See?

Instead of taking a sour-grapes attitude—"I never *really* liked him anyway"—or persuading yourself that "He just thinks I'm too young" or "He's afraid of being hurt" or "He just enjoys keeping me dangling" you can:

Grin and try to bear the fact that sometimes a girl just likes a boy more than he likes her.

If several boys suddenly drop you . . . Last month you were the belle of the ball and you really had one. You had three dates in one week—with Henry, Ralph and John. Now you haven't had even one single solitary telephone call for two weeks and you're wondering, *Is anybody ever going to ask me for a date again?*

Of course somebody is. This happens to everybody—but everybody. Maybe John and Ralph are friends and don't want to date you at the same time. Maybe they're all broke.

Instead of going into a panic and slinking off to the movies Saturday in jeans and curlers "because nobody will notice me anyway," you can: Work at getting second dates. (Approved methods listed above!) Take advantage of this extra time to do something you really want to—take a course in oil painting, work as a nurse's aide. An interested, alive girl just naturally attracts all kinds of people—even boy people.



There are as many reasons for the mysterious ways boys behave as there are boys.

ANGELO PINTO

If he was your steady . . . You're as sure as you can be sure of anything that you'll never, never get over it, that life will never be the same. And you're right. First love you always remember, and your life will change—falling in love is a big step in growing up.

Instead of tears, telephone calls and letters demanding an explanation, or hours of gloomy wondering *Now if I had done this, maybe he wouldn't have*, you can:

Try to understand why the breakup came. It might help you another time if you have a real personality defect like excessive jealousy. You can even admit to yourself—if it's true—that you didn't really like him so much until he stopped liking you and that it may be your pride that's smarting, not your heart. And you can always honestly console yourself with the fact that the only reason for the breakup may be that *he* is a boy, not a man, and simply unable to make a lifelong choice *now*.

Instead of figuring that all you have left are your memories, and haunting the places you used to go together hoping you'll see him, you can:

Give yourself one, just one, old-times evening. Play the record of your song, read his letters, then *put everything away*—not in your desk drawer to be wept over from time to time, but *away*. Throw them *out!*

Instead of comparing every new date with him—if he was smooth enough for you to steady-date in the first place, naturally you're not going to like others as much at first—you can:

Start dating other boys *soon*. Enlist your girl friends' aid in fixing up blind dates; give a party; join a church, school or Y youth group.

Instead of refusing new things to do "because I just don't feel like it," you can:

Keep busy. Make a movie date with kid sister, for instance; develop new interests—the school paper, making your own clothes.

Instead of freezing up in the halls and pretending that you don't know him (what could be more childish?) or talking about him nastily at school (it just points up the fact that you were the one who was left) you can:

Treat the ex with all the cheeriness that you can bring yourself to muster. One of the real marks of a popular girl is the often-heard comment that "all her ex-boy friends like her."

If he gave you a brief whirl . . . The boy you met at your grandmother's last summer or the roommate your brother brought home from college for Christmas vacation—or just any wonderful boy who doesn't live where you do—can be a real heartache when circumstances take over and you don't know what to do about them. Instead of calling him long distance to ask why he hasn't written or loading your letter a day with plans for the next time you meet, you can:

Write him a friendly, lighthearted note about what you've been doing since you saw him last and ask about him. Period.

Instead of deciding that this is the real thing and forsaking all others to wait for him forever, you can: Give the local lads a break, even though he has first place—at *this* time—in your heart. Even you may change your mind!

If you've never even been a "has". . . You can: Begin to be an interested, alive girl simply because . . .

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"Frivolace"



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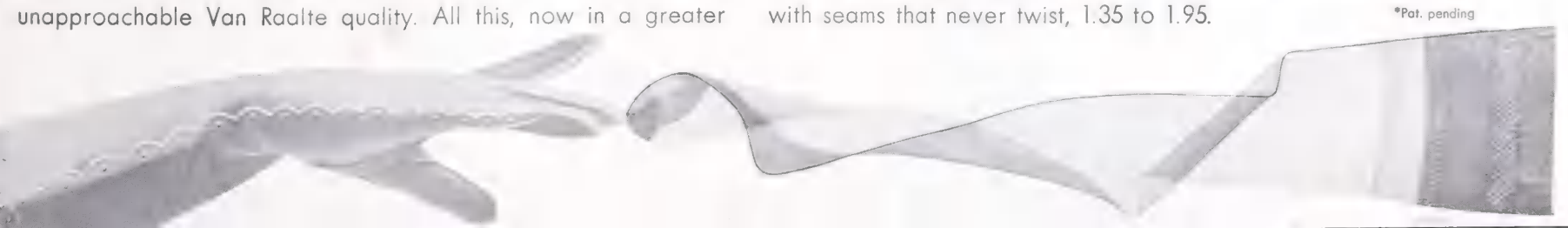
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Because you love nice things . . . A lace bodice that's *lined*—an extravagant touch that makes you feel custom-lingeried, makes you feel you've misread the price-tag. And the lace goes *all around;* edged everywhere (hem, too) with fine *double* net. That heavenly Opaquelon® nylon tricot and nylon Alencon lace and net are made by us, of course—and that means unapproachable Van Raalte quality. All this, now in a greater range of colors and sized for the petite, average and tall. 32 to 42. (Sizes 44-46, 6.95.) At fine stores everywhere.

And Van Raalte makes the nicest . . . gloves and hosiery, too. We show Princess, mid-arm handsewn slipon of nylon Reindoe® at 3.50, and Van Raalte's famous Flex-Fit* stockings with seams that never twist, 1.35 to 1.95.

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Perfect Rice Without Cooking!

1. **It's prepared instantly.** Just add Minute Rice to boiling water!
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3. **It's foolproof.** White, fluffy delicious rice—perfect every time!
4. **It's just plain good eating**—the easiest way to round out a well-balanced meal!

Product of General Foods

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



JILL

Even as the wind blows hardest, there is a secret softening in the heart of winter. We country dwellers muffle up and fare forth with light hearts.

As winter wears away, the woodpile iminishes. No doubt about it—the iggest and sturdiest logs are scarce. he freezer is also recording the flow of me's inevitable stream—we can find most anything in it when we fish round! Those barbecued spareribs merge, and are just right for a cold ight. And a lost package of Jill's vorite edible podded peas comes to ght, glory be! They smell of spring as ey cook, the fire crackles on the earth, and who cares about the dark, old, damp, snowy weather outside?

I would never recommend that a isitor from Tahiti, let's say, try out lew England in February. However, e do very well, for even as the wind lows hardest there is a secret softening the heart of winter. We country wellers know it, we muffle up and fare orth to do the chores with a very light eart. We have a lucky feeling about fe. For the chances of the electric's oing out are slight, the February thaw coming, the light has changed, days row longer.

Life, like a coin, has always two sides. I turn the February coin over, I see ith pleasure that I have had time to o a good many pleasant things while he garden fever is out of the way and he summer guests are pent in city. I ven had time this week to reread Vuthering Heights and feel the same onder at the classic beauty of Emily rontë. It is really a luxury to reread a ook one has read so often since age leven! And to savor every bit of the ild dark pages. It is hard to believe his shy, lonely woman could interpret he devastating relationship of Kathy nd Heathcliff—and know, incidenally, this would be a tale better told by n observer than by the main characters nvolved. But then, who has ever explained genius?

All we know of Emily is that she ved in the bleak, chilly parsonage at he edge of the Haworth moors, that he died young of tuberculosis, that ven her sisters found a wonder in her, nd that she wrote Wuthering Heights. n her time, ladies did not write novels; ers was signed E. Bell. I like to think, snugged down by the hearth, that she must have known her book was going to go down time. Once when I was in the city I overheard one woman say, "What's this Wuthering Heights? Oh, I know; it's Laurence Olivier's last movie." I felt Emily would have smiled.

A wonderful thing about the shut-in days is that one can think. "Where are you?" calls Jill and I answer, "I am sitting thinking!" Thinking of all sorts of things, unrelated and wonderful. Like the pale yellow rose that bloomed after the killing frost. Or the first flying wedge of wild geese going over. Or the sweet musty smell of fallen leaves on a sunny autumn day. Or the sound of my friend Glenn's voice singing one of my favorites, The Ash Grove.

It is wonderful to be a collector, and such collections are to be had just at the price of gathering them! They cannot be stolen and they do not break.

Sunday, in church, I added another collector's item. A young couple came in with two children, a lanky teen-age boy and a younger girl with pale fair hair falling limply from under her odd little hat. As they sat quietly in the hard wooden pew (no softer than it was in 1732, I swear) a sudden shaft of sun came through the arched window and fell on the little family. I had no idea who they were, but I had an immediate perception they were America, the father obviously a hard-working small farmer with his weathered face and slight stoop, the mother with an old winter coat and tired little hat. Just an ordinary little family, but a family coming to church together to reaffirm its faith in God. And as we all stood up and sang "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," I felt the moment was a special treasure for my collection!

On cold winter days, we like pot roast for dinner and Jill has several versions. One of my favorites is based on a heavenly marinade. You mix together 2 tablespoons prepared mustard, ½ tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon black pepper, ½ teaspoon chili powder, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and 5 tablespoons salad oil. Marinate the pot roast (or

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140



SARAN WRAP

will keep it so fresh . . .
so long . . . so easily!



it clings by itself . . . it's moisture-proof . . . it's crystal-clear!

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the brand that tastes richer, fresher, better than all the

or you from the Kraft kitchen...

"Philly" pies!



The most wonderful eating fillings you've ever made . . . with a fresh creaminess that's new. It comes from the world's finest cream cheese

When you want to bowl 'em over—make one of these "Philly" pies.

Elegant as they look, there's nothing tricky or hard about the recipes.

And are they *terrific!* Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese gives each filling a lavish creaminess. An unexpected *light,* fresh flavor, too. Hard to describe . . . but wonderful!

Just be mighty sure the cream cheese you use is *marked* Philadelphia Brand . . . America's largest selling brand for a very simple reason: it tastes richer and fresher than all the rest.

BLACK BOTTOM "PHILLY" PIE

Combine ⅔ cup evaporated milk, ½ cup sugar and 1 half-pound package of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, and heat in the top of a double boiler, stirring until smooth and well blended. Divide into two equal parts. To one part add 1 1-oz. square unsweetened chocolate, melted, a dash of salt and ¼ cup milk; pour into a 9-inch baked pastry shell.

To the remaining cream cheese mixture add 2 teaspoons of gelatin softened in ½ cup cold water and dissolved over hot water. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, and 1 teaspoon rum flavoring. Pour over the chocolate filling. Sprinkle the top with 2 tablespoons grated unsweetened chocolate. Chill until firm.

PINEAPPLE "PHILLY" PIE



STRAWBERRY "PHILLY" PIE



BLACK BOTTOM "PHILLY" PIE



CUSTARD "PHILLY" PIE



APRICOT "PHILLY" PIE



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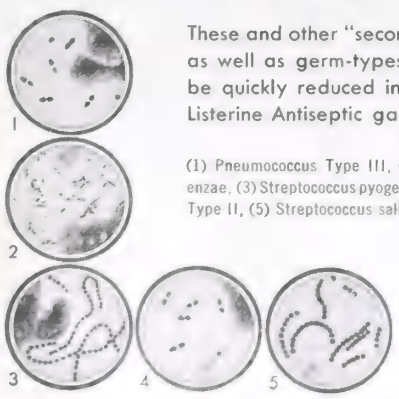
Listerine Does What Non-Antiseptic "Cold Tablets", Can't Do— Kills Germs Instantly—By Millions

At the very first sign of a cold get after the germs that can cause you so much misery. Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic—*quick!* Because Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly—by millions.

Remember—non-antiseptic cough drops, aspirin, nose drops or sprays may give you relief, but they can't kill germs the way Listerine does . . . germs that cause so much of the wretched misery of a cold.

Tests over a 12-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day, had fewer colds and sore throats than those who did not. No matter what else you may do for a cold—you need an antiseptic to kill germs. The minute you feel a cold coming on—reach for the Listerine Antiseptic—quick and often!

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC
to kill germs like these!



These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.



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At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat—

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In a continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers.

The questions are all real but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M. D.

y mother, who is seventy-seven, dropping of the pelvic organs and octor says that unless she has an tion she will become a chronic in- Is such an operation safe at her

patient was a woman with white hair, asly elderly, but when she arose to fol- he nurse to the examining room she with such a straight back and unfal- steps that the doctor, watching, eyed ith approval. He turned to the two er women who had come with her to ice.

ur mother appears to be what once lled 'remarkably well preserved.' How she?"

e was seventy-seven on her last birth- one of the women said, "and until she's been able to do a bigger day's han either of us can."

uzzer sounded and the doctor stood he nurse has her ready for the exam- n now," he said. "I'll want to talk to ter that. I don't expect this will take

en he returned, the women's faces d anxiety. "I'm keeping your mother examining room," the doctor told "on the pretext of some further tests se I wanted to speak with you privately. re her closest relatives, I presume?"

s, Doctor. Father died a few years ago nother divides her time now between o families. She is a great help with the children and in many other ways too."

an well imagine that."

turally we've been worried about her ion. Is it serious?"

ot serious, but very uncomfortable. is troubling her is a dropping of the organs, a condition not at all uncom- n women of her age, particularly those have borne children. The technical is *procidentia*."

it like falling of the womb, Doctor?"

s really an advanced case of falling of omb, but includes all the other pelvic ures."

nought that happened only to women ad had very large families. My sister re the only children mother ever had."

s not entirely a question of numbers. I he the situation has been present for a er of years, becoming progressively worse until the time has arrived when something *must* be done about it—unless your mother is to end her days as a chronic invalid. I am surprised that she can walk at all—much less step out as spryly as she does. She is really quite a remarkable woman."

"Yes, she is. And she wouldn't want to live at all if she had to be bedridden. What should be done, Doctor?"

"What in my judgment should have been done a long time ago—operative treatment."

"Is it as bad as that? Have we been neglecting our mother?"

"At the risk of making myself unpopular, I am going to speak very plainly. I am certain that you never intended any neglect; and if it will ease your consciences, I can tell you that in my opinion such occurrences are far from uncommon."

"But we had no idea—she seemed to complain a little more, as time went on, and seemed to find it more of an effort to get around. We thought that it was just that she was getting older and a little more fussy."

"That's the usual story. It is only one of the many problems which have been imposed by the remarkable increase in life expectancy in this country. Time was when three score and ten constituted a ripe old age. It isn't that way any more, and the elderly must be cared for and kept reasonably comfortable. They certainly shouldn't be allowed to sit around in misery, waiting to die."

"Of course not. But isn't surgery performed on elderly people very dangerous?"

"I'll answer that question in a minute. In the first place, many elderly people are less able to pay for private medical care than those in the more active years of life. Frequently older people do not get the periodic checkups which every medical man knows are essential. By the time they seek medical advice a condition may have developed which demands surgery of a formidable type."

"Then you consider that, if taken at the proper time, surgery is just as safe for elderly people as for those of middle age?"

"No, of course I would not maintain that. Any mechanism that has been running for seventy years must have undergone a large measure of wear and tear, and the human body is no exception. But don't forget that men and women of seventy or over *have* to be tough constitutionally or they would not have lived so long.

"When surgery is performed on people over seventy years of age, probably the commonest complications are those affecting the respiratory and the circulatory systems—the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

Safford's new book, The Intimate Problems of , containing several chapters which have not d in the Journal, has been published by Haw- ooks, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

Never powder over a "bare" skin—

First—this satinizing base for its special flattery!

Sheer, greaseless it refines, conceals, protects!

It's maddening to see powder or make-up magnifying the very imperfections you *want* to hide! Powder "clumping up" on dry flaky areas . . . heavier make-up "puddling" in pores, etching in tiny lines.

The trouble is—the tiny flaws of your just-cleansed, "bare" skin catch and *hold* tinted make-up. And instead of a young look, your skin appears *coarser, older.*

Always—before using powder or make-up—veil your face with an invisible base of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream . . .

Instantly it protects a freshly-cleansed skin.

Keeps powder clinging evenly—for hours.

Makes heavy make-up behave—*so it doesn't "fill up" pores or emphasize expression lines.*

Discourages make-up from streaking or discoloring at the first blush of skin heat—because Pond's Vanishing Cream gives your skin a greaseless base.

See the difference a filmy foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream makes! Immediately your skin takes on a finer-textured look . . . a satiny smoothness. Now it has the lovely freshness, the *young* freshness you want for it!



Mrs. Amory S. Carhart, Jr.

Young Mrs. Carhart is known for her exquisite beauty. Always before fluffing on her powder, Mrs. Carhart films on a protective base of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "I love the soft, un-made-up look Pond's Vanishing Cream gives my skin. It's a heavenly powder base—holds powder for hours!"



For a fresh-as-spring look now—this quick 1-Minute Mask!

This very night—in your own home—clear away that look of flaky, winter drabness. Cover your face with a snowy-cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "*keratolytic*" action *dissolves away* dead, flaking, winter skin . . . gives a "lift" to your complexion. After one refreshing minute, tissue off the Cream. Now—see the fresh, clear glow . . . the finer-textured, firmer look of your skin!

IVORY SNOW

Safest possible soap for baby's things...

for yours, too



. . . for everything you wash with special care . . .

by HAND OR MACHINE!



FOR DIAPERS . . .

and baby clothes, there's no soap like Ivory-safe Ivory Snow. It leaves them *far* softer than detergents or strong washday soaps, free from deposits that chafe baby skin. *And,* it's granulated for efficiency!



LINGERIE

stays lovely *far* longer with Ivory Snow's gentle care. It pampers colors, keeps white nylons *so* white, leaves woolens so softly fluffy, too. Ivory Snow is the safest possible soap for fine hand washables.



NICE MACHINE WASHABLES

like curtains, bedspreads, blankets thrive on the special care they get with Ivory Snow. It's the only soap *both* Ivory-safe *and* in the efficient granulated form you prefer to use in your washing machine.



99 44/100% PURE®

The only soap both IVORY-SAFE and GRANULATED for efficiency

Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

"DO you believe in fairies?" Peter Pan asked a sophisticated Broadway audience in February, 1905. Captivated by Maude Adams' performance, the grownups rose and shouted, "Yes!" Paul Dresser wrote his immortal My Gal Sal; Jack London produced The Sea Wolf; and all ladies' hats, including the stiff sailors, were worn at a flirty tilt.

In the February, 1905, JOURNAL, Editor Bok speaks out against the latest evil imported from abroad, the habit of tipping. "Already the nuisance has entered the homes of the wealthy," says he, "and a weekend visitor pays as much in tips to his host's help as he would for a good hotel room."

"Has there ever been an income tax in the U.S.A.?" inquires a* JOURNAL *reader. Answer: "Yes, between 1863 and 1874. The United States Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional."

"To use a knife in cutting pie upon one's plate betrays provincial manners," admonished the Lady from Philadelphia. "Bananas should be cut in two, peeled, and eaten with a fork."

"It may encourage you to know," writes the head of the JOURNAL's new Pattern Department, "that all the women royalty of Europe know how to make their own clothes."

"Little Chats with Business Girls: Keep in a feminine line of work, something that men can't do, such as dressmaking, millinery, and pattern designing."

Fashion note: "Fancy tortoiseshell combs, studded with brilliants and turquoises, are much in favor at evening affairs."

Etiquette: "A too obvious enjoyment of anything to eat is not in good taste, especially on the part of the host."

"In eating, take such small mouthfuls that you will be under no embarrassment, if addressed suddenly, to reply promptly and with perfectly clear enunciation."



Beauty Editor Norman (left) learns a "beauty" secret of the roaring twenties from Boy Friend's star Julie Andrews; boy friend, John Hewer.

ONE of the season's most delightful hits here is the English musical called The Boy Friend, that makes wonderful but affectionate fun of the musicals, dress and mannerisms of the 1920's; a lot of its delightfulness being due to nineteen-year-old *Julie Andrews*, who's a hit of the season herself, and who came in costume to the Workshop to let *Dawn Norman* see more closely how different 1925 was from 1955—even brought the boy friend himself along, *John Hewer*. Julie's hairdo, make-up, clothes, postures have all been reproduced with period perfection to portray the flapper era, fascinating to Dawn, who obviously doesn't really remember what that era was like. One thing Dawn asked was how Julie achieved the flat, boy-build effect. "Well, I'll tell you," Julie explained, "I don't know how they did it in the twenties, but I just wear my girdle upside down."

In that Cabinet meeting television broadcast when **Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey**, *acting out a traditional watchdog role, asked* **Secretary of State Dulles** *how much the German agreement was going to cost this country, he naturally thought he was doing the right thing. But it didn't please the little granddaughter of Secretary Humphrey,* **Bruce Gould** *learned later, at a Washington luncheon, from* **Mrs. George Garrett**. *It horrified the little girl. "Pop-pops," she informed Mrs. Garrett, "embarrassed us. Granny has always taught us it was bad manners to ask the cost of anything."*

More American girls between 15 and 19 are married today than at any time since 1890. In 1940, 12 per cent of girls in this age group were married: ten years later, the proportion was 17 per cent. And surveys show that the proportion of separations in teen-aged marriages is higher than in any other age group. . . . Experts find that handwriting techniques are firmly fixed by the age of 16, usually remain the same throughout life. Legibility decreases as pace increases; the best speed is 100 letters per minute.

When *Tina Fredericks* phoned to *Edward Steichen* at the Museum of Modern Art in December to ask how his huge 25th Anniversary Show, The Family of Man, was coming along, the great man of American photography, whose JOURNAL covers and color pages have given millions of our readers pleasure, told Tina he was tearing his hair trying to choose 400 final photographs for the big exhibition from a total of 2,000,000. Tina went over to see the young seventy-six-year-old. He *was* tearing his hair, but he'd already reduced the 2,000,000 to 2000. He showed her the cot where he slept when he didn't have time to go home; the oatmeal cookies he had with coffee, instead of regular meals. The show will be making a country-wide tour. Keep your eyes open.

Edward Steichen.



HOMER PAGE

The number of men teachers in elementary and secondary schools is increasing: in 1911 the percentage was 15.2; nearly 19 per cent taught in 1948; in 1951, 22.8 per cent taught—and the number is rising. . . . Last year, 3,000,000 people took adult-education courses in 6000 schools throughout the country. The most common reason given for enrollment in adult classes was a desire to improve professional skills; second, for cultural advancement; third, to make friends and improve social graces. . . . Sociologists report that women have fewer (and less intense) prejudices than do men.

When ***Ruth Matthews*** called ***Mary Bass*** the other day from Hollywood, Mary asked of course what was new out there. Among other things, Ruth told her she'd just been having lunch with ***Betty Garrett*** on the set of My Sister Eileen, in which Betty is starring. "What's new," said Ruth, "is that Betty wears paper doilies for hats. Cuts a hole in the middle. Pulls her braid through. Ties on a ribbon. And there's her hat." And here it is.



LIPPMAN

Betty (Sister Eileen) Garrett and her paper-doily hat.

One of the last pictures *Wilhela Cushman* took in Paris on her most recent trip was the one of *Ivy Nicholson* on this month's cover: took it at the airport, in fact, just as Ivy was rushing back to Italy, where in addition to being Europe's most famous American model she is now very much in the movies. Wilhela had been taking Ivy in the same clothes in several Paris locations those final hours. This was her last-chance shot, and her best. By the way, the ermine-collared black wool theater suit and ermine beret were among the most admired fashions designed by the late Jacques Fath for his last winter collection.

Enough electric lamps are produced in this country annually to furnish everyone on earth with one light bulb; each year Americans use over 2 trillion *lumen-hours—enough to furnish a person with reading light for 160,000 years. . . . Studies of misbehavior in children show that nine times out of ten the fault lies in the child himself—*not *in the parents.*



"She had that utterly irr sistible attraction. . . . Sh has it today; she will alway have it." Thus Herbert Bay ard Swope describes Eth Barrymore as he first saw he Swope, whom she remembe as "a red-haired report from St. Louis," roome with brother Jack, who wa then a cartoonist on the Ne York Journal. Picture wa made in London, 190

CULVER SERVICE

Ethel Barrymore

MEMORIES

"What a magic flame was lighted that Sunday
in a small house in Philadelphia!"
America's most bewitching star tells the story
of life on both sides of the footlights
on Broadway, in London and Hollywood.



"Ethel Barrymore is the ideal American girl in looks," said the JOURNAL in 1908. "She is the kind of girl nearly every other girl would dearly love to be."

THE hardest thing is where to begin—or, perhaps, why? Well, I've read books and stories about us all, and none of them sounds quite right. So I am hoping this will at least give a flavor of this family that has lived for generations in a series of goldfish bowls, completely obscured by myths and legends.

I'll begin with my grandmother, the mother of my mother. She was born in a village in Kent amidst the rogues and vagabonds that she loved and honored by her genius and grandeur through seventy-five years on the stage. Her name was Louisa Lane, and she was brought to America as a little girl by her mother, my great-grandmother, and *her* name was Mrs. Eliza Kinloch. Don't ask me why they had different names—I never dared to ask. So many things were considered impertinences in our family. I was made aware of this at an early age. Nothing was ever said; you simply knew.



"How papa disliked my bangs. He used to push my hair back and say it should be like 'Alice's,' with a round comb, but I cried for bangs."



CULVER SERVICE

"Laurence Irving and I agreed to marry and spend a long, lovely, gloomy, tragic life together . . . of course it was all very, very young."

Grandma Kinloch found New York a noisy and vulgar place. So they took coach to Philadelphia, which they found charming, and there they stayed.

There is a program announcing "MRS. ELIZA KINLOCH, A SWEET SINGER OF BALLADS." And endless programs of Miss Lane as Richard the Third! And a play called "Twelve Precisely" in which Miss Lane played five characters, two young gentlemen and three young ladies. There are many more . . . and then she was Mrs. Hunt, playing Shakespeare and all the classics. Then she was Mrs. Mossop, I think rather briefly . . . still playing everything. Then suddenly the important marriage to my grandfather, John Drew, an Irish actor who, I've been told, was brilliant and of an enormous fascination. She proceeded to have four children: my

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Ethel Barrymore

"My grandmother's house in Philadelphia was our home as little children when our parents were on the road. It was the only home we ever knew together."

Aunt Louisa, my Uncle John, my mother, and Sidney. Uncle Sidney may not have been the son of John Drew, but he was indubitably the son of Mrs. John Drew.

My grandfather died when he was less than thirty-five years old. The only thing of interest I can remember being told—and that by an ancient family retainer—was that after the birth of my mother, he was "allowed" to go on an Australian tour; and with him, as his leading lady, was a young sister of my grandmother (where she was born or why I've never learnt). Her name was Georgiana and 'tis said grandfather had fallen in love with her and had wished to marry her. But my more forceful grandmother had said, "Nonsense!" and married him herself. When they came back to Philadelphia from Australia, there was a tiny girl with them whom my grandmother adopted and called Adine Stevens. We called her Aunt Tibby and loved her dearly. She was a sweet, gentle creature with a lovely voice, who went about quietly helping everyone, and died in her early twenties.

My Aunt Louisa I never knew. She married Charles Mendum, who managed the Arch Street Theatre for the lessee and manageress, Mrs. John Drew—and was promptly fired for presuming. At any rate, they went to live in Boston where Mr. Mendum senior was a banker—kindly, and had a house, I detect, with a roof.

My two cousins, Edmund and Georgie Mendum, I didn't see until we were fifteen or sixteen years old. And by then my Aunt Louisa had died. She had never been on the stage.

There is so much to be written about my cousins Georgie and Ed—two brilliant creatures. Ed dismissed the stage as a livelihood with hauteur, worked his way to Europe, wandered all over it on foot; then did the same thing over a good part of Asia; came home and wrote a sardonic book called "The Barbarian," and became a newspaperman.

Georgie must be brought in and kept in—later.

But to return to Philadelphia: Mrs. John Drew had established at the Arch Street Theatre an exceptionally fine stock company—and at home an exceptionally rigid and appallingly respectable household.

I remember hearing my mother say that, if she were allowed to have a young man in to tea, "Mummum sat at the other end of the drawing room snowing on us."

Mrs. Drew was a pillar of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church and her son, John, went to the Episcopal Academy; and my mother, Georgie, had a Sunday-school class. But they were people of infinite gaiety and humor, and were forever untouched by the severity of their upbringing. I have always suspected that my grandmother had a twinkle in her eye, even in her most awesome moments.

Then John wanted to go on the stage. So off to the Arch Street Theatre where, to serve his apprenticeship, he appeared first in a one-act play, "Cool as a Cucumber"—not in the general repertoire but, I suppose, as a test; then was trusted with various small parts; and then—I dare say with the idea of getting out from under—he went to New York and joined Augustin Daly's very important company.



CULVER SERVICE

"Sometimes papa and mamma were with us—not often. They were off on tour. Times when mamma could spend Sundays with us were a thrill. . . . She was a great and gallant lady, my beloved mother whom I hardly knew." Georgie Drew Barrymore with her children, Ethel, Lionel and John.

MY mother, Georgie, by this time had begun playing her small parts at the Arch Street Theatre. And one Sunday John came to spend the day in Philadelphia, bringing with him a spectacular young Englishman who was also starting an acting career with the Daly company. His name was Maurice Barrymore—and that was indeed that! He had been born in the dungeons of the Fort of Agra in India during the mutiny, where my paternal grandfather was in the British civil service, a judge. He was the youngest child. My Aunt Beatrix, the eldest, married General Angelo of the Anglo-Indian Army; and Aunt Eva married one Wace who was in the civil service and whose brother was the Dean of Canterbury. Their name was Blyth.

Young Herbert Maurice Blyth was sent home to England at the usuâl age—about eight—and went to a preparatory school at Blackheath, then to Harrow, and then to Cambridge, where he became amateur champion boxer of England. Then he began to read for the Bar, ate his dinners, etc. Then came upon the scene two villains—or angels—who told him it would be years before he would get a brief, and—"Look at him! And listen to that voice!—the stage!" He was flattered and delighted, and broke it to his family who recoiled in horror as only Victorian Anglo-Indians could. So he gaily promised to find another name and do his damnedest in America. And if he failed, he would come home, resume his role of barrister and become a Q.C. So off he went, with his beauty, his

CULVER SERVICE

rm, and his wit, to conquer the new world and
ke his fortune.
Vhat a magic flame was lighted that Sunday in a
ll house in Philadelphia!—that lovely, fair-gallant
and that overwhelming and unpredictable Briton,
mother and father to be. I don't know how many
day visits before they were engaged . . . I should
k not many. And then they were married.
here is much written today about command per-
nances. Well, my mother made three—all in my
ndmother's house in Philadelphia, and their names
e Lionel, Ethel and John.
must be understood that there was never any
ney anywhere that wasn't earned week by week by
whole family by the profession of acting; except
ny grandmother's Arch Street Theatre which she
ed and managed for many years—sometimes act-
but always managing. So it was in Philadelphia that she had her theater and her house, and it was unthinkable that her daughter's children should be born anywhere else. It was a command tempered by sense and a quiet, unspoken feeling. That house was our home as little children. In fact, it was the only home we ever knew together. We were to be separated very early in our lives by various circumstances. Consequently, when we met later in life we were rather formal with each other and very, very polite. It appears that rather terrified observers. I remember Lionel telling me that a friend of his who was present when I dined with him once said to him, "My God! Don't you know each other?"

One may write about the child one was with the same freedom that a novelist creates a character. There is no fear of egotism, for the portrait is one of faint colors, and the CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines"

As Madame Tretoni in "Captain Jinks," Ethel Barrymore saw her name go up in lights on Broadway. When the play tried out in Philadelphia, one critic wrote, "If the young lady who plays Madame Tretoni had possessed beauty, charm or talent, this play might have been a success"—the only criticism Miss Barrymore says she has ever been able to remember. During the long run a bit player became ill and brother Jack took over the part—his first stage role.



There are times when the Other Man can tell a husband

Paul C. Burns

Look out for Tigers



— about his own wife.

By Nelia Gardner White

HE pulled the boat in quietly, one eye on the cattail where the butterfly was poised. Even as he turned, net in hand, the butterfly floated, across the shadow into sunlight, with that designless flight that yet reaches some goal. The goal this time was the screen door of a small cabin in the clearing. Jerome Denks was never intrusive except when his passion for butterflies took over. He went straight for the cabin, but just before he reached it the door opened and a young woman in jodhpurs and a yellow-and-brown-checked shirt came out on the step. The butterfly rose, lazily circled above the cabin, was gone.

"You've made me lose him!" he said; then: "It was a red admiral and I did want him!"

She had the lazy grace of a butterfly herself, making the post against which she leaned a very temporary station.

"Why?" she said.

"Why? I collect them," he said.

"Why?" she said again, laughing at him a little.

"Oh. One of those things. I like to. And why not?"

She sat down on the step and he found himself leaning his net against the cabin wall, sitting beside her.

"They are so beautiful," she said. "I don't like pins stuck in things. I'm glad it got away. . . . Does that bottle say 'cyanide'?"

He put the bottle down by his feet, and the skull and crossbones he had drawn on it looked up at him menacingly.

"Yes, it's cyanide," he admitted. "But the life expectancy of a butterfly is very short, you know. And it's a painless death."

"Still, I wouldn't want to be put into a bottle with cyanide," she said. "Would you?"

"I doubt very much whether they ponder on it," he said. "Do you think yourself that their emotional processes go very deep?"

"You sound just like a professor," she said.

"Well, that's possible. I am a professor."

They both laughed. The lake pricked blue between the trees. Some unknown bird made harsh small grating sounds in the pines.

"How did you ever find this place?" he asked. "I didn't know anyone lived down here. It startled me when I saw the cabin."

"It's Mr. Nygaard's cabin. I saw an ad and wrote—that's all. It's working too."

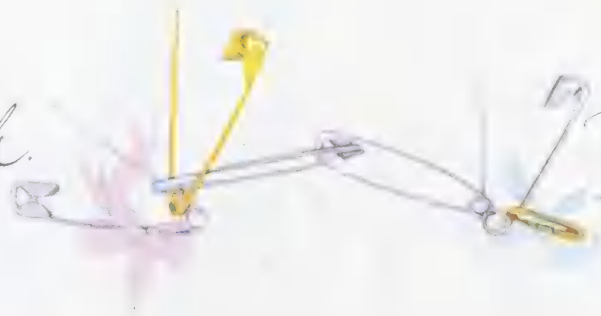
CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

Lucilla sensed a secret she could n



"You know," she whispered to the cheek so soft against her own, "I'm beginning to love you rather terribly."

derstand, a joy just out of reach.



By Kathleen K. Perry

LUCILLA sat up in her bed. Standing in the doorway was a nurse looking at the room number, against her breast a blue blanket; Lucilla caught a glimpse of black hair, black as Lucilla's own.

She took the baby to her, and stared. Up close Peter Hagan the First was a shock. The hair, so sweet at a distance, was an odd little fringe. He was bald on top with a ring of black hair growing from one ear to the other. His skin was the color of salmon and there was a deep crease between his tightly closed eyes.

"He looks squashed! Like those cakes mamma was always sending to college."

"He's a beautiful baby," the aide said. "Look at how his ears lie close to his head. And his tiny fingers. He's a beautifully made baby."

Lucilla looked. In her mind flashed a picture of her sister Maud's Jakie in his play pen, rosy cheeks, tumbled gold curls. . . . *Oh, but this one's mine*, cried her heart.

I feel sad, Lucilla thought. *There's something, just out of reach. Of course. God. It was about God* ——

It started, she remembered now, quite early in her pregnancy, that night the Harrisons came to dinner. They were all sitting around afterward talking and she, as was usual then, let her thoughts turn inward, listening. She and Phillip were equally thrilled about the baby but she, feeling she ought to be *busier* at it, knew an unconscious tension, a constant minor alertness. Suddenly the thought had come, so obvious, and so stupendous: *I'm not doing the baby. God is!*

The sense of God as a reality stole into her heart. She went through the long months, the ups and downs and discomforts of her pregnancy, as steady as a peasant. She fell into a private pattern that set her days. Phillip taught engineering at the university and he left the apartment every morning at 7:45 to meet his 8-o'clock class. At 7:55 the chimes rang from the college tower and she settled into her armchair with a second cup of coffee, closed her eyes, and checked with God on the progress of the baby. *The Lord is with thee:* how beautiful and how true.

"I can't get over you," Phillip had remarked one night, drawing her close. "Here you are having your first baby, and your mother and Maud not even able to come, and you act as if it's nothing at all. You've grown up, Cilly; I like it." CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

God IS Love

THE JOURNAL PRESENTS
KATHLEEN K. PERRY.
FIRST APPEARANCE
IN ANY MAGAZINE

Practically all the furnishings in this beautifully corniced living room are eighteenth-century English, as was this country, in a colonial way, to be sure, when the house was built; most of the pieces English Chippendale. The rug is Oriental, which is right, and the yellow curtains raw silk.

Nicolson HOUSE

By RICHARD PRATT, Architectural Editor of the Journal

This little wonder of a house in Williamsburg, though larger than it looks, is a house that visitors there might easily miss, bewitched as they are apt to be by the many wonders of the Restoration area. For this house is not a part of that stunning colonial exhibition town, but stands a few steps out York Street from where the Restoration starts, on what looks a lot like many another small-town street in Virginia today. Furthermore, visitors to Williamsburg might easily miss seeing inside it, for it is very much a private home, the home, as you can see, of a man who knows furniture to perfection, and who also knows to perfection how to bring out all that is finest in a fine old house. We know it was the home in 1766 of Robert Nicolson, a prominent townsman and tailor, for that was the year he advertised "genteel lodgings" with breakfast and good stabling for "gentlemen who attend the General Courts and Assembly." As good as saying that almost anyone who was anyone in colonial times could have stopped here, especially when the Raleigh Tavern was full. It is a pleasure to picture it for the first time as it is today.

With its gracefully dormered gambrel roof, the house is characteristically Williamsburgian, standing there smack on the sidewalk, which is typical too.



PRATT

WESLEY BALZ

The apple-wood sideboard in the dining room is from South Carolina, the apple-wood table from North Carolina, the fruit-wood chairs eighteenth-century English, the pine corner cupboard from New Jersey. The portrait is of the present owner's great-grandmother.

You are now in the library, looking through into the living room. Both the mahogany wing chair and the mahogany armchair are English Chippendale. The urns on the mantel are eighteenth-century delft, and the wonderful clock between them is, of course, from Connecticut.



THE VIRUS

No one doubted that a "bug" had got hold of Marvin. He had all the symptoms—and one of them was named Dolores.

By WILL STANTON

"WANT a lift, Marvin?" The car pulled over to the side of the road.

"What?" The boy looked startled.

"Oh, sure, Doctor Trench, thanks." He climbed into the front seat.

"Another month and school will be over, I suppose?"

"It will?" Marvin was staring at the dashboard. "She walks in beauty," he murmured, "like the night."

"She does, eh?"

Marvin looked up. "Speaking to me, Doctor Trench?"

"Nothing special, no." He drove along for a way. "Where are you headed for, Marvin?"

"I don't know; home, I guess."

"I see." He slowed the car to a stop. "I was going to Forestville. We seem to be headed in opposite directions."

"I'm in no hurry," Marvin said. "You can let me out here."

"No, no." Doctor Trench turned the car around quickly. "I've an errand that will take me right by your place."

Marvin nodded. He didn't speak until they'd gone a couple of miles. "She knocked a ruler off my desk today," he said, "sixth period. Plenty of room to walk by, but she knocked it off."

"Yes, those things will happen."

"When I reached down to pick it up she stepped on my hand. You could hear the knuckles crack."

"Well"—Doctor Trench pulled up to the curb—"that's your house, isn't it, across the street?"

"The one with the green trim?"

"Yes. That's your mother on the porch." He waved his hand. "Afternoon, Mrs. Burney."

"Good afternoon." She watched her son cross the lawn and climb the steps. "How did you happen to be riding with Doctor Trench?"

"With who?"

"With whom," she corrected him.

"Yes, with whom." He walked into the living room and stood looking out the window. "With whom," he said.

Mrs. Burney picked up his cap from the floor. "The front lawn needs cutting."

"Do you think so?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

Hans Anderson

"He'll never finish high school the condition he's in," his father said.

BEAUTIFUL BUYS



PAUL RADKAI

Wool-flannel suit for any time of year, beginning now, $39.95. Give it color with a belting beret, by Lilly Dache, $10.95, chamois-yellow cotton gloves, fresh coral-red geraniums. Misses' and junior sizes, 7 to 15. This suit also comes in gray and blue.



Pale violet tweed—the kind of tweed that dresses up easily and is hardy enough to last for years, $49.95, by Alvin Handmacher, in misses' and petite sizes. Wear it with a matching felt hat, $12.95, by Madame Klari, and a pigskin-color leather bag. Other colors in this suit—steel gray, red, blue and tawny beige.

Looking ahead to spring, the JOURNAL has chosen four suits out of hundreds that give you the most fashion for the least money. Among them you'll find the colors you like best from new wood-violet and blue shades to constant grays and beiges, fabrics you know and depend upon, and styles that lend themselves beautifully

TOR SPRING



Short-jacket suit in French-blue acetate-and-rayon with linen collar and cuffs, $29.95. Also in navy, brown, gray, sizes 10 to 20. Accent with fresh peppermint-striped carnations, the shortest white cotton gloves, a bright red leather bag by Josef, a beret in white banded with blue, $6.95, by Elizabeth Marks.



Collarless suit in a blend of wool, rayon, nylon and acetate, proportioned for regular and half sizes, $39.95, by S. Augstein. A fold of organza at the neckline, an Italian leather bag, coral crepe hat by Lily Dache, $12.95. Suit comes also in red, blue, pink, oyster, black, navy.

to the bright imaginative touch. (Try the fresh-flower technique as photographed—there's no prettier way to add a color accent.) These suits cover a wide range of sizes and have great wearability. • By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal

WRITE TO US AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND THESE FASHIONS IN YOUR LOCALITY



Children Jan and Jimmy, walking with Mrs. Snowden at Squaw Creek Farm.

There's something about her

MRS. James Hastings Snowden, of Fort Worth, Texas, thinks of fashion in terms of color. The light-toned tweeds and wools which she loves so well and which are so right for Texas also make perfect links with her summers in the East. She always has a silk suit, adores silk shirts, pretty tea gowns, starts to wear cottons the first of April. In cosmopolitan Fort Worth, where she is on the board of directors for the Art Center and active in the day nursery, Mrs. Snowden needs the versatile jacket dress and black dinner dress native to any city. Week-ends at the farm she wears shorts, slacks, a skirt and shirt, according to the season.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Mrs. Snowden goes to town in a pale gray wool dress, double-breasted jacket, worn with a small white hat.

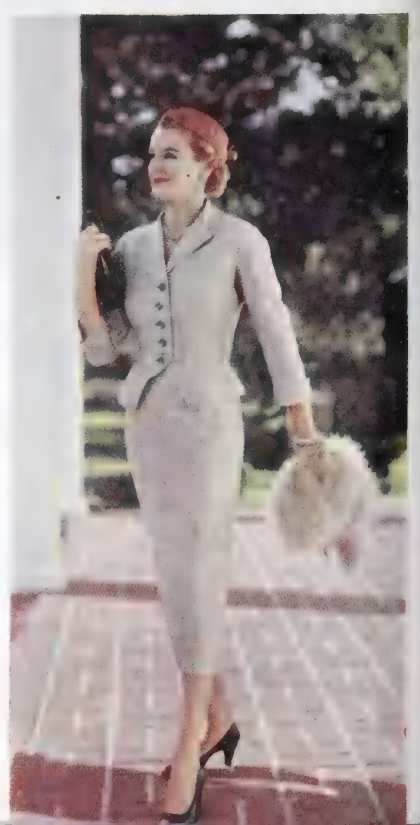


Tweed topcoat with velvet collar, October-to-April fashion, is also for summer travel.

Tweed-weave silk jacket dress has a year-round place in her wardrobe. She carries a beige fox scarf.



Two-toned gray wool knitted dress for mild days in Texas, fall, winter or spring.





Writing notes at her desk in the living room, Mrs. Snowden wears a printed taffeta dressing gown in her favorite shades of pink.



Mrs. Snowden, dressed for one of the famous Fort Worth balls in slim azure blue *peau de soie* with a bow train, says good night to daughter, Jan.

JOHN ENGSTEAD



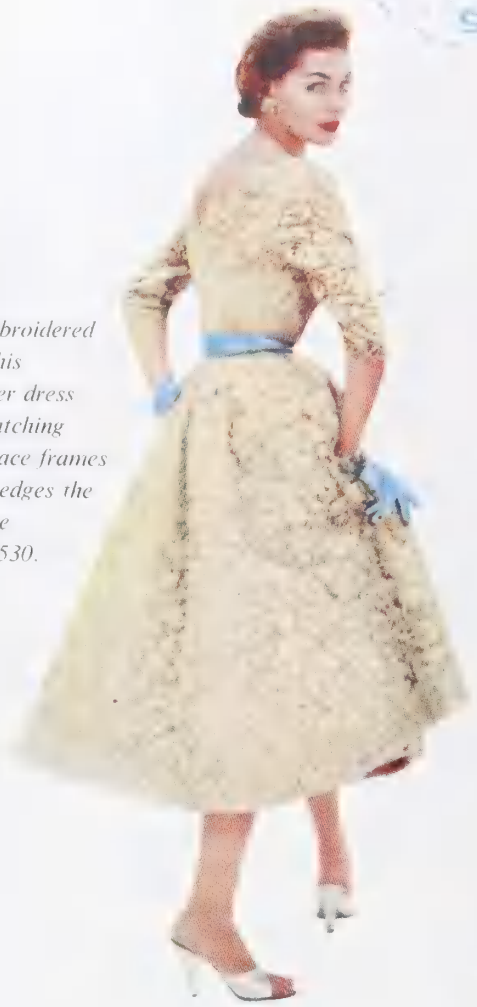
Native Texan Mrs. Snowden loves outdoor clothes—tweed skirt, cashmere sweaters, short all-season coat, photographed with poodle Nicky.



Entertaining at the farm, she often wears velvet slacks, silk shirt.



A black bare-neck silk dinner dress is every woman's essential. Mrs. Snowden often adds color with an exciting pink fringed satin stole.



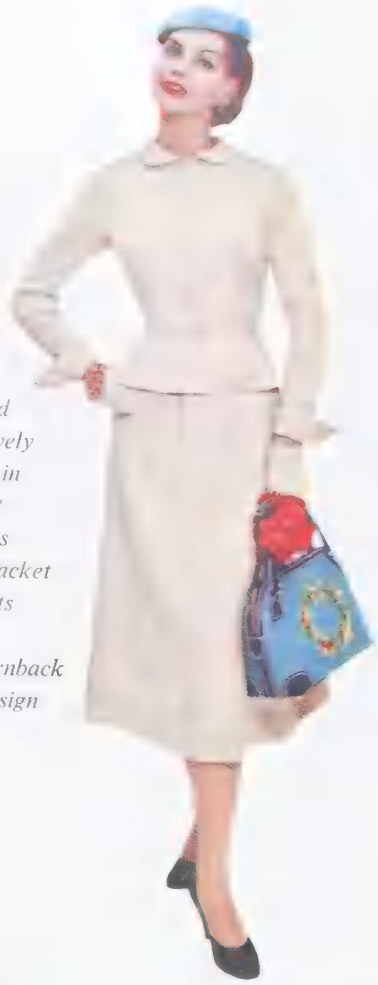
Lovely re-embroidered lace makes this timeless dinner dress worn over matching taffeta. The lace frames the neckline, edges the sleeves. Vogue Design No. 8530.



The Journal's Ger

Black rayon mat jersey (unpacks with nary a wrinkle) is a design classic. It dresses up for dinner, down for travel. You might wear a jewel with a satin bow on the bodice, or colorful beads. "Easy to Make" Vogue Design No. 8512.

RICHARD AVEDON



Silk-and-worsted blends into a lovely fabric . . . light in weight, resistant to wrinkles. Slits over hipline in jacket open into pockets in the skirt. Small collar, turnback cuffs. Vogue Design No. S-4580.



anium red is h a gay color to r. Ours, in silk n, tailored a spectator sports ume. Skirt has ched tucks, over- se may be worn n with sweater erneath. Vogue ign No. 8524.

A colorful coat travels well, looks pretty over neutral shades and black, also resists dirt. Our design has a collar that rolls back easily, sleeves that may be worn pushed up. Vogue Design No. 8527.



f a Wardrobe

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal

This wardrobe will take you around the clock, around the world . . . for it would be as "at home" in Cairo or San Francisco at any time of day or night. Our theory for a travel wardrobe is to take a minimum of pieces with a maximum of possibilities. Our gentle, easy coat is as pretty over the beige lace dinner dress in the evening as it is in the morning over the suit. Note only two pairs of shoes, two hats, one important bag (a tiny satin envelope for evening fits inside) and three pairs of gloves. Best of all, these clothes will unpack as prettily as they packed.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices on Page 83

© VOGUE

Sincerely Willis Wayde

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

IV

WHEN everything was over and the final agreements for the merger of Rahway Belting with the Harcourt Mill were signed, Willis attended a small dinner that the new company, now called Harcourt Associates, tendered to the officers, directors and some of the key personnel. The various negotiating lawyers were also present. Among the latter was Mr. F. Augustus Tremaine, who had always handled Mrs. Jacoby's affairs. Then there had been Mr. Tom Bolsen, Sr., and his son T. Bolsen, Jr., of the Boston firm that represented the Harcourts. Mr. Earl Decker had also been present as general counsel for the Harcourt Mill.

Willis, as first vice-president of Harcourt Associates, had made one of the main speeches, speaking not only as an officer but as a stockholder, since he owned personally 15 per cent of the common shares of the new company. It was highly gratifying that the speech made an even better impression than he had hoped.

"What is an idea?" he asked in the beginning, adding facetiously, "I ought to know, after the last three months when Mr. Tremaine and Mr. Bolsen and Mr. Decker have tossed around so many good ones." It was a relief to feel that his dinner audience knew what he meant by tossing ideas around. "I may as well face the fact," he continued, "that I may have been responsible in the beginning for the idea of merging Rahway Belting with Harcourt into our new strong company. But seriously, gentlemen, let us never forget that no idea can stand by itself. It must be activated to have value. A team must be behind it, and I think tonight we all know we have a real team.

"Yes, gentlemen, an idea must be activated, and to achieve this end patience is necessary, and an ability to understand what the other fellow is trying to think, but above all else, good fellowship and team play are the true ingredients of success.

"May I raise my glass in conclusion—and I wish it were a loving cup—the unlimited future of Harcourt Associates."

The setting and the mood were exactly right for everything Willis said.

Copyright, 1955, by John P. Marquand

"Willis," Mr. Bryson Harcourt said, "that was a magnificent speech."

"Why, thank you very much, sir," Willis said. "I'm very glad indeed if you think it went all right."

He could be deferential to Mr. Bryson Harcourt still, but they were both aware of a new relationship. Even if Mr. Bryson or Mr. Roger wanted, neither of them could push him out of Harcourt Associates. Some such thoughts had been in Willis' mind when he returned from Boston after that dinner. The Harcourts could not put him out of the new company, but still he would like to have a larger control of it. There was a chance of buying Mrs. Jacoby's stock, if he only had the money.

During the Harcourt negotiations Willis had begun to learn the banking facts of life. Among other things, he learned that bankers could be more generous than otherwise with money, given the proper stimulus. You had, of course, to develop a warm relationship with a banker first, so that he had a real belief in you and a keen personal interest.

One of the best contacts along these lines that Willis had made was with a Yale graduate some ten years his senior named Gilbert Bakeliss. Gil, as Willis learned to call him, had sat in as one of the underwriters' representatives on a lot of the Harcourt conferences, and several times he had asked Willis to lunch at the Yale Club. It had been a pleasure to be in a position that enabled him to return the compliment. At Mr. Jacoby's suggestion, Willis had joined the New York Harvard Club.

When he reached New York after the Harcourt dinner he determined to see Gilbert Bakeliss. He knew better than to show undue eagerness by calling Gil at the stroke of ten, and ten-fifteen would look like a self-conscious delay. Willis actually did not call until ten-twenty-three.

"Well, well," Gil Bakeliss said, "so the Pilgrim has returned."

Willis laughed with real appreciation. "That's right," Willis said. "I missed you at that dinner, Gil."

"You know I'd have come," Gil said, "if Geraldine and I hadn't been in one of those duplicate-bridge tournaments. It must have been quite a love feast."

"Well, it frankly wasn't so bad, Gil," Willis said. "I mustn't take up all your time, but if you've nothing to do for lunch I'll be right here at the Harvard Club."

"Let's see. You mean lunch today?"

Willis laughed again. "I know there's not much chance with anyone as popular as you, Gil."

"There isn't anything I can't put off," Gil said. "Will twelve-thirty be all right?"

If Willis had not known many bankers, it had been his privilege to meet and chat on friendly terms with many top executives in other lines of business. He was beginning at last to achieve naturalness, because there were not so many

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

"Do I look all right?" Sylvia asked.
"Honey," Willis said, "you look just
wonderful and I'm mighty proud of you."





WIDE WORLD

"GIVE THEM THE FACTS"
Melanie Kreuzer: "Who said God gave men all the brains?"

GEORGE W. SOMMER



"SERVANT" OF THE PEOPLE
Myrna Harms—a doer, not an observer

THEY

WIDE WORLD



"FIRST" LADY OF VERMONT
Consuelo Bailey sets another precedent

SAY



AMERICA'S YOUNGEST LAWMAKER
Roz Wiener—law school's loss, city council's gain



WOMAN-TO-WOMAN TALK
Gertrude Lynch knew a political asset when she saw it



THE MAYOR HAS "CLASS"
Katharine White runs a home, a town and a superhighway

GLOGAN



HER PARTY'S "DREAM LEGISLATOR"
Handsome Kathryn Stone had to "put up or shut up"

POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS



SULLIVAN FOR CONGRESS
Lee Sullivan insisted it's "honorable to be Mrs."

re than 2000 women are serving
in U. S. city, state and
national government positions
to which they were elected.
Here are stories of nine of them.
hey believe good government is simply
a matter of housekeeping—
and work to prove it.

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ACTION



FRIENDS PITCHED IN
Rep. Florence Beckers works for educational opportunities

WHEN Katie Louchheim, director of women's activities of the Democratic National Committee, spoke before the Women's National Press Club some time ago, she shared the rostrum with Bertha Adkins, her counterpart in the Republican Party. She said it was a genuine pleasure to appear with her political antagonist because they had so much in common. "We both want women to understand politics, to like politics and to be active in politics," she explained. "We both sit up nights trying to figure out how to keep those grass roots flourishing. And, occasionally, we both find ourselves called upon to dig up that crab grass that threatens even the most carefully tended yard.

"We both think *our* party is the best party. We both think *our* candidates are the best candidates. And we both want *our* side to win. So you see, Bertha and I are in complete agreement up to a point—the point of the pencil in the voting booth and where it makes an X!"

It is this spirit that makes women so vitally important in American politics today. Regardless of devotion to party, in the long run good government for all the people is their goal. And how are they saying it—in terms of political action as well as by pleasant but purposeful words?

Actually holding political office is one way. In November's election, a total of 52 women were candidates for seats in the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives. Of these, sixteen, an all-time high, were elected or reelected. A woman serves in the House as delegate from Hawaii. Seventeen women won statewide elective offices. Altogether, more than 2000 women now serve in city, state and national government positions to which they were elected. These figures give some indication of the participation of women in practical politics. The push—or if not a "push," a gentle, surging force—is on.

Nonpartisan educational groups (the League of Women Voters, the American Heritage Foundation) work constantly to increase participation in public affairs and to get more and better women of both parties to become candidates for office. The General Federation of Women's Clubs recently issued a report showing the large number of women holding responsible posts in government. The National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs pointed out in a study made about the same time that "one out of five women engages in political activity . . . those most active in the field are married or formerly married women past forty-five years of age who have dependents." Both reports make provocative reading. Both are based on the hope that information about women in politics will inspire more women to action.

This month, the Public Affairs Department presents brief stories of nine women who have been successful in politics. By party preference four are Republicans, four are Democrats, one is independent. Eight are married, one widowed; five are mothers.

Though these women may differ about party platforms, they are in unanimous agreement that the woman candidate must sincerely desire to serve; she also should have some background of experience in the civic life of her community. Above all she must be as willing as men to participate in politics—all the way.

MRS. MELANIE KREUZER
President, Common Council, Syracuse, New York

"Who said God gave men all the brains?"

The question has become something of a classic around the all-Republican common council of Syracuse, New York, where the male membership is frankly stumped for an answer. Council president happens to be Mrs. Melanie Kreuzer, homemaker, mother, civic worker of twenty-five years' standing. It was she who, having already served successfully as councilwoman at large, posed the question shortly before her election as president in 1953. Since then, she has proved once again her favorite theory—that men and women make a good team in government.

Long before 1949, Republican leaders had their eye on the chic and feminine Melanie Kreuzer, and no wonder—it was hard to beat her record of civic service that included almost everything from cochairman of Women's Division, Community Chest, to president of the Volunteer Center. They asked her to run for city council "with no strings attached." She requested time to think it over, then replied with an enthusiastic "Yes." Just as enthusiastically, Syracuse voters on election day chose her their first councilwoman at large.

Thinking of politics in terms of the community, *her* community, when she took her seat in January, 1950, she lost no time in tackling problems of finance, sewage, water supply, traffic and neighborhood rehabilitation, arterial routes and school construction. Her intelligent and able service so impressed party bigwigs that in 1953 they gave her the nod for council chief executive.

The council doesn't always vote with Melanie Kreuzer. But she can always rely on two stanch supporters at home—her manufacturer husband, Frederick, and her 18-year-old son, Tony. It was Tony who supplied doorbell ringers for the first Kreuzer campaign: five fellow Boy Scouts, all of whom remembered Melanie as a "darn good den mother."

Council President Kreuzer continues to be concerned with Community Chest, Red Cross and the Girl Scouts. She refuses to distinguish between politics and community chores because she feels that both have the same goals. Through countless speeches before civic organizations, she keeps the citizens of Syracuse informed about what's going on in their government. As she expresses it:

"People sometimes tend to take the city's services for granted. But I have found that they are much more grateful and understanding—actually better citizens—when they get the facts."

MRS. KATHRYN STONE
Virginia House of Delegates

The family station wagon had to go. It was the high campaign price Mrs. Kathryn Stone paid for her seat in the Virginia House of Delegates. Was the sacrifice worth it? Ask her.

"Contributions to a political party ought to be included in the family budget along with contributions to philanthropic or religious organizations. After all, what is more important to this country than the willingness of people to run it?"

Husband Harold Stone, a Department of the Army management specialist who, with his legislator wife, has coauthored two books on city management, feels the same way. (He was out of town on election night, 1953—confident he wouldn't be needed to cheer up a defeated Kathryn.) Nor are there any complaints from the three Stone children—Paul, 15; Suzanne, 12; and Jo Anna, 10—who find that a politicking mother still has time to read Huckleberry Finn aloud in the evenings.

Her primary campaign cost more than twice the amount of her salary for a two-year term in the House of Delegates. Yet Kathryn Stone is happy in the knowledge that she can go solidly to work on her aims for increased educational and public-health services. As an undergraduate Young Democrat at the University of Iowa, as organizer of the Arlington (Virginia) League of Women Voters, the delegate has always fought political apathy—no matter what the price.

"I did so much preaching," she laughs, "that when the Democrats asked me to run it was a case of put up or shut up."

As for the Democrats, they considered Mrs. Stone a "dream candidate." Handsome, intel-

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The Beautiful Washerwoman

"Hey!" she s
"Those diapers don't
need oiling!"



He had promised himself two years of glorious freedom. And he'd have them, too—as soon as he managed to tell her good-by.

By SCOTT YOUNG

FOR five months after Stewart Trevett inherited five thousand dollars from his Aunt Dolly, quit his job selling insurance in Buffalo, New York, and rented a cheap apartment above a garage at the back of an ocean lot in Coral Sands, Florida, he followed a rigid routine. Each morning he got up as soon as he woke up, unless he felt like staying in bed a while longer. He always had fish for breakfast except on those mornings when he preferred ham and eggs. He shaved regularly every day or two, always either before or after walking the beach, surf fishing, or just sitting in an old canvas-bottomed rocker in the sun scanning the horizon for good-looking women. In fact, he was a veritable slave to this regimen until one night his habitually deep sleep was interrupted by a loud slam.

Stewart's first half-awake thought was that it had just been a dream prompted by the normal hiss and smash of surf a hundred yards beyond his front balcony. Then his other cylinders began firing. It had been closer than that. By his bed was a window which faced on the crushed-shell lane serving the ocean-front houses. Taking care not to upset his last night's beer cans or the full ash tray on the sill, he ran up the blind a foot or two and leaned on one elbow in bed to see what was going on.

Across the lane was a square white cottage which had been empty since mid-October, as had been many along the beach. He had been told by a lady beachcomber that all would remain empty until early in February, when the first wave of refugees from the North would sweep into Florida. It was now only the third week in January. In front of the cottage, illuminated by a corner street light and a bright moon, were an orange-colored pickup truck festooned with ladders, a sedan towing a boat-bearing trailer, and several people, including . . . women! He couldn't even see these women clearly because they were behind the sedan, but they were there, and they were moving in! Something in his senses set up a deep hum, like a TV aerial on a windy night.

The truth was that the lack of women was the only flaw in his CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

Everybody loves a tea



Menu

Assorted Sandwiches
Oatmeal Lace Cookies
Cherry Meringues
Coconut Teacakes
Tea with
Lemon or Cream
Candied Ginger Grapefruit Peel
Mints

(Planned for twelve)

THERE is this about a tea that can be said about only a five-o'clock affair. Like a circus, it has any number of guests; they come and go as they please and they eat and drink as the spirit moves them.

The magnet that draws all guests surely to the focal point at a tea party is the tea table. Catch a bird's-eye view of a plate of little cakes, with wraps and bonnets and of several alluring colors, and what gives? Of course there's no elbow work allowed—ladies, aren't you? But you get them among the vanguard and it's as you planned it. "Strong, please, no lemon, one sugar." On and on and on we go, like a snowbird in the snow. It's fun.

Those delectable little lace cookies! Perfectly delicious! And you know Prue is famous, literally *famous*, for those cookies, and they're that easy you won't believe till you get the receipt. Good luck, my lamb. Did you *get* it? Well, good baking. You'll *love* making them. So *easy*, so *easy*.

Oatmeal Lace Cookies

Sift together into a bowl ½ cup flour, ¼ teaspoon baking powder and ½ cup sugar. Add ½ cup quick-cooking oats, 2 tablespoons heavy cream, 2 tablespoons light corn sirup, ⅓ cup melted butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon vanilla. Mix together until well blended. Drop onto an ungreased baking sheet, 4″ apart, using a ¼-teaspoon measuring spoon as a measure. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 6–8 minutes, until lightly browned. Let stand a few seconds before removing from pan. Makes about 6 dozen 2″ cookies.

And here are a couple of sweets you'll remember.

Cherry Meringues

Beat 2 egg whites with a pinch of salt until stiff but not dry. Add ⅔ cup fine granulated sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition, so the sugar is well dissolved. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring; beat until blended. Put into a pastry bag and using the rosette tube end make swirls 2″ in diameter on a greased baking sheet. With the end of a spoon make a little depression in the center of each swirl for the cherry filling. Bake in a very slow oven, 225° F., ½ hour until the meringues are crisp. Remove the meringues from the baking sheet. Cool and fill the centers with cherry preserves. Makes about 3 dozen meringues.

Coconut Teacakes

Use a white-cake mix. Bake in tiny cupcake pans. Frost with 7-minute icing—also a mix—tinted pink and sprinkle with coconut.

Another choice piece. Try this and say, "What doth our loved one feed on, thus to turn into a honeyed comb?"

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By Ann Batchelder

STUART-FOWLER



There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller

Our town's most eligible bachelor has a tricky way of judging a girl at Valentine's Day: Would she prefer a dozen red roses to just one yellow rose with an Edna Millay sonnet pinned on?

"I'm haunted by the suspicion," reveals Betty Comfort, removing her shoes at the front door after a party, "that people who love to discuss sex publicly in mixed company are the same ones whose private sex life is a problem."

Our town has become a gastronomical melting pot: When you dine out you're apt to encounter 1—pizza (Italian), 2—curry (Indian), 3—blintzes (mid-European) or 4—chow mein (American). Each appears in such infinite variety as to crowd hash or stew toward oblivion.

As I gather it, the college set is inclined to question the existence of such a thing as "romance," even when they've just parked 3½ hours in a wind-swept driveway with the temperature around zero.

Both the ladies at the bridge table the other evening denied vehemently that there's such a thing as intermittent warfare between the sexes. I've noticed that women who deny such strife are the very ones who're content with the way the battle's going.

I'm horrified that our town's school children no longer memorize Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. For most of us this and The Chambered Nautilus and To a Waterfowl are the brightest mementos of our school days.

To most of us men an early-morning shave or a quickie with an electric shaver seems primping enough—unless we happen to encounter by candlelight an especially lovely woman.

Some of our town's soundest men with haberdashery have remained leery of the vogue for masculine pink and black, yielding to it only for bed or underwear, or when at least 1000 miles away from home.

We read heart-rending post cards daily from friends wintering in Florida and California, complaining that the weather isn't quite like August at home. This breaks our hearts; what can we do but shiver or bleed in sympathy?

I smile secretly at the shocked newlyweds in our block. They behave as if they're the first ever to encounter the surprise cost of play pen, high chair and baby bed as unbudgeted expenditures.

A brand-new baby has established a dictatorship in our family, and I notice that anyone who charms a smile from him seems more elated than a spellbinder with a roar of applause at Madison Square Garden.

One of my sedate neighbors was shocked to discover at Mount Vernon a large chest in which George Washington carried twelve gallons of rum when he traveled. He should remember that this was before the invention of modern mouthwash; and travel was slower then.

"After years of marriage," confides Peter Comfort, dusting snow off his mailbox, "my wife is surer than ever that artichokes, hollandaise sauce and oyster stew are my favorite foods. By a queer coincidence they do happen to be hers."



"Read the 'Marriage Counselor' column today. You're in it."

My partner at the bridge table bawled me out because, instead of getting set by playing my hand the orthodox way, I made game with a lucky crossruff. She's good-looking enough to get away unscathed with such guff.

Suddenly the great world has overflowed our quiet town's social life. Out in the suburbs somebody had visitors from Denmark, and a neighbor served thick coffee and nougat in honor of a guest from the Turkish embassy. Our curved little fingers stuck out a mile.

At our club's round table I got $15 worth of free medical advice: Don't open your bedroom window more than a quarter of an inch. "Cold air plugs up your chest," said our modern young doc. "Even the looseness of a closed window gives you enough ventilation all night."

Our kids' grandparents reminisce that in their youth the stereoscope, dominoes and checkers interfered with pupils' homework too. But these weren't quite so hard on the eyes as TV, and fewer children wore glasses.

I'm wearing my new hand-knit tennis sweater with the red-white-and-blue V neck, proudly as a peacock. . . . But my lady warns me I mustn't wear it to bed even on the coldest nights.

Our worldlier townspeople smiled a little at a series of ultra-"well-bred" divorces which seemed almost too, too sporting. But only until a few rude, ill-mannered divorces exploded in court; then the well-bred ones looked positively chivalrous.

We were startled one evening when a legal eagle at a party told us how big inheritance taxes are likely to be—if we don't take steps. Our only consolation is that we don't have much to leave our heirs anyhow.

Three youngish matrons in our little circle have agreed to live together in the old rambling childhood home of one of 'em, when their husbands die. . . . But what happens if even one of the three husbands turns out pestiferously long-lived?

I'm no expert in the new science of "geriatrics," but from what I've seen of our senior citizens they're happier in each other's company at 70 and 80 than if they rely too much on the uncertain solace of children and grandchildren.

"If our scientists could only rest from their atomic bombs long enough," sighs our club's fat slim-souled man, "to invent something that tastes like roast-beef hash, but nonfattening even in large quantities!"

That couple in the glass house around the corner have played over 1100 games of chess in three years, at 10 cents a game. (They bank one third of his salary; and she's exactly 30 cents ahead. You can see 'em through their picture window, between the two lamps.) He claims he can beat her at checkers!

. . . When our youngest catches me scratching my head at my desk and asks if he can brew me a cup of tea,

. . . Or Junior invites his young brother to weekend at the university to see the sights,

. . . And our daughter reveals an overdue gratitude for inheriting my red hair,

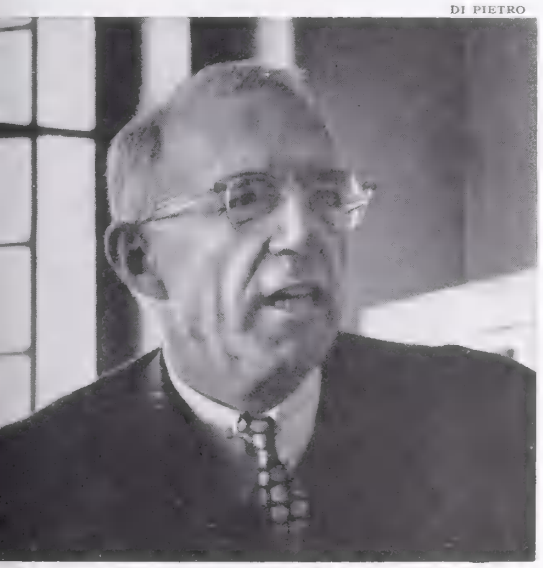
. . . Or my wife unexpectedly offers, to my confusion, to scrub my back in the tub,

Then I'm left with little to act soulful about and confess I'm as happy as man can get.

Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers

Bed-wetting is frequently caused by tension or insecurity—or even by the child's fear that he may wet the bed.

DI PIETRO



Dr. Spock says: "When mothers after them too much, children don't fight back in a grown-up way—they are more likely to be just pesky and ornery."

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

THIS month I want to try to tackle in a brief way the difficult topic of bed-wetting. (The medical term is enuresis.)

Most children become dry at night between 2 and 3 years of age. A few should probably be given the benefit of the doubt till 3½ or 4. A small number become dry before 2. Rarely a baby, usually a girl, will become dry by 1 year of age, before the mother has made any effort at all to train the child in the daytime. This is the clearest proof that night dryness comes naturally, as a part of growing up, and not primarily because of the parents' efforts.

There are a number of different reasons for bed-wetting. Some cases are caused by a physical abnormality or disease. Usually in these cases the child has difficulty controlling his urine in the daytime, too (for instance, there may be dribbling every few minutes, which the child can't control, or difficulty starting urination or inability to empty the bladder completely), or there may be burning on urination, frequency, and pus in the urine. Certainly any child who has any urinary symptoms in the daytime or who isn't becoming dry at night by 3 years should be checked by the doctor.

But in a majority of cases of bed-wetting no physical trouble is found and the child has normal control in the daytime (though he may wet his trousers a bit because he puts off going to the bathroom too long).

Of these cases of psychological enuresis there is still a variety of causes. One of the commoner, though not the commonest, types is the three- or four-year-old who has been dry for a number of months and then begins wetting again when a new baby arrives. He is feeling insecure for a while and, as we all do in such a mood, he retreats to a more babyish state of mind and behavior. He may not only wet his bed but he may suck his thumb more or cling to his mother's apron strings. Unconsciously he may long to have his mother change his wet night clothes the way she changes the baby's diapers. Perhaps he may also wet—unconsciously in his sleep—because he's mad at her for bringing this baby into his Garden of Eden. When London children were moved to the country, in large numbers, at the beginning of World War II, away from family, friends and familiar surroundings, many of them, even adolescents, reverted to bed-wetting. The main cause here, too, was probably retreat to babyhood in sleep, because of insecurity. The treatment in such cases is to try to make the child feel confident again about his place in the family and in the parents' affection.

But the commonest type of enuresis is different still. Four out of five cases occur in boys, and it is the boys that I will discuss first. Most of them have never become really dry at night. They go on wetting fairly steadily till 6 or 8 or 10 or 12 years of age. Often there was more than average difficulty getting the child trained in the daytime, at 1 and 2 years, with the mother becoming pretty cross at times and the boy resisting her efforts.

Child psychiatrists who have studied these cases (the late Dr. Margaret Gerard, of Chicago, did pioneer work on the problem) believe that in a majority of them—not all—there is tension between the mother and the son. She is devoted to him but she tends to be impatient with him, especially in regard to roughness, noisiness, messiness, slowness—aspects of boyishness which other mothers can take more philosophically. (This is why she may have got into arguments with him back at the time she was trying to train him in the daytime.) And the boy on his part is apt to be of a sensitive make-up: too easily convinced that he is inadequate. I don't want to give the impression that these enuretic boys are entirely docile. Though their mothers may keep after them too much, the boys usually give them plenty of provocation. They don't fight back in a grown-up way. They are more likely to be just pesky and irritating.

The bed-wetting is not a wholesome way for the boy to assert himself. It's as if he were saying to his mother in his sleep, "I'm mad at you for bossing me so much, but I don't feel courageous enough to stand up to you in the daytime. You've got me convinced that I'm just a naughty little baby so I'll have to protest in a babyish way by wetting my bed."

I want to make it absolutely clear at this point that the enuretic boy does not realize consciously that he is resisting his mother or reverting to babyishness in his sleep. Consciously he is very ashamed of his bed-wetting and is usually making strenuous efforts to control it. It would be entirely mistaken and work in the wrong direction if the parent were to assume or act as if he could stay dry if he wanted to. He can't change his dreams any more than you or I can.

If the basic problem with this type of bed-wetting boy is that he feels incompetent and defeated (he's apt to have trouble holding his own with other boys too), you can see why some of the control methods that conscientious parents use don't work better. Getting him up at night and leading him, stumbling, to the toilet? This is another proof that he can't take care of himself and that the parents have no confidence in him in this respect. Making him wash his own sheets and hang them out in public? Even more humiliating. He is terrified that outsiders, especially the other boys, will find out about his shame. Restricting fluids in the evening? It sounds logical enough, but actually the warning only gives him an immediate thirst—as it would you or me. Then he keeps begging for a drink and the mother has to keep impatiently denying him. This is bad for him and bad for her. Camp? Only if a boy has found that he can usually stay dry away from home and wants to try it, himself, and then only if the camp counselors are mature and experienced enough to be able to understand the boy's problem and be ready to protect him. A mediocre camp can be torture for an enuretic.

I don't know any magic to tell parents of a bed-wetting boy. (Of course I'd suggest that they try to get the help of a child psychiatrist or child-guidance clinic, especially if he has other troubles too.) I can only try to explain what has probably gone wrong with his feelings—about himself and his relations with his parents. If I had an enuretic boy I'd be inclined to have a friendly talk with him, somewhat as follows: "I think I've been barking up the wrong tree in keeping after you about the bed-wetting. It must have irritated you a lot. I understand now that quite a lot of boys have this problem, but that they practically all manage to gain control of their urine sooner or later. I imagine you'll get there sooner working by yourself. Good luck." Then I'd try hard not to badger him or belittle him about the dozens of other small issues that come up every day (knowing that this will be difficult to carry out because he's often irritating), but I'd hold him in line about important matters, and I wouldn't take any rudeness. I'd also look for other chances to build him up, at school or in the neighborhood—seeing to it that he has a bicycle or a football if that's what all the other boys have and if I can afford it, making his friends welcome, fixing up excursions and treats for them occasionally.

Often in the family of an enuretic boy the father is a quiet type who, on the one hand, prefers not to take much part in discipline but, on the other hand, is irritated by his son's immaturity and insufficient manliness. Both attitudes make it harder for the boy to gain confidence in himself. Every boy is helped to become manly by patterning himself after a father who is pally with him at times and yet who doesn't hesitate to assert himself to a reasonable degree in the family, including the disciplining of the children. I want to discuss more fully the father's part in discipline in another column.

What about the commonest kind of psychological enuresis in a girl? In the most typical cases (and of course there are other kinds) she is not timid or lacking in self-confidence. Quite the contrary. She is apt to be spunky, assertive, perhaps tomboyish. She may be inclined to be quite rivalrous with brothers if she has them, and with other boys. Far from being too distant from her father, she may be unusually close to him, appearing to be the closest to him of any member of the family. She may want to share all his interests and perhaps even dream of doing his kind of work when she grows up. If we can say that the problem of the typical enuretic boy is that he feels he is a baby, the problem of the most typical enuretic girl is that she is unconsciously trying too hard to be treated as a boy. If this is her trouble, she will be helped most if both her parents show that they particularly enjoy and love her just because she is a girl. She needs her father's continuing friendliness, but it will actually help her to be happy as his daughter if she sees clearly from his manner that he gives his companionship and tenderness primarily to his wife. His wife plays her part by being receptive to him in these respects.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—*Ed*



Cover noted circulation half a century ago. The JOURNAL was the first magazine ever to reach one million—today it would read "The Magazine With Five Million."

Line a Day

By Ann Batchelder

1 Has it ever occurred to you that the devil and the angels both have a cake, two of the best and best-liked, named for them? Lightning strikes where it will.

2 *Strike one:* Serve wedges of warm-from-the-oven devil's-food cake with just as warm vanilla-pudding sauce flavored with rum extract.

3 *Strike two:* Speak of an angel cake and there it is, now that it starts from a packaged mix. Have your way with it. This is mine: sprinkle with shredded coconut before baking.

4 Stand-in for hollandaise—if it's a stand-in you're looking for. Mix together ½ cup thick commercial sour cream with ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon curry powder and a little salt. Serve on cooked broccoli now and asparagus later.

5 *Risotto*, my dears, is a way with rice—a delectable way. Sauté 1 cup chopped onion and 1 cup raw rice in 2 or 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon saffron and 3 cups chicken stock. Cover and cook until liquid is absorbed. Add ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, the same of chopped cooked ham and a little more butter and salt to taste.

6 *Adventure file:* Going through the fat file captioned "Adventures in the Kitchen," I picked out the card labeled *Clam Chowder*. It suggested the grated rind of half a lemon in the chowder. Also read, "Did this, result first rate. Do it again." I did and shall.

7 Another tried and approved item from the same source is this: on occasion when you feel like adding a grace note to the consommé or the cream soup, just insinuate a little curry powder—and be sure it's only a grace note and not a whole chorus.

8 I always think of dill as "cool and clean" and tarragon and basil and thyme as the herbs "meant to bewitch a salad." Could you think of better words to describe them?

9 If you don't know what to do with the chicken livers, here's a hint: Cook and chop them. Mix with half as much chopped ripe olives and enough commercial sour cream to bind them together. Season with minced onion, salt and fresh or dried dill, and serve as a spread for crackers.

10 Have I told you the old old story about putting soft, *not melted*, butter or margarine on the loaf before cutting the slices for sandwiches or canapés? Gets thinner slices more easily and saves time and temper.

11 *Fritto misto* means a mixture of things fried—be they vegetables or fish or what not. It is out of the Italian and back again. When you bite into a tantalizing titbit, on the *fritto* platter, how can you know it by its name? You can't. You might say *fritto misto* means frivolous mystery.

12 Newburg sauce one meets at banquet, supper, luncheon—it's a masquerade and if you think it always means lobster you're off the beam. It's a sauce that nowadays shows up on almost anything.

13 Consider oysters when you are in the mood for a fine fish dish. There are dozens of ways to use oysters. Here is one of my pet receipts: Wrap the oysters in ribbons of fillet of sole or flounder. Fasten with toothpicks. And now for the cooking:

14 Season with salt, pepper and a whisper of mace or nutmeg. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Broil. Cover with a cheese sauce and broil a little longer, until the sauce is lightly flecked with brown.

15 *First-course department:* Dip large shrimp in a snappy Russian dressing. Arrange them in small individual pastry shells. Let the tails come together in the center and the bodies fan out. A pretense of a bed of water cress is herewith suggested. Serve more dressing.

16 Here's another receipt with winning ways. It starts with canned or frozen pineapple chunks which you must marinate for a short spell in a well-seasoned French dressing. Then drain them, and wrap each chunk in a sliver of Smithfield or *prosciutto* ham. Fasten with toothpicks. (And what would we do without those handy little tricks?) Serve on a bed of water cress.

17 Use only a very little vegetable coloring when you tint frosting or decorations. You want to go pastelly. Nothing to do with the house-painters' union.

18 Clam-and-tomato broth, half and half, mixed, made hot or cold, is an uplifter to start off with. You may pass with it tiny little orange baking-powder biscuits, hot-buttered, and heated in the bun warmer.

19 A complaint must be set right. Never grease an angel-cake pan. It leaves the batter like Spanish moss with nothing to cling to as it climbs.

20 As delicate as the laciest valentine—that's a strawberry soufflé. Purée enough thawed frozen strawberries to make 1 cup. Add ½ cup sugar gradually to 4 stiffly beaten egg whites—a meringue, you know. Fold in the purée gently. Pour into casserole and bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., 30 minutes. Serve pronto!

21 I like to go to parties as well as give them. At a recent dinner party I filched this bright idea from my hostess. Marry a can of condensed chicken soup to a can of green-turtle soup. Treat the mixture to a soupçon of curry and serve it piping hot with a float of minced parsley. Take my word for it, this is positively elegant!

22 Did you know that Washington's Birthday falls on pancake day this year? George, I'll bet, would approve of a stack of wheats layered with hot maple sirup and melted butter or margarine—half and half—for breakfast.

23 If you haven't tried it, take a can of mushroom soup and one of tomato soup, mixed. Now add ½ cup cream and the same amount of rich milk. Heat, season, serve in cups garnished with salted popcorn.

24 When oysters are fulfilling their accustomed annual role, one of the most anticipated of delicacies, fried oysters, is on the agenda—mine, anyway. Instead of frying, get a load of *this:* Dip them in beaten egg and noodles rolled very fine, brush over with melted butter or margarine, season and broil, turning once, till brown all over. Serve with cut lemon and water cress.

25 Little squab chickens, the size of a squab, are delicious stuffed with several spoonfuls of chopped canned stuffed orange, baked with butter or margarine and a few tablespoons of the orange sirup in small casseroles, until tender. Baste often. Serve on fried hominy with a sauce made of melted black-currant jelly and orange juice, slightly thickened with cornstarch and heated.

26 Desserts are as the sands of the seashore or as those found in a bunch of grocery spinach. Shut your eyes and pick. This one carries no tax on time or temper. Look! Take balls of vanilla or peach ice cream, put them in a *coupe* glass, surround with melon balls, strawberries and small pieces of orange, all previously marinated in honey. Over the whole works pour some honey and orange juice. Serve it cold.

27 For a salad that is different and very nice to look at, too, take cauliflower. Boiled in salt water, drained thoroughly and as thoroughly chilled. Then divide it into flowerets, neatly, dress with salad oil, vinegar, salt and pepper and a touch of Worcestershire sauce. Set on a bed of water cress or lettuce. Strips of pimiento add to the gaiety of things.

28 *Special to you all:* Start to Finish, my newest and best book, with some 800 Line a Day items collected from the JOURNAL, has been ready quite a while. There are scores of brand-new items, all bound, illustrated by a well-known artist, the whole works a Vermont product by Vermonters, from start to finish. And one lone dollar, sent to Start to Finish, Box 53, Woodstock, Vermont, will cause it to come flying to you, all postpaid. Your ANNIE.





Country-garden VEGETABLE SOUP... 15 different vegetables simmered in a hearty beef stock... for a bowl of delicious nourishment.

Old-fashioned VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP... lean beef, carrots, tomatoes, peas and barley in a fine beef stock. A mainstay soup for big appetites.





Savory CHICKEN GUMBO... a famous chicken and vegetable soup, with celery, tomatoes, okra and pieces of plump chicken in chicken broth.

Flavorful VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE SOUP... here's the energy-giving goodness of 15 fine vegetables in an all-vegetable broth, carefully seasoned.



Quick—nutritious—and simply delicious!

Campbell's 4 great Vegetable Soups





In these 3-hour danger periods your skin *"dies"* a little

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, doctors say, when your skin is in danger—open to such serious troubles as stretched pores . . . coarsened texture . . . cracking and "shriveling." These periods of skin "un-balance" occur right after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. Meanwhile, your defenseless skin "*dies*" a little . . .

Read how great beauties of the social world prevent the damaging effects of skin "un-balance"

After each washing—"re-balance" your skin

Whether you consider your complexion dry, oily or so-called "normal" . . . whether you are in your teens or your forties—your skin is susceptible to this problem of "un-balance" after washing—

That dry, taut, "burning" sensation
Rough flakiness . . . a blotchy look

These are the first danger signals of skin "un-balance" . . . a warning of more serious problems ahead.

Does this mean you should *stop* washing your face? Not at all. Skin specialists advise: "Wash your face, of course. But after each washing 're-balance' your skin *instantly* . . . "

You cannot afford to close your mind to those urgent demands of your skin with the excuse: "Nothing I do *now* will make any difference" or "I haven't time for those elaborate beauty routines any more."

A "re-balancing" application of Pond's Cold Cream will take you about 7 seconds—*far* less time than washing your face. And you *will* see results . . . you will actually *feel* the "re-balancing"—right away!

60 times faster than Nature

Light, swift-acting—Pond's Cold Cream "re-balances" your skin after washing—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats "shriveling," dryness and flaking. Restores elasticity, keeps pore-openings clear. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

And always at bedtime—a thorough clearing

In addition to quick daytime "re-balancings" after each washing, your complexion needs a *thorough clearing* with cream each night. *Deep* cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin looking fresh, clean—*younger* than it's seemed in ages!

Start now to give your skin these special privileges with Pond's Cold Cream. After every washing—a quick "re-balancing." At bedtime—a *deep* Pond's clearing. No beauty care could be *easier*. And you'll find none more *quickly* rewarding. Soon friends will be saying, "What have you done to yourself—you're looking radiant!"

Among the beautiful social leaders who use Pond's

MRS. FRANCIS IRÉNÉE DU PONT II

LA MARQUISE DE LÈVIS MIREPOIX

S.A.R. LA PRINCESSE MURAT

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND



The world's most-famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equaled. Get a large jar—begin giving your skin this simple, *complete* beauty care soon. *More women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made.*

La Comtesse Alain de la Falaise

An emerald-eyed brunette with a lightning-quick wit, the Comtesse is the daughter of the late Sir Oswald Birley, England's court painter; and by marriage, member of a famous French family dating back to the days of the Crusades. She has unerring fashion sense, is keenly aware of the rewards of effective skin care. "The most important part of my complexion care comes immediately after I wash my face," she says. "I never leave my skin unprotected an *instant* . . . but bring it back to normal at once with a light touch of Pond's Cold Cream. And at bedtime, I always give my skin a deep Pond's cleansing."

now hitting your town 5 nights a week

A trainload of outstanding radio personalities arriving *five* nights a week, instead of one—that's an easy-to-remember timetable that means enjoyment multiplied by five.

Used to be you had to catch Fibber, and Gildy, and Mr. Barbour, on a particular night, or you missed the train for a whole week.

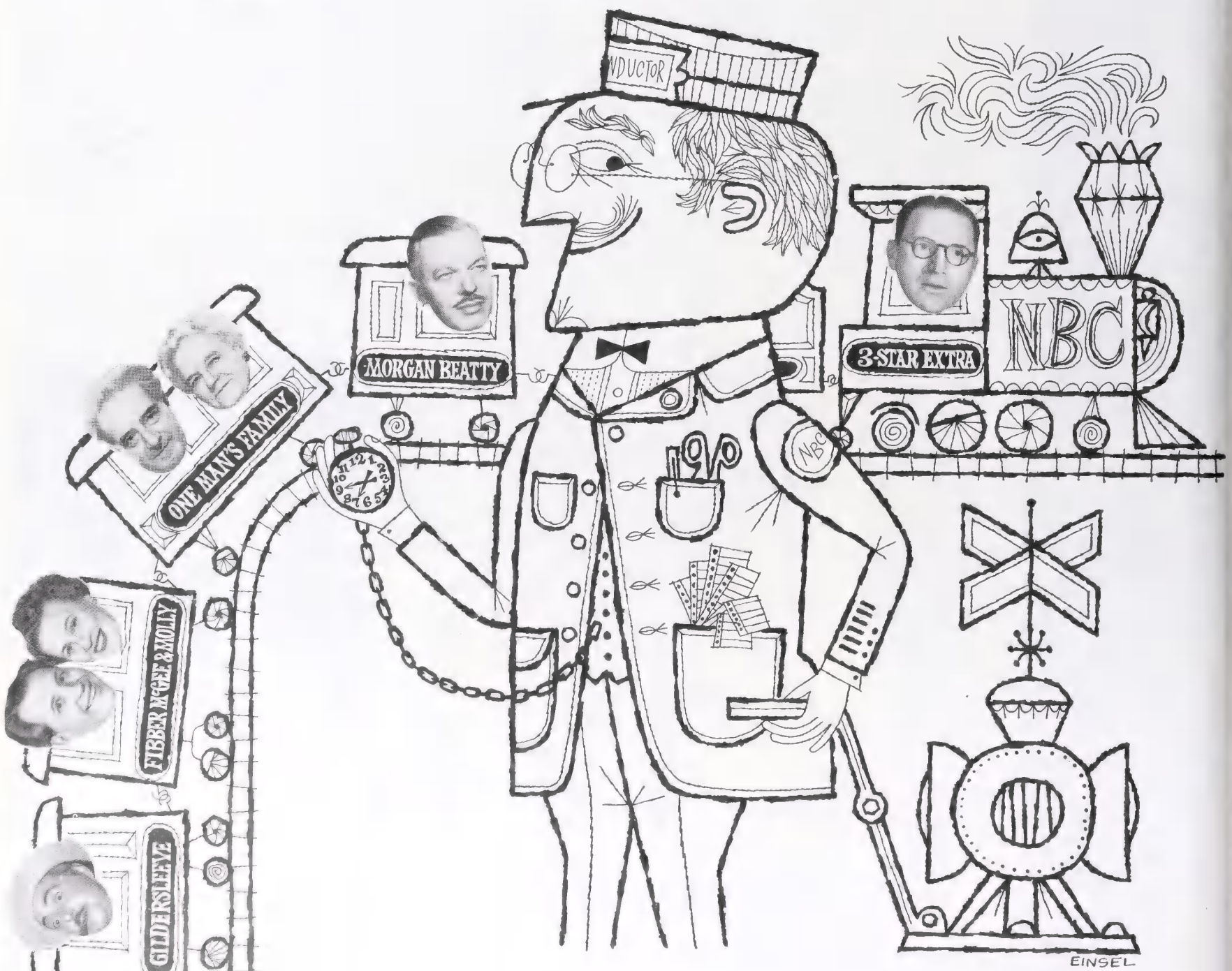
That's all changed now. Day after day, you *can't* miss. The amusing antics of Fibber McGee and Molly arrive by radio right on schedule *every* evening from Sunday through Thursday. So does The Great Gildersleeve, who's always *just* managing to get out of trouble.

The absorbing story of One Man's Family is your clear track to dramatic entertainment all through the week, Monday through Friday. And on those same five evenings, the NBC train carries a full passenger-list of newsmen, too. There's Ray Henle and 3-Star Extra—with a comprehensive round-up of news on the home front. There's Morgan Beatty with News of the World—radio's top-rated news service of up-to-the-minute reports from around the globe.

Makes it mighty pleasant and convenient to have a trainful of entertainment and information hitting town so often. With *five* opportunities to enjoy the finest comedy, drama and news, you're bound to make good connections, when you travel the NBC Radio line.

NBC RADIO
a service of RCA

consult your newspaper for local program-times and station



SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

s about himself which now demanded his tion.

nen Gilbert Bakeliss entered the Harvard Willis was able to meet him with this new ralness. Gil Bakeliss was in his middle s; his business suit—a dark gray flannel—gh correct in every detail, hung in a ed careless manner. He could afford, like s, to be natural, and the bridge of years een them was not disturbing.

illis said, "Would you care to visit the bar e we go to the dining room?" Willis d this question in a most tentative manner, use he never dreamed that Gil would touch op of anything in the middle of the day. et's see," Gil said. "The meeting I was to d this afternoon was called off. I might do a sherry, just in the nature of a celebra- after what you and I have been through her."

is was a compliment and Willis knew it. an like Gil Bakeliss would never have n a drink of sherry on a business day out a very good reason.

illis smiled at the barkeeper. "Two sher- please, very dry," he said.

either of them spoke as they watched the nan with the glasses.

Here's to Harcourt Associates," Gil said.

Thank you, Gil,"

is answered.

at is something n drink to with uine enthusi-

"

How was Mr. er Harcourt last ing?" Gil Bake- sked.

He was very mel- last night, for Roger," Willis

l Bakeliss took nall sip of his y. "I suppose ese majesty to k disparagingly he of your sub- tial stock- ers," Gil said, I have very sel- seen anyone e personality so terribly ying."

ey were obviously on a very pleas- nd friendly basis. "It isn't every day I en- n a banker," Willis said, and he laughed. the beginning of lunch talk turned to the n Europe. It was surprising to Willis that e like Gil Bakeliss should worry about ar, not for business but for purely per- reasons. One explanation for this, Willis sed, was that many men in the Bakeliss roup had participated in the last war, and ories and old reactions clouded their ective.

said, "Well, let's talk about something cheerful." He glanced at Willis. "It to me you ought to be pretty well d about this Harcourt Associates thing." vas a time to display restraint, because he who was too pleased about anything ed opposition.

ell, it was my baby in the beginning," said, "so maybe I'm prejudiced. I hope just a start, that's all."

en Gil Bakeliss glanced at him again, was sure he had said the right thing.

ell," Gil said, "maybe they don't know it ut you're running the whole show."

n, come now, Gil," Willis said, "I n't say that exactly."

rhaps not exactly," Gil Bakeliss said. you made a nice deal in the common It's funny, those old New England fam- ometimes don't think of common stock. e's any more lying around loose, I should you'd want to buy it. I wouldn't mind g a bit myself."

as clever of Gil to put his finger on the because it was the heart of the situation. Gil Bakeliss must have been wondering why Willis had asked him to lunch, obviously wasting a morning in New York for the privilege.

"I'm glad you brought that point up," Willis said.

Gil Bakeliss did not laugh, but his expression was amused. "Do you know if there is any common stock floating around for sale?" he asked.

"WELL, frankly," Willis said, "I think I know where there is quite a little. You remember Mrs. Jacoby's interest, don't you, Gil? Mrs. Jacoby's not interested in things in Rahway any longer since the death of her husband. I think she would rather like me to have those shares. There's only one difficulty."

He paused, and Gil Bakeliss smiled again. "How much money do you think it would take, Willis?" he asked.

Willis's instinct told him it was not the time to set a figure. He smiled and shook his head again. "That isn't the point, Gil," he said. "I was wishing that Harcourt Associates' common stock would be decent collateral for a bank loan, but of course it isn't."

The cards were on the table now and there was one of those indecisive moments when everything was in balance, but in a second it was over.

"Now, Willis," Gil Bakeliss said, "I know quite a little about collateral. It happens that we're interested—in a small academic way, of course—in Harcourt Associates. Why else do you think I came over here for lunch?"

Sylvia, as she sometimes told Willis, had graduated with honors from Radcliffe, and Willis was the first to admit the agility of Sylvia's mind. Yet sometimes he was not sure whether Sylvia had ever understood fully what had happened to them both when Harcourt Associates was formed. The truth was that Sylvia, like everybody else, had certain intellectual blind spots. Willis had to admit that he felt a twinge of disappointment in Sylvia's reaction when he returned to Orange after his luncheon with Gil Bakeliss.

It was half past five before Willis reached the house. "Yoo hoo," he called. "Yoo hoo, honey."

He shouted his greeting up the stairs, where Sylvia would be bathing Paul, and Al would be playing in what was called the nursery. He was surprised when Sylvia answered him from the kitchen.

"Oh," she called, "is that you, Willis?"

Willis had to laugh at her question. "No, honey," he called, "it's the president of the Aluminum Company of America." He even made his voice sound like the imaginary voice of the president of the Aluminum Company of America, but Sylvia did not catch the spirit of it.

"Well, now you're home," she called, "come here and help me, or we won't get any supper."

Sylvia was in the kitchen looking hot and tired. Her sleeves were rolled up and she was wearing one of Margaret's aprons. The table was covered with mixing bowls and pans.

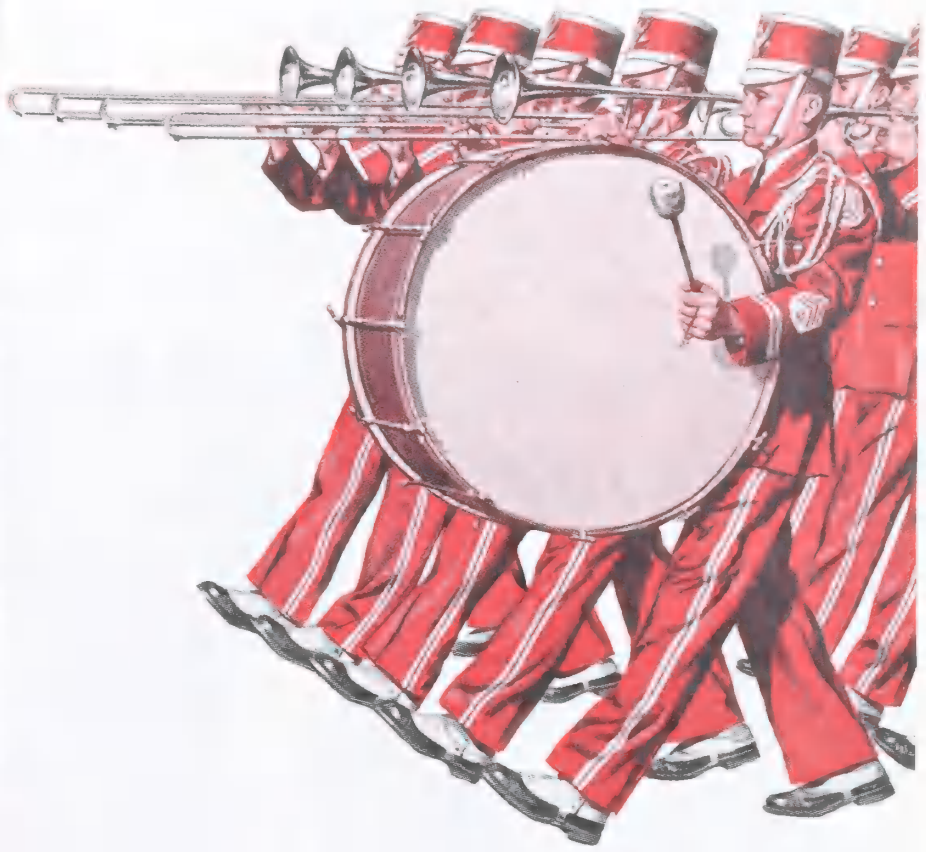
"Why, honey," he said, and he kissed her, "where under the sun is Margaret?"

It was a natural question and he was sorry that it made Sylvia impatient.

"She left at three o'clock for good. She was cross about cutting up Al's chop. She said it was Miss Farquahr's work or my work, but not her work."

"But we haven't got Miss Farquahr now, honey," Willis said.





Which beats faster... a drummer or YOUR HEART?

WHEN a march . . . such as "The Stars and Stripes Forever" . . . is played in standard marching time, the bass drummer beats his drum around 70 times a minute.

Your heart, however, beats even faster . . . about 72 times a minute or more than 4,000 times an hour. Moreover, your heart, unlike the drummer, never gets a chance to rest, save for a fraction of a second between beats. On and on it beats to pump about 240 gallons of blood throughout the body every hour, year in and year out.

Multiply the heart's hourly output of work by the days, months and years that it functions during an average lifetime, and you will realize how wonderfully sturdy and efficient the healthy heart is.

The heart also has remarkable reserves of strength and recuperative powers. Even after it has been seriously impaired, the heart is often capable of continuing its work for years . . . *if care and discretion are taken not to overburden it.*

Yet, despite the strength of the heart, diseases of this organ lead all other causes of death.

There are many reasons why fatalities from heart disease have mounted. For example, more and more people are living to older ages when hearts naturally lose their ability to carry on. New methods of diagnosis have also brought to light certain heart disorders that were once erroneously regarded as "acute indigestion" or some other vague condition.

If you would keep your heart working efficiently throughout life, never wait for symptoms to jolt you into giving it the consideration it deserves. Indeed, if you are approaching middle age, *now* is the time to help your heart by following such safeguards as these:

1. **Have regular, thorough health examinations.** These are important not only for detecting heart trouble early, but also for detecting other diseases that could affect the heart.
2. **Slow down after 40.** Make a determined effort to eliminate hurry, bustle and over-exertion from your daily life. If you want to continue sports, don't overdo them.
3. **Don't overeat.** Mortality from heart disease occurs one and one half times more often among overweight people than among those of normal weight. This is reason enough for keeping your weight down.
4. **Get the rest you need.** Plenty of sleep and relaxation contribute much to both your physical and mental health. When you relax, so does your heart.

Should heart disease occur, it should not necessarily mean the end of useful, rewarding activity. In fact, even a damaged heart may outlast a much stauncher heart that is abused, providing a person really takes care of his or her heart and protects it against undue strain.



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"I called her, and we've got her for a day or two," Sylvia answered. "She's going to stay and help out until we get someone new in the kitchen."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, honey," Willis said. "We'll just leave everything, and you and I hop in the car and go somewhere for a bite to eat. Frankly, I'm just bursting with a lot of things I want to tell you."

"Oh, Willis," Sylvia said, "you know we can't go anywhere. I have to get supper for Miss Farquahr and Al."

"Now, wait a minute," Willis said. "Why can't Miss Farquahr throw something together for herself and Al?"

"Of course she can't, Willis," Sylvia said. "She's a trained, not a practical, nurse; she has to bathe Paul and Al. And besides, you know very well I have to give Paul his supper at seven o'clock."

"Now, honey," Willis said, "I'm going to help you with the dishes and everything. It was silly of me to think that we should go anywhere in the car, but I do have one suggestion."

"All right," Sylvia said. "I don't mind suggestions, if they're sensible, darling."

After all, it was nice to be home, even if everything was in disorder. Willis said, "Before we do anything more about supper you take off that apron, go and get the cocktail things and I'll get some ice and we'll have a quiet Martini just to celebrate."

"To celebrate what?" Sylvia asked.

"Why, my being vice-president of Harcourt Associates, darling," Willis said, "and several other things. Just you take off that apron."

"I don't know whether it would be very good for Paul," Sylvia said.

"Just exactly what has Paul got to do with it?" Willis asked.

"I wish I didn't have to underline everything," Sylvia said. "I told you I was giving Paul his supper at seven o'clock. I suppose I'm silly, but it doesn't seem decent to take a Martini and then go up to little Paul with liquo my breath."

"Now, honey," Willis said, and he took firmly by the shoulders and pushed her fully out of the kitchen. "Let's compromis half a Martini. I've really got something portant to tell you. You get the shaker the glasses and powder your nose while the rest."

"What's the matter with my nose?" Sy asked.

"Your nose is very cute, honey," Willis her. "I just said that as a joke."

Making a Martini that afternoon was a stone to his day. It was a pleasure to get ev thing in order, the shaker and the glass sti the bowl of ice. Actually he had made Martini very quickly, and it was excelle blended.

"Now just relax a minute, please, Sylv Willis said. "I haven't told you anything ab what happened up in Boston."

"I know you haven't," Sylvia said, " I'm dying to hear."

"Well, as of yesterday noon, you bec the wife of Mr. Willis Wayde, executive v president of a very streamlined and aggres concern known as Harcourt Associates, v now has a salary of twenty-five thousan year."

"Darling," Sylvia said. Her voice rose, he felt that there was something restrai about her enthusiasm. "I'm glad—but t you've been talking about twenty-five th sand a year for weeks."

"Well, it's in the bag now, honey," W said. "And that isn't all, honey. As a spe inducement to retain my services they let have fifteen per cent of the stock. I was w ing to settle for ten, but there it is, fifteen."

"Why, Willis," Sylvia said, "I think tha perfectly wonderful."

He did not know why he should have b annoyed, because it was exactly what Syl should have said.

"It's going to be a lot more wonderfu Willis said, "when that common stock beg paying dividends."

Now that Willis had finished his Martini knew it was not going to be long at all bef they began retiring some loans and pari down on the preferred.

"You remember that speech I was worki on, honey?" Willis said.

"Oh, yes," Sylvia said, "I'm sure it we wonderfully."

There was no reason, under the circu stances, why he should not have another Ma tini. Willis smiled at her and lifted up the g bottle.

"I wish you'd been there," Willis sa "That speech really got them, honey. I nev knew that I could be so good."

"I knew you'd be," Sylvia said, "becau you're good at everything."

"I DON'T know whether you remember th part where I defined an idea, honey," Wil said. "It went this way, just in case you've fo gotten: 'There is one thing of which I am sur and that is that no idea is original per se. It nothing but a minted coin with an impri similar to that of a million other coins, but it never a counterfeit.'"

"Willis," Sylvia said, "don't you think yo could tell me the rest of it in the kitchen whi I start supper? Would you like an omelet?"

"Why, certainly," Willis said, "I should e joy an omelet very much, and pardon me fo inflicting my speech on you. I only had th thought you'd be interested."

"Oh, Willis," Sylvia said, "please don't b huffy. I just can't seem to keep my mind o your speech. Right now it's a quarter past six."

Willis felt a touch of honest indignatio "And suppose it is six-fifteen?" he asked.

"Willis, dear," Sylvia said, "there *is* suppe for Miss Farquahr, and then there's Pau Can't the rest of it wait till later, when we hav more time?"

Willis paused before he answered, becaus he wanted to be absolutely fair. "All righ honey," he said, "let's skip the whole thing. guess you're right—the rest of it can wait."

"Oh, Willis," Sylvia said, "you're no angry? I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

The last thing he wanted was to have Sylvi think that she had hurt his feelings, and conse



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In fact, every two ounces of Nucoa provides 62% of your own child's daily needs of these very vital vitamins. What a build-up on your family's daily bread!

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New enriched NUCOA® is so good it's digestible even for babies

y he laughed in what he hoped was a friendly manner.

course I'm not mad," he said.

ien don't try to look like Ronald Col- Sylvia said.

oney," he said, and he tried to measure oughts and words, "there's no use talk- you when you take this attitude. I'd pre- delay our conversation until you are in a er mood."

here isn't anything wrong with my ," Sylvia said, "except I don't care to you address me as if you were speaking Rotary Club."

lis drew a deep breath. Strangely, a num- small things had become large. He said, ow I'm clumsy, because I did not come a professor's family in Cambridge. I'm a fellow who tries to get a little culture by g Doctor Eliot's Five Foot Shelf of . Wait, don't interrupt me, honey."

ien don't call me honey," Sylvia said, in ned voice. "I can't stand it."

l right," Willis said, "I won't, Sylvia. let me make my point. I've called you because I've loved you. I didn't know uldn't stand it. Maybe it hasn't occurred that there are some things I can't stand I can't stand"—he had to raise his voice own out Sylvia's—"I can't stand being ed at because I quote Keats and y. Maybe you marry me for I know why you ed me—and interrupt me, ."

narried you be- I thought you little common " Sylvia said.

h, no," Willis that wasn't why married me. e not as dumb t, Sylvia. You d me because wanted dresses a comfortable and because ke new cars and untry club and l Five and Paris clothes, and don't you tell me any dif- g, Sylvia, and I haven't demanded much personally, except for a little and quiet in the home, which I have got. There is, however, just one thing think I have a right to ask."

paused. He was amazed and appalled e should have said so much, because he ever before dreamed of having such a with Sylvia.

on't interrupt me, Sylvia," he said, e. I want to make my point. I think I right to ask, when I come home tired, vorking my fingers to the bone for you ur two children, that you might at least to me politely when I am trying to ex- to you how I am trying to make the that you married me for. Does that or not seem reasonable?"

llis," Sylvia said, "please don't shout at m not used to it."

is found himself answering with elabo- ntleness. "My dear Sylvia," he said, "I ot the slightest intention of raising my but now that I have made my point I ot bother you any longer. I will go to the y club and have a quiet dinner. I pre- ou have no use for the car this evening."

llis," Sylvia said, "do you think you're condition to drive a car?"

as a question which did not require an . Willis turned on his heel and walked e front hall.

llis," he heard Sylvia call.

is picked up his hat and topcoat and ed the front door behind him. He had said so much before to anyone in anger. uestion of Sylvia's about his being able ve a car was ridiculous. After his ap- ceship at entertaining Beakney-Graham ners, he could drink six Martinis, if ary, without showing it

Yet there was always a reaction to everything, and reaction came as soon as he reached the country club. There was no one in the bar except Joseph, the steward.

"Everyone's off tonight, Mr. Wayde, sir," Joseph said, "but I can fix you a lamb chop and some French fries."

"I'm sorry I came so suddenly, Joseph," Willis told him. "A lamb chop and some French fries would be excellent, and I wonder if I might have a dry Martini cocktail? If you're too busy, I should be glad to mix it personally."

HE was certain he had been right in everything he had said to Sylvia, but, in spite of his conviction of having been absolutely right, Willis had a sense of remorse as he absently stirred his third Martini cocktail. Perhaps he had been too hard on Sylvia. He should have had a more sympathetic understanding.

"Your chop is ready, sir," Joseph said. "I can serve it right here, if you'd prefer it, sir."

"Thank you, Joseph," Willis said. "If it is not too much trouble, I should appreciate it very much."

Willis did not want to stay at the club too long, because that might give Sylvia the impression that he was seriously angry, but he was sure that Sylvia would be in bed and asleep by the time he did return. Instead, to his surprise, she was sitting in the living room knitting on a sweater.

"Did you have a good dinner at the club, dear?" Sylvia asked.

"Oh, a fine dinner, honey"—Willis said, "er—sweetness."

"Call me honey, if you like," she said, "I'm used to it by now."

She looked at him shyly, and all at once he felt absolutely happy.

"Listen, honey," he said, "I know I'm crude in spots, but I want to do the best I can for you and the babies."

"Oh, Willis," Sylvia said, "I believe in you all the time. I wish you'd kiss me, dear."

"Why, certainly," Willis said. "It will be a pleasure, honey."

All that scene seemed relatively unimportant, but something had changed between him and Sylvia ever afterward. Back there in Orange, before Pearl Harbor, before Louise was born, he and Sylvia had struck a balance, and you had to strike one somewhere in a marriage. On the whole it had been a very good balance.

The war years, conferences with Government bureaus, interminable trips to Washington, labor disputes and the renegotiation of contracts, were already approaching rapidly. It had not occurred to Willis yet that his country might be in danger, but he had realized that business was on the threshold of great industrial expansion.

The stockholders' meeting of Harcourt Associates was called in late June that year, and Mrs. Henry Harcourt, in keeping with the old tradition, had invited the stockholders to luncheon. It touched Willis especially that Mrs. Harcourt wrote asking him and Sylvia to stop at the big house before the meeting.

"Honey," he said to Sylvia the evening he had received the note, "I have a very gracious letter from Mrs. Henry Harcourt, asking us to be her guests. I hadn't thought of bringing you up there, honey, but I do think it would be a very nice idea, both personally and businesswise."

"I think it would be lovely," Sylvia said. "Let's see, Mrs. Henry Harcourt is the old Mrs. Harcourt, isn't she?"

"Good for you, honey," Willis said. "Yes, Mrs. Henry Harcourt lives in the big house. She used to be mighty kind to me when I was a kid."

"The more I think of it, the better I like the idea of going," Sylvia said. "Oh, by the way, a man called you up just before you got home. He said his name was Mr. Lever."

"He did, did he?" Willis said. "Well, that's another story we'll have to go into later, sweetness."

"He wanted to talk to you about a house, I think," Sylvia said.

The whole thing was meant to be a surprise, and it was annoying of Ted Lever almost to have spoiled it.

"Oh, I've only had a vague idea," Willis said, "but let's schedule our visit to the Harcourt place. I'm going to be pretty proud of you up there, and I want everybody to see how beautiful you are. So I'm going to write you out a check and send you into town tomorrow to Bergdorf Goodman's."

"But I've plenty of clothes, Willis."

Willis smiled at her. "I always think you look lovely, honey," he said, "in whatever you wear, but this is a sort of special occasion. "How about getting a lot of new things—a suit, an afternoon-and-evening frock, and a light coat, and shoes and accessories?"

"But, darling," Sylvia said, "I don't believe you have any idea what all those things will cost."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

THE COMPASS CAUSED IT

To show their readers that their coverage was complete, that the published items were received from the four quarters of the globe, early newspapers showed the four points of the compass, N, E, W and S. And the four letters, run together at the top of the first sheet of these printed items of current happenings, eventually caused them to receive official recognition of the slang term by which they were known—newspapers.

—MARY ALKUS

I AM PROOF YOU CAN REDUCE AND STAY REDUCED WITH THE KNOX EAT-AND-REDUCE PLAN

says Mrs. Aileene George of Sunnyside, N. Y.



"Here's how I looked when I started the Knox Reducing Plan *over 2 years ago.* I wore a size 20 dress!

Three months later, my hips were down a whopping 6¾ inches . . . my waist down 4¼ inches!

And this is the way I am today! I wear a youthful size 14 dress, look better and feel wonderful."

Introduced by KNOX over 3 years ago . . .

Tested and proven time after time . . . KNOX GELATINE Eat-and-Reduce Plan is a successful, safe way to lose up to 5 pounds a week!

The key to this whole plan is KNOX UNFLAVORED GELATINE—the finest quality gelatine that can be made—recommended by doctors all over America!

In the past three years more than a million people have sent for the *original* Knox Gelatine Eat-and-Reduce Plan.

Proof aplenty of the need for a safe, pleasant way to get rid of unwanted pounds without pills, wafers, drugs or synthetic substances of any kind. The Key to the Knox Plan is a famous food product you and your doctor have had confidence in for many years.

Now, here is a *new, improved, easier-to-follow Knox* Reducing Plan that lets you live and work as usual while getting rid of 2 to 5 pounds a week. Enjoy most of your favorite foods in 3 delicious meals a day *plus* "between-meal" snacks. The Knox Plan's 36 valuable pages including the *entirely new* Knox-exclusive Choice-of-Foods Diet List Chart (that actually counts calories for you) gives over 25 low-calorie recipes, and *complete* detailed advice on safe, practical reducing.

Mail this coupon and get ready to see the pounds melt away!

WHY DOCTORS RECOMMEND KNOX

Knox Unflavored Gelatine is pure, finest quality gelatine made with exacting pharmaceutical care. It has long been known to be an important source of supplementary protein and very high in nutritive value. Knox is *all* protein . . . unlike factory-flavored jell desserts, which are about ⅞ sugar and ⅛ gelatine.



KNOX

the REAL gelatine—
ALL PROTEIN—NO SUGAR

at your grocers
in 4-envelope family size
32-envelope economy diet size

The name KNOX on every package is your protection. Our product is never sold under any other name!



FREE! The big new 36-page improved Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan plus the easy-to-follow Choice-of-Foods Diet List Chart.

SEND TODAY!

KNOX GELATINE, Box LH-7,
Johnstown, N. Y.

Mail me my *free* copy of the new Knox Gelatine Eat-and-Reduce Plan.

NAME .....

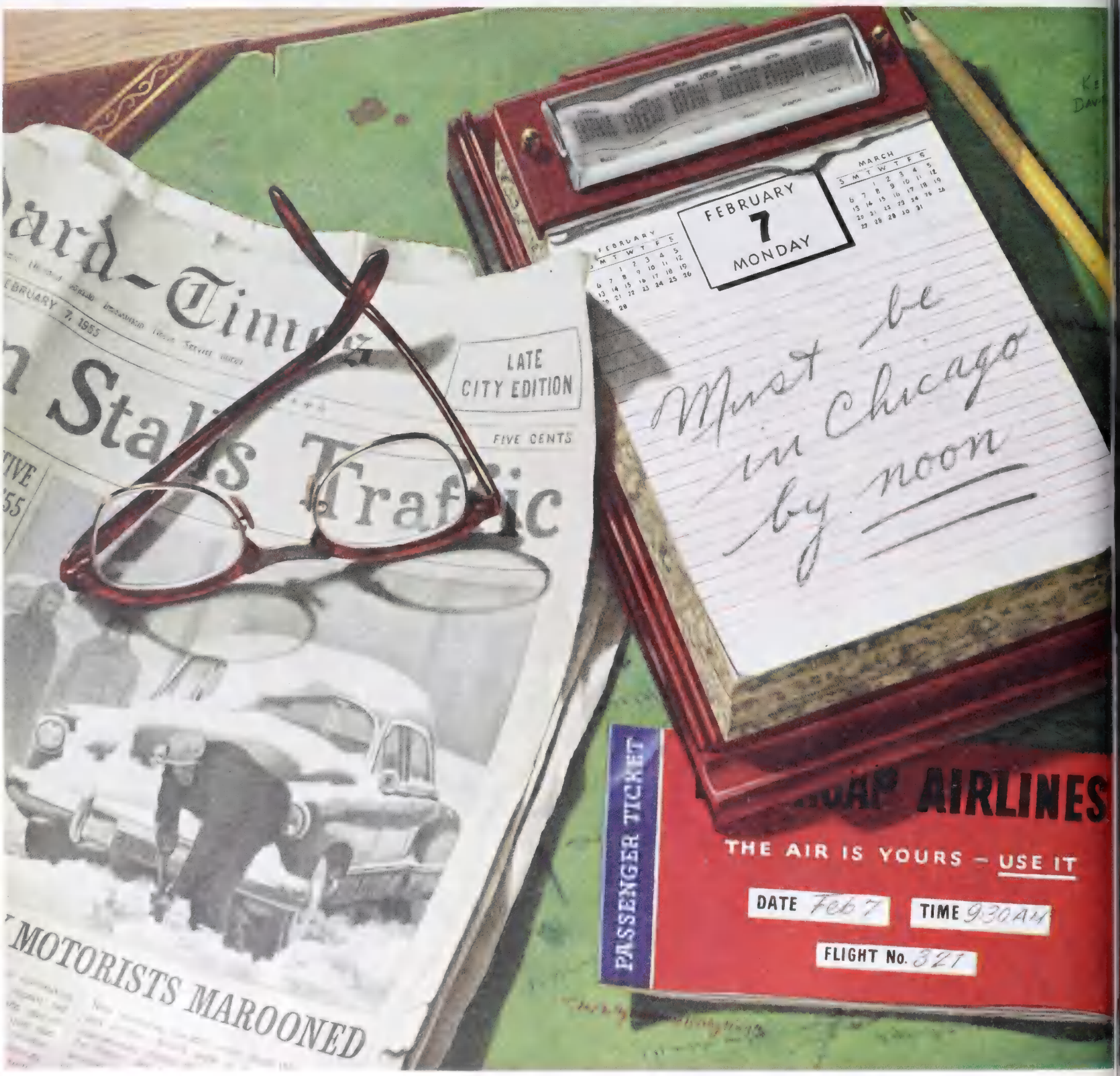
ADDRESS .....

Winter's a wonderfu



YOU'LL ENJOY THESE MAJ

Every year—in winter and every season—*millions* of new travelers go by air. Last year alone nearly 28 million travel-wise men and women flew on scheduled U. S. airlines, and this year's total will be higher by millions. Why the growth in air travel? Because more and more Americans have found that air travel *any time* of year in t dependable airliners gives them *all the advantages of speed, safet fort and economy.* Ask any airline representative or travel agent you full details about the many conveniences of winter airline



...time to fly...

...R TRAVEL ADVANTAGES EVEN MORE IN WINTER



...BY CLOCK—NOT BY CALENDAR—Whether your trip covers hundreds ...s or thousands, air travel is far faster than the swiftest surface transpor- ...For instance, new airliners fly from California to New York in less than ..., or across the Atlantic in 12, saving you days of precious time. Air travel ...oo, with flights serving 580 major cities in the United States.



2. FIVE TIMES SAFER—Why risk icy roads when you're five times safer traveling by airliner than when you go by automobile. Safe, dependable American-built air transports have set all-time safety records. At the same time, air travel has increased by *billions* of passenger miles, with scheduled airliner landings and takeoffs averaging one every 5½ seconds.

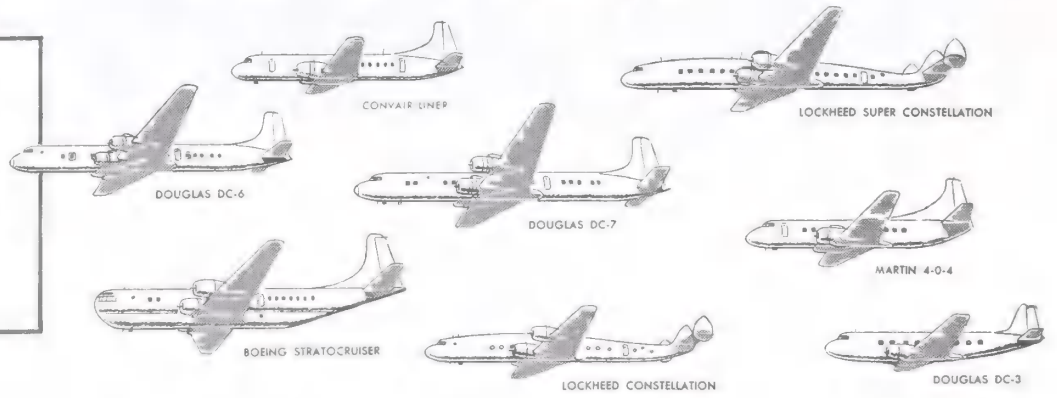


...CONDITIONED COMFORT—Today's luxurious air giants are designed ... comfort, as well as for speed and safety. Spacious cabins have stretch- ...m with modern reclining seats. On larger planes you'll find handsome ... and even private rooms. And on all airlines, personal services and ...n make flying truly enjoyable.



4. THRIFTY, TOO—Go by air for your biggest travel value. All the advantages of speed, comfort, safety and economy are yours to enjoy often for less than the total trip cost of surface transportation, when you consider other en route expenses. Savings can be even greater on family travel plans and air coach or tourist services offered by nearly every airline.

America's leading airliners are Douglas DC-3s, DC-6s and DC-7s, Convair-Liners, Martin 4-0-4s, Boeing Stratocruisers and Lockheed Constellations. Every type depends on Pratt & Whitney Aircraft engines or Hamilton Standard propellers, or both—products which help make them the finest and most dependable passenger aircraft in all the world.



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...PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT *engines,* HAMILTON STANDARD *propellers and aircraft equipment, and* SIKORSKY *helicopters for our armed forces and the finest airlines in the world.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

"Listen, honey," Willis said, "you go get them. Here's a blank check and you fill it in. I'll feel hurt if that check is filled in for anything less than six hundred dollars."

There were a great many things he could not say, but he liked to think that he had implied most of them when he mentioned the minimum figure.

"You're awfully sweet, dear," she said, "and you don't have to explain. I'm not so dumb."

"O.K., as long as you know I love you."

"I love you too," she told him. "I used to think it was bad being a woman, but perhaps being a man is worse."

"Let's put it this way," Willis said. "Everyone has a tough time occasionally, regardless of sex."

It was not a tough time then; it was a rare moment when two people understood each other so well that they could talk without worrying what the other might be thinking.

"Honey," he said, "there's something else I maybe ought to tell you but I won't right now except to say I think it's something that you're going to like."

He could see now that he should have discarded his romantic idea of giving her a big surprise. He should have realized that a home, even though located in a top-flight development like Northfield Park in West Orange, was not like a diamond-and-sapphire clip. No one, he knew now, should ever flash a new home as a surprise on any wife, but Willis was still only thirty-three. After all, he could not know everything.

As long as they were going to make the trip, Sylvia had suggested very sensibly that they might add a day or two more to it, so that she could have a chance to see her family in Cambridge, and Willis had concurred cheerfully. There was only one thing upon which he insisted, and he hoped that Sylvia understood his point. He had insisted that before going up to Clyde they should occupy a small suite at the Ritz instead of staying with the Hodge at Craigie Street.

The stockholders' meeting had been cal for a Friday, and they arrived in Boston M day evening. Consequently Willis wrote Mrs. Harcourt that they would motor fr Boston, arriving at the Harcourt place in t for dinner on Thursday, staying through Friday stockholders' lunch and returning Boston directly afterward.

Willis had not anticipated how busy would be in Boston. The telephone began ri ing almost the moment they got to the su and by breakfast time next morning his sch ule was almost entirely filled for the two en ing days, and would have been for the nig too, if he had not insisted on some leisure. in the midst of those crowded hours, Wi frequently found himself worrying about trip to Clyde. Instead of its being someth that he could look forward to with pleasu it began to loom up like an ordeal.

"Willis," Sylvia said, "isn't everything goi all right?"

He was startled by the question, because erything up in Boston had been going very w indeed. The sales organization was in fi shape. Production was being stepped both at the Harcourt Mill and at Rahway; explained this carefully to Sylvia.

"So you're asking a very silly questi honey," he told her. "What made you ask everything wasn't going all right?"

"You just seem tense," Sylvia said, "t then I suppose you're worried about t meeting."

"Oh, no," Willis said. "The meeting's goi to be a real love feast to which I'm fran looking forward, honey, and I have a sort selfish feeling that I want to show you off to those people. That reminds me, I've forgott to call up a Cadillac renting service. I m make a memo to do it in the morning."

"What kind of a renting service?" Syl asked.

"It's one of those services that supply Cadillac and a liveried chauffeur," Willis to her. "Now, I know what you're going to sa sweetness. Sure we could go up on the trai but this is going to give me a chance to relax

"But what are people going to say," Syl said, "when we drive up that way? It looks ostentatious, Willis."

He understood what Sylvia meant by oste tation, but he could not see why Sylvia shou always be afraid of it.

"There's a whale of a lot of difference b tween ostentation and intelligence," Wil told her. "It's just being plain intelligent to up there with a car and a driver. Also, swee ness, I'd rather have people up there think can afford it than have them think I can't

He was sure this was what old P. L. Nag would have said. He could remember old P. driving up there in a Cadillac, but of cour this had no influence on his judgment.

Willis had been absolutely right about t Cadillac, and he was glad to be motorin through a green June country, instead catching the train for Clyde. His mind we back to that first day he had gone to Cly with his mother on that blistering-hot Augu afternoon. The country had seemed strange him, and in spite of all the time he had lived New England he still could not feel a part of as Sylvia did, although Sylvia was seeing Cly for the first time. It was strange that Sylvia sa a great many things that he had never n ticed—gardens, and peculiarities of archite ture.

"I don't see why you never told me it was beautiful," she said.

"If you like this," he said, "just wait unt you see the Harcourt place."

He could not exclaim, as Sylvia did, at t farmhouses along the river or at the views the river, because he had seen too much them when he was younger. He had to dire the driver through the village.

"You'll see the stone walls and the gat house," he said, "and when you see a pond o the right-hand side of the drive, bear to th right. It's a large granite house."

The rhododendrons and the laurel were ou making, as always, a fine show, and the ros gardens were at their best in June.

I think about women all the time



Not that I'm romantic—I'm a Chevrolet engineer. But the most demanding part of my job is seeing that the cars we design come as close as possible to a woman's ideal.

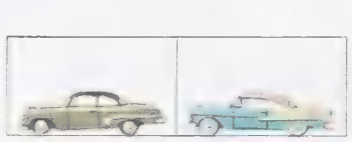
That's not easy. For a woman is both a realist and a dreamer. Her common sense demands gasoline economy and durability. But her heart longs for things which have been unattainable in a low-cost car —a serene luxuriousness in ride and handling, an elegance of styling, all the power aids that make driving an effortless exercise of command.

Our new car, I believe, comes closer than any other to answering what lies in both a woman's mind and heart. And for these reasons:

New Appearance
Here is style to match any motor vehicle in the world—long, low lines, the smartness of a European-type grille, a whole spectrum of exciting new colors . . . all within a new body-and-frame structure that has more hiproom and more hatroom.



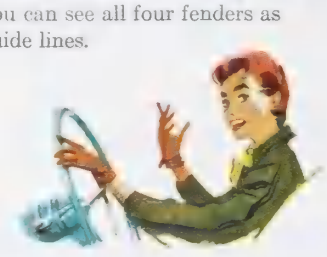
New Ride
It takes an engineer to understand *why* the new Glide-Ride front suspension smothers bumps like a down pillow. But any woman can instantly *feel* the supple serenity with which the new Chevrolet moves . . . and the friction-free ease of ball-race steering.



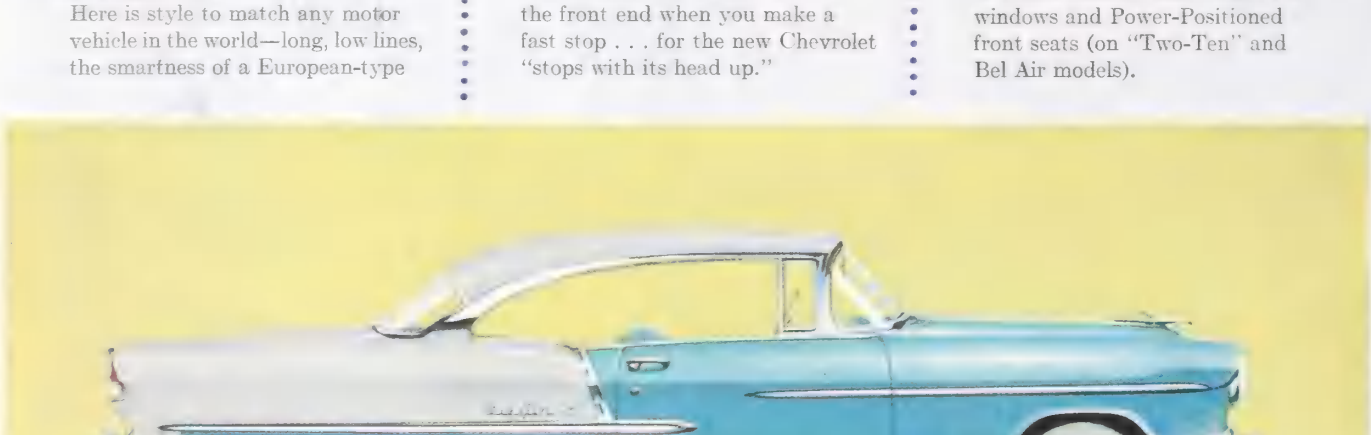
Anti-Dive Control
A detail? . . . Maybe, but it sharply reduces that annoying "dive" of the front end when you make a fast stop . . . for the new Chevrolet "stops with its head up."



New Visibility
The deep futuristic curve of the new Sweep-Sight windshield means almost open-air visibility for the woman at the wheel—and there is more glass all around. In parking, you can see all four fenders as guide lines.



Power for Every Need
Chevrolet's extra-cost power options are designed to heed the flick of one slim finger, the touch of a toe-tip. A smoother Powerglide. Power Steering, to take the pull out of parking. The velvety grip of Power Brakes. And Power-Lift windows and Power-Positioned front seats (on "Two-Ten" and Bel Air models).



Behind it all is the tradition that every woman respects—Chevrolet's reputation for long, trouble-free life and utmost economy in operation. Call your Chevrolet dealer for a demonstration of the car that gives a woman far more of everything she wants. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

The motoramic

CHEVROLET

MORE THAN A NEW CAR . . .
A NEW **CONCEPT** OF LOW-COST MOTORING

u never told me it would look so Eng-
ylvia said.
grounds looked as well as they ever had.
ere passing the pond, and Willis saw
ere were still swans.
car stopped at the flagstone veranda
s Gothic columns. The driver opened
or of the Cadillac, and Willis saw that
, who looked old and frail, was stepping
om the veranda, followed by a younger
ho must have been a gardener.
lo, Selwyn," Willis called, and he
to the driver. "Please be sure to come
t three-thirty tomorrow afternoon. I
ou can come personally?"
, indeed, sir," the driver said.
as relieved that there was no need to
furtive bill into the driver's hand in
f the Harcourt house and Selwyn. He
le to give his full attention to Sylvia,
her elbow solicitously for a moment
he had stepped from the car. Her
ne suit looked just as well as it had at
z.
as sure that Selwyn was glad to see
illis had always had a warm spot in his
or Selwyn.
l, Selwyn," he said, "it's wonderful to
on you, and it's been much too long a
Willis shook hands at once with Sel-
And this is my wife," he went on. "Sel-
ear, was my guide, philosopher and
or many years."
ever so glad to meet you," Sylvia said.
k you did very well with him on the
s could not help being proud of
a great pleasure to meet you, Mrs.
" Selwyn said.
Harcourt stood, as they entered the
the exact spot where she and Mr. Har-
ad greeted the guests at that stock-
luncheon years ago. She looked al-
s Willis had remembered her, white-
plump-faced, in a handsome purple
e dress.
dear, I'm so glad to see you," she said
a, and she kissed her. "And I'm going
Willis too." She laughed and turned
ek to him. "Now let me have a good
you," she said. "I do wish Henry were
e would be so pleased."
nakes me very proud to have you say
Willis answered. His glance traveled
the staircase to the shadowy corridor
under the upper landing; he was sure
thing in the house had been changed.

must be exhausted, dear," Mrs. Har-
id to Sylvia. "The tea things are in the
but perhaps you'd rather go right up-
nd have a bath and get ready for din-

a looked at Willis questioningly, and at
y moment the hall clock struck six.
afraid time rather speaks for itself,"
said, "if you still have dinner at a
before seven."
whole house was cool and smelled of
as it always had in June.
, dinner's still at a quarter of seven,"
arcourt said, "and only the family are
—Bryson wants to have an hour with
the library afterward to go over all the
eeting details."
ppose we should have a talk," Willis
ut I'd much rather have a talk with
Irs. Harcourt." He looked at Sylvia
iled. "We'd better start to get ready,
er's a quarter before seven."
u'll be in the east room," Mrs. Harcourt
It has a sitting room so that you can
our breakfast quietly. Selwyn will take
."
s said, "Lead the way and we'll follow,
."
s curious, Willis thought, that he had
pent a night in the big house, in spite
aving been in it so often. Thus the east
oom was only vaguely familiar to him—
ith its green glazed chintz, heavy ma-
furniture and a massive four-post bed.
coughed discreetly and opened a door,
ing that there was also a bed in Mr.
's dressing room.
s and Sylvia were both silent for a
fter Selwyn left them. Sylvia looked at her bathroom, at Willis' dressing room and bath, and then at the sitting room with its open fireplace.

"I don't know why you've never told me anything about all this," she said. "It's beautiful, but there's one queer thing about it. I keep thinking there are lots of invisible people around."

Willis was startled, because from the very beginning he had always thought this same thing about the Harcourt house.

"It's what happens if one family lives in one place," he said, "but don't let it get you down."

"It doesn't," Sylvia told him. "I'm dreadfully glad I'm here."

The windows were open and the birds were still singing. It was the end of a cool June day. Willis turned on his bath and hung his coat on a chair. He never knew what had prompted him to put on a dinner coat and a soft shirt, except that he had a feeling that Mr. Henry Harcourt would have approved.

"Willis," Sylvia called, "would you mind coming in and doing me up my back?"

Sylvia wore the flowered silk that she had bought at Bergdorf's, and he approved of the flare of the skirt. The back, he was glad to see, was secured by a series of hooks and snaps and not by a zipper.

"It's rather tight, isn't it?" Willis asked.

"I'm planning to lose five pounds," Sylvia said, "and then it will be all right, but don't pull so hard. Willis?"

"Yes, honey?" Willis said.

"I want to see all the place before I leave."

"You certainly must," Willis said. "Someone will take you around while we're having the meeting at the mill."

"I wish you could," Sylvia said. "The grounds are so beautiful. It's queer that you've always spoken of the Harcourts so casually, because it must have meant an enormous lot to you to have lived here. It would have to anyone."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83



You'll like the special gentleness of Soft-Weve

If you like nice things—
you'll love this new kind of tissue

Gentle as facial tissue. Your family and guests are sure to notice when you provide this new kind of tissue. Soft-Weve is especially soft and gentle because it's made like fine facial tissue.

Two soft thicknesses, firm and strong . . . that's the secret of Soft-Weve's wonderful softness, its practical strength. Next time you shop be sure to get this new kind of bathroom tissue . . . Soft-Weve is another great Scott value, a luxury everyone can enjoy.





"SOFT-WEVE," REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



This is an actual photograph of a woman's hands while taking the detergent test. The right hand was given Jergens Lotion care—the left wasn't. Even scientists were amazed at the difference. ***This photograph is unretouched.***

Proof: You can stop "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Do you wish your hands were as pretty as your neighbor's? Don't put up with "detergent hands" any more! Read this story of a dramatic experiment.

447 women volunteers soaked both hands in household detergents three times a day. Right after each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand. The left hand was untreated.

In just three or four days, these women saw an amazing change! Untreated hands became roughened and reddened. Hands that received Jergens care remained soft, smooth, *without a trace* of detergent damage!

Many lotions were tested this way. Not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. The women agreed that *no* other lotion had ever done so much for their hands. They were delighted with their discovery.

Jergens Lotion has been steadily improved for 50 years. Use it daily and your hands will never be rough or chapped. They'll be pretty in all weather, no matter how hard you scrub or scour. Never sticky or greasy, Jergens is a pleasure to use.

Get a bottle today, and notice how much richer and creamier the Jergens formula is now. It has a lovely new fragrance, too, yet the world's favorite hand care costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.



Jergens Lotion ***positively stops "Detergent Hands"***

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

"I suppose it did at one time," Willis said. had finished the back of her dress. "But u get accustomed to anything you see a lot —I lived with ma and pa in the garden house. must have told you that."

Sylvia frowned in a puzzled way. "You've ver told me much of anything," she said. ou hardly even told me about Mrs. Henry rcourt."

"Honey," Willis said, "please don't keep ing I haven't told you."

"But she loves you," Sylvia said. "She ores you, and so does that old butler."

"Selwyn," Willis said, and lowered his voice othingly. "Just calm down, honey. This isn't ckingham Palace or anyng. It just happened that d Man Harcourt emoyed my father as an gineer at the mill; and nfidentially, if my father dn't induced Mr. Harurt to buy the Klaus ting patents, maybe this ate might have turned o an insane asylum or mething."

"I wish I could have seen r. Harcourt," Sylvia said. Ie must have been a remarkable man."

"I wouldn't say he was remarkable," Willis d, "but he was a nice old gentleman. I've rtainly told you I have a warm spot in my art for him. And now come on."

"I should think you would have a warm ot in your heart for him, seeing he put u through the Harvard Business School."

"Now listen, honey, let's get this straight," llis said. "Mr. Harcourt did pay my way rough the Harvard Business School, but ery cent he gave me was paid back at six cent interest. I definitely don't owe the rcourts anything."

"Why, Willis," Sylvia said, "I don't know y you should get excited."

"I'm not excited, sweetness," Willis said. only want you to get things in their proper perspective. Now I'll tell you who's going to be there, so you won't get mixed up. First there's Mr. and Mrs. Bryson Harcourt—Bryson is Mr. Henry Harcourt's only son and president of Harcourt Associates—and then there's their son, Bill Harcourt, and his wife, Anne. You can't help liking Bill ——"

Willis was still describing the Harcourts to Sylvia when he heard the dinner chimes in the hall. He had forgotten the dinner chimes.

"Do I look all right?" Sylvia asked.

"Honey," Willis said, "you look just wonderful and I'm mighty proud of you."

When they reached the door of the drawing room, Willis knew the Harcourts thought so too. The Harcourts could not help but have been wondering what Sylvia would be like, and now at the sight of her all of them looked relieved. As Willis had thought, none of the men had dressed, but he passed off the situation by simply saying that he had to change anyway, and he had smiled at Mrs. Henry Harcourt, implying, of course, that he had put on his dinner coat out of respect.

No man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when tomorrow's burden is added to the burden today, that the weight is more than a man can bear.

—GEORGE MACDONALD

"I'm not sure whether you have met all the family or not, my dear," Mrs. Harcourt said to Sylvia.

"Well, well," Bryson Harcourt said to Willis. "it's a sight for sore eyes seeing you here. The report is splendid, my boy."

Bill Harcourt was even gladder to see Willis. He slapped Willis on the back. "I was just telling Anne that I won't have the mill on my conscience any more," Bill said. "And look at Sylvia. Don't you forget who introduced you to her."

Momentarily Willis had forgotten, and now it seemed inappropriate to remember.

"And here's Anne " Bill said. "I don't think you've ever met Anne, have you, Willis?"

"Why, no," Willis said. "I've never had the pleasure. Good evening, Mrs. Harcourt."

"Call her Anne," Bill said. "We're all of us family here."

Bill's wife was a dark, acidulous-looking girl with beady black eyes and too much lipstick.

"It would be a great pleasure to call you Anne," Willis said to her. Then he shook hands with Bess and Edward Ewing.

"It's always like pulling teeth to get Edward down to the meeting," Bess said, "and it was particularly awful this year, because all Edward wants to do is sit and try to hear the war news. Do you worry about it, Willis?"

Willis laughed. "I've got more pressing worries right now," he said; "the ordeal tomorrow, for example—the war's only a sort of general worry like the weather."

"But you think we're going to get into it, don't you?" Edward asked. "You see it's historically impossible to let England be defeated, don't you?"

"Please," Bess said, "let's not talk about a cross-Channel invasion. Ask Selwyn to come over here with the cocktails, Edward."

"The place is more beautiful than ever, Bess," Willis said.

Then he saw her greenish eyes watching him. "You look more handsome than ever yourself," she said, "with no exaggeration."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 58 & 59

Vogue Design No. 8512. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress and cummerbund; sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 8530. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress; sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 8524. Two-piece dress; sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. S-4580. Suit and blouse: sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.50.

Vogue Design No. 8527. Coat; sizes 12 to 44, 30 to 44. 75c.



8512 8530 8524



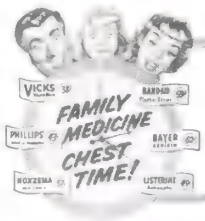
S-4580 8527



They all use this ALKALIZING LAXATIVE that gives MORE COMPLETE RELIEF!

Whenever anyone in your family suffers from irregularity, remember—acid indigestion is usually present, too. And, because it's an *alkalizing* laxative, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia relieves *both* conditions! It gives wonderfully gentle and effective relief from irregularity—and it *also* eases away the acidity. Thus, Phillips' gives you better, much *more complete* relief than any single-purpose preparation.

What's more, two to four tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work *leisurely*—without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling fine. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia today. It's the best laxative money can buy.



Now! At your neighborhood store

FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST TIME

A 6 star feature display. Offering your favorite drug products at lowest prices.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Liquid or Tablets

The convenient 4-ounce size.....28¢
The economical 12-ounce size.....55¢
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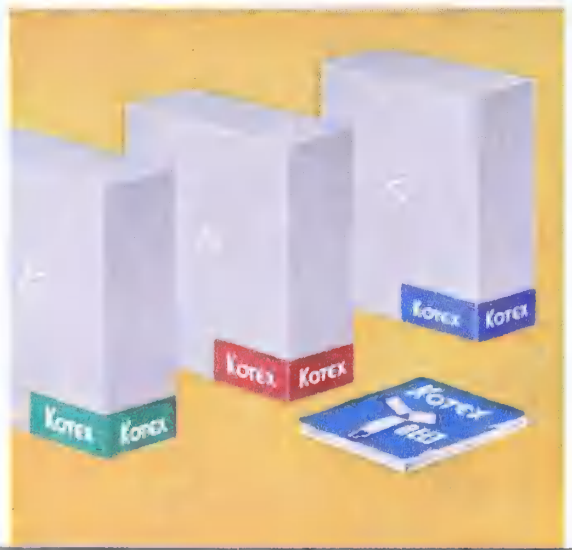


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

"It's nice of you to say so, Bess," Willis
d.

Bess said, "I'm awfully glad you're here,
ause I can't begin to tell you how much we
need you, and we're all going to be good
nds, aren't we, all of us, always?"

You could never tell when Bess would do
nething unexpected. She held out her hand
him impulsively.

"Why, Bess," he said, "of course we always
l be."

"Sometimes I don't know where I am with
i," Bess said, "and I'm not sure what you're
ng to do. I don't blame you, altogether,
it makes me nervous."

"Why, Bess," he said, "you mustn't feel
t way."

"Why didn't you tell me," Bess said, "that
via was so perfectly lovely?"

Willis laughed, and he was very glad indeed
t they were on another subject. "And you
e surprised, were you?" Willis asked.

"Now, don't be disagreeable, Willis," Bess
d. "I only meant I didn't know she'd be so
standing, and I hope we're going to like
h other. I'm going to try my best with her
nt after dinner when the boys are listening
he war news and you're talking to father."

"Come on, you two," Bill called. "We're
ng in."

According to Willis' recollection, there was
y one change in the dining room. One of
mirrors had been removed, and Mr.
nry Harcourt's portrait hung in its place.
e mouth looked as though it were about to
le, and the slightly protuberant lower lip
ost trembled. Once when Willis looked up
had the idea that Mr. Harcourt actually
s smiling at him, mockingly or approvingly.
ere was no way of telling which.

Most of the evening Willis was giving
ught to the personalities of the various
ckholders he would meet the next day.
went over the list first with Mr. Bryson
l later with Bess. He also asked Mr.
yson if they could not meet at the mill at
f past eight next morning, an early hour,
he and Mr. Bryson should certainly make
our of the plant together and meet the pro-
ction heads. The keynote of the meeting
s to be one of triumph, and at all times good
l. For this reason Willis asked Bill and Bess
stand near him when the guests came to the
cheon after the meeting in order to remind
him of names he might have forgotten. This was a practical step. It would be a help to have branches of the Harcourt family see that he and Bill and Bess, not to mention Mr. Bryson, all formed a solid front.

In the library after dinner, Willis took up another, more difficult subject. It was advisable to tell Mr. Bryson about the common stock he had acquired from Mrs. Jacoby before Mr. Bryson found out from some other source.

"By Jove, Willis," Mr. Bryson said, "I can't tell you how I admire the way you can take hold of everything and smooth it out. I feel that I can let everything go, just the way I could when father was alive."

"It naturally makes me happy to hear you say so, sir," Willis told him, "but I'm going to be on your doorstep, I'm afraid, asking advice about all sorts of things. There's just one more detail I've been meaning to take up with you privately. I hope this won't offend you."

An opaque look came over Mr. Bryson, which always indicated that he was completely confused. "I can't imagine what you're talking about," he said.

Another moment had arrived for directness, and Willis had learned never to shirk on such occasions. "You may remember that Mrs. Jacoby was allotted a block of common stock in the reorganization," Willis said. "She was kind enough to offer this to me for sale, and the transaction was completed the day before yesterday. This may make me a larger stockholder than you had planned, but I hope you'll accept me as such." He raised his voice when he saw that Mr. Bryson was about to interrupt. "And remember that my desire to make a success of everything will be proportionately greater."

Mr. Bryson looked blankly at the end of his cigar while his mind worked with painful slowness. "You say you bought it?" he said. "I don't exactly see ——"

"I was able to raise a loan," Willis said. "You see, I have great faith in Harcourt Associates."

"Well," Mr. Bryson said, "I think that's splendid, and thank heaven Roger didn't know there was any loose stock for sale. I don't know anyone I'd rather have own it. Congratulations, Willis."

"Thank you very much, sir," Willis said. "And now there's one final matter. We were talking the other day about enlarging the base of the board of directors of Harcourt Associates, and you were kind enough to ask me for a name. I think I have a very good one. It's Mr. Gilbert Bakeliss, the bank representative, you remember, who did so much toward adjusting shares and refinancing. It occurred to me that we might offer his name at the meeting tomorrow, if you have no objections. I can prepare a proper motion in the morning and have it fitted in on the agenda."

He did not add that the motion nominating Mr. Gilbert Bakeliss was typed already and in his confidential briefcase.

The whole evening was over at half past ten, and the last half hour of it had been consumed in chatting with Mrs. Henry Harcourt. Everything was finished early so that everyone might have a good night's sleep in preparation for the rigors of the meeting.

The moment Sylvia and he reached the east guest room, Willis was surprised to have her throw her arms around his neck. "Oh, darling," Sylvia said, "I'm so glad I came."

"I'm glad you did, too, sweetness," he said.

"They're such fine people, all of them," she said. "It makes me very proud of you, darling. And why didn't you tell me that Bess was so sweet?"

"Why, Sylvia," he said, "I think she's got a lot of personality, but I wouldn't call her sweet."

"Well, congenial then," Sylvia said. "We got along right from the start, and we've made a date for tomorrow morning. She's going to show me the town and everything."

"You mean Bess isn't going to attend the meeting?" Willis asked.

"She says she's been to enough of them," Sylvia said, "and she'd much rather show me around. You don't mind, do you, Willis?"

"Why no, honey, I don't mind at all," he told her. "But just see you both get back in time to help with lunch."

"She has a lot of character, hasn't she?" Sylvia said. "All Bill's charm plus character."

"Yes," Willis said, "I guess that's so. It's funny, I never pictured you getting on well with Bess. She must have made a real effort over you, honey."

"Oh, no, she didn't," Sylvia said. "We just happened to get along. Aren't you pleased about it, Willis?"

"Why, yes," Willis said, "I think it's swell."

"Well, you don't look pleased."

"Never mind how I look, honey," Willis told her. "I've got a lot on my mind. This meeting's pretty serious tomorrow and I'd better get some sleep."

It took Willis an unusually long time to fall asleep. He wished that his thoughts would not move uneasily. It was logical and fitting in every way that a man of the caliber of Gilbert Bakeliss should be a Harcourt Associates director, and yet he wished that Mr. Bryson Harcourt had not accepted the suggestion so readily. When Willis had mentioned Mrs. Jacoby's common stock, anyone except Mr. Bryson would have recognized that the placing of Gil Bakeliss on the board represented a return for a favor. There was nothing wrong about this fact, and Willis would have gladly admitted and defended it, but Mr. Bryson had seen nothing. Willis could not understand why Mr. Bryson's blindness should bother him when there had been nothing wrong about the whole transaction.

There were days when everything went wrong, in spite of the most careful planning, and others when everything ran smoothly. The stockholders' meeting was one of those. Mr. Bryson read the report very well indeed, and what was more, it held the attention of the audience. After the meeting Willis was able to have a few moments alone with Mr. Bryson while guides were showing stockholders through the plant.

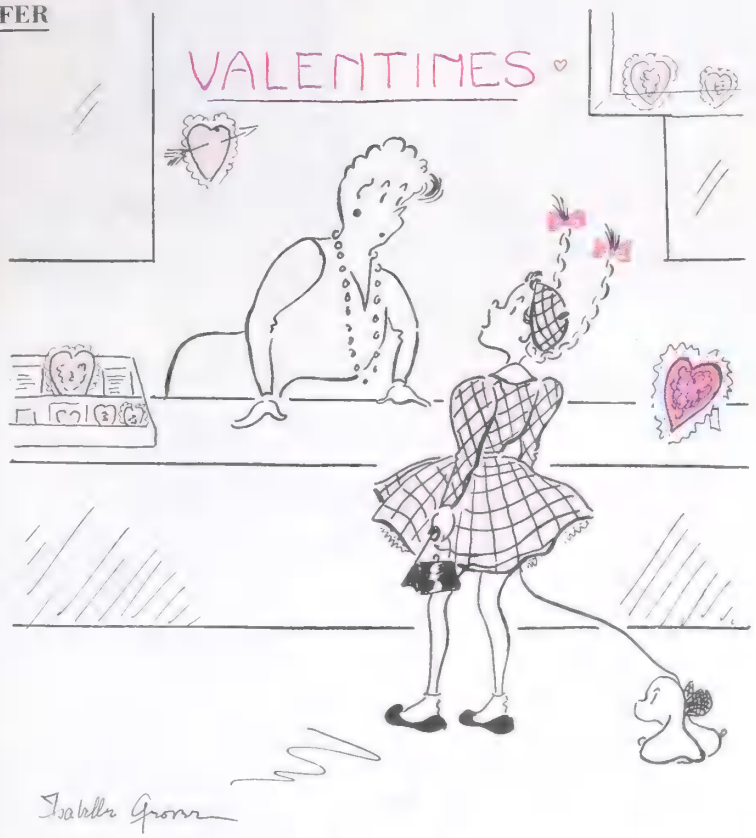
"That was a very successful meeting," Mr. Bryson said, "but thank God it's over."

"I want to congratulate you on the way you conducted the whole thing, sir," Willis said, "and I think the report has got us squared away to a fine start."

"I agree with you about the report, Willis," Mr. Bryson said. "I do hope you think I read it well."

Willis smiled and then he shook his head reprovingly to Mr. Harcourt. "I hate to seem to contradict you, sir," he said, "but there's

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one thing I think we ought to get absolutely straight before we adjourn to the house for lunch. That report was much more yours than mine." Willis paused and looked at Mr. Bryson earnestly. "I know what you're thinking, Mr. Harcourt," he said. "I admit that I wrote that report, or at least a good part of it." Willis paused and laughed. "Between you and me young Sol Bradley—that new promotion man, you know—helped to polish up quite a lot of it. I don't mind that either, because I can't impress on you too strongly, sir, that the physical writing of a thing is not important. It's the spirit and the inspiration behind words that count, and you have given me the spirit and inspiration. In fact, Mr. Harcourt, I drew every basic idea embodied in that report from our conversations. I only put your own thoughts into words."

Willis smiled again at Mr. Bryson, and he was glad to see that Mr. Bryson had followed him.

"It's awfully nice of you to say that, Willis," he said, "and I understand what you mean. An older man can't help but have a few ideas, and it's very pleasant to have a bright fellow like you respect them."

A generous kindliness suffused Willis. He had never felt so warmly disposed toward Mr. Bryson Harcourt.

"Of course I respect them," Willis said. "I'm not forgetting for one minute, Mr. Harcourt, that you're boss of the works. When we get up to the house to lunch, I want everyone to know that I'm right behind you and not in front of you."

Mr. Harcourt was obviously moved, and Willis was moved himself. "Willis," Mr. Harcourt said—and he had to stop to steady his voice—"you've always been true blue, but you mustn't be too modest, Willis."

Willis laughed. "Don't worry about that," he said. "I'll handle the modesty department, Mr. Harcourt."

"I suppose I'll have to say a few words at lunch," Mr. Harcourt said. "I wish I could speak like father. He could always handle everything at those luncheons."

"I know before I hear them that you're going to say some very graceful things," Willis said, "and I know you'll agree with me that after the report, you won't have to say too many, because you've really told them everything already."

"By Jove," Mr. Bryson said, "that's an idea, Willis. I suppose I could say just that to them at lunch."

"I think you've hit on exactly the right note, sir," Willis said, "and then you might say a little something about loyalty."

"That's right," Mr. Bryson said. "By Jove, Willis, if you wouldn't mind I'd like to repeat what you just said about being here to help me and backing me up in every way. You see, I'll have to introduce you, Willis."

"Do you really think that's necessary, sir?" Willis asked.

"Of course you'll have to say something, Willis," Mr. Harcourt said. "After all, who had the idea of combining the Planeroid and Hartex lines? It was entirely yours, Willis."

Willis sighed and squared his shoulders. "If you think it's necessary, sir, of course I'll do it," he said. "But do you mind if I ask you a little favor? Don't tell them that the Harcourt Associates was my idea. If you have to say anything, say what I told you about backing you up in every way, and let it go at that."

At the age of thirty-three Willis was so young that faces lost from the ranks and new faces filling old formations did not move him as they did later. Still, at the Harcourt house, it was hard to place some of the people he had previously known. Heads were grayer, bodies were more corpulent. It was a tribute to Willis' memory that he hardly mistook anyone.

MRS. HENRY HARCOURT and Mrs. Bryson Harcourt were already in the hall receiving guests when he and Mr. Bryson arrived.

"Thank heaven you've got here finally, Bryson," Mrs. Henry Harcourt said. "Don't you think Willis and Sylvia should stand here with us?"

Unexpected as the question was, Willis was able to answer very promptly. "That's a most generous and lovely suggestion, Mrs. Harcourt," he said, "but I honestly think this is the president's luncheon, and the emphasis should be entirely on the president." He laughed because he wished his refusal to be as friendly as it was honest. "I'll go into the living room and help Bill pass appetizers."

Just before he reached the living room, Selwyn stopped him. "There's a telegram for you, sir," Selwyn said. "I took the liberty of taking it myself over the telephone. I hope you don't object."

"Why, Selwyn," Willis said, "I'm proud to have you take any telegram."

Still smiling, he opened the paper that Selwyn handed him.

"Browning place yours at your price," he read. "Congratulations, boy. Lever."

It was one of those days when everything broke all at once. Willis never had dreamed that anyone would take his low offer. It would be a surprise for Sylvia.

The moment Willis entered the living room he saw that Sylvia looked very well in the second suit, of natural linen, that she had bought at Bergdorf's, and very happy as she stood talking to Bill and Mr. Roger Harcourt.

"Oh, there you are, Willis," she called. "I wish you'd been with us, darling. We were looking at some wonderful old houses by the river. We've been having a lovely time."



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'I'm delighted to hear it, sweetness," Willis
d, and immediately included Mr. Roger
rcourt in the conversation. "I gather you
n't visit the plant, Mr. Harcourt?"
"I'm too fat to be wandering around," Mr.
ger said. "And in that connection, do you
member what the Chinese ambassador once
d at a Washington party when he was
ked if he did not want to dance?"
"Why no," Willis answered. "What did he
y, Mr. Harcourt?"
"He said," Mr. Roger answered, "why
ould he dance himself if he could pay some-
e to do it for him?"
Willis laughed with genuine amusement.
That's a lovely story," Willis said. "Seriously,
at's an anecdote I'm going to treasure, Mr.
arcourt."
"Listen, Willis," Mr. Roger said, "I wish
u'd get off this mister business and call me
ger, now that it looks as though we're go-
g to see a lot of each other."
Willis had never seen Mr. Roger in such a
mpletely genial mood, and as soon as Mr.
arcourt looked at Sylvia, Willis knew the
ason for it. Anyone who said a wife wasn't a
lp in business was wrong, dead wrong.
"Why, I'd be greatly honored, Roger,"
illis said.
"Now get along and mingle with everyone,"
r. Roger said, "and allow me to entertain
ur wife. Why should I mingle with everyone
hen I can pay you to do it for me?"
Nearly all the luncheon guests were stand-
g in watchful groups drinking cocktails or
mpling the claret punch. Willis crossed the
om to say a word to Mr. Decker, of whom
illis had always had a high opinion, which
d increased during the negotiations.
"Well, Willis," Mr. Decker said, "so you
d I have joined forces again to look out for
e family." He paused. "You remember
eve, don't you? I've been divesting myself of
little property, and Steve is a stockholder
w."
Willis had not observed Steve Decker,
anding a step or two behind his father.
"Hello, Steve," Willis said. "What have you
en doing all these years?"
"Nothing to write home about," Steve said,
ut then I've been home so I don't have to
rite—just in my father's law office."
"Not married or anything?" Willis asked.
either he nor Steve Decker had the slightest
terest in each other, but still they had to
lk.
"The girls seem to shy away from me,"
eve said.
"Sylvia's up here with me," Willis said. "I
pe you've had a chance to say a few words
her."
"Oh, yes," Steve Decker said. "She's look-
g very well. Congratulations on that and on
tting the world on fire and everything,
illis."
It was a relief when Mr. Bryson interrupted
em. Luncheon was ready, and Willis was to
between Mrs. Bryson and Mrs. Henry
arcourt, which meant that no great conver-
tional effort was required. It was only nec-
sary to say that the dining room had never
oked more beautiful, which was true. He
as able to enjoy the clear soup and the fresh
paragus and the dry champagne. When Mr.
yson rose to speak, Willis listened with
eat attention.

It has been the custom," Mr. Bryson said,
or the president of this company, after wel-
ming our guests, as I do now, to say a few
ords. On this occasion they need be very few,
cause I have said what there was to say in
y report to you this morning.
"I only have one additional remark before
ffer you a toast. After the meeting I had the
casion to talk for a few moments to one of
ur employees. All he wants, he told me, is
have our enterprise succeed, and then he
lded that he would always stand loyally be-
nd me. Knowing him, I have learned to
cept his loyalty and integrity as axiomatic.
is with more reluctance that I accept his
odesty. I ask you for a rising toast to our
w vice-president, Mr. Willis Wayde."
It was difficult to sit alone when everyone at
e long table had risen, and equally hard to
se gracefully when everyone around the
ble settled back into his seat. As Willis
stood for a moment waiting, he was conscious of his comparative immaturity, and although he had rehearsed his words, they all completely left him. The table blurred in front of him, but a second later everything returned in sharp focus. He looked up at the portraits in the dining room, a gesture which he had not intended, but one which was a happy accident.

"Mr. Harcourt," he said, "old friends and new ones, I am deeply moved by your courtesy, but believe me, please, I realize better than any of you that the toast you have just been so kind to drink is not intended for me alone, but for all representatives of your new company, the Harcourt Associates. I am, as Mr. Harcourt said, your employee. I have no other purpose for being here than to be heart and soul an integrated part of your new company. The gracious and lovely past of the Harcourt family is with us, and with it are the lessons of Harcourt ability and integrity. The future still lies ahead of us. May I raise my glass and drink to the man who will lead us there, to Mr. Bryson Harcourt?"

A speech was only a vehicle of one's character and personality. As Willis heard his voice, he was pleased by its earnestness and the almost passionate desire to convince that underlined every word. The truth was, of course, that he had been in deadly earnest. When he had finished, he took care not to sit down too rapidly, because he had seen too many dinner talks lose their effect when speakers slumped too hastily into their seats. Even before the applause started he knew that he had accomplished what he desired. The applause was loud and cordial, and before it was over Mr. Bryson rose and clasped his hand. Then just before he smilingly acknowledged Mrs. Henry Harcourt's congratulations, his eyes met Bess Ewing's across the table. She smiled back, but her eyes were inscrutable.

Luncheon was over. The chairs were being pushed back, Mr. Harcourt called, as Mr. Henry Harcourt always had, that there would

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coffee and cigars for the men in the library, when a thing happened which Willis did not wish but half expected. He could never say that he was surprised to find Bess standing beside him.

"Let's go outside and smoke a cigarette," Bess said. "I don't believe you've seen the garden or anything."

She should have known that it was no time for them to be walking in the garden or anywhere else, and he wanted to refuse, but at the same time he did not want to be curt.

"That's correct, Bess," he said. "I've had little or no time to do any of the things I should have liked to do most, but I hope, when I'm here next, as I must be before long, that I'll have more time on my hands."

"You don't have to talk as though you were addressing a meeting, Willis," Bess said. "It's only me. Come on outside. We'll stand on the lawn if you like, within sight of everybody. I won't compromise you, Willis."

"Why, with pleasure, Bess," he said, because the only polite thing he could do was go out on the lawn with her.

"Willis," she said, "that was quite a little speech."

"I'm glad if you liked it," he said. "Anyway, I meant every word of it."

"Did you?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, and he looked at her steadily. "I did, and what's more, I'm in the habit of meaning what I say."

"Don't get angry," Bess said. "I loved what you said, Willis, I really did. But I got you out here to tell you something else. Sylvia and I have been talking, and we don't see why you don't move up here from New Jersey."

"What's that again, Bess?" Willis asked her.

"That plant of yours in New Jersey is just a subsidiary, isn't it?" Bess said. "This is the main plant and the main office is in Boston. Well then, why isn't it sensible for you to move up here?"

Willis put his thoughts carefully together before he answered. He wanted to give a reply, which could, if necessary, be quoted.

"You know, I've already given that idea careful thought, Bess," he said, "but Rahway Belting happens to be an important subsidiary, and I am more familiar with the processes there than anyone else and I also hope we'll need more and more to cover the New York field. Besides, your father will be in the Boston office."

"Sylvia would love it here," Bess said. "We were looking at some of the old houses by the river this morning, and you could live in the garden house until you got settled."

Willis said, "That's awfully kind of you to take such an interest, Bess, but I really don't think the step would be sensible."

They looked at each other for a moment and Willis often wondered whether Bess Harcourt had an idea of what he was thinking. The old loyalties were all around him; the Harcourts were trying to draw him back because they needed him, and he was never coming back. It was time to make a speech that was even more sincere than the one he had delivered in the dining room.

"I'm afraid I must speak a little as though I were addressing a meeting, even if you don't like it, Bess," Willis said. "If there is any problem or confusion here, I shall always come up immediately, but I don't think it would be advisable, not for any of us, for me to be here permanently."

He spoke genially, as he had learned to do whenever he made a decision; he was glad to see that Bess Harcourt was impressed.

"But, Willis," she began, "I don't see why you're being so illogical."

Willis paused and he was always glad that he looked straight into her eyes. "I'm being very logical, Bess," he said.

He had always thought of that conversation as a clear-cut victory, and he always liked the final thing he said to Bess as they walked across the lawn.

"Not that we won't always be friends, Bess," he said. "We're bound to be, because there are a great many things that neither of us can forget."

WILLIS was glad to know that Sylvia and Bess had been looking at houses, because his knowledge enabled him to handle intelligently what might have been a difficult scene if he had faced it unprepared. The scene began five minutes after he and Sylvia were in the Cadillac on their return to Boston.

"Willis," Sylvia said, "Bess and I saw the dearest old house this morning. Its date is sometime around the Revolution and it has all its old woodwork. Of course it needs repairs, but it will be fun fixing it."

"That sounds very interesting, sweetness," Willis said. "By the way, did you see Steve Decker?"

"Yes," Sylvia said. "He was frightfully unattractive. I don't know what I ever saw in him. If we have to come here to live, you don't have to worry about Steve Decker."

"And now we're on this subject," Willis said, and he took her hand and kissed it, "you needn't worry about Bess either. I had a few words with Bess after lunch."

"I've never been worried about Bess," Sylvia said. "What did you say to her?"

Willis spoke gravely but firmly. "Bess seemed to think it would be more efficient if we all came up here to live," he said. "I told her it was impossible."

"But, Willis," Sylvia asked, "why is it impossible?"

"It's impossible for several reasons, sweetness," he said, "one of which is because I like New Jersey. Another is that I don't want you or me or our children to be bossed by the Harcourts. I want to be completely independent."

"Willis," Sylvia said, "no one is ever independent."

"And besides, I have another reason, sweetness," Willis said, "something which I hope will be a happy surprise for you. What do you think, Mrs. Wayde? As of today you and I are the owners of an estate near Orange. This home is Georgian and brick, sweetness, with a swimming pool and a three-car garage, and five acres. They were in a hurry to settle the estate and you'll laugh when I tell you what I offered. You may want to pick out a few wall-

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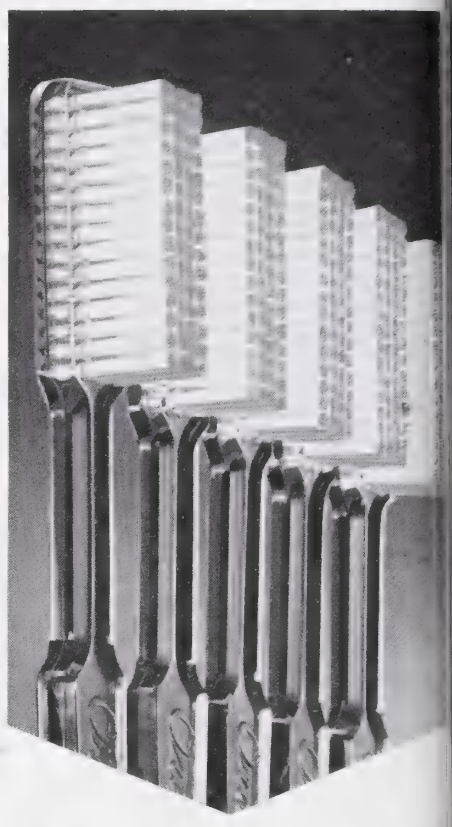
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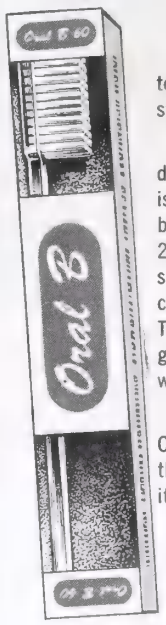


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ers, but we can move in any time. Are you prised? I thought you would be, sweet-s."

Willis could never have acquired the Brown- place at the figure he offered except for a in of favorable circumstances. The affairs Mr. Hubert H. Browning were found to be highly tangled condition after his decease. o, large pieces of real estate were growing d to move. Later, a number of good friends Willis Wayde confidentially that he had ainly had a nerve to buy the Browning ce.

They said this in a laughing way, of course, unch at the outdoor grill or around the mming pool. They would never have ted Willis treasurer of the country club if had known he was up to his ears in debt n he bought the Browning place. He had ve to do what he did, the kind of nerve you only when you were just a kid and knew rything was going your way.

Nerve was a mighty useful asset if you could k it up by faith. They were getting into a er's market and Willis had faith that it was ng to last for years. When Harcourt began ing dividends on the common, Willis was n able to talk to Sylvia facetiously about Browning place and to remind her how cked she was when she had first seen it. act, at one point she had begun to weep. Willis would have thought that anyone ld have fallen in love, as he had, at first t with the bronze of the casement windows the forced hot-air heating and the laundry its electric clothes drier, but he was soon earn that women as a whole never cared for c beauties of construction. It took Sylvia ng while before she realized that they had ly got in on the ground floor when they ght the Browning place.

Willis had arranged that Sylvia and he uld see it just by themselves. It discon-ed Willis to have her laugh when he stopped car in front of the Georgian doorway, with swarming up the warm brick façade.

"What's so funny, honey?" Willis asked.

"Now, Willis," Sylvia said, and she still ghed, "let's get out of here and go where e going before someone sees us and asks what we want."

"But, sweetness," Willis said, "believe it or as Mr. Ripley says, this really is the house, all of it is yours, Mrs. Wayde."

"Oh, Willis," Sylvia said, "it's awfully ome to go too far with a practical joke."

"But, honey," Willis said, and he opened the r of the car, "it isn't a practical joke. It all ngs to you and the children, honey. Now get out of the car and I'll tell you what I'll -I'll carry you over the threshold."

Sylvia said, "Have you really bought it?"

"It's hard to believe, isn't it?" Willis said. t it's really and truly ours, sweetness."

Every guest who ever came to "Wayde-n"—a name which they finally adopted at is' suggestion in order to have something ut on the social note paper—always com-ted favorably on the beauty of the hall, ch ran spaciously through the house, and he fine broad staircase. It was disappoint-that Sylvia had different ideas when they entered Waydeholm.

"You have really bought this," Sylvia said, n't you sell it over again?"

"Well, for goodness gracious sakes alive," is said. "That's the queerest question I've rd in a dog's age, sweetness."

"Either I'm going mad or you are," Sylvia , "and I don't think it's me," and then she an to cry.

It was hard to follow Sylvia, but the fact she had made a grammatical error showed upset she was.

"Now, honey," Willis said, "tell me what's matter and see if I can't fix it."

"I always thought you had common sense," ia said. "I never thought you could be so astic. Have you thought that it will take e servants to run this place, let alone a se, and those lawns, Willis? You'll need a all the time."

Willis was glad that they were getting down rass tacks. In the last analysis, taking over use like Waydeholm was a simple question aith and courage.

"Actually I've given the service angle some real serious thought," Willis told her, "and I've noticed, sweetness, that it is an occasional habit of yours to exaggerate difficulties. If we temporarily close off some of the rooms in the third story, I believe that two maids will be able to look out for things for a while, considering that this kitchen's all electric. That only means one more maid than we have already."

"But, Willis," Sylvia said, "what about furniture?"

That was what convinced Sylvia eventually. He had entirely forgotten to tell her about the furniture.

"Sweetness," he said, and he put his arm around her, "you wait and see. All the essential furniture comes with the house. There are rugs and drapes and beds and sofas. We will now visit the living room." He stopped and kissed her gently on the cheek. "Honey, I will have your co-operation, won't I?"

"I'll do the best I can," Sylvia said, and she sighed, "but it's all so ostentatious, Willis."

Right from the very beginning Sylvia always worried about ostentation, and yet in certain ways Willis knew she loved it, as soon as she became accustomed to an ostentatious phase.

"Sylvia, dear," he said, "if there's any ostentation, we'll outgrow it mighty quickly. Someday, maybe before too long, this house is going to look small to you and me."

"I don't see how you can say that, Willis."

It showed she did not have his vision, but it was rather a cute remark, and he kissed her cheek again.

"Let's consider this home as a symbol, dear," Willis said. "Maybe it's fantastic, as you say, sweetness, but let's look upon this whole home venture as a dream we want to make come true."

Maybe he had said it in a corny way, but he was expressing in his own personal terms the thoughts and wishes of any man who tries to build a home, and Sylvia understood him.

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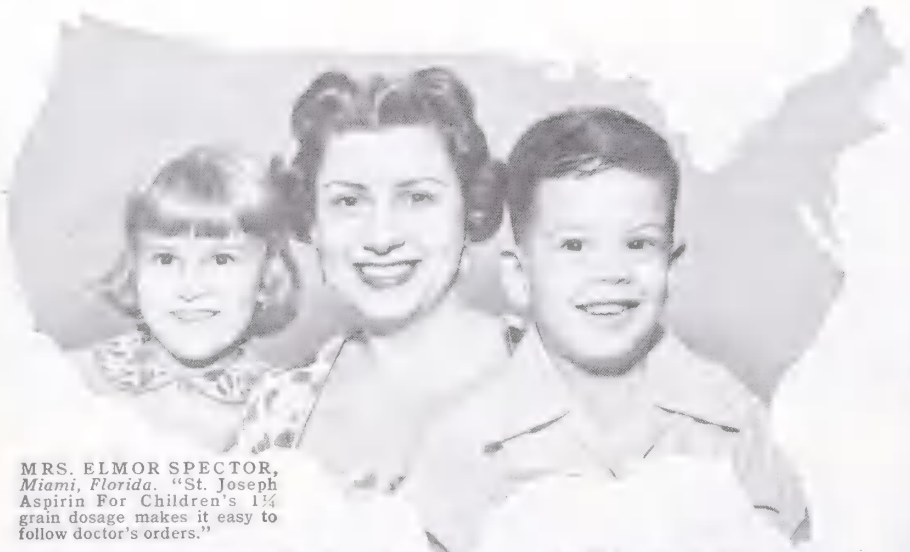
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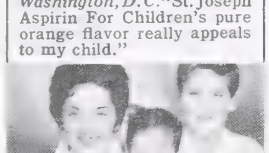


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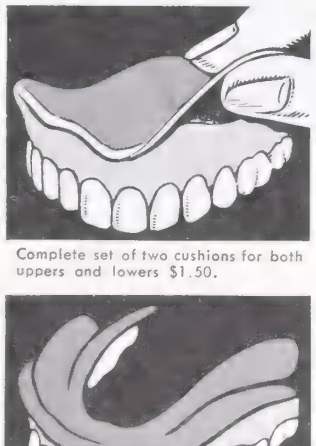
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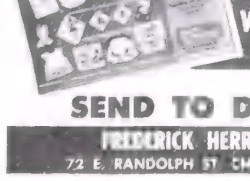
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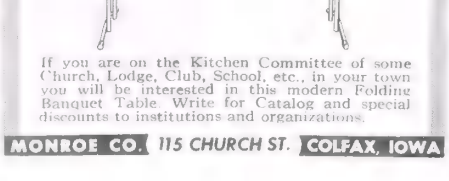


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"Darling," she said, "I wish I didn't keep forgetting how generous and sweet you are. I see what you mean, dear. Of course I'll help you make it all come true."

Essentially Waydeholm did turn into a dream come true. Willis was not there much during the war and he was pretty busy afterward, but it was always a place of happy memories. As P. L. Nagel said when they walked around the grounds once, it was a sound, efficient home and a good place for showing off antiques, but it was a whole lot more than that. It was where the children learned to walk and talk and play. It was where Sylvia and he cemented many friendships and it was where he bought Sylvia her first mink coat, if you wanted to think of anniversaries. It was sad to pack up and go away, but as he told Sylvia at the time, that was America. Life and progress always meant moving into something new—and better. In life and in business you couldn't stand still in America.

Willis found himself telling that story about the Chinese ambassador again—of all places—in the spacious glassed-in terrace of the Hotel Carolina in Pinehurst in May of 1948. He had just come in from a very happy afternoon of golf, and he was enjoying some good talk before going up to change before the cocktail hour and the banquet.

They were serving tea, as was the custom at the Carolina, but not many were having any. Willis had been sitting with Jerry Bascomb, who had been his foursome partner, and whom Willis had asked down with him for the Pinehurst convention, because it was a help to have Jerry at his elbow in case something came up of a technical or engineering nature. If anybody in the Associates deserved a good time at company expense, it was Jerry, and Willis was just telling Jerry that Pinehurst was an ideal place for business meetings when Alec Bingkrampf came up. He was of course the Bingkrampf who was president of Swanee Power, and chairman in general charge of all arrangements for the Production Liners Convocation at Pinehurst.

"Well, well, Willis," Bing said, "I've been looking for you ever since I saw your name down on the list."

"Well, well, Bing," Willis said. "It's been a long time no see, hasn't it? By the way, I don't know whether you remember my associate, Jerry Bascomb. He was down at Swanee on a little problem a year or two ago."

Evidently Bing did not remember Jerry Bascomb, but then, as Willis was beginning to learn himself, no one could ever remember everything.

"So you were down at Swanee, were you, Mr. Bascomb?" Bing said. "I certainly hope the bunch treated you all right. Well, I've got to be thinking up some remarks for my speech tonight. So long, fellows." Just as he was leaving he stopped, and his voice became mellow and vibrant. "Well, well, look who's here. If it isn't the old horse thief himself, if it isn't old P. L." Alec Bingkrampf was referring, of course, to P. L. Nagel. "Is everything all right, P. L.?" Alec Bingkrampf asked. "Did you get the suite you wanted?"

"Yes, thanks, young fellow," P. L. said. "I hope to welcome you to the suite and thank you with a small libation."

"That will be swell, P. L.," Alec Bingkrampf said. "And you got your locker at the club and everything?"

"Never mind my locker," P. L. said. "I don't think I'll enter in the Tombstone tomorrow. I'm just going to sit and bend my elbow and let the young fellows do the work."

That was the moment when Willis was reminded of the story of the Chinese ambassador in Washington.

"You know that reminds me of a story," Willis said. "Stop me if you've heard it. It's the one about the Chinese ambassador in Washington."

It was gratifying that the story made a re hit, because P. L. and Alec Bingkrampf we by way of being connoisseurs on stories. The laughter, Willis was sure, was genuine, and he listened to it Willis remembered the fir time he had heard the story. Roger Harcou had told it to him eight years ago before th stockholders' luncheon at the Harcourt plac It did not seem possible that it was eight yea ago, but it was.

"Well," Willis said, "I suppose we've all g to prepare to forgather for cocktails."

"As long as we forgather," P. L. said, "let go easy on the preparing. Will you come to th suite, Willis?"

"Come on over to my place, P. L.," Will said, "and try some of my stuff. It all com from Alcoholic Beverage Control store."

Eight years ago when Willis had first hea the ambassador story, he might have bee hesitant about asking someone of P. L. Nagel stature around to the room to have a drin but things were different now. Willis knew th people like P. L. Nagel liked to be treate by younger men in a spirit of equality. Aft all, Willis was forty-one, although he didn look it.

"All right," P. L. said, "but don't ask in crowd."

It was a little sad to hear him, Willis though because once there was nothing P. L. had like as much as a crowd. It never occurred to Willi that afternoon at the Carolina, that P. L could want a quiet conversation with him. H never realized unt later that P. L. migh very well have come t the Production Liner Convocation at Pine hurst exclusively fo that purpose.

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They weren't build ing hotels like the ol Carolina any more and Willis was sorry The bedroom and sit ting room that he an Jerry shared wer smaller than he pre ferred, but then yo couldn't expect everything at a Productio Liners Convocation.

"Personally, I showered at the country club Jerry," Willis said, "so the bathroom is yours."

It took only a short time to change into fresh linen suit and white buckskin shoes, bu still time was limited, because Willis wanted t have things right when P. L. Nagel got there and suddenly Willis was worried about how Jerry would fit in. Willis was still considering the matter when he picked up the telephone.

"Head bellman, please," he said. "Jerry when you get out of that tub, would you mind getting the liquor and setting it out here on the writing table? All the bottles. P. L. likes to see lots of bottles."

"Hello, Mr. Wayde, sir," the bell captain said.

"Hello there, Archie," Willis said. He always made a point of knowing bell captains. "Could you rush up some ice to my room and about four Martini and four old-fashioned and four highball glasses, and about six bottles of soda?"

"Would you like some crackers and cheese and a few appetizers with it, Mr. Wayde?" Archie asked.

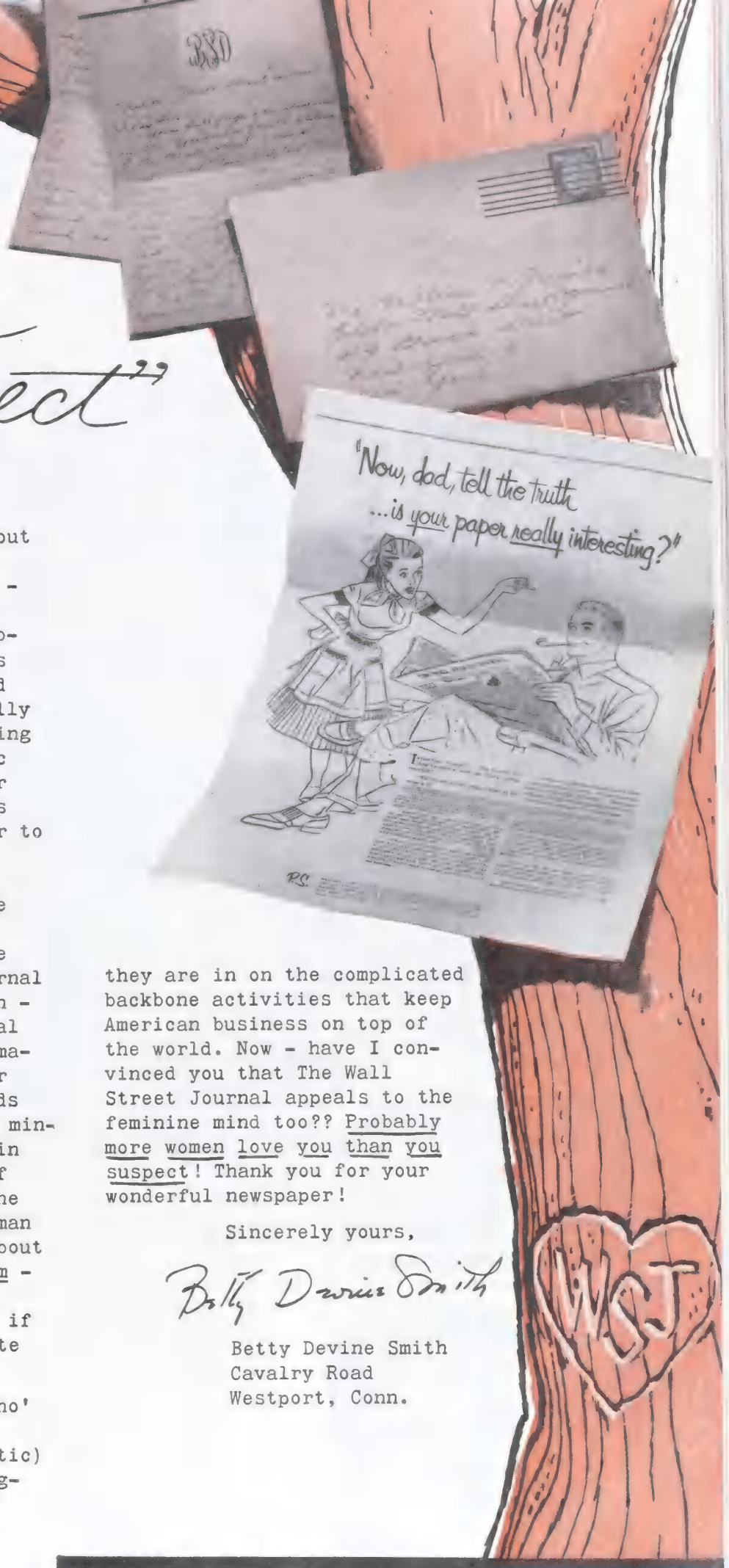
"As long as you can get it all up in ten minutes," Willis said, "and I won't forget your co-operation, Archie."

It was impossible not to have a sense of well-being on that sunny waning day of a Southern spring. Outside the windows of the sitting room were the fine glistening leaves of a large magnolia, and from its branches came the liquid notes of a mockingbird. The room looked homelike, with the bottles and ice and glasses and a few random copies of periodicals and the house organ, Harcourters Only, on the coffee stand in front of the sofa. The family photographs stood upon a long console table.

"Say, Jerry," Willis said, "I particularly want you to observe P. L. Nagel. He's a fine-type executive, who keeps a youthful outlook. He gives the air of being a playboy, but don't let that deceive you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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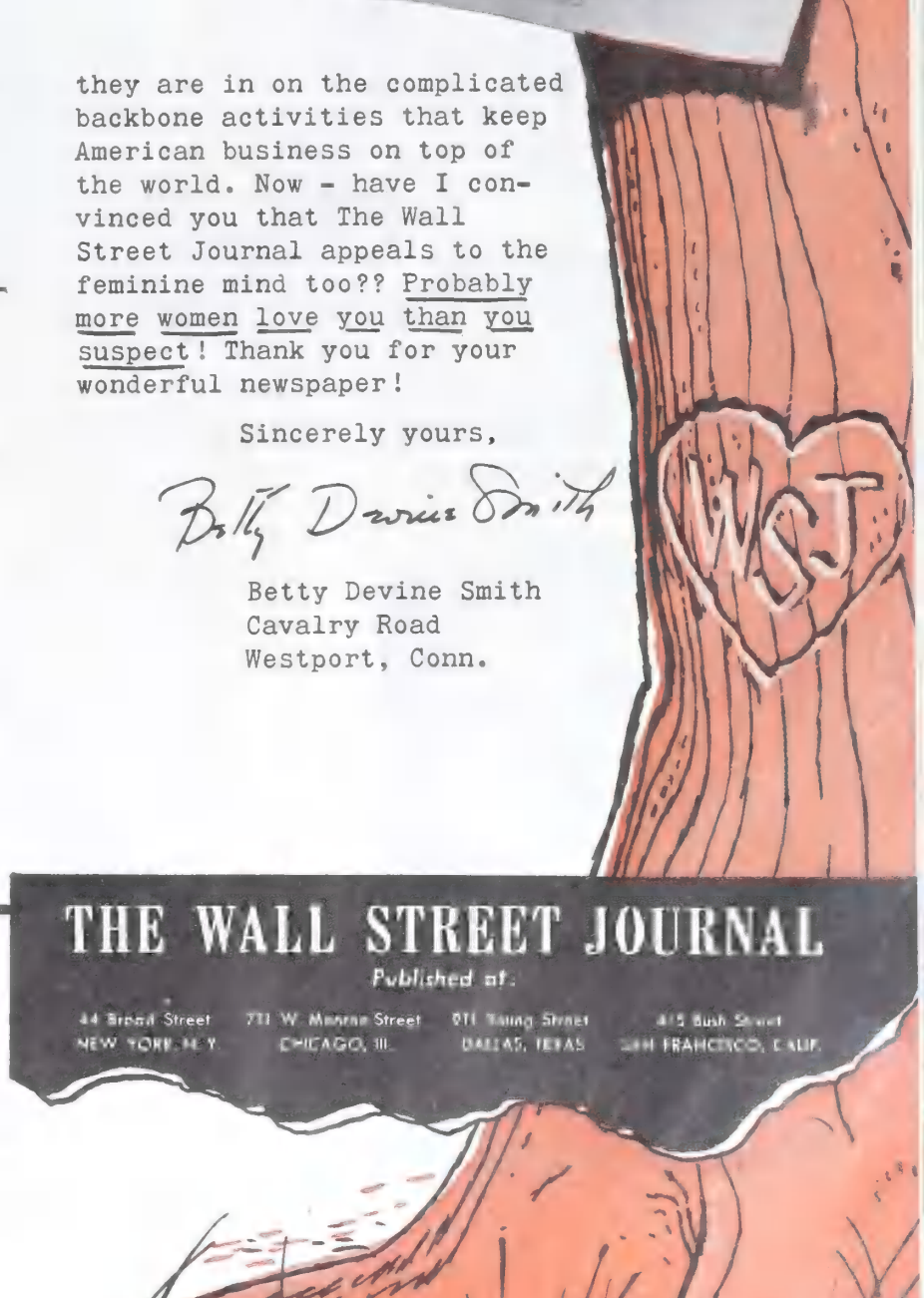
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s you think that only large and small exof business everywhere are readers of Street Journal. Well, most of them are, they are. But that only *begins* to picture ication's impact on the publishing scene he scope of its coverage.

rrespondent above, Betty Devine Smith, e of a New York business executive. She er husband's copy of The Wall Street Mrs. Smith is no "typical" reader – for Wall Street Journal readers just aren't typical. They're unusual in their information requirements; they're unusual in their ability to make use of that information. But they all agree on this, as Mrs. Smith says so well: *The Journal habit is a most rewarding experience.* That's true for all kinds of successful people in just about all walks of life.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

"I hear Simcoe is going into foam rubber in a pretty big way," Jerry said.

"Yes," Willis said, but he did not want to be talking about foam rubber when P. L. came in, and so he changed the subject. "Jerry," he said, "I was watching you this afternoon, particularly on the twelfth and fourteenth. You're developing the makings of a good sound game."

"I work at it," Jerry said. "I admit golf's a fascinating game, just from the point of view of precision."

Willis smiled. There was no doubt that Jerry Bascomb was executive material.

"Golf is something you've got to cultivate pretty prayerfully," Willis said. "By the way, Jerry, after you've had a little visit with P. L., maybe you'd better get in touch with the kids down the hall. I've just remembered that P. T. Green is throwing a little shindig in the Pine Room—you know, president of the Green Gauge and Roller Company. I don't know whether I can induce P. L. to go down or not, but I'd like you to show up in the Pine Room, and you might indicate indirectly to P. T. that you're our Planeroid specialist. You don't mind, do you, Jerry?"

"Mind?" Jerry said. "Why should I mind?" And then there was a banging on the door, and Willis heard P. L. Nagel's voice.

"Open up there," P. L. was calling. "It's the house detective."

When he was playing, P. L. always was a lot of fun, although Willis sometimes suspected that those playful moods were a sort of iron curtain that concealed many of P. L. Nagel's thoughts and motives. The truth was P. L. was not a natural-born comedian, and yet out of courtesy to an older man, Willis had to act up to the horseplay.

"Don't put the bracelets on us yet, chief," Willis said. "And how about a drink?"

If it was a flat answer, it had the advantage of stopping P. L. from being a house detective. In spite of his corpulence, which had been catching up with him in the last few years, P. L. looked sharp in a beautiful pressed lightweight suit and a canary-yellow necktie, and his growing bald spot gave the illusion of an island surrounded by white breakers.

"Just a tetch of bourbon," P. L. said. "Say, I've just been down at Alec Bingkrampf's with a crowd of wild men. It's my considered prognostication, after several drinks, that they're going to tear this caravansary apart tonight."

Willis laughed in the way one should when playboys and fun were mentioned.

"Have you seen the song sheet those boys have got printed?" P. L. asked. "They've got a real theme song for this convocation. Just hold onto your chairs and listen.

"*Nothing could be finer*
For an old Production Liner
Than the Hotel Carolina
In the morning."

It seemed to Willis that this was a very obvious effort, but P. L. was watching him critically, and so Willis had to be careful of his reaction.

"Well," he said, "I guess it has the makings of a theme song, but I'm not much of a judge of music."

"Say, Bascomb," P. L. said, "how about sweetening up this drink a little? Say, Willis, someday I'm going to snake Jerry away from you. He's too smart to be in a one-horse show like Harcourt Associates."

Willis rose, laughing heartily. "Oh no you don't, P. L.," he said, "because Jerry's smart enough to know he's all fixed right where he is."

"I wish you young fellows wouldn't get steamed up at a little clean fun," P. L. said. "When did I ever hire a man from out of a friend's office?"

Willis burst into another hearty shout of laughter. "You mean just when *didn't* you, don't you, P. L.?" he said.

After all, part of the game was being able to joke with competitors in a friendly way. Willis had P. L. there, and P. L. beamed at Willis and Jerry Bascomb.

"You ought not to tempt me by having Jerry here," P. L. said.

"I guess the boss would feel better if I pulled out of here then," Jerry said. "And seriously, some of our crowd has got to show up at Mr. Green's. It's been a real pleasure seeing you, Mr. Nagel. Table Fifty-two, isn't it, chief?"

It was Table 52, and everything about Jerry confirmed Willis' opinion that Jerry was top-flight material. He had handled P. L. very nicely, but even so Willis had a twinge of uneasiness because you could not always tell what anyone, even as loyal as Jerry Bascomb, might do when brought into contact with someone like P. L. This was one of the dangers in conventions, and it seemed to Willis that P. L. looked at him in a questioning way when Jerry closed the door.

"Seriously and all kidding aside," P. L. said, and he rattled the ice in his glass, "it's nice to snatch a moment of peace and quiet up here. Seriously, I'm mighty glad to have a little get-together alone with you, because you've kind of been on my mind lately, Willis."

Willis looked carefully at his old-fashioned glass. When you were dealing with someone of

DAUGHTER TO MOTHER

By WALTER DE LA MARE

I owe you life. Would I had owed you too
What, dumbly, gropingly, I craved from you, but never knew—
What death-sweet dangers I might journey through.
For when this poor crazed heart awoke from sleep
It was in solitude it faced the deep.

Not that I grieve, now deaf to tempests' shocks,
'Twas love that drove my vessel on the rocks,
There are worse shipwrecks. Yet, would I had known
You too had suffered; and, like me, alone,
And comfort giv'n. . . . But you are in your grave.
And the child love gave you, me it never gave.

P. L.'s caliber, you were playing in the big league. You needed to be careful if you wanted to keep your shirt. Willis could not avoid a feeling of suspense, knowing there was something behind every one of old P. L.'s verbal maneuvers, but at the same time it was a pleasure to watch P. L. at work. P. L. was looking in a surprised way at his empty old-fashioned tumbler.

"My tongue's hanging out," he said. "Say, rush me over some more bourbon, and what about you, son? You've been nursing that drink ever since I've come in here. You act as though you're suspicious."

"Why, I was just thinking we might be going down to Green Gauge or somewhere, P. L.," Willis said, "and I was merely saving a little space."

"Well, you just start in filling it, son " P. L. said, "because I like it here. Take a real shot of bourbon, son, and here's to our not being too smart with each other. Get me?"

"Why, no, P. L.," Willis said. "I don't exactly get you at the moment."

P. L. took out a handkerchief and patted the bald spot on his head. "Well, I rather think," he said, and shook his finger slowly at Willis, "I rather think before we're through here you'll get my meaning, eventually, and now let's you and me stop horsing around."

Willis had to laugh, although it was a time when he should watch himself. "If we're not horsing around," Willis answered, "and if you have something you want to tell me, maybe I'd better not have another drink until I get t news."

Even though he felt annoyed at P. L.'s t tics with the bourbon, Willis was relieved th the horsing around was over. The whole te ture of P. L.'s expression changed. He was li an actor off stage in his dressing room at t end of a performance.

"Son," P. L. said, "when you get to be r age, maybe you'll find yourself dreami dreams like I do. Right now I would like t you to dream back with me to the time wh you and I first met. At that period I was suff ing from a head cold, and my sinuses have improved any since. I made, you may recall in fact, I know you do—an offer to Mr. Her Harcourt of five million dollars for that mill his. I was not interested in the physical plant wanted the Klaus patents and other parts the Harcourt process, and Mr. Henry Ha court knew it. Well, he turned me down f sentimental reasons which surprised me, b cause I know and you know, too, that nothi runs long on sentiment—businesswise."

P. L. Nagel seemed to be in no hurry, a Willis began to wish that he would make h point.

"I hope you're dreaming right along wi me," P. L. Nagel said. "When old H. H. turn down that offer, I wasn't worried any. Tir solves most things, and I could foresee wh would happen under Bryson Harcourt's ma agement. It was my idea they'd be glad to s me that property, and they would have—if hadn't been for you, son. You fooled me."

Willis could not help feeling flattered, n so much by what P. L. said as by his utt seriousness.

"Oh now, P. L.," he said, "you know couldn't fool you. I'm not as good as that."

"I wouldn't be sitting here if I didn't kno you were, son," P. L. said. "But just you let m make my point. When you combined Harcou with Rahway I thought it would be a bust didn't envisage how the Planeroid and t Klaus patents were going to fit. I nev thought you'd be giving Simcoe competitio and that you and I would be talking serio business."

"Are we really talking serious busine P. L.?" Willis asked.

"You're damned well right we are," P. said. "And to prove it I'd like you to kind get up and turn the night latch on the door."

Willis was glad of the opportunity to mo across the room and the click of the lat made a satisfactorily decisive sound.

"All right, P. L.," he said, "go ahead a tell me what you want."

Willis was in the better position, of cours One always was when someone else want something. He walked across the room a stood in front of P. L. waiting, and he hard needed to tell himself to be relaxed.

"Sit down," P. L. said. "It hurts my ne looking up at you. All right, I want you in t first place, son, to come in as first vice-pre ident and in three years to be president Simcoe. That's one thing I want and I'm n kidding."

Willis crossed his right knee carefully ov his left. "Of course I'm very flattered, P. L. he said. "But obviously this is something th requires a lot of considering."

P. L. Nagel waved his hand carelessly. "C course it needs thought," he said. "With th punitive income tax there's no use sayi much about salary, but I'm confident we ca do something interesting with stock. I don want to name a figure now, but I want to lea one thought. You're about as far as you ca get where you are, son. On the other hand, t sky will be the limit at Simcoe."

Willis smiled courteously.

"You won't be happy there eventually P. L. said. "Anyway, I want you to be runni Simcoe in my place. I want the very best, a that means you, son, and that isn't all I want

Apparently P. L. wanted to be asked wh else he wanted, but Willis' instinct told him was a time to wait, and it was amusing to ou wait someone like P. L.

"I also want Harcourt Associates," P. said. "I regret it's going to cost more than fi million. The figure I'm thinking of is in t neighborhood of twenty-five, and now th

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

You get these crisp, golden Toast Cups from slices of plain white bread

Spry makes the difference!



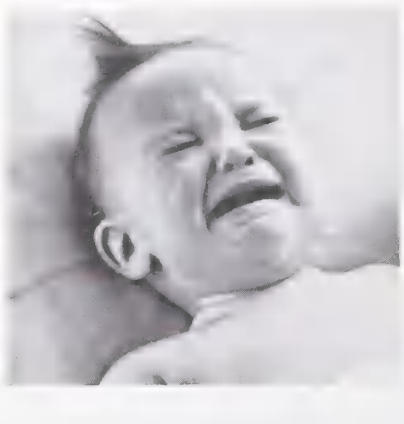
Here's How It's Done!

Trim crusts from slices of white bread. Brush melted Spry on one side of each slice and fit into 3″ muffin pans, pressing brushed side down into pan to form a cup. Bake in very hot oven (450°F.) 10-12 minutes or until golden brown. Fill with creamed tuna fish and serve as main dish.

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Spry makes just about everything you cook taste better!

The difference between this...



and this...



is often this...



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

you know what I want I wish you would sweeten up my glass."

Willis took the old-fashioned glass from P. L. Nagel. It was not a time to be superficial and he spoke very gravely.

"Frankly," he said, "I need a minute to catch my breath, P. L."

Willis had received several offers to leave Harcourt Associates, and the Nagel offer, though more flattering, could be considered as another of the lot, but the idea of the sale of Harcourt Associates was new. That vague offer of twenty-five million was skillful. It had been dangled out like bait, obviously after P. L. had made a careful study of the Associates, and was conceivably not a top offer. Willis saw that the picture had the unsavory implications of a package deal; but he also knew that he was facing a moment fraught with possibilities that might never come again.

"Well, P. L.," he said, "I'm somewhat curious as to why you want to absorb Harcourt Associates, but then I suppose it's more your business than it's mine."

P. L. took a sip of his bourbon. "I think you know the answer, son," he said. "I like your conveyor belting, and there are certain parts of your process that I would like to combine with Simcoe. It's a high price, but part of it would be an exchange in stock."

Willis cleared his throat. "I suppose," he said, "you wouldn't keep using the Harcourt Mill or Rahway."

He could see already that this was the most disturbing problem in the picture and one which he least wanted to face, and he was relieved that P. L. Nagel did not wish to face it either.

"We would have to make some experiments regarding integration," P. L. said, "but this seems a small detail."

"I'm not sure whether it is or not," Willis answered. "Very frankly, the prospect of closing the Harcourt Mill disturbs me. You remember, don't you, what Mr. Harcourt said about the family feeling for the mill?"

"I'd like it," P. L. said, "if we laid aside this angle for the moment. If you want my guess, a lot of the Harcourt family would like to take that offer. Why don't you face it? With those two little factories of yours, one in New Jersey and one in Massachusetts, you're swimming against the tide. I'm throwing you a life raft, son, because I want you up at Simcoe and I want those processes."

Willis glanced at his wrist watch. It was almost seven, and the discussion could not continue much longer, and looking at his watch at least showed that he was not so impressed by the conversation as to forget the time.

"Well, I must admit that this is all most interesting," he said. Willis stood up and squared his shoulders. "P. L.," he said, "I believe that sincerity and integrity are the cornerstones of any relationship. I am sure you will understand that in my position as the head of my company I am not a free agent, because I am the servant of my stockholders. Also I must add that I believe in loyalty, P. L., and my loyalty to the Harcourt family ranks as high as what I owe my own, especially with Mr. Bryson Harcourt incapacitated. I have to think of these things very carefully, P. L. I want to do what's best for everyone, and what is best for myself comes last."

"That's fine, son," P. L. Nagel said. "I like the way you put it. We both of us are servants to our stockholders, and I counted on you being loyal."

Willis paused for a moment before he answered. "I merely wanted to make this clear, P. L.," he said, "because there was one part of your offer to me personally which I do not like. I refer to my future in the Simcoe Company. That offer sounds to me somewhat like a bribe, an inducement to facilitate the sale of my company and perhaps to forget certain loyalties and obligations. I'm not saying you meant this, P. L., but it's the way it sounded. I want you to know in a very friendly way that you can't bribe me in that manner."

Willis stood looking at P. L. steadily, and P. L. set down his glass. "Why, son," P. L. said, and his voice was surprised and sad, "I guess I'm getting to be mighty clumsy. I like straight shooting as much as you do. I never intended any ulterior motive in that personal offer to you, none whatsoever. I want you as president of Simcoe because you're the best man of your age in belting and because I love you—yes, I love you, for the honest things you've said and for the very lovely and fine way you've presented them." P. L. Nagel pushed himself up from his chair. "Suppose we meet in my room at ten o'clock tomorrow morning and go on with this little talk, and now let's shake hands and no hard feelings, because I really love you, son."

As Willis often said later, the admiration he felt for P. L. Nagel was always pretty close to hero worship. When they shook hands, everything in their relationship reached a new high and all sorts of doubts were gone from Willis' mind.

When he walked down the broad staircase of the Carolina beside P. L. Nagel into the wave of voices that rose from the Production Liners filing into the banquet room, Willis could almost believe that he was already an integral part of Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting. It was ridiculous to let his imagination run away with him, because the whole thing might evaporate into thin air, but Willis was already thinking of what he should say to Mrs. Bryson Harcourt and to Bess and Bill in order to put the situation into an agreeable light.

The halls of the Carolina Hotel were ringing already with the song which P. L. Nagel had rendered earlier in the suite upstairs:

"Nothing could be finer
For an old Production Liner
Than the Hotel Carolina
In the morning.
Aspirin and coffee
Coming in the door
And you only have to holler
To get some more,
If you're an old Production Liner
In the Hotel Carolina
In the morning."

There was one thing of which Willis was positive. If these things came to pass—and every moment he felt more and more sure that they would—he would do everything to keep the Harcourt Mill in operation, out of loyalty to old memories. He certainly would do everything he could—within reason—to keep it in operation.

(To be Concluded)

BORN TO BE QUEEN

"Our child will *not* be raised in tissue paper," announced Juliana, Queen of the Netherlands. "She is to be called Trix, even by the servants. We do not want her even to *hear* the word *princess*."

Crown Princess Beatrix is growing up in as nearly a normal atmosphere as possible, although "it is very difficult to bring up children in a palace." With the co-operation of the Netherlands News Agency and the Dutch royal family Betty Hoffman has written the first intimate story of this seventeen-year-old girl who will one day be queen.

Trix is on a first-name basis with hundreds of people, is not above pulling devastating practical jokes on her close friends and family. She views her future role as queen with quiet seriousness—"I can't spell, and I'll *never* learn to write speeches!"—but it has not inhibited her love of mischief and high spirits, nor her liking for chewing gum, Cokes, and American slang.

BEGINNING IN THE MARCH JOURNAL







YOUR FRIENDS FROM BREAKFAST TO BEDTIME

om the moment you switch off your alarm ck each weekday morning, until you wind again at night, TODAY, HOME and NIGHT bring friends—exciting friends—o your home. Nothing like these programs sted until NBC-TV created them, brought ether their stars and backed them with full entertainment and news-gathering ources: three unique programs that add to day-long enjoyment.

DAY begins the day right. Dave Garroway, casual gentleman at the left, drops in at crack of dawn with the night's news—d takes you to the morning's news by re-te pick-up. Then there's the weather, the ne, sports news, important guests, amus-guests, amazing guests—and to top it off, J. Fred Muggs, the champ of chimps, cavorting for the cameras.

HOME helps around the house. The disarming lady is Arlene Francis, hostess and editor-in-chief of NBC's "electronic magazine of the air." HOME's staff and guests are the nation's experts on things vital to America's women—fashions, work-savers, beauty hints, shopping news. It began as a mid-day television program—now it is a necessity.

TONIGHT is the evening's last visitor. Steve Allen transplants Broadway to your living-room, and brings the glamour of New York night-life with him; his guests are the stars of the city's best stages and night-clubs. Between turns, there's the late news and the weather. And all this is tied together into a gay, gaudy package by Steve Allen's inimitable off-hand humor. Why sleep?

from breakfast to bedtime, your friends are on NBC-TV

ON THE WEST COAST

In San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco viewers have their own Big Three:

7 A.M. to 8 A.M.—**7 TO 8** with Johnny Grant & the regional happenings.

8 A.M. to 9 A.M.—**TODAY** with Dave Garroway.

11 A.M. to 12 noon—**HOME** with Arlene Francis.

NBC TELEVISION

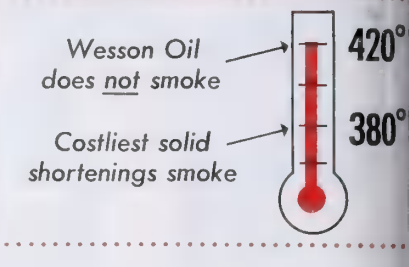
a service of RCA

This is the safer Wesson way to have delicious fried foods...





See how much higher you can he
Wesson Oil than the costliest solid sho
enings—and still Wesson does *not* smo
or burn.



Smoke can mean your shortening
breaking down. Then it becomes hard
digest and harms fresh food flavor
Wesson's *extra margin of safety* mea
you are surer always of *digestible* fri
foods with fresh, tempting flavor.

Wesson is easier, too! *Pours* from bott
to skillet. No digging out shortening.
melting and no waste. Wesson frying
thrifty. You pour only what you nee
In all the world, there's no oil so ligh
so safely digestible and so popular
Wesson. How pleasant to know that
the good foods you fry in Wesso
just couldn't be better tasting or bett
for your family.

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Chiffon Cakes,

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and Biscuits

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Guaranteed First Quality. Sheer, glamorous nylons made for *long* wear. Color: Muted Beige, for the new season look. Slim, pencil-line seams with trim, hug-tight heel. Fully proportioned from top to toe for true, personal fit. This exceptional value is made possible only by exclusive arrangement with one of the world's largest makers of quality full fashioned hosiery.

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ONLY $1.00

AND A WESSON LABEL

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Enclosed is $1.00 in cash and 1 Wesson Oil label. Send me, postage prepaid, NYLONS in size I have circled.

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Medium	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11
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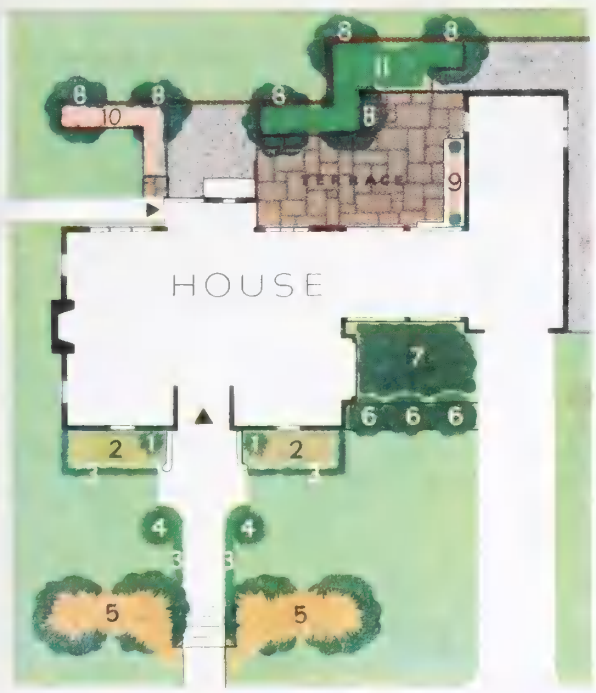
WESLEY BALZ

If it is hard to believe that the house above with the Williamsburg look is the bleak and bare one at the right, from only three years before, just read how it was done.



THE HOUSE THAT WANTED A WILLIAMSBURG FRONT YARD

. . . and got it in 3 years for $328



PLANTING LIST *(in front)*

1.	2 Japanese hollies (*Ilex crenata*) @ $5	$ 10
2.	8 laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) @ $4	32
3.	56 yews for edging (*Taxus cuspidata*) @ $1	56
4.	2 upright yews (*Taxus capitata*) @ $5	10
5.	4 dogwoods (*Cornus florida*) @ $15 and 20 spreading yews (*Taxus repandens*) @ $3	120
6.	3 white birches (*Betula alba*) @ $6	18
7.	120 myrtle (*Vinca minor*) @ 10c	12
		$258

PLANTING LIST *(in back)*

8.	6 Rose of Sharon (*Hibiscus syriacus*) @ $2	12
9.	Plant box of annuals ($3 per year)	
10.	Plant bed of annuals ($4 per year)	
11.	40 Ivy (*Hedera helix*) @ 25c	10
		$22
	Peat moss and fertilizer	48
		$328

By RICHARD PRATT

THE first year's job was to get the four dogwoods off to a good start just inside the front-yard line, and cover the ground beneath them with low spreading yews. This combination planting (5) of colorful medium-height trees, banked under with lustrous evergreens, will gradually grow into an ever-lovelier curtain-wall between the house and the street. Much the same thing was done to protect the exposed breezeway at the right, using white birches (6) as a more informal screen, and evergreen myrtle (7) as a low-cost ground cover. Then to carry on the second year with the Williamsburg look of the dogwood-and-yew combination, the path was lined with an edging of yew (3) and flanked near the doorstep with a pair of tall-growing yews (4), the doorway being framed with a pair of Japanese hollies (1). The third-year step was to plant the bed in front of the house with laurel (2), within the edging of yew (3) that continued from the path. All the front-yard plants are choice, to give that rich and rather formal effect that goes so well with the house. A little trimming of the yews in the spring, and the effect will get forever finer. . . . In back, the six Rose of Sharon shrubs (8) were set the first year to screen the terrace. Next the ivy bed (11) was planted. And the box and bed of annuals (9 and 10) get set out every season.

LOOK OUT FOR TIGERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

"Working?"

"The hate out of me."

She did not explain and after an awkward moment he said, "You don't look like a hater, I must say."

"No. It's not natural to me. But I can do it—I did do it. It's not anybody, though. Just fate. Just measles, to be specific. My little girl was coming today—she lives with my husband's people—and she has the measles. I'd counted on it terribly much." She moved, almost without sound, into the cabin, came back with a small snapshot. "That's Barrie," she said.

He looked down at the picture. "Incredibly like you. The spit 'n' image, as my mother used to say."

"Like *me?* Oh, I was *never* so gay as all that!"

He looked appraisingly from the picture to her, back again, then smiled and said, "Why don't you take your meals over at the camp?"

"I like to be by myself," she said. "I see too many people."

He rose, picked up the net, said, "Then I'd better let you be by yourself."

"Oh, I haven't minded you," she said. "I'm against cyanide, but I haven't minded you at all."

She let him go, not getting up, only putting up a hand in a small wave of farewell.

The next day he rowed straight to that small cover again. A month later he married her. The day he asked her he sat on those same steps with her. He was a calm man, but on this day his hands shook as he tried to light his pipe, and her eyes had laughter in them as she saw this anxiety. But when he began to talk, the laughter went away and she looked down at her sandals shyly. He talked for a long time, telling about the house, his mother—that strange, indomitable, tart, sometimes impatient woman who had died last winter—his job . . . then suddenly, "But I'm not looking for someone to mother me—don't think that. I'm talking a lot because I'm scared. I love you—that's all I really wanted to say." He was a reserved man and the word "love" was one which he had not used since childhood.

"Strange," she said, not teasing him, "I disliked you so that first day. Sticking pins in butterflies! . . . I never intended to marry again. But I seem to love you too."

They were married at the camp and Mrs. Nygaard even baked them a wedding cake.

He got Barrie for her. He said he would do it—it was his job and he was used to being authoritative. It turned out to be difficult, for Barrie's grandparents loved her and had thought they would always have her, but they were just. They let her go. And though unused to children, he loved Barrie at sight. She had a lightness and gaiety that were utterly enchanting.

So he took them to the brick house near the campus. He hadn't known he had such a capacity for happiness. He'd thought himself a little stodgy, old-fashioned, like his house, overcrowded with the furniture of academic knowledge. But Lisa and Barrie loved the house, incredibly—and him.

"Take any room you like," he said to Barrie.

She chose his mother's room.

"Good heavens! She can't mean it," he said to Lisa. "Why, my mother died in that bed!"

"Oh, but Barrie can't even imagine death, Jerome," Lisa said.

So he let her have the bed of heavy walnut, the bookcase full of satiric and scientific books, the scrapbooks full of the ironies of political life, the potpourri jars, the fifteen miniature penguins that Mrs. Denks had labeled with the names of faculty members; the brass umbrella stand that held umbrellas, canes, fishing rods, a bow out of his boyhood; the wallpaper with medallions of dark and gloomy maroon. And Barrie loved the room.

"Your mother must have been a wonderful woman," Lisa said.

"I suppose, on the whole, she was," he said. "She wasn't perfect, but I suppose she was remarkable. She had a tough, skeptical mind. At the end she took to trading on her eccentricities, but she was never dull."

"No, I can see she wasn't. The whole house says she wasn't. . . . I have the oddest feeling—that we would have been great friends."

"You might. She didn't go in for friendships much. Self-sufficient. But everyone came to see her. She could be very humorous. . . . One of the last things she ever said to me was about the hawk moth I showed her: '*Calasymbolus excaecatus* indeed!' she said. 'If you're going to be a hawk, be a hawk, not a moth pretending to be one!' She'd have liked it that I married you. . . . I like it too."

She came and sat on the arm of his chair, put a hand out to his hand.

"Me too," she said. "And I know now why I married you. After thinking right off that you were cold and pedantic and—and cruel. It was the way you looked at Barrie's picture—as if you saw it—you've got a *loving* heart." Then, as if suddenly shy with him, she was up and away.

But he knew, humbly, that it was her loving heart that made all the difference, that turned the dark old house to light. When Lisa said of the old pictures of his grandparents in the heavy carved frames, "Oh, what loves they are! So stern and yet so *married!*" he began to feel proud of them for the first time. When he asked her if she didn't want to change the old-fashioned heavy carpet with the roses twining over it, her brows went up in astonishment. "Change *this?* But it's enchanting!" she cried. Oh, everything shone in a bright quivering light those weeks before college opened. Their happiness could almost be touched.

With no feelings hurt, Lisa got rid of Mrs. Snow, who had cooked for him and his mother for years. There were flowers on the table, laughter round the table, and the Bavarian china he had always felt outmoded was suddenly right and belonged to the paneled room with its deep window looking toward the campus.

"Mrs. Snow was dreadful, but you ought to have someone," he said to Lisa.

"Oh, I like making a house go," she said. "I like it."

There was only one moment in those weeks that was not perfect. That was the very day after they came. "And this is my room," he said. "I don't let anyone else so much as dust here. But you may come in." It was the room lined with the cases containing his collection. The walls were covered with the small winged creatures of his passion, and other cases lay on tables or were propped against baseboards. There were a workmanlike table where he mounted his specimens, a desk, one chair—that was all. She didn't answer, didn't come in, but stood there in the doorway, poised for flight as he had first seen her. He looked up, wanting her in, but she said, "No, I won't come in. Everybody should have one room no one else can enter—shouldn't he?" He agreed, he always had agreed, but he was hurt astonishingly much because she didn't come in.

But that was the only flaw those first weeks. Barrie came in. She would sit for hours, watching him in fascination. He taught her common names—luna, wood moth, hummingbird moth—showed her the "green house with gold nails" out of which would come the monarch butterfly. But the last day before Barrie went off to kindergarten, he came into his room and saw something big and unfamiliar in his cyanide jar. It was a fair-sized toad, quite dead. He called Barrie and she admitted at once that she had put the toad there. "For you," she said, with her bright curly smile. He thanked her, but told her carefully about the dangers of cyanide, and he also told her that his interest was channeled into one line, that of the lepidoptera. He didn't talk down to her and he was not angry and she seemed to understand. He did not tell Lisa of this and was conscious that he had not. Oh, little flaw—hardly discernible. And the rest happiness, pure, unflawed.

NEXT MONTH

"I knew everything then that I needed to know. I knew the answer, too, but you don't win the impossible battles unless you are fighting for something greater than yourself . . . something you believe in the way I believed in Jonathan."

● The choice was hers and hers alone—the decision between victory and defeat, between light and darkness, between even life and death. And Sarah Lathrop had to choose, for she stood

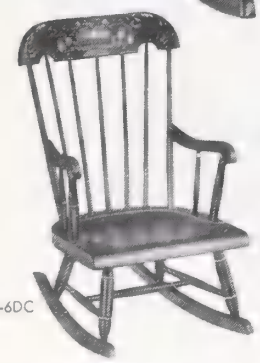
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e sat near him while he wrote letters. pt when he worked in his room, she was ys near him.

'ou write so many letters," she said.

do at that," he said. "Lepidopterists have ıd of world club."

wrote so many letters during the war. I've r wanted to write any since," she said. don't ever go away—I won't write to

ıd he forgot his letter, turned and smiled r and said, "But I won't ever go away." almost dreaded having college open. He d her good-by that morning and said, n't vanish, will you? I'll be back for n."

had to listen all morning to the con-ılations of his confreres. "Well, Denks! ou've done it! That I should live to see the " That was the hearty Frazier. "Good for Jerome! And a family made to order, I !" That was Edmonds, who was a little ed on the subject of children because his could not bear any. Dean Graham called into his office and said, "This is fine, ks. I'm very pleased. Mrs. Graham wants ve a tea or dinner or something for your She'll call you. We've often talked of a fine son you've been—you ought to e as good a husband!" He was fatherly, kling, kind, a little pompous. He liked r Johnson's "Why, you sly old so-and-so! erine saw her in the supermarket and she you never found *her* poring over a rential-calculus book!"

hen he got home, she had not vanished. 'ou're going to have callers," he said. eryone's so surprised. Well, I'm surprised lf. . . . I couldn't tell them you didn't like le."

)h," she said, "did I ever say I didn't like le?"

)idn't you? The first day I saw you?"

)id I? How could I have! . . . I love peo-. . . I hope they'll like me."

)on't be humble," he said. "They'll like

don't feel like a professor's wife. I don't the rules. But I'll try to learn."

f you change by so much as a hair, I'll you," he said.

e came home the next day and found erine Johnson there, laughing, drinking rom a cup that had been on the top shelf ng as he could remember. Lisa smiled at quickly but then turned and smiled in seemed the same way at Katherine and as obscurely troubled. Then Barrie came nd Katherine made friends with her at and asked her to come on Saturday to with her Linda.

HE's awfully like you!" she said to Lisa. ust outside," Lisa said.

ter she had gone Lisa said, "She's fun!" he thinks you're too good for me."

sa laughed, touched his hand, then bent ke the tea things away. She looked happy. ıe dean and Mrs. Graham came together. always did everything together and peo-said that the dean didn't even have a ght of his own. "My dear," said Mrs. ıam, "we are so pleased that Jerome has d himself a wife. He's been so patient, so ful, all these years and we want to see him rded. We do hope you'll like our little emic world."

And what shall I do if I don't?" Lisa said, smiling straight at the heavy, kind face.

But you must, my dear," Mrs. Graham "It's part of being Jerome's wife."

nd after they had gone, Lisa said, "I liked He's stuffy, but I liked her. When I'm old)e just like her."

e laughed. "Never!" he said. "Never, in a sand years!"

ut the next time he met Mrs. Graham on campus, she paused, held out her hand to and said, "Jerome, we all thank you—I k you. Your Lisa is lovely." Then she t stiffly, heavily on her way to Dean ham's office, leaving him as startled as if statue of Diana by the pool behind the Building had come to life and kissed him. Irs. Snow came to sit with Barrie and they t to the Grahams' for dinner. Lisa put on ack velvet dress, very plain, with a stiff collar and no trimming except gold balls for buttons down the front. "Am I all right?" she asked Jerome.

"You're beautiful," he said, but frowned a little. "Too beautiful—you'll startle the faculty," he added. But there was nothing wrong with the dress. It was just her air of radiance, something the Dunn College faculty wives seldom possessed.

Then after dinner Katherine Johnson said, "I wish someone would play for me. Doesn't anyone ever play on your beautiful piano, Mrs. Graham?"

"Hardly ever," Mrs. Graham admitted.

"Why, I'll play for you," Lisa said. He saw her on the piano bench, the velvet dress swirling softly out about her; her fair head bent, and the room was full of sweet sadness, all the dreams of youth and love that were in the past for most of those there. He hadn't ever known she could play at all.

"It's the nicest dinner party you've ever had," Katherine said; and Mrs. Graham said, "I liked it, too, Katherine."

On the way home Lisa said, "I am going to love your friends. Even the dean seemed quite gentle and nice tonight."

He meant to say, "They were nice because you charmed them," but he said only, "They can be very dull. . . . I'm sure no one has touched the Graham piano in twenty years."

She was quiet a moment, then she said, "You mean I shouldn't have?"

"Oh, no! A little frivolity is good for us all, I'm sure."

But he saw some of the light die down in her and was ashamed. He hadn't meant to subdue the light.

The next morning he met Professor Link in the corridor and Link paused and his dry, withered face cracked into a smile. "Statistics deny the possibility," he said. "Nevertheless, Denks, if you could produce fifteen children, the world would be a better place. Teachers don't do their duty toward leavening the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



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- 2 cans (2¼ or 3-oz. size) or 1 can (4½-oz. size) deviled ham
- 1 to 2 tablespoons DEL MONTE Catsup
- 1 cup basic clear French dressing
- 1 glass (4 to 6 oz.) Roquefort or Blue-type cheese spread (pimiento cheese spread may be substituted)

Chill peas in refrigerator (or drain and marinate in French dressing while chilling, if preferred). Break raw cauliflower into flowerets of about equal size. Cook, covered, in boiling salted water till just barely tender; do not overcook. Drain; chill. With a fork, whip deviled ham with enough catsup to give consistency of thick whipped cream. At serving time, drain peas; arrange on plate with cauliflowerets as shown; spoon deviled ham whip along inside edge of cauliflowerets. Garnish with greens. Combine French dressing with cheese spread; beat with rotary beater till smooth. Serve in separate bowl. Serves 8.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

mp." He went on without waiting for a ply. Johnson: "Well, for once Katherine was ght about a newcomer! Anyone who can ve a Graham dinner is *something*!" And latthews, who had always held himself aloof, aving had a book of poetry published, gave erome a smile of real friendliness as he came ut of his classroom.

He tried to put it right about the music. He ent to old Mrs. Braithwaite and made her an ffer for her grand piano that she wanted to ll but wanted to sell to the right person. He dn't have to bargain or argue. "You can ve it. Glad to have you have it," she said. Just waiting for someone like your wife to me along and play it. You've done well for urself, Jerome. Unlike most old bachelors."

Then the piano was there and Lisa was run-ng down the stairs, calling out, "Oh, Jerome! ow extravagant of you! How sweet!" She n her hands along the keys. "Lovely—vely!" she said.

"At least I won't have to go out to dinner hear you play for me," he said.

She let her hands fall, said, "You *did* mind y playing at Grahams'."

"Don't be silly!" he said.

It wasn't her playing he had minded, just e not even knowing she could play. But how say that? He watched her going off to meet rrie, bareheaded, without a coat, saw the n leaves drifting down and was sad, con-ious of being wrong, unable to say so.

Barrie was enchanted with the piano and anted to take lessons but Lisa said, "She'd tter wait. She isn't disciplined enough yet—e doesn't like to finish ings. Scales can be very dious at five."

Lisa played for him nen he asked her, but he ew that a little of the joy d gone out of his gift and knew why. He loved r very much, but he knew at his motive in buying the ano had not been wholly ve. But he did love her. So uch that he could not bear at there were rooms in her life he was not en asked to enter. Then a few days later he me in to the sound of music and singing. He lked in and half-a-dozen students and atherine Johnson stood around the piano. "Oh, hello, Professor Denks!" one of the ys called. "Mind a racket?"

"Not at all," he said. But almost at once ey had gone, except for Katherine.

"You ought to sing, Jerome," Katherine id. "I feel free as air. . . . You might as well, r your house is going to be overrun with ys who fall in love with Lisa here."

Lisa laughed and said, "They're so terribly *ung*, aren't they? I loved hearing them sing, ough, didn't you?"

"I did indeed," Katherine said. She looked e a New England spinster, with her black ir pulled straight back from her thin face. Nicest thing any professor can do, most use-l, is to have a house where the young con-egate. . . . Nice house for it—never realized I guess because I never came here much—ur mother scared me silly."

"And you're not afraid of *me?*"

"Not in the same way," Katherine said.

AFTER she had gone Lisa said, "I do like r—and it was jolly having the boys drop in th her. She's right, you know—about what u get from college. I'm glad they want to me to your house."

"Even if they all fall in love with you? I n't imagine anything more annoying. A shman in love is a pretty sickening spectacle."

"Oh? More than a professor?" Her voice as teasing, loving. "You don't *want* them to me?"

"Why, I don't mind. If it amuses you."

It was the next night, two weeks after the ent, when Lisa learned about the toad in the anide bottle. "Would you like a grass-pper?" Barrie asked eagerly. "I could get u hundreds, thousands, millions! I won't t it in the jar like the toad!"

"*Barrie!*" Lisa said, shocked to a sternness rome had never heard in her. "You put a *ad* in the jar?"

"Well, I thought he wanted it," Barrie said. "I thought it would surprise him. Is a grasshopper a butterfly, mummy? . . . You couldn't put a toad under a glass anyway—he's too fat, he'd *squash*!"

Lisa just stood very still looking at them. She said no more then, but that night she said to Jerome, "Would you mind if I got a puppy for Barrie—or a cat? I'd keep it out of your possessions."

"Why, get her anything she needs," he said. "I can't say the thought of a puppy overjoys me—and you'd have all the care of it."

"A CAT would do," Lisa said. "They aren't so destructive."

"She seems very happy without a pet," he said.

"It isn't for happiness I want it," Lisa said. "The toad—it frightened me, Jerome. I want her used to *life*."

"One has to get used to death too," Jerome told her.

"I know . . . but I'm on the *side* of life, Jerome—I want Barrie on that side too. I'm not saying it very well."

"It's your house—your responsibility," he said stiffly. "Get an elephant if you want to."

She turned away, but two days later there was a small gray cat in the house. Jerome met one of his students, young Perry, in the hall and Perry grinned at him and said, "Did Barrie like the cat?"

"Oh, was that your contribution?" Jerome asked dryly. "Barrie's enchanted."

Perry flushed and stammered something about hoping it wasn't a nuisance—he'd thought Mrs. Denks really wanted one—and so on.

"Oh, she did—she did. She's very grateful to you," Jerome said and got away.

So now there were four of them in the house. Nearly always more, for as autumn drifted toward winter, more and more often the house ran over with callow youths who brought their favorite books, their love affairs, their religious problems, their hopes and fears and strewed them about his house. There was much laughter there, often music, and he grew used to boys sitting on the floor in front of the fire, talking, talking, pouring out their half-baked philosophies. "Oh, come in, Jerome—come in! Sit here!" Lisa would say. Sometimes he forced himself to come in, but he had been used for years to his mother's mature, astringent comments on life and he was impatient with youth for not growing up faster. And these boys had never come before, had they?

One night after they had had coffee and toast by the fire, he came down to the kitchen and said, "If there's anything left, I might have a bite."

Lisa opened the refrigerator, then said, "You don't begrudge them toast, do you, darling?" She spoke lightly, and yet the moment was important and Jerome knew it was important.

"Oh, of course not," he said impatiently. "But they do take up space and time."

"But what are space and time *for?*" Lisa asked.

"I suppose I want it all for us," he said, and over her face went a look of such sweet radiance that he felt wildly happy and terribly grateful that for once his lips had spoken the same words as his heart.

"Oh, but we have time, darling—we have all the time there is," Lisa said. She poured him coffee and sat with him at the kitchen table and all was well between them for a little while.

For a little time. The very next day a boy who had always been inattentive in class, apt to cut classes, came up to him and made overtures by way of asking help on a problem. He helped the boy, but with specific brevity, wanting to say to him, "I see through this overture. It has nothing to do with me. It is only a path to my house—to her."

Oh, he did love her; make no mistake about that. But he was unversed in the ways of love, in the words, and there was always this small flaw, this small resentment that there was some part of him she did not even want to know, and that there were parts of her she did not reveal to him. He knew when he made mistakes, but because of the flaw he was sometimes stiff when he meant to be loving, sometimes reticent when he should have spoken.

It wasn't only the boys. There had never been such a series of faculty parties as during that fall. Or perhaps they had always had them and he had been left out, or refused to go on account of his mother. Now he had no excuse and he and Lisa seemed always to be going somewhere, to the Johnsons' or the Grahams' or the Everts'. And the parties were gay and the talk more adult, but one could see with half an eye that it was Lisa who made the parties gay, that through her new life had flowed across the campus.

Then one day he said, "That's going too far—a breakfast party! You go if you like, but I'm way behind on letters and I'm going to stay home and do some."

"Oh, Jerome!" Lisa said, disappointed. "Katherine's counting on us. But I won't go if you'd rather not."

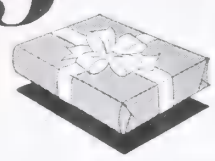
"No, you go. They won't miss me. I really have to work."

"Stay with me," he wanted to say. But she went off, taking Barrie. He went into his room

Men occasionally stumble over the truth, but most of them pick themselves up and hurry off as if nothing had happened.

—WINSTON CHURCHILL
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and the cat was on his table, curled up, purring. He lifted it, put it out in the hall, closing the door firmly. But then he could not seem to write his letters.

Lisa came in alone.

"Where's Barrie?" he asked.

"She's spending the day with Linda. . . . You ought to have come, Jerome. It was fun—but it would have been more fun if you'd been there."

"Oh, nonsense! . . . I thought you were teaching Barrie to be responsible for the cat. It was in my room this morning."

"Oh, I'm sorry! She does try. Did it do any damage?"

"No, fortunately."

The Grahams' nephew came for Christmas. He was a worldly young man who had already received some attention as an artist. Mrs. Graham came to Lisa and said, "You must help me, Lisa. John feels we're a dull lot, but he comes dutifully every two or three years, for his mother's sake. You must help me to give him a good time for once."

So Lisa asked, "Could we afford a really bang-up party Christmas week?"

"I suppose we could—but do we need to? I'd hoped we could take it easy over the holidays."

"It's for this John Sturgess—the Grahams' nephew," Lisa told him. "They want some excitement for him."

"Do we have to furnish it?"

"She asked me to help."

"Then I suppose we'll have to. I've met him. He's insufferable. Thinks he's the only one who has been around and learned the facts of life."

The party came off. It was over. But the next afternoon Jerome came in and found John Sturgess making a sketch of Lisa sitting in the old chair with the green velvet cover, the cat in her lap. "Come in—come in!" Lisa said. "I'm a family portrait!"

"I see," he answered. "Hello, Sturgess. . . . I won't interrupt." And he went abruptly.

He heard Sturgess laughing and then Lisa's answering laugh. Sturgess didn't go till five and Jerome heard him say, "We'll try oils next time—would you mind?" and Lisa's answering, "I'd love it!"

"Is that part of the excitement?" he asked Lisa.

"Yes. An artist always wants to paint. It's an easy excitement to furnish," she said.

"Well, let him paint Katherine."

"Oh, don't be silly, darling! He's here for only two days more and Mrs. Graham just doesn't know what to do with him."

Sturgess came next day with paintbox and easel. Jerome took Barrie out for a walk and did his best to make her laugh, succeeding well enough and feeling better for his success. But just as the afternoon had turned chill and gray and they were turning home, he met Mrs. Graham, hat straight as a die, ugly black coat blowing in the wind. She paused and said:

"Hello, Jerome—and Barrie. How are you, my dear? . . . Jerome, I owe you an apology for the behavior of my nephew. I'm afraid he finds marital bonds merely ludicrous and not to be considered."

"Mine are very secure," he managed.

"I know they are," Mrs. Graham said, her heavy face working with distress. "All the same, he has behaved atrociously and I am ashamed."

When he and Barrie reached the house Sturgess was still there, working furiously. Jerome said, "Don't you think you've posed long enough, Lisa? You look dreadfully tired."

Sturgess frowned and said, "Fifteen minutes more. . . . Would you go away, please—I don't want anything changed and women always change the minute their husbands come in."

Lisa said slowly, "I am rather tired. Couldn't you finish it tomorrow?"

Sturgess gave a satiric grin, said, "Very well," began to wipe his brushes off.

After he had gone Jerome said, "The fool's in love with you and all the faculty's talking about it."

"Oh, Jerome! That boy? He likes to pretend he's an Artist of the World. I'm married to *you*—didn't you know?"

STURGESS never came back. The picture stayed there in the living room for several days, unfinished, though someone came and picked up the easel and the picture was removed to the mantel. Even unfinished, the picture had great charm, a lightness and gaiety that were essentially Lisa. Jerome Denks saw the charm but could not admit to it, could not mention it or Sturgess.

In February something went wrong with the furnace in Barrie's school, and school was closed down for a week. "I think I'll take her down to see her grandparents for a few days," Lisa said. "They have missed her so and it's a good time for it."

"I'd keep her away from them," he said. "No use having her torn between two homes."

"She won't be," Lisa said.

She did take her, coming back on the night train. She was very quiet and he said, "I do miss Barrie. I wish you hadn't let her go."

"I miss her too," she said. "I always miss her when she isn't nearby, but I wanted a few days without her all the same. I'm never alone with you, Jerome."

He was touched.

But he said, "Well, you run around so much—we could have more time if it weren't that people always want you to do things, go places. . . . You know, I wonder how it ever happened that you didn't marry before you did. I don't see how you helped it."

She took the cat up into her lap, curled up in the chair, just as she had sat in Sturgess' picture.

"Oh, it was easy to help it," she said. "I was numb all those years, it seemed. I forgot how to love. And then—there you were, darling. I knew how again. That's all there was to it. . . . Though sometimes it seems so strange that it was *you*. I don't see why you wanted *me*."

"Well, I did," he said.

She still looked faintly troubled, as if she wanted to say more, but Katherine and her husband came in then. He thought, moved by her wanting these days alone with him, that he would somehow manage to tell her how terribly much she meant to him, but they weren't alone so much after all. People were always coming in.

"You let people feed on you," he said once.

"Well, I feed on them too," she said.

Then Barrie was back and he somehow hadn't said the things he wanted to say. And the very first day there was the trouble over the cat. Barrie went to school without feeding him and Lisa wouldn't let her play with Linda after school. "But it was you who wanted the cat," Jerome found himself saying, with Barrie close to a tantrum.

The next morning when he and Barrie came out for breakfast Lisa wasn't there. She just wasn't in the house and there was no breakfast. Jerome got something together for Barrie, saw her get started for school. Just as she went down the walk Lisa came toward her through the snow in the red chinchilla jacket she wore for shopping.

Barrie gave her an apprehensive look bu Lisa only smiled, said, " 'By, darling!"

Barrie fidgeted, then burst into tears. "Wher did you *go*, mummy?" she demanded.

Lisa stopped smiling. She stood there ver still and said, "That's what Kiki would hav said yesterday, if he could have: 'Where di you go, Barrie? Where's my breakfast? Di you forget me?' That's how it feels, Barrie. . . Run along now, or you'll be late." She cam on toward Jerome in the doorway, gave a fain smile, but made no explanation to him.

THEN they began to get ready for the annua faculty play and they asked Lisa to play th lead. "*Shall* I?" she asked Jerome; and h said, "Why, if you like. If it would amuse yo I've always thought they should leave the play to the students, but it seems even full profe sors have to have scope for exhibitionism. Her eyes widened a little but she did not an swer. She did join the cast.

One night when they were to rehears Barrie was feverish with a cold. Lisa calle Katherine and said she couldn't come, bu Katherine said they'd come over to the hous for a little while, so that was that. Jerome wen upstairs and wrote letters, saying dryly to Lis that he would listen and let her know if Barr needed her. Twice Lisa came running up th stairs, thinking she had heard Barrie, bu Barrie slept and was quite herself in the morn ing.

He sat in the audience and heard Lisa sa in her memorable voice:

"Oh, heart be wise!
Else mayst thou love forever in hunger an
tears
A golden husk!"

Then they were going home and he was sa ing, "Well, the faculty has drama out of i system for this year. Was it fun enough to pa for all the work?"

"It was fun," she said, as she had on before, "but it would have been more fun you'd been in it."

"It's not my cup of tea," he said.

In April, Matthews had a new volume poetry come out. Jerome heard of it here an there and then one day he came home an found a copy on the table in the bedroo "Where'd you get this?" he demanded.

Then he opened it to the front page, whi said, "For Lisa, who is responsible for th book. Henry Matthews."

" 'Who is responsible'?" he read slowly.

She went on brushing her hair with qui light strokes. "Oh, that's an exaggeration. B it does seem wicked, if you are a poet, not *be* a poet. I just quoted your mother to hi 'If you're a hawk, be a hawk!' I always thoug that was wonderful."

"An inspiration in all the arts, eh?" he sai It did not come out as lightly as he had mea it to.

She paused, put the brush down. " 'Inspir tion' is a very highfalutin word," she sai "But I do think it's wonderful that he's do this book, with all that he has on his shoulders

"What does he have on his shoulders mo than we all have?"

"Oh, it seems more. Sarah not loving hi Sarah's mother lying there dying with canc half the housework falling on Henry. You have an unfortunate manner too! But he's incredibly patient—and the poems are so fr and calm. That seems wonderful to me."

"Well, everyone has troubles," he sai knew it for not enough. He hadn't even know about Sarah's mother.

She said, "If I didn't know better — Then she smiled warmly, and rushed on, "O darling, don't even *sound* unkind! It isn't li you!"

But when Mrs. Graham said to him a fe days later, "Isn't Lisa awfully *thin*, Jerome he felt angry.

He said to Lisa, "Mrs. Graham thinks I' not feeding you enough. Are you really thin

"Oh, no. I like to be thin, anyway."

"As soon as classes are over we'll go up Mrs. Nygaard's—she'll fatten you up!"

He saw Johnson on the campus and Joh son said to him, "Look here, Katherine sa

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

NONE THE WISER

By MARCELLA M. BANNON

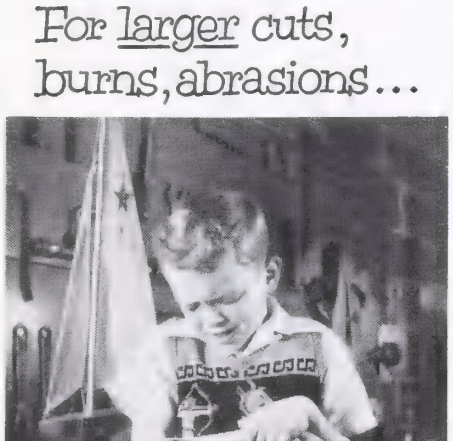
That was the summer I didn't
sleep at all,
But listened in the window
and laughed along the hall;
That was the summer you
were
love and kin,
And the cheekbones poked
through
my thin, flushed skin.

The world was leaves reflected
in
black lake water,
And I was to my mother as she
would have her daughter.

That was the winter belief
came slow,
I listened to my laughter choke
and go;
That was the winter night was
still,
I muffled up my crying; I
shook
with chill.

You were lost reflections in an
ice-covered pond,
And I was none the wiser for
being fond.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

you're ditching us for Canada; we won't have it!"

"Ditching you?"

"Thought it was all fixed up that you'd join us at the cove. Lisa seemed to think you'd like it—and it would be wonderful to have Barrie there for Linda. Lots of room and you could catch all the butterflies you wanted to."

"Well, I'll talk it over with Lisa," he said.

"You do that!"

He found it hard to mention it to Lisa, but he did. "What's this about the Johnsons?" he asked that night. "You didn't tell me that they'd asked us there."

"I hadn't got around to. But it doesn't matter, Jerome. You aren't terribly fond of them and you do love Canada. It doesn't matter at all."

"He seemed to think it was all decided. I felt a fool."

"Sorry—it all seemed a long way off. And then when I knew you wanted Canada, I just forgot it."

"Just an obedient wife, eh? We'll go anywhere you like, of course. But how was I to know? They'd never asked me before."

"I never thought of being obedient," she said. "I just want what you want, that's all, darling."

He did try to congratulate Matthews on his book, but he found his voice stiff.

"Don't tell me you read it!" Matthews said with that mocking air that set people's backs up.

"Yes, of course."

"Hope for you yet, Denks!" Matthews said, giving him an odd grin.

Then one morning Barrie came running in after school had started. She was crying, out of breath.

"I forgot to feed Kiki!" she wailed.

"Oh. Well, feed her now," Lisa said. "Did you tell Miss Potts?"

"No, I just came."

"All right. I'll walk back with you, darli

Jerome met her as he went to his first cl "Now wasn't that nonsense?" he deman "The weight of the world on her at five?"

"Oh, just little weights," she said. "She to learn, Jerome."

"She was ready for a nervous breakdow

"I'm glad she worried," Lisa said. "Y be late, Jerome."

A day or two after that Lisa said, "I ha feeling I should let Barrie spend the sum with her father's people."

"Good heavens, why?" he demanded. "S almost forgotten them."

"I know. That's it. She mustn't forget th You mustn't forget people who love you. They do love her."

"But she's your child. She belongs you."

"She'll still be my child. You can't learn soon to let them go, though—can you?"

He felt accused in some way of some known something, put on the defensive w out knowing what he should defend.

A few mornings later he said sudde "Would you like me to adopt Barrie? Leg I mean?"

She said, startled, "Oh, no! That's swee you—but no, I don't think so, Jerome."

But all that spring he had a strange fee of being caught in some web of his own takes. Sometimes he had moments when marriage was like a dream, from which might wake suddenly. And yet he loved He did love her. But he saw that she was thin, that she was too quiet, that her didn't light up quite so often with that r ance that was such a delight. She didn't the piano very often, and one day walk home after class he realized that the b didn't collect at the house any more. wanted to say something about that, but a his previous remarks he couldn't do it.

Then came the day when he came in found Lisa was out. The mail lay in the on the rug. He picked it up and saw there a letter for Lisa with the name and addres John Sturgess in the corner. He stared at i it blurred to his vision, then he dropped i the table as if he had been burned by it. looked at the rest of the mail, found a le for him from Geoffrey Bowen, the Englishm with whom he had corresponded for so years. He had always liked Bowen's lett crisp, knowing, humorous. Still, it was so moments before he opened Bowen's letter. he did so, Lisa came in.

"Your mail's on the table," he said.

She picked up the letter. "Well, well!" said lightly, tore open the envelope. She st there reading it, then laughed, but with trou in the laughter. "That's what being an a is, I suppose!" she said. She put the le down beside him as if she expected him to r it, but he could not even look at it.

"Why, Bowen's in Washington," he s "He wants to come and see me. I say—I wo like that! Would you mind? He's a butte man—he might bore you."

"Oh, ask him to come. When?"

"This weekend. I've never seen him— written to him all these years."

"Fun!" Lisa said. "Do you want any in—or just want him to yourself?"

"Oh, I doubt if he'd care for parties."

But all the time he was conscious of t other letter lying open there at his hand would be so easy to accept her offer, pick it and read it in an indifferent, husbandlike w She had made it easy. But he could not do He left it there and went up to see if his ro with its collections would pass muster wit man like Bowen. For a moment his triumph the field of lepidopterology were evidenced fore him and he felt a rush of excitement at thought of talking of them with Bowen, t he felt the excitement ebb away as he loo at the cases all around him, saw the bri wings, the delicate antennae, the names scribed so neatly: *Debis creola*, *Vane californica*, *Argynnis aphrodite*. All the nam fused together and became one name, *J Sturgess*, blackly clear on an envelope.

"Did you send your friend a wire?" L asked.

He sent the wire, but as he did so felt app hensive, almost unwilling to send it.

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owen came by train at 11:10 in the morn-
on Friday. It was at the time of Jerome's
rential-calculus class. "I'll meet him,"
said. "I can surely find him, don't you
k? A butterfly man ought to stand out
ehow!" He didn't want her to meet
en, but he couldn't seem to arrange any-
g different without making too much of an
so in the end he let her.

hen he came home for lunch, Bowen was
ng on the corner of the kitchen table talk-
a blue streak to Lisa while she prepared
h. He was like his letters and yet a sur-
. "Ah, Denks!" he said, getting off the
, being tremendously tall in the low room.
eld out a bony hand, shook hands firmly.
last!" he said. "This is extremely nice of
and Mrs. Denks!" He looked very British.
ad a long, beaky nose, a short mustache,
blue eyes that went to slits when he
hed, and his laugh itself was a short, very
sh bark.
Take him away, Jerome. He talks so much
istracts me. Lunch in five minutes," Lisa

owen laughed that short bark of a laugh
went out with Jerome, saying, "I feel as if
ived here all my life. What a charming
e you have, Denks—and what a charming
! Know what she said when she came up
e at the station? 'But where is your cya-
jar?' Ha!"
uncheon was good, full of talk and laugh-
And after lunch, when he said he had to
ack for an afternoon class, Bowen said,
ok in on it, could I? Always like to watch
r folks pass knowledge on. Duffer at it
lf. Never could teach anything. Mind?"
ad to say he didn't. Nor did he much. He
a good teacher and knew it. And he was
measure glad to take Bowen away from
ouse, but he didn't examine his feelings
t that too deeply. The class went well and
ound he was proud to have Bowen listen
ell as proud of having his students see this
nguished-looking guest.
t on the way back to the house, Bowen
"I say, I do like your wife! I should think
would have been writing me about her
r than about moths. Very gay, very sensi-
—you don't see that type often in Amer-
lo you? Rare enough anywhere, I expect."
never tried to catalogue her," Jerome
trying for humor, and the Englishman
ed and said, "Oh, rather not!"
rrie was there when they went in and was
ds with Bowen at once. And why not?
erome knew it troubled him to see Barrie
g on Bowen's bony knee, smiling her curly
at him.

N Lisa said, "Barrie, come help me get
er. Jerome and Mr. Bowen will want to
and look at butterflies—they're just too
e to say we bore them, but we do."
'll go too," Barrie said.
No, you won't. You come with me."
Let her come," Bowen said. "If I had a
girl like Barrie, I wouldn't be collecting
rflies. Let her come."
rome took him to his room and he didn't
why he felt let down, for Bowen was
complimentary, begged to exchange sev-
varieties of moths, showed a real interest
e collection. But his remark about Barrie
e the whole business secondary, an occu-
n for men who had nothing else. He
't feel that was true and he resented hav-
Bowen imply that it was. Barrie told him
ommon names of some dozen species and
en was delighted with that.
Now, that's enough, my dear," he said.
n't you learn the Latin—that's quite
gh for a girl who looks like a *Lycaena*
s herself!"
That's a dim view to take of knowledge,"
me said.
Not at all! Not at all! Gaining these bits
nowledge gets to be a disease if you don't
out."
ut, somewhat shyly, he then fished in the
et of his jacket and drew out a small
ebook to the study of lepidopterology.
u see, it led me into this!" he said. There
his name on the cover: By Geoffrey
en. "You get in a panic for fear your bits
nowledge won't be recorded—as yours,"
aid. "Then you write a guidebook for
others with the same disease." He said "Ha! Ha!" embarrassedly and led Barrie downstairs.

"Wonderful job your husband's done," he said. "Amazing! But what are we having for dinner that smells so good?"

Because Katherine had made such a to-do about it and because the colors were right, the picture of Lisa hung in the dining room. Before they sat down to dinner Bowen walked toward it, then stood off a little and looked from it to Lisa, back again. "I say—that must have been done by a top-notch man!" he said.

"It was," Lisa said. "But it was never finished."

"Looks finished to me. But then, I'm no authority. Quite definitely you, at any rate."

"I like it," Lisa said. "But why wouldn't I? It makes me look the way I *want* to look."

Later that night he said, "You know, it makes me feel good to be here. Collectors are apt to be dry-as-dust specialists or else romantic amateurs. Glad to meet one with a home and a family and a decent job—not all in one groove, you know. Your husband here was talking to me about the value of knowledge, Mrs. Denks—I maintain it's dangerous. Life's too short to try to know everything, eh? Truth is, I know too much about butterflies, too little about everything else."

"But science—would it ever be advanced if certain ones didn't try to increase their knowledge?" Jerome asked.

"Oh, you could argue me down. I don't doubt," Geoffrey Bowen told him. "But don't you honestly think, Denks, that it's better to be like your wife here, who doesn't know one butterfly from another—so she tells me—but who sees everything about her, the butterflies included, with extreme sensitiveness? Oh, much better to be like that, I'm sure you will agree. It's so easy, you know, if you keep your nose to a grindstone for a few years, to get an entirely false idea of the sharpness of your mind!"



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It wasn't quite right, but Bowen was so enthusiastic, such an eager talker, that the evening passed quickly and the next day too. In the afternoon they went through the guidebook, checking against their own possessions and telling each other tales of captures that had seemed exciting. But suddenly Bowen rose, said, "I'm going to ask your wife to take me for a walk about the campus. Mind?"

"Of course not," Jerome said, but he did mind.

That night after she was in bed Lisa said, "I'm so glad you asked him here! He's a love, isn't he? One of the special ones. . . . I think, if you urged him, he'd stay through this next week. You'd have to urge him, though."

He couldn't do less than urge him and Bowen said, "If you're sure I won't be in the way, there's nothing I'd like better!" So he stayed. Jerome was half pleased to have him, half resentful of his presence. For Bowen had come to see him. But the staying on? And Bowen seemed to have forgotten that he had come to talk of butterflies. He hardly mentioned them all week. He was taken everywhere by Lisa and every day he talked of the ones he'd seen. Lisa even took him to see Mrs. Snow. "Quite like Mrs. Bean, back home in Kent," he said. "All full of mottoes! I used to collect Mrs. Bean's sayings—*meant* to offer them to one of these novel writers; never happened to meet the right chap to appreciate them!" And Lisa took him to the Matthewses. "Always admired poets," he said. "Good one, Matthews, I'd say—Mrs. Denks read me some of his poems. Sounded the way I like poetry to sound, but I'm not up on all the modern line, I may not know what's what. Niggling kind of a wife—a pity, fellow like that."

"Maybe you get to be a niggler married to a fellow like that," Jerome said.

"Eh? Oh, but he seemed first-rate. Don't think you could be fooled about that," Bowen said.

One afternoon he took Barrie and Linda to the park and professed to not having had so much fun since he'd been a lad in Cornwall one summer. "Even went down the slide!" he boasted, which made Lisa laugh off and on whenever she thought of it. People wanted to have parties for him, but he declined all such offers. "Much better fun seeing one or two at a time," he said.

THEN on Friday afternoon—Bowen was to leave that night—Jerome found Bowen, very tall, angular and British, standing waiting for him by the steps of the Liberal Arts building. He fell into step beside Jerome and they walked some distance in silence, which was odd in itself, for Bowen was quick to talk. Then Bowen said, embarrassedly, "Been making love to your wife, Denks. Not cricket, eh—under your own roof?"

"What the devil!" Jerome said sharply.

"Right you are. Shameful," Bowen admitted. "No encouragement from her, as you well may know. I'd take her away from you if I could, old man. Ought to make her happier—don't you think?"

It was preposterous, hearing Bowen talk so, especially in this bright young day.

"My relations with my wife ——" Jerome began stiffly.

"Your own affair? Certainly—certainly. Unpardonable, intruding. After you have been so kind as to take me in, a stranger. But we're not young men, Denks. Ought to be able to talk without offense. An outsider steps in and sees things you don't see when they're right under your nose. Don't like seeing you breaking your wife's spirit, which is a rare one, you know—maybe breaking her heart. She ought not to be married to dull, selfish dogs like us, Denks. By Jove, though, if I were married to her, I don't think I would be so selfish! . . . Talking too much. Always talk too much."

"Lisa's been complaining to you?" Jerome said coldly. He didn't feel cold. He felt hurt all through his body and brain.

For a moment Bowen did not speak. When he did his voice was as cold as Jerome's, cold and hard. "You are not fool enough to think that, Denks," he said. "Your wife is a loyal woman."

They reached the house, went in and Barrie came running, caught hold of Bowen's hand, begged him to tell her a story.

Bowen took Barrie on his knee and began to tell her tales about his boyhood in England. His voice was gay and one would never have believed that he had just said the things he had to his host. Lisa sat on a stool and listened, too, but rose and went for tea, brought it on the big black tray. Jerome reached to take it from her and saw that her eyes showed the darkness of tears. He almost let the tray fall but managed to get it on the table, even said, "I'll pour it."

He turned to offer a cup to Bowen, but Bowen and Barrie had gone to the old globe by the window and Bowen was showing Barrie where Kent was, where she was, the places where he had traveled.

"And here's the jungle I was in last," the clipped voice said suddenly behind Jerome. "Got a butterfly ten inches across right there. Difficult, hunting butterflies in the jungle—you have to be so constantly on the lookout for tigers!"

"Real tigers?" Barrie demanded.

"Real tigers," Bowen said gravely. "Oh, tea—thank you very much."

They got through dinner creditably, then Bowen said, "I'd like one more walk about the town before my train goes." He turned to Lisa. "Will you come with me?" he said urgently.

"We'll all come," Lisa said.

"I'll come!" Barrie said eagerly.

Jerome's eyes went toward the globe. Everything seemed to wait in the room. Now—now was the time to say the right thing, if ever he was to say the right thing. Tigers, tigers everywhere. No, within his heart was the jungle. There were the tigers congregated, waiting to spring. And all because he wanted to put a pin in a butterfly. It seemed to him he was silent for a long time, but actually it was only a matter of a second or two before he smiled at Lisa, said, "No, Barrie—you stay here and keep me company. You show him the town, Lisa. You're so much better at that sort of thing than I am. I'll put Barrie to bed and be ready to go to the train when you get back."

It wasn't what he said. That had been humdrum enough, he knew. It was never what you said, but the way of speaking, the generosity in your heart when you spoke. Trust, no jealousy, no cyanide jars or nets or pins.

Lisa hesitated. Her eyes, her smile, her hesitation were questions, were half doubt, half wonderment. But after the pause she said, "All right, darling. We won't be long."

Did she mean that everything was all right? Everything? He didn't quite know and while they walked through the sweet spring night he waited, but he waited with a curious fe of peace, of having ugliness washed awa played a few one-note-at-a-time tunes o old piano, then took Barrie up to bed, tu her in.

"I wish mummy would get back," H said. "I wish mummy'd get back to kis good night."

"She'll be back. Back in time," he surely. "And here's a kiss to keep you till she gets here."

He stood on the platform with Bo waiting for the train. Waiting for more that, but outwardly waiting only for the

"You've been more than kind to hav all this time," Bowen said.

"Kind? I'm very grateful to you for ing," Jerome answered.

It was a difficult, even a moving mome the middle of the waiting.

"Hope I haven't been too much of a sance. Perhaps you and Mrs. Denks will to Kent one of these days and let me something of your hospitality."

"Perhaps we will. We might have to up a year or two for it—but perhaps we

The train whistled and Bowen's bony, st hand shot out, grasped Jerome's more sle hand firmly.

"I'll send you the moths—and I'll hold to coming! Thanks for everything."

"Thank *you*," Jerome said.

Bowen's beaked nose showed at a win He was gone. But even before the train ished Jerome was walking swiftly to home, toward Lisa.

She sat at the piano, head bent, but turned on the bench as he came in, looke him. He didn't know what to say. And haps there was nothing to say, nothing could be put into words. He felt shy, as he when he'd asked her to marry him.

"Well, he's gone," he said inadequa "Liked him."

Well, he had liked him, in spite of al thought surprisedly.

"Yes—I too," Lisa said. Then she said, her smile now had no doubt in it at all, the same, I'm glad he's gone. I do love e ing, different people—I love having them he but the best part is having them gone s can sit and talk about them. Just you and

"Is there any coffee left?" he said.

That was what he said, and as they m together toward the kitchen, no one w have known that he had really at this mon asked her to marry him, and been acce

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

ONE phenomenon in our family is that the daughters are old enough to wear my clothes, but I'm not young enough to wear theirs.

Nothing starts the average man's day off better than to be able to criticize some woman at the wheel of a car.

There should be a short intermission between parenthood and grandparenthood, long enough to see a movie alone, visit Niagara Falls and pay all the bills.

To the younger generation, a good economist is one who goes broke even.

Too many cooks may mean the bridegroom is trying to help.

Concerning predestination, our Guatemalan friend says, "No man dies the day before."

With most people, being prepared for anything never seems to include the unexpected compliment.

A woman who builds up another woman increases her own stature.

A woman's beauty lasts as long as her disposition stays sweet.

A man marries only a woman, but a woman marries a man and a house.

The most important ingredient in a recipe is experience.

Maid to mistress: "You know I never tell the papas everything I tell the mammas, 'cause the papas just blow up but the mammas are the fixers."

It never hurts a man to call a woman beautiful—when she's in the kitchen.

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AND ALL THE VALUABLE FOOD ENERGY



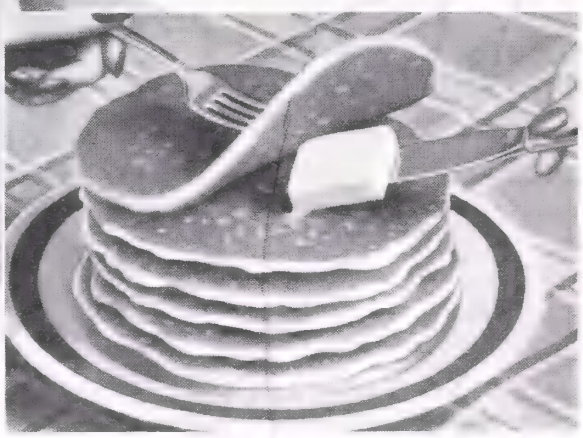
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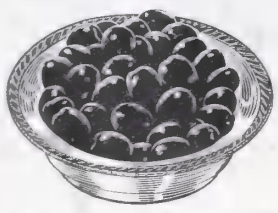


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TUCK-A-BED
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sing with California flavor!

Lip-smacking good flavor is easy to come by. Just open up a can of California's own Ripe Olives. Sample a few for their sun-soaked goodness...save some out for nibbling before dinner...and use the rest like this:

- 1 cup ripe olives
- 2 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. dry mustard
- 1½ cups milk
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 4 frankfurters, whole or sliced
- 2 tbsps. diced pimiento
- 2 cups cooked rice
- ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 2 tbsps. melted butter or margarine

Cut olives in large pieces. Melt butter and blend in flour, salt and mustard. Gradually blend in milk; cook and stir until mixture boils and is thickened. Add the cheese, frankfurters, olives, pimiento and rice, mixing lightly. Turn into shallow baking dish. Blend crumbs and butter, and sprinkle over top. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes, until thoroughly heated. Serves 4.



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ripe olives*
make meals SING with California flavor

*RIPE, GREEN-RIPE...WHOLE, PITTED, CHOPPED, SLICED

ETHEL BARRYMORE—MEMORIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

incidents that crowd in on any small life are incidents of childhood rather than of a particular child. I see myself a shy little figure against the background of a family group whose vivacity was that of my mother and father, whose stronger, darker, more frequent moods were those of my grandmother.

I was brought up in the interim of busy lives, lives of the theater, where children had to be set aside and cared for by others, so my most vivid memories of the beginning are naturally those connected with the rare times when the family were together. If I speak of my elders a great deal in these early years it is, first of all, because I had a remarkable grandmother and because my parents had a romantic glamour which appealed to a child.

I have never met anyone who had quite the amazing force without effort that my grandmother possessed. Her supreme rule at the theater crystallized into certain ceremonials that marked her comings and goings. She would drive from home in her brougham, and when she reached her office she would go over books, listen to reports, sign documents and inspect things with that regal manner which betokens state affairs. And as she rose to leave, it seemed as though a red carpet should have been spread before her. When, in later years, I saw royalty abroad, nothing was a surprise to me—I had seen my grandmother.

To her the theater was never "show business." My grandmother would rise up out of her grave if she heard me use that word. She'd say, "Show—do you mean a circus?" and she would say it as if she were the Red Queen saying, "Off with her head!"

She used to have dinner in Philadelphia at three o'clock, a cup of tea just before going to the theater and perhaps supper or a cup of soup afterward. We called her Mummum, which was probably invented by Lionel, as he was the eldest. And my father always addressed her as Ma'am—like royalty which, I must say, she received with equanimity. I feel that she regarded him, as a person, with an amused and affectionate tolerance and, as an actor, a gifted amateur. According to her, one didn't spring equipped for the fray from either the Inner Temple or the British civil service. My mother she adored, though there was never any demonstration.

I thought that house on Twelfth Street was enormous with large rooms and cavernous halls and most alarming echoes. I can see now the Victorian landscapes on the wall, the gold-colored sofa, the music box on the table which grandmother magnificently wound up so that it might unwind "The Carnival of Venice," and the square piano upon which were pictures of Edwin Forrest and his wife. There was a sturdy solemnity about the place which made me seem very tiny. Years later when I went back, somehow the house appeared to have shrunk. Everyone has experienced the same thing, I suppose. I sought, with some echo of the alarm I used to feel, for "The Ancient Mariner," once so big I could scarcely hold it on my lap, but it was only of ordinary size.

BUT about the house: on the second floor there was the sitting room, then the bathroom, and then the Annex, which was our playroom. Then there was the big front bedroom which was a little frightening to pass, for in it dwelt my great-grandmother who was ninety-five. There was nothing on earth to be frightened about . . . perhaps it was the deference and attention Mummum paid her, and Aunt Tibby flying to answer her bell. Grandma Kinloch was very nice to us in a vague, unaware sort of way, but I always felt a little terror.

Then there was the long flight up to the third floor, rather dark at night. I remember Jack being made to go up it alone as a very little boy. As he disappeared in the darkness he was heard to say, "You can't hurt me. I have a wonderful power!"

So that was our home when our parents were on the road or in New York, which I'm sure my grandmother spoke of as "out of town." On the ground floor, also, was the kitchen which held charm and mystery for us because we were never allowed to go into it. Such beautiful smells! And soft Irish laughter. We always had Irish cooks and maids—all known as Mary Aggie. I suppose there once had been a Mary Aggie. Then there was Lily Garrett, Mummum's dresser, always known, for some obscure reason, as "the pearl-handled knife." And her mother, Mrs. Garrett, who took home to her house our laundry. And Kitty, her daughter-in-law, who was our nurse. Kitty once took Lionel and me to see Mrs. Garrett and left us for a moment in the yard. There was a round wooden washtub on the grass, filled with heavenly blue, blue water. We were both sitting in it in our best clothes when she came out. Poor Kitty! (The Garretts were not Irish, they were pure Philadelphia.)

I can't say what my earliest recollections were specifically. Those things, as Mrs. Malaprop declares, were a long time ago "illiterated" from my memory. I do know, in her words again, that at no period was I a "progeny of learning," but seemed to have been a normal, healthy child in spirits, ably seconded and sometimes led by my brothers. I often wonder what those days would have been had I really known my mother well. I have only intermittent pictures of her—a tall, fair, slender girl with blue eyes. I looked at her in worship and in silence, longing to talk with her, but fearing, out of the very shyness of my nature, to speak to her.

My father, of course, had really startling beauty. My brother Jack looked exactly like him—as the image at the small end of the telescope is like the one at the other. When papa first came from England he had the eyeglass, the tall hat—all the marks of fashion of those days. Later he became perfectly appalling in his clothes; I will never know why, but he seemed to have a kind of mania to shock.

We were a mischievous set of children, always up to some adventure. My memory brings to view many wiggling moments. If in the presence of our elders we were not allowed "to utter"—our grandmother's way of condensing the injunction that children should be seen but not heard—when we were together we "uttered" loudly and continuously.

We were always falling into something or out of something. One summer Jack dropped from a tree on a flowerpot and cut his head. He always had the slight scar. And I vividly recall a fishing expedition Lionel and I took with our lines hung over the third-floor balustrade rail of the house on Twelfth Street. We could see them dangling all the way down to trance hall. In the anxiety to keep my l from Lionel's, I leaned too far and went the two flights through the oper between the balustrade. I lay there s without a cry. The air was torn by the shouts of Aunt Tibby, who had been dining room doing something with berries. She had seen the drop and she expect I would be alive. A cab was s Doctor Mitchell, who had brought us i world. And by some miracle—child seems, are watched over by a mira spirit—I was found to be safe and sou

Occasionally Mummum would go or and then Mrs. Griffiths was with us. I r ber asking the current Mary Aggie w was. "Housekeeper!" she said, rather b She was a perfectly pleasant person an us one Sunday to midday dinner wi daughter in Darby, and she gave u marvelous Philadelphia epic, Dexter's Mountain Cake! Think of all the mill benighted people in the world who don' about Dexter's White Mountain Cake.

THERE came a magic day when Lionel were packed up and taken by our fath mother to a private car where we wer comed by what I now know to be th charming and entrancing woman I was meet. She was Madame Modjeska. Pa to play Romeo, Orlando, Armand, and and mamma was what was called the l lady to a feminine star. I was only fou old, but I remember Madame as Ro and Camille more vividly than any mem Duse, Bernhardt, Réjane, or Ellen Te don't remember papa or mamma in the at all. But Madame Modjeska was st on my mind and heart indelibly for m and my gratitude is unbounded. Bo parents worshiped her. She was a Catholic, and as the months went by m became more and more sure she mus Catholic too. So suddenly Lionel and surprised to be baptized again. Madame jeska and her husband, Count Bozenta Lionel's godparents; and Miss Veronica ray, who presided over a very elegant bo house in New York, and one Perugini, th Catholic mamma could find at the mo were mine. Jack, who was only two time, had been left at home with Mum

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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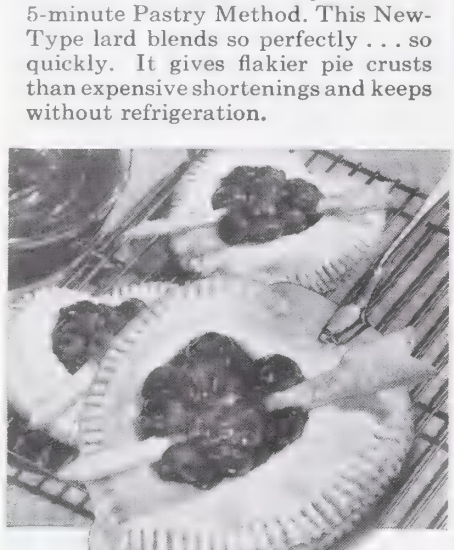
How to make my

Flaky-Crust Cherry Hearts



—says Marie Gifford, Armour's Home Economist and pastry authority.

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How To Make the Hearts: roll out pastry into long rectangle ⅛ inch thick. Using 5-inch cardboard heart pattern, cut out 12 hearts. Cut a smaller heart from center of half the hearts for tops. Roll out trimmings of pastry and cut 6 six-inch arrows.

Place ¼ cup drained cherries on each bottom heart. Cover with cut-out top. Press edges with fork. Bake on cookie sheet in 425° F oven for 20 or 25 minutes or until lightly brown. Bake arrows during last 10 minutes. Before serving, cut arrows in half and insert as illustrated.

Heat remaining thickened juice. Add 2 Tbsp. butter and serve warm with Cherry Hearts.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

so escaped for the time being. Father was infinitely amused by all this, but I'm afraid Mummum was shocked and horrified. Words like "Papists," and so on, escaped her. But when we—Lionel and I—got back to Philadelphia, she could detect no ghastly difference . . . until much later when we went to school, when she gave tongue; and for a brief moment was under the impression that she and papa had something important in common—one of her incredibly few errors.

Lionel and I were taken on that tour because Madame Modjeska had her own private car and she invited mamma and papa to be her guests and also Lionel and me. I remember mamma sitting in the car smocking a dress for

CULVER SERVICE



"That lovely girl and that overwhelming and unpredictable Briton—my mother and father."

me. And I can see Lionel now, sprawling flat on his stomach in the aisle, drawing ships and trains, as we traveled from place to place.

After that wonderful tour with Madame Modjeska we came home to "The Tomb of the Capulets," mamma's name for Mummum's house—partly, I suppose, because down the street there was a man who made headstones and partly a humorous allusion to slight family differences between Uncle Jack and Uncle Sidney. About this time my father fell heir to some money left him by one of those inevitable English aunts so popular and obliging in that era of Victorian fiction. Because of this we went to England where we remained for two years.

Everything about those two years was magical. Those London days are clear and shiny in my mind. Our house was in St. John's Wood Road with a garden surrounded by a tall brick wall. From our nursery at the back of the house on the third floor we could see Lord's cricket ground where all the most famous matches were played. We used to borrow father's field glasses and try to watch the matches. We had a lovely big garden and a great many animals—dogs and monkeys. Papa loved monkeys and birds. The monkeys were kept in cages in the very large garden.

We also had a nurse named Polly. I remember that she had crinkly red hair and that papa said she looked like Mary Anderson only more beautiful. She took us everywhere—even to the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's, which remembrance caused me to wake up screaming for years afterward.

I was a shy little mortal, with large eyes cast down in continual agonizing bashfulness. At such times my father or mother would call out to me, "Look up, Pauline," a line from "The Lady of Lyons." Everything was a quotation in our house. At the table it seemed as if we could never get away from famous lines. If we had to go to bed, it was "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once!" If we hurried through our meals, we were admonished to eat wisely and slow. Our manners were shaped in terms of Shakespearean dialogue.

In London papa was playing at the Haymarket Theatre in "Diplomacy" (Sardou) and in "A Woman of No Importance" (Wilde).

Mamma was usually "at home" Sunday afternoons, and I used to be produced at teatime to hand about cakes, and so on—always with my eyes firmly on the ground. Once as I approached a gentleman sitting on the sofa, mamma called to me, "Look up, Pauline!"—which I did, shrieked in terror, dropped the plate, and fled to the third floor. The man was Oscar Wilde. My parents nearly killed me. I don't remember ever being so severely punished for anything. There was something in the family known as The Green Slipper. It was made of soft Russian leather, and had been one of Mummum's bedroom slippers. The mere mention of it terrified us. . . . I doubt if it would have hurt a fly. It had a very complete workout that awful day.

Everything else, though, was lovely. I remember a children's party, with Lionel encased in a blue velvet suit and a perfect fury—which wasn't mitigated by a small boy shrilling at him, "Barrymore, you're fetched!" when Polly came for us. That became a family wheeze. I hope I can remember half of our family wheezes.

Then back to Philadelphia to Mummum. Lionel and I by then sounded like two English children. When we returned home all the famous legacy had been blown—but Polly came with us. She soon married the livery-stable man where Mummum kept her brougham. He got drunk every Saturday night and beat her up—mamma remarking, "She might as well have stayed at home!"

Then Kitty came back to us and, as time passed, presented several complaints to Mummum, one of which was that "Mr. Lionel was very naughty, Mrs. Drew."

"Well, what did he do?"

"He kicked me on the shins."

"Shins, woman!" thundered Mummum, "what are shins? Leave the room!"

It was suddenly decided that we should be sent to boarding school. I was sent to the Academy of Notre Dame, and Lionel to Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson. Jack stayed at home with Mummum.

My first months at the convent were easier than Lionel's at his school. The older girls, during recess, would put me on the end of a bench and ask questions, and would scream with joy at my very English answers. Lionel was having an awful time with his accent—the boys calling him "Lord Cornwallis" and making his life miserable. He ran away twice from that school, walking through the tunnel into the old Grand Central Station. No flashlights then—in fact, no *nothing*—except monstrous trains bearing down on a small boy in the blackness.

Entirely apart from my success as a comic exponent of the English language at the age of six, I loved the convent. The sisters were extraordinarily understanding, kind and helpful—especially when my life became difficult.

I was six when I was sent to the convent and I was there until I was twelve. Of course I had many weekends at home with Mummum and specially wonderful ones when mamma would come on Sunday. Occasionally papa might be there too. In those days I wore heavy bangs—and how much he disliked them. He used to push my hair back and say it should be like "Alice's" with a round comb. This made me burst into tears because I didn't want to be different from the other girls. I won the argument—but how right he was!

So I lived the routine of a convent boarder and being one of the youngest, the sisters called me "Little Ethel." Many years later I visited my old music teacher in Dayton, Ohio, where she had been transferred and I was still "Little Ethel."

Sister Aloysius was a great music teacher—strict and very tough—who stood no nonsense, was almost impossible to please. I got my silver medal for playing Beethoven's Sonata No. 13, but she saw to it that May Heizmann from Reading, Pennsylvania, got the first prize for playing "Nearer My God to Thee" with variations.

In a general way my father knew what his daughter was "taking" at the convent, but how well it was taking did not dawn upon him until one Sunday afternoon when Mummum summoned him to hear me play. He stood by and, as I looked up when I had finished, I could see that there were tears in his eyes. He said, "Vienna, Leschetizky—she must go ——"

I was thrilled and never heard of it aga

In the classrooms I suffered much beca of my shyness. Whenever we were told memorize anything for our English class had to stand up and say it the next day, I my full quota of torture. The ease with wh so many of the children rattled off Shakespe was a constant source of wonderment to The confidence of the amateur was not mi

Sometimes on Saturday afternoon we wo be taken to a matinee at the Arch Str Theatre. The building had pillars outside the old Greek Parthenon and inside it was red velvet and gold, as I think all theat should be. We sat in a box marked "D" a only Mummum had the key.

We were taught firmly as children that wh ever any member of the family appeared the stage we were never to applaud. Nev It just wasn't done, either when they came the stage or at the end of the performance. do so would have been to break one of firmest family rules of etiquette.

I remember one play called "A Par Match" by Charles Hoyt principally beca there was a lovely little girl in the cast cal "The Innocent Kid" whom I believed to be j my age. She had black silk stockings and lo golden curls and an enchanting little red dre We were taken backstage to meet the stars Evans and Hoey—and "The Innocent Ki turned out to be Mrs. Evans! I cried all t way home.

It was during these days that the mag tude of my grandmother most struck me. H power seemed to exude from her regal pr ence; she was commanding. I believe she u bent more to Jack than to anyone; her lo for him was of the tender kind. Yet she ne allowed any advantage to be taken of su sentiment on her part. One day Jack was la for a meal. He rushed in, out of breath, with evident plan of attack.

"Oh, Mummum," he exclaimed in an aw stricken voice, "have you ever seen a hou all painted black?"

"No," she said abruptly, "nor have yo Sit down."

Mummum would never allow us to be la for anything—it was just not heard of. Y

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"The most charming and entrancing woman I was ever to meet—Madame Modjeska."

can't ever be late in the theater; punctuality part of it, and it was part of our life i Mummum's house. It has always been pa of my life, and I have no patience with la people, especially not with those who take great deal of trouble to be late.

Those Sundays when mamma was playin in New York and could come to spend the da with us were a great thrill. I didn't feel that knew her very well, but she was very gay an made me laugh a lot. I didn't know then tha she was known as a truly witty woman.

Charles Frohman told me long afterwar that once when mamma was on tour in on of his companies she telegraphed him fro San Francisco that she needed new clothe for the play and he telegraphed back on word, "No."

My mother telegraphed "Oh." And he wa so delighted that she got the clothes.

Jack by now was old enough to go t kindergarten, and there was a little boys school on Twentieth Street at the end of ou

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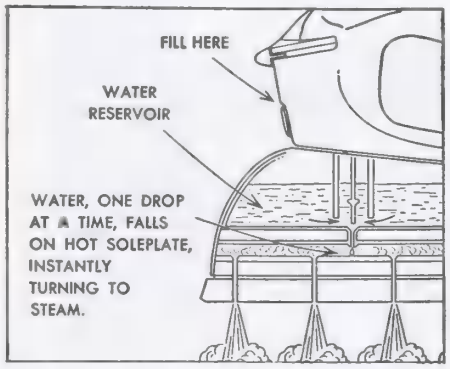
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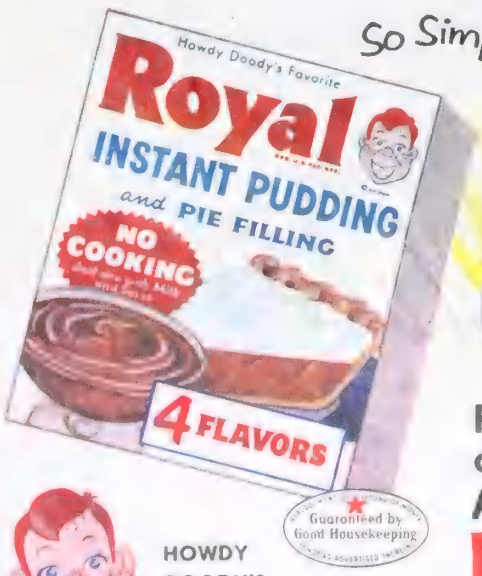
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

convent garden, presided over by Sister Vincent who looked like a cheerful red apple. She adored Jack and I am sure spared him all trials and tribulations.

Then he and Lionel were sent to Seton Hall, a Jesuit school in New Jersey. Poor Mummum! All these Catholic schools and now Jesuits!

Jack could always manage to upset the family by marvelous stories of things happening to him. When he was at Seton Hall he wrote an impassioned letter to grandmother, telling her how one of the priests had "felled me to the ground with a blow." The Episcopal side of our family smiled in the midst of their horror. And it was decided that my father should go down from New York where he was playing at the time and investigate the matter.

He, metaphorically rolling up his sleeves, said, "Ma'am! Leave it to me!" and off he went to New Jersey to wipe up the entire school. Jack, lurking in the hall, saw him storm into the headmaster's study, where he remained about three hours, emerging wreathed in smiles, declaring to all and sundry, including Jack, "Nonsense, my boy! Most charming man I ever met," dashed for a train and was late for his performance. I believe they'd been discussing the Carlisle Harris murder case, and had had a wonderful time.

In the summer, vacations were spent in various places. Sometimes we were joined by Uncle Googan—he was Sidney Drew. He was very gay and, I dare say, very naughty and generally beguiling. I think Mummum was greatly relieved when he married Aunt Gladys, as she was young, beautiful and very haughty. Also, she was the daughter of McKee Rankin, an actor of whom Mummum approved.

The summer when I was eight we had a house at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island—or rather, it was a small boardinghouse, Madame Bourquin's, which our family almost entirely monopolized. We lived out of doors most of the time. Devoured by mosquitoes, I was a perfect tattoo of bites. Because marks, they spoke of me as "the child." I was also known as "the wa I would dare anything in the water, an of my mad adventures I came near dr

Then there was a summer at Pleas where Lionel and Jack built a cat which sank under them in the middl Shrewsbury River, and cheering crow both sides of the river leaped in to s small, very good swimmers.

Sometimes papa and mamma were w not often. They were off on tour, so together, sometimes not. But how w it was to see mamma diving throug breakers and then run laughing so ga along the beach calling, "Come along lunch!" It was lovely to hear her say

Once when I was about ten Mummu me with her on a visit to Mr. Joseph J at his house on Buzzard's Bay. The o I had ever seen Mummum play w Malaprop and always with Mr. Jeffe Bob Acres. I used to think "The Riva the only important play in the wor evening Mummum and Mr. Jefferso sitting on the porch, rocking and remi when he said, "Don't you think so, L She said, "Yes. You know, Joseph, yo only one left who calls me Louisa."

And I burst into loud tears. It seeme so sad. Mummum turned on me in indignation, when I was saved by floating across the bay.

"Coming fishing in the morning, J

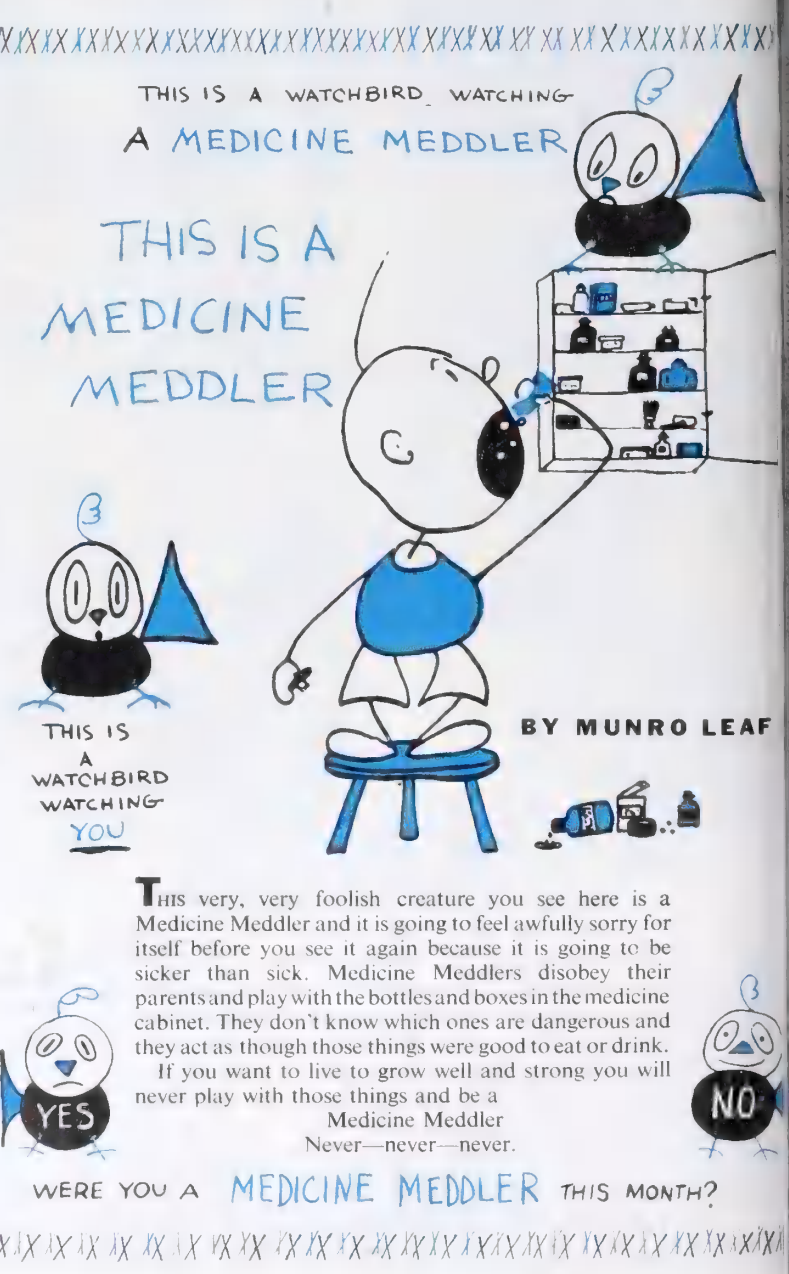
"No, Grover. Mrs. Drew is spendi days with me."

"Oh! My respects, madame."

On the way upstairs to bed I asked was the fat man in the boat, Mummum

Then I really did *get* it. Apparently not refer to the President of the Unite as "the fat man in the boat."

I must dwell a little more on the C of Notre Dame on Rittenhouse Sq



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JOLLY TIME POP CORN
BEST FOR HOME POPPING!

Philadelphia. It is a Belgian order, with its Mother House in Namur. I like to think of three wonderful women: The Sister Superior Agnes Mary, Sister Aloysius, my piano teacher, and Sister Julie de St. Esprit, who was mistress of the boarders when I was there and whose duty it was to know all about us—and I mean *all*. And she never failed in that duty. I owe her so much. I was never able to repay her because it was only late in my life that I realized that before any spiritual or moral lapses I might have considered, I would pause, for somewhere in the distance or maybe by my shoulder like a guardian angel, there was Sister Julie saying, "Really, Ethel, don't be absurd!"—very salutary.

Sister Superior Agnes Mary was a gentle, saintly woman—more of her later.

THERE were a few months when mamma and papa rented Uncle Jack's apartment in New York when he, his family, Aunt Dodo, and Bee, their daughter, were abroad; and I was there part of a vacation. And that was when papa took me to my first baseball game. I was about seven years old. We went to the old Polo Grounds on the elevated railroad. I was very excited, but not nearly as excited as my father. It turned out that he was a Giant fan, which I have found out during the years is not the same as being a baseball fan. Well, this day the Giants lost, and my father couldn't have been more agonized. He walked violently up and down the platform, throwing his arms to heaven, saying, "God! how could you do this to me, how could you?" I slipped into another car in the train, pretending I didn't know that eccentric Englishman—and I can't tell you how English he sounded in the shadow of Coogan's Bluff. I had no idea where to get off that elevated train, so I was eventually removed to a police station and returned rather in style to my parents and The Green Slipper. It was later that I learned to love baseball, but I never, never had a favorite team!

It is strange to think of the difference in behavior of my father, coming from the sort of family he did, and the family into which he married. He was, of course, intensely emotional and what is now called uninhibited. So, in a way, are we. But such is the powerful and lingering influence of my grandmother, our deepest feelings are never to be disclosed. They are our own private affairs, never to be paraded in public. Strong emotions—either sad or glad—may be hurled with gusto at an audience, with the footlights in between—and then we are being not ourselves, but an author's invention that we leave at the stage door, like the key of our dressing room. I have never heard of any Drew doing a recitation and I know we children never did. And I always hated "the game" where you had to act out various words! I have often fled a house when they insisted how good I would be.

The school terms passed one by one. I was always practicing at the piano and poring over books. On my occasional visits home during rare weekends I would get hold of "David Greve" or "Robert Elsmere" and read and read and read. I would never go out unless I was almost hurled out.

When I was thirteen years old I was suddenly taken from the convent and sent to New York to my mother. She was ill—bronchitis they said, and was to be sent to California and I was to go with her. We were to go by boat down to the Isthmus of Panama, across it in a train, then up the Pacific to Santa Barbara where mamma was to get well. It was all very exciting, and I kept hoping I would be all right and not too shy or scared. It was bad just before the boat sailed when mamma was saying good-by to papa and begging him not to forget her. It was my first sight of tragedy, although I didn't know it then.

I slept in the upper berth of that little cabin and one night I woke up to hear mamma crying and saying, "What's going to happen to my three kids!" I felt a sort of terror, but also felt I mustn't let her know I had heard. Then she coughed and coughed—not loud, rather gently—and then she fell asleep.

I stood on the back platform of the train crossing Panama, fascinated by the great deserted machines of the de Lesseps' attempt sinking into the ground . . . then the other boat, stopping at several little Mexican



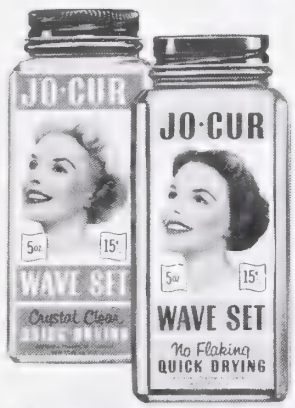
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ports . . . and then Santa Barbara, one night at the Arlington Hotel . . . then the lovely little house covered with roses even all over the roof and pouring into my window. And the great and wonderful gentleman who was our Chinese cook . . . and everything else.

Mamma, of course, had a letter to the doctor who was going to make her well. He was a great, tall man with a red beard, wise and kind. After he had listened to mamma's chest and heard her cough, I remember he said, "Yes—and who is taking care of you, Mrs. Barrymore?" and she said, "My little girl." And then he looked very grave and said, "You have no nurse?" And she laughed and said, "Oh, no, I don't want a nurse . . . just my little girl." And he said, "Yes, she will take good care of you." And I was frightened.

Mamma had brought all her clothes with her and I spent some happy hours upstairs in a big room with huge cupboards unpacking them. Lovely brocade evening dresses and brocade evening shoes. . . . I really think she had brought all the possessions she had.



"To Mummum the theater was *never* 'show business.' She'd say, 'Show—do you mean a circus?' as if she were the Red Queen saying, 'Off with her head!'"

People in Santa Barbara were very friendly and called on mamma, and one Sunday morning the mayor was to take her for a drive. When I brought in her breakfast that morning she was very gay and said how well she felt and that I must run off to Mass, as she knew how much I wanted to, so I did. And I was walking slowly home in the middle of the road, kicking stones and every now and then doing a little dance, when I saw a girl running toward me. It was Mabel, the mayor's daughter. She called to me, "Oh, Ethel! Hurry home, your mother has had a hemorrhage." I got home just before she died. She didn't k me. She was thirty-four and a great and lant lady, my beloved mother I hardly k

The dreadful days that followed were r livable by great kindnesses. First there wa Chinaman who, saying, "Little Missy not see," had made my dear mother and room look as if no terrible thing had pened. I sent a telegram to my father ar Uncle Sidney to tell Mummum and brothers. And th ordered my b dress—a grow dress—and put u hair. Then there the undertaker an the arrangements made, as I was to mamma back to P delphia and p Mummum. I sup I was in a stat shock because I d cry very much un began packing all lovely clothes and the lovely shoes. T I cried and cried, our dear China brought me a cu tea and patted shoulder and w away . . . so wise helpful. And mayor and his and some kind pe named Dibblee, others who helped I've been grateful them all my life. M ame Modjeska met me in Los Angeles— and her husband—and they helped me. F Madame couldn't stop crying, though tried so hard to, and I felt I had to com her. Then I was in my lower berth in my l black dress, and thought, "Next month be fourteen."

———

Next Month—Ethel, Lionel and John their first stage roles. Reports from Englan Miss Barrymore's romances with "dukes, e and even an Indian prince." The true story o real engagements.

TELL ME DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

lungs and heart. Postoperative pneumonias do develop, but they also develop in the young; and prophylactic antibiotic treatment is able to circumvent the majority of cases. Fluctuations in blood pressure must be watched. There is a regular regimen of treatment, including rigid care to see that the patient gets enough oxygen during anesthesia, the use of sedatives only sparingly, and careful control of body fluids by intravenous therapy. These are primarily matters for the anesthetist to handle."

"Then operations on elderly people are as much a matter of anesthesia as of surgery, Doctor?"

"I would say that the two are at least equally important. It is the surgeon's technical skill and manual dexterity that cut down the operative time as well as minimizing the traumatism to tissues. And it is his judgment and experience which will be exercised in postoperative care so that the patient will not be allowed to remain inactive, inviting hypostatic lung complications, or to become overfilled with fluids and narcotics to the same purpose, or undersupplied with vitamins and antibiotics; and to make certain that normal blood richness is maintained."

"Well, you are scattering many of my fears concerning the operation you say my mother should have, Doctor, but you haven't told us yet what sort of an operative procedure you recommend."

"It will consist largely of plastic work and removal of the uterus. It will not require any abdominal incision, although I would not hesitate to open the abdomen if it were necessary."

"Tell me, Doctor, do old people's tissues heal as well as young ones'?"

"Not entirely. There is undoubtedly a diff ence. However, we have been able to cut do complications to a large degree."

The two women were silent for a few m ments. Then the younger one said, "Do really believe that this is going to be a r tively safe procedure for our mother?"

The doctor picked up three slips of pa from his desk. "I can say that much, at lea he answered, "since I have the necessary l oratory data. Here is the picture, as I see Your mother's heart and lungs are as sou as we have any right to expect. Her bl pressure is within normal bounds for her a which argues against extensive hardening the arteries. Her kidney function is good a her blood analyses as satisfactory as we co reasonably expect. I am confident that sh today a better surgical risk than many in viduals I have known who were twenty ye younger. I believe we can operate upon yo mother without too great a hazard or I wo not undertake it.

"This is what I propose. I would like send her to the hospital a day or two in a vance of the operation, so that she can beco oriented and as complacent as possible. T will give the anesthetist an opportunity to termine the type of anesthetic best adapted her requirements. As for the operative p cedure itself, it will be as quick as I can ma it, consistent with sound surgical practice. W shall hope to have her out of bed the next da and with the co-operation of the house st may be certain that careful attention is giv to all the postoperative details I enumerated

"I am confident that she will be safe in yo hands, Doctor, although I do feel a lit conscience-stricken." E

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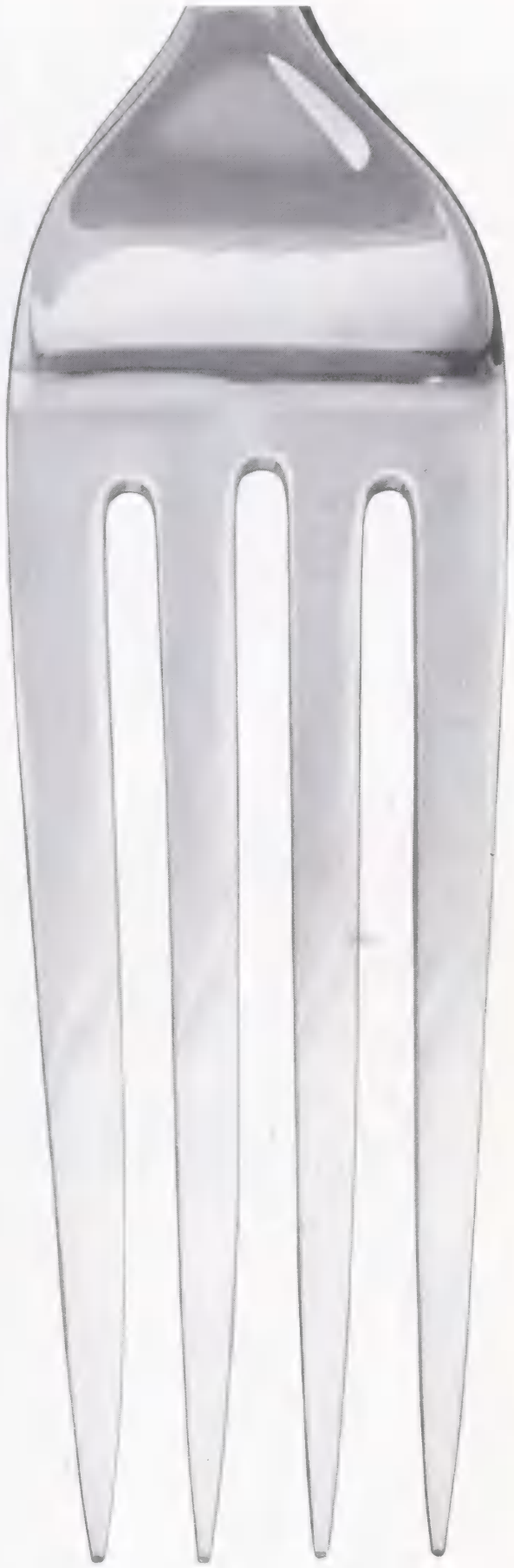
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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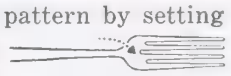
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Sterling craftsmanship at its best... painstaking devotion to detail... personal pride in each and every piece.



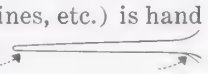


CONSIDER THE FORK: A Towle fork is subtly different...see how Towle achieves added grace and symmetry for this particular pattern by setting back the center tine space–thus

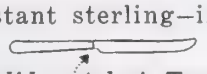


...And a truly practical Towle Touch–a tiny notch between each tine to make washing easier. For *extra* cleanliness–every surface (tine points, between tines, etc.) is hand polished to smooth perfection.

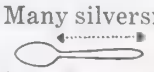




AND NOW THE KNIFE: Take for example the famous Towle *French Provincial* knife. It is designed to give superb "feel" and balance in the hand...to lie correctly flat upon the table. The handle–crafted of extra-heavy, dent-resistant sterling–is *permanently wedded* to the blade through *solid metal.* A Towle knife is air-tight, water-tight, sanitary, safe...and will not rattle, loosen or come apart!



TOWLE DESIGNS FROM TIP-TO-TOE. Many silversmiths design their patterns only from here to here.



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See this distinction of Towle Sterling in the elegantly turned bowl of the *Candlelight* teaspoon...in the unique handling of the *Contour* butter knife and...the graceful tine detail of the *Madeira* salad fork. To bring out the full beauty and detail of Towle patterns, the warmth and richness of precious sterling itself, a last Towle Touch–Towle's prized "deep burnish" hand-finish on every piece!



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Which is your way ?

Some people put chunks of brown sugar over piping hot "Cream of Wheat" before serving, so the sugar melts and blends right in. Others sprinkle crunchy bits of brown sugar over the cereal while they eat, enjoying the contrast of textures and flavors. Either way, Enriched Quick "Cream of Wheat" gives you food-energy, minerals and vitamins . . . including a whole day's supply of needed Iron. Simple to fix! Cooks in just 5 minutes.



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Bobbie: "Somehow I can't think any investment on earth could be more important than happy childhoods."

Ann Arbor, Michigan

Dear Editors: My husband has a gross yearly income of $11,200 and we cannot save a cent! In fact, we just barely manage to squeeze through each month. For the life of me I cannot figure out how other couples with children (we have three) can live so inexpensively. Every month we have extras which never seem to appear in the budgets you publish. For instance, last month we had five invitations to birthday parties to which our children had to take presents, $7.50 for an adult-night-school furniture-refinishing course, $10.32 for a television-repair job, a new tire for Linda's bicycle, two costumes at $6.25 each for the two girls to wear in the Ann Arbor Figure Skating Club Ice Carnival, $5.00 for Robin's violin lessons, a new windowpane to replace the one Jimmy threw a snowball through, a new handle and bowl for my mixer, and a veterinarian's bill for treatment of the dog's injured leg. It goes on and on like that, month after month. We never have simply the ten or twelve standard monthly expenditures. A year and a half ago we purchased a small new ranch house for $13,350. It's a nice little house, but the roof leaked, water oozed up through the tile on the floor, the front door warped, nails worked out at the ceiling and many other dismal little things happened our first winter in the place. These things all have been repaired at considerable expense to us, but new repairs crop up constantly. We will be lucky if the house is still standing in twenty years, let alone paid for!

Most sincerely,

Roberta Harper Lawrence

In Ann Arbor, Michigan, Merle and Roberta Lawrence balance the budget to a zero.

BROKE BUT HAPPY ON $11,200 A YEAR

By G. M. WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHS By GUY GILLETTE

Young Couples Now in America Lives

BOBBIE LAWRENCE habitually kicks her shoes off and does her housework barefooted (when she is forced to work indoors—she would much rather be outside). She is a firm believer in the theory that "a small house is more work than a large one" and she has had experience with both. Just now she can plug her vacuum sweeper in a wall plug in her living room and sweep her entire house without pulling the cord taut. The furnishings are adequate but certainly not luxurious. "We are always broke," she will happily stop housework to tell you. "If dollars are wealth, we are as poor as church mice. Don't ask me why. We just live."

"Just living" means the Lawrences have the usual electrical appliances, a station wagon, good food, good clothes, a good mortgage and the generosity of good-natured people. There are also three quite good Lawrence children: Linda, who is ten; Robin,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119



Merle: "We're not accumulative people, I guess. Living counts for more than saving."

"So many things are important.
And they all cost more than you expect."



"The girls would have a hard time if we uprooted them to a new school to save money. It wouldn't be fair to them."



"You hear them sing in choir and you go home and write an extra check for some children's need or better world or such."



"My wife is sunny. It's no cinch for her while I plan studies and work late nights, but she never complains."



"Of course the expense mounts up. But you give confidence when you give accomplishments—dancing, riding, so on."



"The dedicated look on a feminine face in a dress store fascinates me," says Merle, who wrote Studies in Human Behavior.



"I think he inherited his marine skills. One of his ancestors was Don't-give-up-the-ship Lawrence."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

nine; and Jimmy, a sturdy, impish four-year-old who is usually near his mother. The two girls are in school, of course (they live outside the school district and must pay tuition). Then there is Fritzi, a sad semihousebroken dachshund puppy, if you want to pay any attention to him. He doesn't seem to care whether you do or not. He was, and is, inexpensive; he was born with an extra toe on each hind foot, a hernia, broken tail and floating rib.

Except for Fritzi, the Lawrence family is hardly unique, but their harrowing economic life in a next-to-the-top income bracket has several special features. One is that they live in a region where the cost of living is probably higher than in any other place in the nation. (In 1954 Consumer Price Indexes, Detroit ranks at or near the top for most items among twenty major cities. Residents of Ann Arbor, Michigan, where the Lawrence family lives, claim it is far more expensive to live there than in Detroit.)

Another is that neither Merle nor Bobbie Lawrence has any emotional attachment to money. They agree that the thing to do with money is spend it. Merle, a research physiologist utterly devoted to his work, does not feel that he is underpaid. A true scientist, if it were not for the conventional demands of family life he would happily work for nothing and he often does work, obliviously content, far into the night. Bobbie, a wholly outgoing person, handles the outgo of family funds, but Merle does not blame her that they go out so completely: "She keeps a meticulous checkbook, and balances it correctly every month—nothing to nothing."

He has no complaint about the way Bobbie handles the children, either, and the children reflect her sunny, easygoing ways. At Linda's tenth birthday party last September (which she gave with her usual somewhat lavish hand—eighteen children, gifts, hot dogs, ice cream and cake for all, and a live turtle as a special prize "for some other hopeless mother to suffer"), Linda did not greedily open each gift as it was handed to her but kept them all intact until her guests were more or less quietly seated in a circle around her. Then she carefully unwrapped each one and passed it around for her friends to admire. "I wanted all the children to enjoy my getting these lovely presents," she explained.

Among the gifts she received were *two* live turtles.

Bobbie is accustomed to mothering turtles, but mice she feared until



"Shop, cook and clean—but I do them the hard way. It's always more tempting to skate or dig in the garden than be indoors scouring a corner."



"A life's too short for all there is to do. Linda and Robin are discovering music now, an exciting stage."



"Checkups—health's good. Probably from outdoor life and ounces of prevention."

"The scientist. . . . But when he turns from his work, he manages a transformation to the complete extrovert."





"Added garage, paving, grass. Nothing left for a rainy day? Why worry?"

"The big squeeze came when we moved and ran into a housing shortage."

Robin found a baby mouse, no larger than the end of her thumb. Its eyes were still unopened. She fixed a bed for it in a matchbox and, upon her father's advice, kept it on top of the hot-water tank where it would be warm. In this improvised incubator the baby thrived and took milk from a tiny doll's nursing bottle. She named him Squeakie. After a week or so, when Squeakie had become an accepted member of the family, Merle gave him his bedtime bottle, a chore so fascinating that he forgot the contents of the bottle were approximately three times the capacity of the mouse. When he began to burp in distress, Merle returned him to his crib on top of the hot-water tank. The next morning Robin discovered that Squeakie was dead. She was heartbroken. "I did *so* want to see the color of his eyes," she wailed.

"The greatest thrill of my life," Bobbie Lawrence says, "was giving my husband a son after we had had two daughters." Having four handsome brothers and a husband she adores (in spite of frightful teasing at times), she gaily confesses favoring the male sex. With everybody anxious to please him, Jimmy Lawrence is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

"Fixing up the interior ran too high. But it's colorful now, and it's home. Bills can be worth it sometimes. After all, you can't decorate a bank vault!"





Hush Puppies *Quick, Easy, Good*

These crisp golden corn meal puffs started years ago in the Old South. Northern folks discovered their delicious flavor and now it seems as though everybody is talking about Hush Puppies. Serve them as a bread with fish, meat or main-dish salads, or as piping-hot appetizers. Delicious!

(2 dozen)

- 1½ cups Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal (white or yellow)
- ½ cup sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 small onion, finely chopped (optional)
- 1 egg, beaten
- ¾ cup milk

ift together dry ingredients. Add nion. Add beaten egg and milk to dry ngredients, stirring lightly. Drop a tea- oon of batter for each Hush Puppy into hot deep fat (360°F.) frying only few at a time. Fry until a golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot.



Grits au Gratin *Easy, Quick!*

Man-pleasing main dish, rich with Fresh Corn Flavor.

No white sauce to make . . . Cooking time cut way down.

(6 servings)

- 1 cup Quaker or Aunt Jemima Enriched Hominy Grits
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 cups boiling water
- ¼ pound sliced sharp cheese, cut into pieces
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup buttered bread crumbs
- ¼ teaspoon paprika

Slowly stir grits into boiling salted water. Cover and cook 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Put half the cooked grits in a greased 1½-quart casserole. Cover with half the cheese; then pour half the milk over this. Repeat, using remaining grits, cheese and milk. Cover with bread crumbs and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

Note: If using Quick Quaker Grits, cook only 5 minutes.

w see what's happened to Corn Meal!

Fresh Corn Flavor

Be sure it's Quaker or Aunt Jemima

Let the good cook in you shine out! Get the new-day Corn Meal with the wonderful Fresh Corn Flavor. Notice how quickly it mixes and cooks, what a tempting texture it gives you.

Now serve mouth-watering corn breads and casseroles that sing with Fresh Corn Flavor. (Four bright and easy ideas for Corn Meal – and Grits, too – right on this page!)



Quick Pimiento-Pepper Corn Bread

Easy 9-minute, 1-bowl method! Non-crumbly, delicately moist, and so delicious it dresses up the plainest meal

- 1 cup Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal (white or yellow)
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- 2 eggs, beaten
- ½ cup milk
- ⅓ cup melted shortening

Sift together corn meal, flour, baking powder and salt; mix with green pepper and pimiento. Stir in beaten eggs and milk; lightly stir in melted shortening. Bake in a greased 8" square pan in a hot oven (425°F.) 20 to 25 minutes.



Quick Pork Sausage Tamale Pie

Easy Dinner-in-a-Dish. Juicy, meaty, hearty!

(6 servings)

Sausage Base:

- 1 lb. pork sausage links
- ½ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 cups cooked lima beans, drained
- ½ cup chili sauce
- 2½ cups (#2 can) tomatoes
- 1 teaspoon salt

Corn Bread Topping:

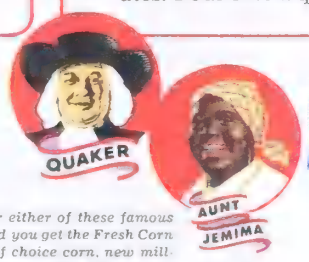
- ¾ cup Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal (white or yellow)
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1 egg
- ⅓ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon shortening, soft

For sausage base, brown sausages in frying pan. Remove sausages; drain off all but a few tablespoons fat. Add onion, green pepper; cook until brown. Cut sausages in pieces; add with other ingredients to onion and green pepper. Cover; simmer 30 minutes. Pour into 2-quart casserole.

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add egg, milk, shortening. Beat with rotary beater until smooth, about 1 minute. *Do not overbeat.* Drop batter onto hot meat mixture. Batter will sink but rise during baking to form topping. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) about 20 minutes.

Quaker CORN MEAL

. . HOMINY GRITS AND QUICK GRITS, TOO



Look for either of these famous faces and you get the Fresh Corn Flavor of choice corn, new milling methods, new packaging.

Aunt Jemima CORN MEAL

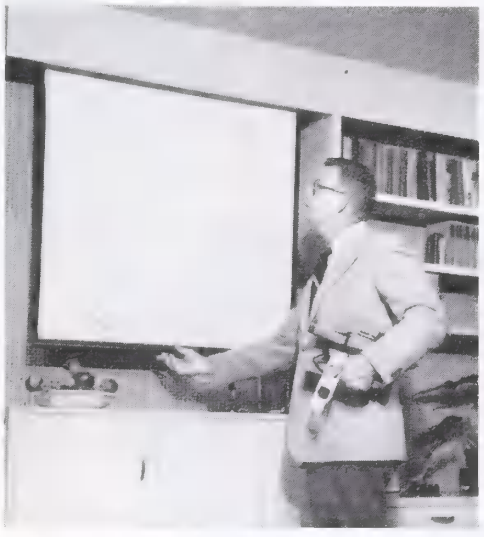
. . . HOMINY GRITS, TOO



LEONARD NADEL

Cupboard now holds 21″ TV, set back into a closet. Doors fold open shutter-fashion. To right went a desk with pull-out shelf, file drawers, green plastic top. Green basket-weave wallpaper is water-fast. Small lamp serves desk, can swing to wall for a soft TV light. Larger lamp swings over to chair.

A 3-step program in space saving gives Lawrences more room all through the house.



Before showing colored slides, Merle rolls screen down from behind valance, gets his projector from a cupboard at left (not shown). Whole storage area extends only 18″ into room, with rest of the enclosed TV set going 10″ back into closet. Two big advantages: more living space, and muting of blare.

Young Home-Builders

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

Step 1 fits TV and table in living room

"AFTER renting a big farmhouse, we had thre days to vacate, and the only house we coul find and buy was small. We sold half our bi furnishings. Even so, we didn't have room." I Merle and Bobbie Lawrence's new home, book were still in cartons, cameras were stowed wit socks, a typewriter sat on a linen shelf, an family records were squirreled into a closet.

The only way to get space was to reorganize. I the 13′ x 18′ living room, the walls were minu any hideaway. Along one stood a big TV set an spindling desk. A second held a sofa; a third, tw big chairs. A fourth was windowed.

The changes started with a storage section il lustrated here. The TV set was recessed and a des built beside it. That move freed a wall near th kitchen for dining (and *that* freed the kitchen). An the house and family began to breathe more easil



Dining table, 35″ x 58″, fits where TV and a tall desk used to be—next to kitchen. Table top is mahogany bought in Florida. Brass legs replace wood ones; new silver drawers push from side to side. Inspiration came from Bobbie's furniture course. With friends for Sunday supper, she presides over an electric fry pan, Merle tosses salad.

Step 2 now gives work space in the kitchen.

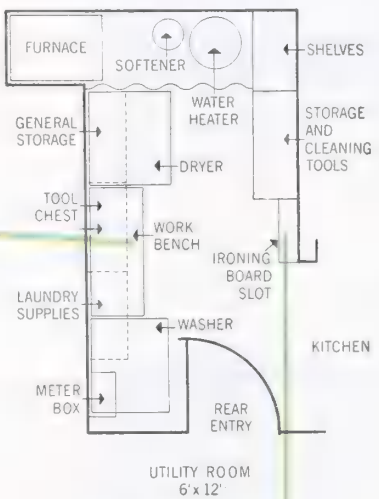
THE chipper little kitchen flags the eye with curtains made of a checked tablecloth. It's a popular spot now. Formerly the big mahogany table was squeezed up to the window and the family awkwardly slid onto side benches. Big table shifted to living room opened the way for a small table in the kitchen. It's plastic-topped and practical for lunches. The girls do homework on it. Even Merle studies here without distraction. Now that TV is no longer outside the kitchen door, but across the living room and into the wall, sounds are kept low. When Merle and the girls aren't busy here, Bobbie uses her new work center for chores, and volunteers have room to join her.

Work top between washer and dryer is Merle's radio-ham center, except on washday, when Bobbie uses it. Tools above, in slide-door cabinet, are in movable hangers on punched hard board. Below top are shelves for ice skates, lunch boxes, empty bottles and rain boots.





Robin beams at her reflection in the shining silver tray. Girls and Bobbie polish large pieces, using a treated silver cloth, dry, to buff up a sheen. Knives and forks, now protected by antitarnish lining in the dining-table drawers, need less work than ever.



Step 3 opens the utility room to new use.

STEP into the utility room and you say to yourself, "Here's a family that *really* has a place for everything." No small trick for a small house! But a niche has been found for coats, cleaning aids, trays, tools, hobby material, skates, bottles for the grocer—and there's furnace, water heater and softener, washer and dryer—in less than 6′ x 12′.

Planning is the answer. Between washer and dryer went a workbench shelved for family needs. Storage cabinets went above it. A split-bamboo screen closed off utility end of the room. Next to kitchen went a cupboard for overflow supplies. Close-ups show how many small items are housed.

Cleaning closet, like wall closet, used sliding doors of natural-colored chipboard that needed only shellacking. Yellow-painted interior holds cleaning tools, with one side shelved for waxes, polishes, cleaners and such. Coats hang against blue background; behind is slot near kitchen door to hold trays, iron and ironing board.

STUART



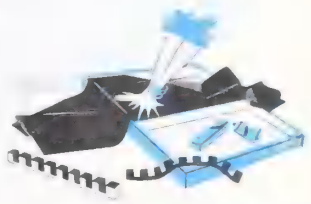
Did you know?



When soap meets soft water, baths bubble.

In 85 per cent of the country, water is hard. But water softeners now replace rain barrels. Lawrences' rented tank equipment cuts down soap consumption, fabric mortality, heating bills, pipe repair. And shampoos are bright, linens white, dishware sparkling.

Drawers lined with antitarnish fabric keep a sparkle in silver. Bobbie fitted a special cloth to drawer, cut it to fit, leaving extra flap to fold over top. Fabric is glued to bottom and sides of drawer. Slotted bridges to hold flatware were covered with the fabric, then screwed to the drawer from the bottom.



A new kind of fitted sheet—three corners boxed, one fastened with ties—cuts tugging and gives a smooth fit.

Want to slice bread thin, for dainty tea sandwiches? Refrigerate it first!



Robin is so delighted with a little sponge mop, she helps clean floors. Mop 38" high is her mother's, used for window cleaning, and with handle top removed used for tub scouring.

Any small tools are a happy way to introduce children to homemaking. Available for girls these days: a small carpet sweeper and a vacuum cleaner, a padded ironing board and an iron that heats, a junior cooking set, and even packaged mixes to fit small cake and cooky sheets.

Some clever new can openers magnetically hold lids so they won't drop into cans and need rescuing.

When building sliding-door cabinets, nonwarp wood is a must. New board of resin-impregnated chips can be counted on to stay flat.

KVP Helpful Household Papers





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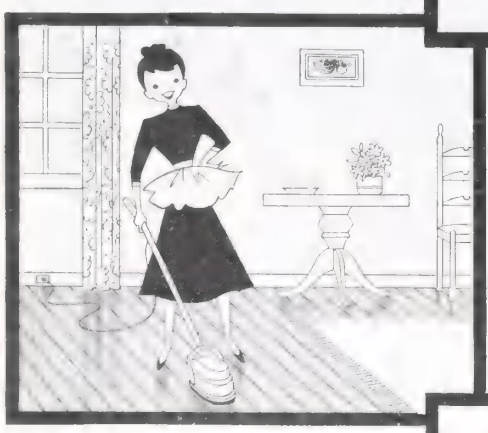
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LEONARD NADI

I shop by bicycle twice a week—park the groceries behind me and Jimmy up fro

Simply Delicious

One-dish meals are so adaptable, I use these three for both family dinners and informal get-togethers.

By BOBBIE LAWREN



STUART

An all-year-round favorite family casserole, but the children think it's especially good in the summertime, made with Swiss chard from our own garden.

CHARD OR SPINACH AND TUNA DIVAN

Cook 2 packages frozen spinach or Swiss chard until tender; drain (2 pounds fresh spinach or Swiss chard may be substituted). Make a cream sauce using ¼ cup butter or margarine, ¼ cup flour, 2 cups milk. Season with ⅛ teaspoon onion salt, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Blend in ½ cup mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Place one 7-ounce can tuna, drained and flaked, in the bottom of a 2-quart casserole. Add h the sauce; mix the other half with cooked spinach or Swiss chard. Pc over the tuna. Top with ½ cup b tered cracker crumbs. Bake in mod ate oven, 350° F., 25 minutes u bubbly and hot. Garnish with sli tomatoes. 6 servings.

AMBROSIA

Toss sliced, peeled oranges with t ted dates and coconut.

Menuette: Chard or Spinach and Tuna Divan, Garlic French Bread, Ambrosia, Chocolate Oatmeal Cooki



The aromatic bitters in the sauce is the mystery ingredient that makes these meat balls really extra special in flavor. Perfect for one of monthly buffet suppers when it's my turn to entertain the faculty group.

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS IN SOUR-CREAM SAUCE

2 cups bread cubes in ½ cup
Squeeze dry and add to 1½
s ground beef. Add 1 onion,
hopped and sautéed in 2 table-
butter or margarine, 2½ tea-
salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 tea-
ground nutmeg, 2 teaspoons
a, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1
on dried mixed herbs, and 3
eggs. Mix well and form into
ll balls. Brown in a skillet using
butter or margarine. Add ¼ teaspoon crushed garlic, and 1 more tablespoon butter or margarine, if needed. Blend in 4 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons tomato paste, 1 teaspoon beef concentrate, 2 cups bouillon made from 1 can of bouillon with enough water added to measure 2 cups, and 1 teaspoon aromatic bitters. Stir over low heat until sauce is thickened. Just before serving, stir in 1 cup thick commercial sour cream. Blend well, heat, and serve with buttered noodles.

Menuette: Swedish Meat Balls in Sour-Cream Sauce,
Noodles, Green Salad with Tomatoes,
herry-Vanilla Ice-Cream-Cake Roll.



Whether served from an elegant tureen, or informally on supper trays, my Easy Chicken Gumbo is just as delicious as one that takes hours to prepare.

ASY CHICKEN GUMBO

r ¼ cup chopped green pepper
cup chopped onion in 3 table-
butter or margarine until soft.
quart chicken stock (or canned
a 1-pound-3-ounce can of to-
, 1 small piece of bay leaf, and
nd can of cut okra. Simmer 15
s. Remove bay leaf. Add ½
on salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ½
on basil, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1
oon minced parsley and 2 cups
ooked chicken. Reheat. Serve
ooked rice in 6 deep bowls.

SOUTHERN PECAN PIE

Prepare a 9″ pie shell. Arrange 1 cup shelled pecan halves in the bottom. Beat 3 eggs. Add 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine, 1 cup light corn sirup, and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Stir until well blended. Combine 1 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon flour. Blend with egg mixture and pour over nuts in pie shell. Let stand until nuts rise to surface. (The nuts will glaze during baking.) Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 45 minutes.

ette: Easy Chicken Gumbo on Rice,
Jellied Cranberry Salad, Buttered Rolls, Southern Pecan Pie.



Put summer sunshine in winter meals with golden cling peaches



Fiesta Peach Upside-Down Cake with Betty Crocker Honey Spice Cake Mix. Prepare batter as package directs. Melt ¼ cup butter in 9″ pan, stir in ½ cup brown sugar. Arrange drained cling peach halves, and cherries if desired, in pan. Top with half of batter. Bake 35 minutes at 350°. Turn out and serve warm. Bake remaining batter separately.



Fiesta Peach Salad with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. To serve 4, mix well ½ cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped nuts, ¼ cup Miracle Whip. Place a cling peach half, cut side up, on each lettuce-lined plate. Fill with date-nut mixture. Cover with another peach half, round side up. Garnish with Miracle Whip, watercress.

Fiesta SPAM Loaf. Cut a SPAM loaf in two crosswise. Between the layers spread canned sweet potatoes, mashed and seasoned. Surround with golden cling peach slices. Top with 2 or 3 peach slices arranged "fan" style. Drizzle on peach juice blended with ½ teaspoon prepared mustard. Bake in moderately hot oven, 400°, 30 to 35 minutes.





Sunny, luscious beauties
tender and juicy-sweet
delicious
dozens of easy ways
thrifty, too.
Be sure the label
says "clings"

Cling Peach Advisory Board

When gray hair is short,
shaped and softly groomed . . .
expertly shampooed . . .
rinsed to glisten . . .
and in perfect harmony
with your make-up
and clothes colors . . .
it can be your
most outstanding feature!



PETER BASCH

Bobbie Lawrence's salt-and-pepper hair is cut and shaped into flattering, feathery softness. Sides curl up and away from her face, front section gets a pretty lift.

The Young touch for gray hair

ALTHOUGH thirty-four-year-old Bobbie Lawrence has been going gray for the past ten years, only once did she do something about it. "My husband and I were going to an important party," she explains, "and I wanted to look especially well. On the afternoon of the party, despite Merle's disapproval, I went about changing my salt-and-pepper hair color back to its original dark brown. I used a temporary color rinse, doubled the strength, left it on twice as long as the directions indicated, all to make me, I thought, doubly dashing. By party time that night I was a real brunette. I waited until midnight for compliments, but when none were forthcoming I asked my friends if they didn't notice something different about me. The girls huddled together, studied me from all angles, then exclaimed, 'You've lost weight,' or 'That's a new necklace.' Not a soul noticed my hair. Rather than feeling disappointed, I was surprised and secretly delighted. For the first time I was convinced my gray hairs were not the age-making monsters I imagined them to be. Later, Merle had a good I-told-you-so laugh. 'Now for heaven's sake, Bobbie, wash that black stuff out of your hair and let the gray show—it does something for you!'"

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

Graying Gracefully? Bobbie's golden skin, turquoise-blue eyes and naturally dark "background" hair provide a perfect setting for a generous sprinkling of silver. The salt-and-pepper effect softens her skin tones, gives added illusion of hair highlight, enables her to wear the brightest colors without their seeming harsh and (some girls have all the luck) actually makes her appear younger than she might as a full-fledged brunette.

Blondes and brownettes (mouse-brownettes especially) are less likely to create such a vivid "going gray" picture. The addition of gray, unless cleverly coped with, is more apt to drabatize than dramatize. Here are some tips on how to blend, brighten and beautify your silver-turning hair:

Up and Away! Gray hair, worn imaginatively, can make its owner seem years younger than her blond or brunet twin CONTINUED ON PAGE 157

Carter's Tiny Tea-sers

Sweet-tooth cotton knits from Toddlertown

All over sugar and spice land, Carter's soft cottons mean best-in-the-world gifts. Long, happy wear. No dawdle at dress time. Jiffon necks whisk on in a whistle. Famous Nevabind sleeves mean no seams to bother tender underarms. Special treat for mother—time-saving Carter knits love dunking in suds . . . dry sponge-cake quick. Good-bye iron. Carter-Set®, too . . . won't shrink out of fit.



Starting at top with cupcake boy

JIFFON-NEVABIND® SHIRT. Diapenda® tapes. White, birth to 3 yrs. Pastels, to 1½ yrs. About 79¢.

JACKET (on bunny). Snap-fastened. Rosebuds. 6 mos. $1.25. (Pastels, too.)

PANTI-DRESS. Jiffon-Nevabind. Rumba ruffles. Pastel rosebuds. 6 mos.-2 yrs. $2.50.

HANDY-CUFF® GOWN. Jiffon-Nevabind. White. Pastels. 3-6 mos. $1.50.

TYKES SHIRT and TYKES NO-DROOP PANT. Both white, 2-8 yrs. 69¢-85¢.

THREE-PIECE PLAY PAJAMA. Tattersall top and booties. Pastel pant. Blue, yellow, mint. S.M.L. $2.95.

The William Carter Company, Needham Heights, Mass.

Best Carter's makes fine underwear for the entire family

$50 Spring Pattern Wardrobe

Lovely Bobbie Lawrence has a flair for clothes *and* for color. She knows the value of co-ordinating a wardrobe colorwise and getting the most out of each piece. Starting with a bright red coat, she added a basic navy-blue wool-jersey dress . . . wears it with white piqué at the neckline and a piqué pillbox. She chose a navy-and-white polka-dot acetate surah for afternoon and a two-piece cotton printed with the gayest pink and red roses . . . the washable gray flannel skirt looks pretty with the flowered shirt as well as with all Bobbie's favorite sweaters. The total cost of the fabrics, patterns and findings came to an unbelievable $49.26. By NORA O'LEARY

Pattern Editor of the Journal

SHARI AND



Bobbie's navy-blue wool-jersey basic lends itself to many changes. The neckline is pretty with white touches, colorful beads or just plain. The skirt is gathered, has side pockets. "Easy to Make" Vogue Design No. 8498.

BOW CLIP BY THERESE ABRENS

Other Views, Sizes and Prices on Page 144

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES



Gay cotton, 59c a yard, is printed with pink and red roses. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 8215, skirt, No. 8210.



Pretty cotton shirt is wonderful with classic pleated gray flannel skirt. Vogue Design No. 8413. Colorful beads.

BEADS BY RISA



Polka dots are a sure sign of spring. Bobbie accents hers with white. "Very Easy to Make" Design No. 8460.



The most cheerful topcoat—bright red. This one has turn-back cuffs. Vogue Design No. S-4560.



WHEN YOU PROTECT LOVELINESS WITH A LOTION, REMEMBER...

Trushay is richer in protective beauty ingredients

than all other leading lotions combined!

ime you want to be particularly nice to your hands, hem out and buy them a bottle of Trushay! Be- drop for drop, Trushay is richer in protective in- nts than all other leading lotions put together! sticky or greasy, this fragrant, richer lotion is ously comforting and cooling as it smooths right per skin layers, supplements natural oils.

And Trushay's extra richness gives *all* your beauty added protection. Use it as a flattering powder base, a luxurious body rub, to smooth roughened knees, elbows, heels. Peach-tinted Trushay is so rich, you can even apply it *before* washing chores, to guard hands in hot, sudsy water. Try Trushay soon, won't you? Surprisingly, it costs no more than ordinary lotions!

JUST TWO DROPS WILL PROVE IT! Pour two drops of Trushay on the back of one hand; rub in with the back of the other. Then rub with palms to smooth in evenly. Right away, you'll see and feel Trushay's extra richness. For just these two drops alone give both your hands a luxurious softness all over!

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FREE Delicious menus and recipes that fit *your* diet needs! Write Dept. L,

RICHMOND-CHASE COMPANY • *Pioneer Packers of Dietetic Foods* • SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

EVERYBODY LOVES A TEA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

CANDIED GINGER GRAPEFRUIT PEEL

Peel as many grapefruit as you wish to use. We used 2. If the outer skin of the grapefruit seems hard, grate the surface before peeling, but don't scrape too hard. Cut the peel into strips or petals. Add to peel enough water to cover it. Boil 15–20 minutes. Drain and repeat with fresh water twice more—3 times in all.

Measure the drained peel, and for each pint of peel add 2 cups sugar, 1½ cups water, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Cook slowly in open kettle until sirup is quite heavy. Do not let it overcook or caramelize. When done, remove from heat and for each pint of peel and sirup add ½ envelope unflavored gelatin that has been softened in 2 tablespoons cold water. Stir well to dissolve gelatin. Let peel stand in sirup until thoroughly cool. Then drain and roll pieces in sugar. The addition of gelatin to the peel keeps it nice and soft inside. Above quantity makes 100 pieces.

Anyway—among so many. By all the actuaries—they count up things and make statistics, don't they?—if they *are* reeking with truth and knowledge, there are 3,000,000 and 800,000 known sandwiches, and, as I myself made up two new ones, you figure it out for yourselves.

Here's a modest sheaf of five, to add to those on your tea table:

CRANBERRY NUT-BREAD SANDWICHES

Grind coarsely 1 cup fresh cranberries and mix with ¼ cup sugar. Set aside. Sift together 1 cup sugar, 3 cups flour, 4½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt. Add 3 tablespoons grated orange rind. Blend in 1 cup milk, 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, 1 egg, slightly beaten, and ½ cup chopped walnuts or pecans. Fold in sweetened cranberries and pour into greased 9½″ x5¼″x2¾″ loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour. Turn out and cool on rack. Slice thin; make into sandwiches with butter or margarine. Bread slices best the second day.

ROLLED WATER-CRESS SANDWICHES

Cream ¾ cup butter or margarine until soft. Add ¾ cup finely chopped water cress, 1½ teaspoons grated onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ¾ teaspoon salt and a good dash of pepper. Cut an unsliced loaf of white bread into ¼″-thick slices. Trim to 3″x 3½″. Spread with water-cress butter. Roll up each slice, starting from a 3″ side. Just before serving, insert a fresh sprig of water cress in end of each rolled-up sandwich. Makes about 3 dozen sandwiches.

COTTAGE-CHEESE-AND-PINEAPPLE SANDWICHES

To 1 cup creamed cottage cheese add ½ well-drained chopped crushed pineapple, stand in sieve and press out juice with spoon), ⅛ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup to finely chopped almonds and ½ teaspoon powder. Blend all ingredients well and s on diamond-shaped slices of white b Diamonds should be about 3″ by Garnish with 2 half slices of radish minced parsley. Makes about 40 faced sandwiches.

SHRIMP-AND-CAPER SANDWICHES

Simmer 1½ pounds small fresh shrimp just tender in water to which has been a a little salt, celery and parsley. Shell devein them. Split 15 whole shrimp in lengthwise and set aside for garnis Chop the rest quite fine to give about cups. Add ¾ cup mayonnaise, ½ teas salt, ½ teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablesp minced celery, 1 teaspoon lemon juice 2 dashes Tabasco. Blend all ingredient gether well. Spread the shrimp mixtur crescents of ¼″-thick white bread. Cres should be about 3″x1½″. Garnish with split shrimp, capers and a little mi parsley. Makes about 30 open-faced s wiches.

BACON-AND-PIMIENTO PIN-WHEEL SANDWICHES

Cream together one 5-ounce jar pimi cheese and one 3-ounce package cr cheese. Blend in 1 teaspoon minced ch and 6 slices cooked bacon, crumbled Cut an unsliced loaf of white bread lengthwise slices, ¼″ thick. (Unsliced b sometimes has to be ordered from grocery or bakery in advance.) Rem crusts. If it is bread with a very loose ture, roll each slice of bread on each side a rolling pin once or twice. Spread s with bacon-cheese mixture. Place s stuffed olives along edge of one end of slice. Roll up slices, starting from the with the olives. Roll in waxed paper chill in refrigerator at least an hour. Cut into slices about ⅜″ thick. This much ch will be enough to spread about 5 slices, wh will give you about 3 dozen tea sandwic *Note:* If you have a freezer and want to m the rolls ahead, they freeze very well.

No doubt the tastiest spreads and a galax fine hot things will be in their place. I ex to see green and black olives and *pâtés* aspics and the grandeur of many a little lux from abroad to cheer and charm the we teagoer. Looking for friends? They're h They're having tea. You know, my girls, th *is* something about a tea.

Your ANNI

THE DREAMERS

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

Let us live a little longer
Peace-protected, dream-deceived.
Let our fancies half-believed
Comfort us till we grow stronger

And are ready to accept
Flat equations, death and birth,
Flood and flowers on the earth,
God, and promises unkept.

For there is terror in awaking.
Our sleep-eased eyes are loath to see
How near the dream is reality,
How much of hope we are forsaking.

To us, who dream and cannot guess
The shape of truth, the mask of fable,
Even love seems intolerable
Until we learn to acquiesce.

Perhaps the sleeping beauty wept
Upon awaking, to discover
The darkness of her dream-light lover,
The dust within her halls unswept.

BROKE, BUT HAPPY, ON $11,200 A YEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

dom ignored. When a visitor was talk- to his mother, he missed hearing one mark that concerned him. He tugged at her d shouted, "Say what you just said to *her me!*"

Other than Squeakie's death, the family has own no hard luck and nothing but the best health. Doctor bills totaled only $10 last ar—that's not where their money goes.

Besides having the exclusive care of her ee children, Bobbie does the washing and ning and all her own housework. The old- daughter of the family, she often had to rt dinner on maid's day off (her mother d an office job) so she had some idea of oking but never learned to keep house. "I it the hard way to this day." Her pet hates the extra jobs, such as waxing floors and shing windows.

"I do just the minimum," she says. "I clean house thoroughly only once a week. I n't dust every day. Merle is awfully good out it, but not long ago I found he had itten 'Dusty' with his finger on top of the bookcase."

NEXT MONTH

Misery Street is East 101st Street between First and Second avenues in Manhattan. But it is the symbol of misery streets everywhere. Men and women seem smaller here, their children smaller still—simply a part of the moving clutter.

- For a mother of three sons it means worry and heartbreak—trying to feed and clothe them on a sometimes nonexistent check, living with the daily dread of gang wars, slashings, murders, muggings, dope, prostitution.

MY BOYS LIVE ON MISERY STREET

By G. M. WHITE

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES in the March JOURNAL

Merle says, "I ask Bobbie what she has done ay and she says, 'I've washed.' But the ma- ne is automatic. Or she'll say, 'I defrosted refrigerator.' But that's automatic too." n a spurt of economy last winter, she en- led in a furniture-refinishing course at the W.C.A., planning to furnish their house h old things she had redone herself. Merle nors the very idea of removing gooey paint d varnish from old furniture. "Hours you rk on it and what have you got? Cracked od." The first thing Bobbie learned in the urse was how to remove paint and varnish h hardly any mess, so she carted all the all tables in the house off to the shop, plan- g to prepare them all for refinishing in one swoop. But it was a short course, only one ning a week, and soon over. "I had so ny pieces to remove paint from that I just er got around to refinishing." Cost of the urse: $7.50, plus materials. Still missing: one e-leg and two end tables, probably lost in shop.

Merle leaves the family financing and bill ing entirely up to Bobbie. They have no nily-budget plan for expenses. His salary is posited in a checking account and she tes the checks as they are needed. But they roughly debate all large expenditures— 'e usually decide to buy whatever it is," bbie says, "and it always costs a little more n we thought it would. For example, take s house ——"

The Lawrence residence is a major factor their current economic dilemma. It is a gle-story, rectangular frame structure with cubicles on a concrete slab located in a using development three miles from town. For this they paid $13,350, without a garage, landscaping, sidewalks or an improved street. When they bought it, eighteen months ago, it was the "best bargain" they could find at a down payment ($3500) they could afford to pay. They also paid an assessment of $450 for street improvements and built a garage for $800.

Having depleted their savings, they then went into installment buying—landscaping ($60), an automobile ($2700) and home furnishings. Together with high income tax, high insurance payments and tuition for the children, the fixed outgo from their monthly income is extremely high. They "just live" on the remainder and, except for Merle's teacher's annuity, they have no savings.

Last year they spent more than they earned. "But we aren't in debt because we sold our war bonds to absorb the difference," Bobbie says earnestly. "A year from now we'll be out of the woods. I hope."

Shortly after they had moved into their new house, the water pipes froze. Bobbie called the agent who had sold them the place. "They *froze?*" he repeated. "Ma'am, the pipes in *no* new house ought to freeze. The builder will fix *that.*"

And he did.

Merle called the agent when he noticed the exhaust fan in the kitchen was functioning improperly.

"Would you say an exhaust fan is supposed to blow out or in?" he asked him.

"An exhaust fan blows out, of course."

"Ours blows in."

"Well, isn't that ridiculous! The builder will fix *that.*"

And he did.

The rains came. Water seeped up through the concrete slab. The composition-tile floor-



5½ hours a week

that's a modest estimate of the time you spend doing dishes each week, if you have a family of four. But Lux Liquid can change that!



for an easier time with the dishes

If you had a time clock in your kitchen, you'd "punch in" about 5½ hours a week "work time" for just one dull chore—doing dishes. A job as big as that calls for a special assistant—Lux Liquid Detergent—made *especially* for dishwashing. Lux Liquid *floats* grease right off . . . gets plates and glasses really clean, *fast* and easy.

One can of Lux Liquid actually *outlasts* several boxes of the leading dishwashing powder. Mild? Very . . . almost as mild as Lux Toilet Soap. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees Lux Liquid. Your first can will prove Lux Liquid is as good as we say or we'll refund your money. Stop putting in "overtime" doing dishes . . . get Lux Liquid!

P.S. People keep finding new uses for Lux Liquid. For instance, it's a great favorite for washing nylons, lingerie, and all fine fabrics.



A teaspoonful does a dishpanful!



Packed in a can as it should be—with a dripless spout

See the stars on Lux Video Theatre—Thursday nights, NBC-TV. Hear them on Lux Radio Theatre—Tuesdays, NBC

It's the next best thing to a dishwashing machine

ing squished when they walked on it. The hot-air ducts built into the slab filled with water and billowed steam. Interior paint began to peel off. The front door warped bow-shaped. Nails worked out of the dry-wall construction. Pictures fell off the walls.

"Nothing really wrong with the house," the man told Merle. "It's the drainage. Elevation's a little low. Tell you what I'll have to do, I'll have to dig up the yard and put some drain tiles in."

"But I just paid sixty dollars to seed and landscape it," Merle protested. The new lawn was pretty well destroyed in the ditching process.

A water-softener device is an essential in most homes around Ann Arbor because the water is so hard. These can be purchased, or rented for about $6.75 monthly, depending upon how often the filter unit has to be replaced. The Lawrences rent theirs. Bobbie discovered the plumbing in their house is so arranged that a plunger button on the water-softener connection must be pushed to divert the water from soft to hard. This is a nuisance and often forgotten.

"Can't the plumbing be changed so that we won't be using expensive soft water for the utilities?" she asked.

"Yes," she was told, "but it would be an expensive plumbing job. Mrs. Lawrence, you can't expect a house to be perfect when you pay as little for it as you did for yours." The housing shortage is still acute in this area and similar houses in the neighborhood are now selling for $16,000 to $18,000.

"Last winter was just a shakedown cruise. I believe we have all the bugs out of the place now," Merle says cheerfully—"except us."

This gay spirit in the Lawrence household would make far more serious problems than "being broke" seem slight. If they have no money left over at the end of the month, they worry about it very little.

Last winter Linda and Robin had fallen into the bad habit of slumping at the dinner table, so their father started a program to correct their posture. He agreed to pay the girls ten cents every time they caught him slumping if they would pay him five cents every time he caught them. At the end of a week he owed the girls $1.50 and they owed him twenty-five cents. To economize, father immediately abandoned this system of correction.

Merle Lawrence is a graduate of Peddie preparatory school; A.B., M.A. and Ph.D. (in physiological psychology), Princeton University. He is a naval aviator for multiengine planes and also holds Navy helicopter pilot's license No. 11; a lieutenant commander in the naval reserve, he served in both World War II and the Korean War. He was formerly an associate professor in the department of psychology, Princeton University, and is now head of the physiological-acoustics research laboratory for the Institute of Industrial Health and associate professor in the University of Michigan Medical School. Besides numerous technical papers, he has published Human Factors in Engineering and Design (an annotated bibliography compiled for the Navy Department); Studies in Human Behavior (a manual for advanced students), and Physiological Acoustics (a textbook in collaboration with Ernest Glen Wever). The son of the Reverend and the late Mrs. George W. Lawrence, of Ventnor, New Jersey, his early education was in part financed by his parents but largely earned through scholarships and research fellowships, including a National Research Council fellowship for a year's study in the otological department of Johns Hopkins Hospital. He has two sisters and a younger brother, who is also a Ph.D. and associate pastor of the Burlington, Vermont, Congregational church. As a Princeton undergraduate Merle was called "Stretch" because he was so skinny and tall (six feet two inches). He has since gained fifty pounds and the nickname no longer fits him.

A colleague says of him: "In the laboratory, Doctor Lawrence is completely the scientist. His blue eyes move sharply behind his spectacles and he speaks tersely with such unrelenting intensity and range of abstruseness that he scares many graduate students away. But when he turns from his work and closes his laboratory door for the day, he somehow manages a transformation to the complete extrovert, ready for any pleasure—the 'family man' happily willing to chat with anybody he meets."

It is not uncommon for Merle to spend several nights each week working in his laboratory in the Kresge Medical Research Building. When he does spend a quiet evening at home he is often sleepy and goes to bed early. There is a ham radio station in their bedroom (W8LUI) and he is also an amateur photographer, but his hobbies do not include fixing little things around the house.

"He is the original 'let-George-do-it-himself' guy," Bobbie says. "It is more work for me to get him to do anything than it is to do it myself."

One evening about eleven-thirty, when Merle had been asleep with a book for more than an hour, Bobbie found that the zipper in the back of her dress was jammed, so she waked him up and asked him to unzip her. He examined the jammed zipper with drooping eyes and muttered, "I'll need the pliers." After a long search, Bobbie presented him with the pliers. Doctor Lawrence, a physiologist and technician as agile with his hands as with his brain, thereupon took a firm grip on the zipper and ripped it neatly in its entirety out of the back of her dress, rolled over and went to sleep.

Roberta Harper Lawrence was known as "Sis" Harper until Merle married her and changed her name to Bobbie Lawrence. She attended Stuart Hall, a private secondary school for girls in Staunton, Virginia, and was graduated from Miss Fine's School in Prince-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

ARCHITECTS: LAWRENCE & HAZEN; PHOTOGRAPHERS: DEARBORN-MASSAR



his flexible house expands or contracts o meet the changing needs of the family living in it.

By CAROL L. MERCADO



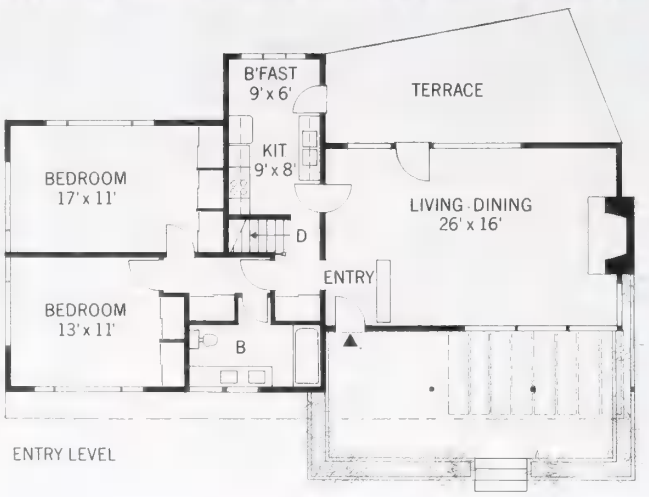
a HOUSE THAT GROWS with you

HERE is a house designed to adapt itself to the size of the family, so that it's never too small, never too big, but just the right size for a lifetime of comfortable living.

The entry level, a two-bedroom house complete in itself, satisfies the requirements of young parents with small children. The lower level, unfinished at this stage, is roughed in for future expansion (see how the sloping site allows the lower-floor rooms to be as bright and sunny as the upper floor). As the family grows larger, the finished bedroom and bath downstairs provide a suite for an independent teen-ager; younger children remain upstairs, closer to their parents' room.

Later, when the grown children have established their own homes, the full-time living area in this flexible house can be reduced once again to the entry level. The downstairs rooms now accommodate guests, visiting children or grandparents. When not in use, they can be closed off completely, reducing housework along with the diminished living area.

Planned for a lifetime of use, the house is built of long-wearing, serviceable materials—concrete-and-brick foundations, natural weathered-cedar board-and-batten walls, split-cedar roof shakes. Concrete terraces can be hosed down along with the lawns for easy, quick cleaning. Potted plants edging the front-terrace retaining wall move indoors or out with the changing seasons.





So good with SEVEN-UP!

These hearty treats may not be "new,"
You've had 'em at their best (you think).
But you've missed a lot if you never knew
HOW GOOD they go with the "fresh up" drink!

Parkerhouse Rolls with Vienna Sausages and Catsup

Peanut Butter and Chopped Bacon on Bread—with Jelly

Grilled Cheese Sandwich and Bacon Strips

Broiled Hamburger and Onion-Slice on a Toasted Bun

Tuna Fish Salad on Toasted English Muffin

Stackwich: Slices of Franks, Baked Beans, Swiss Cheese, Mustard, Pickle Relish

Copyright 1955 by The Seven-Up Company

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!

Chilled, sparkling 7-Up is just the company you want for your favorite snack. Just what you want *whenever* you're thirsty! Seven-Up is the All-Family Drink . . . so pure, so good, so wholesome it's perfect for folks of all ages.

You like it . . . it likes you! Get it 24 bottles at a time—in the case, or in the handy **7-Up Family Pack.** Buy 7-Up wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs.





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

ton, New Jersey, and attended a Trenton business college for a year. She was tennis champion at Stuart Hall; a winner in the Trenton city mixed-doubles tournament one year and runner-up in the New Jersey girls' singles. She worked as assistant society editor of the Trenton Times, as a secretary for an insurance agency and briefly, during the war, as a chauffeurette for an aircraft company (she was fired from this job for going on an unauthorized flight with a test pilot). She was a member of the Trenton Junior League. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Harper, now of Lawrenceville, New Jersey, expended most of an inherited family fortune living well and rearing and educating six children (a seventh died). One wealthy aunt, Louise Taylor Davis, sent Bobbie to Stuart Hall and another, Edith Harper Collier, paid her way to Miss Fine's School. "I'm afraid I did not think it out of the ordinary at the time," she says, "but I do thank them now."

As a schoolgirl, Bobbie dieted strenuously, "not to keep, but in hopes of attaining, a figure." Her four affectionate brothers (three older, one younger than she) called her "Old Horseteeth" and "Fat Hannah." After the birth of her first child, she became slender and remains that way without effort. A self-labeled "outdoor type," her chief interests, other than an all-embracing love for most people, most children and most dogs, are gardening and swimming. She is chairman of the Faculty Women's Swimming Club. An old knee injury prevents her from playing tennis.

Bobbie's mother, the former Roberta Ashby Taylor, learned to fly and soloed an airplane long after she was a grandmother. "Just to keep from getting stuffy," she claims. She was a great tennis player, perennial women's city champion of the Trenton, New Jersey, courts. For fifteen years she did not leave a tournament without at least one trophy. When her two daughters were of college age, she beat them easily and frequently outpointed her four sons, two of whom were outstanding college athletes. Able to employ servants and governesses in the early years, she largely ignored housework, raised her family of six like a breeze, enjoyed them as contemporaries. Now sixty, she still maintains a "come rain, come shine" temperament, refusing to worry. "What's the use?" she asks. "It doesn't get you anywhere." Her advice to would-be champions in any sport: "Have the will to win very much and don't lose your temper. That applies to everything in life. Some people can take it; others simply can't." "I inherited many of my mother's characteristics," Bobbie Lawrence muses. "I only wish I had inherited more."

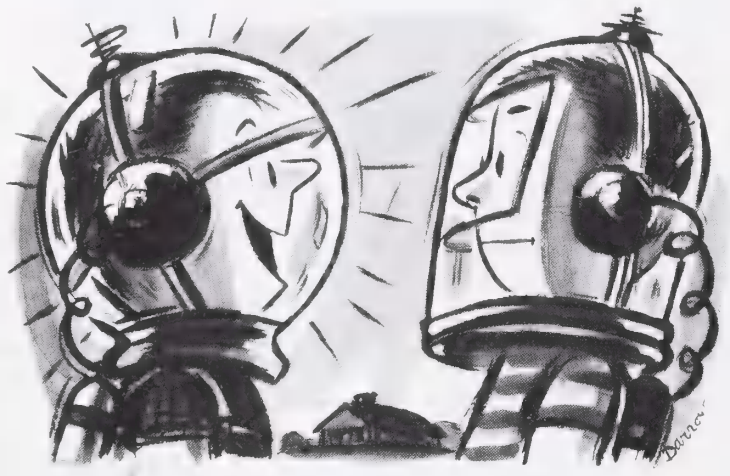
Merle is a direct descendant of Capt. James Lawrence, American naval hero of the War of 1812. In command of the Chesapeake, James Lawrence was mortally wounded in an engagement with the British frigate Shannon in Boston harbor. As he was carried from the deck, he shouted the immortal naval battle cry, "Let her sink if she must, but don't give up the ship!" In World War II, on a routine patrol in one of the Navy's first land-based patrol bombers, a PB4Y, Merle Lawrence had the main hydraulic line shot away and received a flesh wound in the neck. When it appeared the plane was on fire, he repeated profane but equally famous epithets Navy men use to express complete chagrin; fortunately, the smoke was from leaking hydraulic fluid hitting the hot machine guns. He patched his neck with a strip of adhesive tape and flew gently back to base.

Bobbie suggests that one of Merle's extravagances when they lived in Princeton was the purchase, in partnership with several other men, of an old Army glider. "It went so

NUMBER OF FAMILIES, BY FAMILY INCOME, FOR THE UNITED STATES: 1952

Family Income	Number of Families
Total	41,000,000
Under $1,000	3,500,000
$1,000 to $1,999	4,400,000
$2,000 to $2,999	5,800,000
$3,000 to $3,999	7,700,000
$4,000 to $4,999	6,300,000
$5,000 to $5,999	4,900,000
$6,000 to $6,999	3,100,000
$7,000 to $9,999	3,700,000
$10,000 to $14,999	1,100,000
$15,000 and over	500,000

Current Population Reports, Consumer, U. S. Department of Commerce, April 27, 1954.



"Mine's better 'n yours. My mom uses Windex Spray to make it shine."

Windex Spray cleans all glass surfaces sparkling bright—cleans them in half the time it takes ordinary glass cleaners. Swish! Spray it on. Whish! Wipe it off. Presto! Glass shines bright; stays bright longer, for there's no waxy film to attract dust later.

And Windex Spray's such a thrifty buy. Even more economical in the big 20-oz. refill size. Get it today at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Also sold in Canada.



So fast, easy, thrifty, it outsells all other glass cleaners combined!

PRODUCTS OF THE DRACKETT COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO



"Guess I was speeding—but I just remembered this is the day of the week I put Drāno in all the drains!"

Best not to waste a second when dangerous sewer germs are lurking in every drain. They breed in muck that liquid disinfectants can't budge. Only Drāno's churning, boiling action dissolves the muck—and keeps drains germ-free and free-running. Make one day a week—Drāno day. Put Drāno in every drain for about a penny a drain. Also makes septic tanks work even better. Get Drāno today at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Also available in Canada.



There's nothing like Drāno . . . to keep drains free-running and sanitary.

HOW THE LAWRENCES SPEND THEIR MONEY

YEARLY GROSS SALARY $11,200.00
MONTHLY GROSS SALARY $933.33

MONTHLY EXPENSES

Income tax	$139.60	Magazines and newspapers	5.23
Food	125.00	Landscaping (installments)	5.00
House payments (two payments per month)	118.00	Telephone	4.00
Insurance (includes Teachers' Annuity of $70 per month)	117.59	Church	3.00
Car (including $70 monthly payments)	99.52	Charity	4.00
Household furnishings (installments on dishes, drier and draperies)	56.00	Paints, brushes (minor hardware and house maintenance)	3.00
Tuition and other school expenses	35.29	Dry cleaning	3.00
Clothing	35.00	Household cleaning	2.00
Fuel (includes electricity and water-softener rental at $6.75 monthly)	32.66	Recreation	3.00
Vacation fund	30.00	Left for miscellaneous, which includes TV and radio repair, hobbies (amateur radio and photography), gifts, garden and yard furniture and equipment, Christmas, dog (food, shots and license), fencing, driveway paving, drugstore supplies, haircuts, violin lesson, books, garbage collection, stationery supplies, bicycles and other childhood equipment	34.51
Garage payments (installments on construction)	27.00		
Entertaining	15.00		
Lessons for the girls (horseback, ice skating, swimming and acrobatic)	12.66		
Dental and medical	9.00		
Sitters	8.00		
Dues (includes seven scientific organizations)	6.27	Total	$933.33

[Note: Since this monthly list of expenses was computed, Doctor Lawrence has received a substantial increase in salary. Insufficient time has elapsed to know how this will affect their spending or saving. His salary, while high, is not unusual for medical-college professors. In 1949–50 the average salary of medical-school professors was $10,700 in the basic sciences (Doctor Lawrence's category) and $14,069 in the clinical sciences (physician specialists). Source: *Medical Schools in the U.S. in Mid-century*, by John Deitrich and Robert C. Benson. McGraw-Hill, 1953.]

ly, we just had to buy it," he explains. taking title to the glider, the spon- usly formed glider club discovered they had no place to keep it or to fly it. Merle ne flight in it and sold out—for twelve on the dollar. However, his original was only $100.

carries his lunch to his laboratory in a lunch bucket like that of other workmen. efers eating at his bench to leaving an sting experiment for lunch in the faculty room. He does not smoke, drinks gly himself but pours for others with a hand. He admits that when they lived he Princeton stadium in Princeton, as as $40 monthly went for liquor during otball season, most of it consumed by s after games. He insists his ham-radio is inexpensive, estimates he has spent 100 for parts to build W8LUI. And as travagances, he says there's the matter wedding ring he gave Bobbie. She lost he sand at a beach party several years We collected insurance on it," she points but Merle hasn't offered to buy me an- one."

rle got acquainted with Bobbie while he graduate student at Princeton through other, Ashley, with whom he frequently ed. Ashley often talked about Bobbie d not show Merle her picture. For weeks they met, he sent her daily post cards, y penning a bit of doggerel and signing "The Spook."

aturday comes but once a week.
h, would it came each day!
hough as a rule I'm very meek,
hope you'll let me say,
Happy Saturday! —THE SPOOK.

eorgie Wash, he sired the land,
armers tilled the earth by hand,
appy days for every man.
uess who sent this if you can.
Happy Washington's Birthday!
—THE SPOOK.

brother reported her mounting be- rment when they dined together at the "For some reason," Merle recalls, "we ht this hilariously funny."

bbie's brother brought Merle to the hec- t happy Harper home in March of 1940. ed it, and her, and came often thereafter. April evening in 1941, he proposed. "Will e the mother of my children?" he asked he agreed, and they were married in the h Presbyterian Church in August, a year the day after Merle received his ensign's ission and Navy wings. Merle's father rmed the wedding ceremony; his brother, ge, served as best man. Bobbie's sister, ia, was her maid of honor and her four ers served as ushers. The wedding trip was ft of Bobbie's relatives. After the recep- attended only by members of the family few intimate friends, they went im- tely to a suite in the Plaza Hotel in New City which her uncle had reserved for

e new bride dropped on the bed and cried.

"What's the matter?" the groom asked.

"I'm *homesick*," she sobbed.

After the honeymoon they had twenty-three days together before Ensign Lawrence was ordered to the Pacific. She did not see him again for sixteen months. They wrote every day, but the letters didn't always come every day. When the separation seemed almost unendurable, Bobbie wrote a letter to President Roosevelt, pointing out that Merle had talent and training far too valuable to be wasted flying airplanes out over the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Why not bring him back to this country before it was too late? She received a form reply to the effect that Lieutenant Lawrence's present duty was as useful to the nation as anything else he might do. "Both her letter and a copy of the reply are in my file at the Navy Bureau of Personnel in Washington to this very day," Merle says.

Bobbie's axiom for a happy marriage: "Share responsibilities." Her husband's: "Realize the rough spots come but they also go. They don't actually detract from the pleasant things."

Merle's rule for getting along: "Instead of fighting habits or attitudes you dislike in your partner, accept them." Bobbie's: "Keep your ultimate goal in mind and don't let little obstacles deter you."

As for the matter of spending all they earn, and a little bit more, they both hope it is not a permanent condition.

"We have lived within Merle's income before," Bobbie says, "and I am sure we will again when we get some of our bills paid off."

In any case, they never have quarreled about money and don't expect to begin now.

"The truth is," Merle says, "I *want* Bobbie to have everything she wants, regardless of what it is, because I love her."

"Oh, that"—Bobbie dismisses it casually, though not unappreciatively—"*that's* been our trouble all along." END

ADOLESCENCE

By RÉGINE OLIVIER

ccording to the time or to your desire,
could listen to you, look at you, be silent
r talk, be sad or gay, wait for you like a plant
or rain in summer days; and my heart was fire. . . .
n a book, under mine, I had written your name.
was sixteen. Time passed and with it many dreams.
ne day, on my window, dreaming, I wrote a name
hat was not yours. We had grown up, and I loved him.

Plan it yourself with Drexel®

. . . for the room you had in mind . . . at the price you had in mind



Dresser and Mirror, $209; Chest Vanity with lighted "make-up" space, $199; Utility Headboard Bed, $99; Night Stand, $45. Starting pieces available as low as $219 for Dresser, Mirror and Bed.*



Buffet, $169; Table, $119; Side Chair, $36; China Base, $145; Deck, $99. Starting pieces available as low as $319 for Table, Four Side Chairs and Server.*

*Slightly higher in the West.

Plan it around BISCAYNE® . . . for a mood that's light and airy . . . for functional features that are down to earth. Honey-toned pecan and walnut, with sparkling brass accents, blend smoothly with your favorite color scheme. Over 50 pieces for living, dining and bedroom, priced just to your liking.

See Biscayne and other Plan-It-Yourself Drexel groups at your nearest Drexel store.

Get your "Portfolio of Fine Furniture", colorful booklets with Plan-It-Yourself ideas on Drexel's traditional, modern and provincial groups. Send 25¢ in coin to 14 Huffman Rd., Drexel, N.C.

Drexel FURNITURE COMPANY
Drexel, North Carolina

Sea food provides a pleasant relief from winter's heavy diet. Herewith, scallops amandine, Italian eggplant, a green salad, and fruit with sour cream for dessert.

CONVERSATION PIECE

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

THIS month let's turn for inspiration to sea food—that perennial favorite which is apt to be neglected during the holiday season but should never have too long a vacation from our menus.

For the main dish I've chosen baked scallops amandine. There are so many wonderful things to be done with scallops—in fact, it's difficult to go wrong in cooking this delectable sea food, and it has the added virtues of being comparatively inexpensive and available the year round if we keep in mind the convenient frozen scallops. And why not? They are excellent. Not that I have anything against fresh scallops, but they are seasonal and not available in some parts of our country.

Now that the big deal is settled we can start at the beginning of the meal and work through. For hors d'oeuvres we'll have both hot and cold. The cold will be carrot curls, scallions, celery sticks and radish roses. You can have a dip for these—I'll give you a recipe—or you can just sprinkle them with salt. Crisp raw vegetables taste so good before a meal, and the fact that they are good *for* us is a rewarding dividend. Tongue-and-chutney canapés will take care of the hot-hors-d'oeuvre department. They are delicious and quite easy to do. The chutney-and-tongue mixture is spread on bite-size rounds of bread, dotted with mayonnaise and sprinkled with grated Parmesan

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

STUART



You'll enjoy your own party if the meal is prepared well ahead of time.

Take a can of crushed Pineapple

BAKE A PIE WITH NATURE'S MOST REFRESHING FLAVOR



Everybody finds it easy to agree . . . the nicest thing that ever happened to a pie is canned Pineapple!
Combine No. 2 can (2½ cups) undrained Crushed Pineapple with mixture of 2 tablespoons cornstarch, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt. Cook until thick and clear, stirring constantly. Add 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pour into pastry-lined 8-inch pie pan; add top crust. Bake at 425° for 25-30 minutes. (For Pineapple Meringue pie, see special directions in any cookbook.)

Any time you're thirsty is the time for golden Pineapple Juice

CHUNKS
of canned pineapple (bite size) are fine for fruit cups, to sauté with lamb chops or a roast, for hors d'oeuvres, as cake decoration

TIDBITS
of canned Pineapple are favorites for salads, fruit cups, to sprinkle on puddings and cereals

PINEAPPLE GROWERS ASSOCIATION, *San Francisco*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

cheese. All this can be done in the morning, and the baking of them takes only five minutes.

The scallops amandine combine scallops, mushrooms, peas, parsley, sauce and various seasonings, and have a thick sprinkling of toasted slivered almonds on top. This isn't a rich dish—no cream is involved in the sauce—but it has a rich succulent taste.

The vegetable will be eggplant Italienne, a recipe which I've been wanting to give you this long time. I had it first in the marvelous Italian restaurant at the New York World's Fair—that's quite some years ago. The eggplant is peeled, sliced, and each slice is cut in half. The pieces are sautéed in salad oil, then stacked, cut side down, alternately with thin slices of Bermuda onion. I do this in a round casserole, making a ring of the eggplant and onion slices and leaving an empty place in the middle. This is filled with highly seasoned canned tomatoes and some of the tomato is trickled over the eggplant. It is baked half an hour in a hot—400° F.—oven.

For salad we'll have greens, artichoke hearts and cucumbers tossed with French dressing to which pepper relish has been added. The pepper relish provides a sweet-sour taste which is right for this meal. With garlic French bread the main course is finished.

The dessert is a favorite of mine, probably because it involves fruit and sour cream, a combination I can't resist. It's very simple—a mound of sour cream in the center of dessert plates, surrounded by strawberries or raspberries with an outer rim of stewed dried apricots. Over all is a sprinkling of grated maple sugar with lots of the maple sugar on the sour cream. At this time of year most of us will have to use frozen berries.

These recipes will serve eight.

RABBIT FOOD

Fix all the vegetables the day before and store in ice water in refrigerator. The radish roses and carrot curls *have* to be prepared ahead of time or the roses won't open and the carrots won't curl. To make carrot curls, cut very thin slices of carrot, roll them and fasten them with toothpicks. Remove toothpicks before serving. If you want a dip for the vegetables, combine ½ cup mayonnaise with ¼ cup chili sauce and add 2 teaspoons horse-radish and 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce.

TONGUE-AND-CHUTNEY CANAPÉS

Mix together ½ cup finely ground tongue, firmly packed, and ½ cup chutney cut into small pieces. Add ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper and ½ teaspoon curry powder. Cut small rounds of white bread and put on a cooky sheet. Cover rounds gene with the tongue-and-chutney mix dot—and I don't mean a tiny dot—mayonnaise and sprinkle with grated mesan cheese. I use a demitasse spoo putting on the mayonnaise. About 5 utes before serving, put the baking on the center rack of a preheated 50 oven. As soon as canapés are piping ho the bread is slightly toasted they are to serve.

BAKED SCALLOPS AMANDINE

Thaw 3 pounds frozen scallops and cu large bite-size pieces. Fresh scallops m used, of course. Add to them 1½ cups frozen or fresh, and ¾ pound fresh mushrooms. Sauté 10 minutes in 4 spoons butter or margarine to which 1 garlic, minced, has been added. Drai serving juice. There should be abou cups of juice. If you use canned h mushrooms, pour liquid from two 4- cans into juice and add mushroon drained scallops and peas. To mak sauce, mix 4 tablespoons and 1 tea cornstarch with 1 cup milk and add t juice with 1 teaspoon saffron, 1½ teas prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 Tabasco and 1 tablespoon monoso glutamate. Cook, stirring constantly, thick and bubbling. If you like, ½ cup s may be substituted for ½ cup of the Combine sauce and other ingredients, tablespoons chopped parsley, taste fo soning and correct if needed. Put mixt a low casserole. All this can be done th before, or several weeks before if you enough freezer space to keep it. S generous cup of blanched almonds ir and cut them into long slivers. Melt 2 spoons butter or margarine in a s add almonds and sauté to a light g brown, turning them often with a pa turner. Drain on paper towels, transf baking sheet and dry thoroughly in a l turned on oven. About ¾ hour before se time, sprinkle almonds over top of cass cover with aluminum foil and put in 400° F.—oven until very hot. Remov turn oven very low and keep scallop until you are ready to serve.

EGGPLANT ITALIENNE

Get 2 elongated eggplants. If you spe your grocer beforehand, he can save some of the right shape. Cut into ½" reserving small ends for some future plant dish. Peel and cut each slice in Sprinkle lightly with flour and fry quick both sides in salad oil until slightly bro



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Cut medium-sized Bermuda onions into fairly thin slices; cut a little piece off the side of each slice to give it a base to stand on. Alternating onion and eggplant and placing them cut side down, make a complete ring in casserole, pushing slices close together and against rim. Take a little time and trouble with this, because if you do a neat job the effect is quite handsome. Sprinkle tops of eggplant slices with paprika. Put a 1-pound can tomatoes in a stewing kettle and mash a little with wire potato masher. Place over heat, add ½ teaspoon *orégano*, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepperoni or dried bell peppers and boil a few minutes. Spoon most of the tomatoes into center of casserole and sprinkle a little over outer edge of eggplant-and-onion ring. Be careful not to mask the vegetables with sauce. About ½ hour before serving time, put casserole, covered, in oven with the scallops. The onions should become slightly tender but not limp and textureless. If your range has only one oven, take casseroles out while hot canapés are cooked and replace them afterward.

ARTICHOKE-AND-CUCUMBER SALAD

Rub salad bowl with garlic, fill with crisp carefully dried greens, add cucumbers cut any way you like and toss with French dressing to which a generous amount of pepper relish has been added. Drain one 8½-ounce can artichoke hearts, cut each heart in half, put them in salad bowl and toss some more. I add artichokes last to avoid tossing them to pieces.

GARLIC FRENCH BREAD

Cut French bread into slices a little less than 1" wide, being careful not to cut through bottom crust. Force slices apart and spread with butter or margarine to which finely minced garlic has been added. The amount of garlic depends on how much you go for the stuff, but don't be too lavish. Push slices back into loaf shape and wrap the whole thing in brown paper. Before serving, put package in a low oven until bread is hot. For a timesaver you may want to prepare several packages of garlic bread in this way and store them in the freezer. They will keep a long time and when needed all you have to do is to take a package from the freezer, let it thaw and pop it into the oven.

FRUIT WITH SOUR CREAM AND MAPLE SUGAR

Wash two 11-ounce packages dried apricots in hot water, cover with hot water and let stand 3 hours. Add ½ cup sugar, bring to a boil and cook over low heat, without stirring, until tender. Cooking time varies with different brands, but it shouldn't be longer than ½ hour. The apricots must be firm and whole. Barely thaw frozen strawberries or raspberries, or use fresh fruit if available. Make a ring of berries on dessert plates and surround with a complete circle of apricots. Fill centers with generous blobs of sour cream and grate maple sugar over all. If you can't get maple sugar, light brown sugar will do. Serve the dessert ice-cold.

Service. Here is another of those adaptable dinners which will work equally well for table or buffet service. But if it's to be buffet, I do strongly urge using small tables for people to sit at, if that's at all possible for you. Women are pretty good-natured about juggling plates, but most men resent it, I find. Except for sticking some things in the oven, all preparation for this meal can and should be done in advance, which is fine for the hostess and will leave her free to see that everyone, including herself, is pleasantly comfortable.

For serving hot and cold hors d'oeuvres together, there is a gadget on the market which I find very useful. It's a tray with an electrical heating unit in the center and a wood-grain-plastic covered space on each side for the cold things. This is not necessary, of course—a candle warmer is fine for the hot canapés—but I'm a patsy for gadgets and if you haven't seen this one you might want to explore. END



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HEIGHT with 2" heels	WEIGHT with clothing: Small frame	Medium frame	Large frame
5'1"	107-115	114-122	121-131
5'2"	110-118	117-125	124-135
5'3"	113-121	120-128	127-138
5'4"	116-125	124-132	131-142
5'5"	119-128	127-135	133-145
5'6"	123-132	130-140	138-150
5'7"	126-136	134-144	142-154
5'8"	129-139	137-147	145-158
5'9"	133-143	141-151	149-162
5'10"	136-147	145-155	152-166

MEN

HEIGHT with 1" heels	WEIGHT with clothing: Small frame	Medium frame	Large frame
5'5"	126-136	134-144	141-153
5'6"	129-139	137-147	145-157
5'7"	133-143	141-151	149-162
5'8"	136-147	145-156	153-166
5'9"	140-151	149-160	157-170
5'10"	144-155	153-164	161-175
5'11"	148-159	157-168	165-180
6'0"	152-164	161-173	169-185
6'1"	157-169	166-178	174-190
6'2"	163-175	171-184	179-196

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DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

short ribs if you like) for 6 to 12 hours, turning now and then. Then you heat 2 tablespoons salad oil in a Dutch oven or heavy pan and brown the roast well. Then add the marinade and ½ cup water, cover closely and cook until tender. The cooking time depends on the size of the roast; you can test by sticking a long fork in it when you think it is done. I find many people overcook pot roasts on the theory they won't be tender unless they are cooked forever. If we are using a pressure cooker, we cut the time about 10 per cent.

Of course nobody needs to worry over tough cuts of meat these days, for the new meat tenderizers really do a job. Beef liver, for instance, comes out butter-tender with a tenderizer sprinkled over a little while before cooking.

The cockers and Irish love a snowy day; they go wild with excitement, they roll in the soft cold flakes, chase around in mad circles. I wonder what it is that makes this excitement for them when normally they don't care about getting damp. Maybe it is a heritage from the long past when good hunting came over freshly fallen snow.

But Hildegarde prefers the warm hearth; she is such a gentle little lady—I always think she would be one to leave engraved calling cards on a silver salver, Victorian to the details. She is very beautiful and looks so young, although the calendar says she is not young at all. With the snowy heart-shaped marking on her face and her jet-black deep ears and neat little black-and-white body, she is lovely to look at. Sometimes we address her as Marlene Dietrich instead of the incomparable Hildegarde. And this is odd; we call most of the dogs all sorts of silly names, but when we call the little gentlewoman, we speak properly and say, "Hildegarde, come!" Whereas Heritage is referred to as Little Sister or Sissie or Pigeon, and the irrepressible Especially Me is called Teddy Bear (he has that kind of fur) or Ted-wed or simply Lamb! Hollyberry Red is Irish, or Holly or Berry Red. And when she has made off with m favorite blue sponge, I may ask where th wild Irish rose has gone.

A visitor asked me yesterday if I cou recognize the dogs by their barks. I know th psychologists keep arguing as to whether do speak or communicate with one another, an so on. But when you live with nine dogs ov a period of time, you know perfectly well tha every dog speaks with his own voice, has way of phrasing things and considerable vo cabulary. We can even tell when an argumen begins over a cherished bone whether it mean dropping everything and rushing or whethe it is a diplomatic objection not to be taken an more seriously than Russia takes ours.

Holly has the widest range in tone. Sh has a high squeak like a raw hinge whic means, "Ma, come quick, hurry up," and deep mannish trumpeting sound which mean "I've found something new under the sun; m goodness, what do I do with it?" And a lo rumble which says, "My food, my bone." An a long pealing bark which says, "I am just s excited with life I could really burst this in stant. What a world!" And a soft, genti murmuring deep in the velvet throat which pure conversation, questioning, answering serene and satisfied. Plus half a dozen othe ways of speech. She would drive an experi menter mad; fortunately, all we do is liv happily with her and cherish her.

Toward the end of February, we sometime get a driving bitter rain. The whole world gray, sky, woods, bare patches on the roa The snow settles. I hear the ice cracking o the pond's edge. It's good to stay snug inside the warm little house then and bake ginger bread, hang the soup kettle over the fire, an tuck our toes up. And read. And as nigh closes in, so swiftly, so deep, I like to poke m nose out briefly and smell the cold clean ai the imperative bite of that dark wind. I hop the secret little folk out in the frosty wood are tucked away in the piny thickets, an I hope they, too, know spring is on the way

Y.W.C.A.—WIVES' DAY OUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

classes," Martha says. "Knowing how to play bridge seems to give the girls greater confidence socially."

Afternoon classes available to members vary from one Holiday term to another, taught by the best-qualified instructors the Y can find. Beginning golf, for instance (with 25 learners), was taught by the pro from a municipal golf course, and the last three classes of that term were actually held on the course itself. The millinery teacher (who has appeared on TV) demonstrates such practical things as how to make over an old hat of your own—or remodel one of your husband's. Beauty and charm experts have added their store of helpful knowledge. "But most popular are always the home arts and crafts," Martha recalls. "And practical child psychology."

At 3:30 the afternoon classes are over and the women start home. Children come down from the nursery calling their good-bys to friends. Jane Thompson and her small Betsy pause in front of the candy-vending machine in the lobby. Betsy carefully chooses a chocolate bar and drops her nickel in the slot. "This is Betsy's treat for the day," Jane smiles. "It started as a kind of bribe the first time we came—you know, 'Be a good girl all day and you can have a candy bar on the way home.' She has too much fun here to be anything but good. But this is a tradition now, and I wouldn't dare pass the machine without stopping."

"There's one more person you really should meet," Martha says when the last member of her Holiday class has left. "We call her 'our best salesman' for the Y.W.-Wives program. For the last two years she has come to all three of our Holidays every week—three terms a year. She's just home from the hospital now, after a rather serious operation. I promised I'd stop in for a minute."

Margaret Greenberg can't manage the tw flights of stairs from her cheerful North Sid apartment yet, but it won't be long—she' feeling better every day. A friendly, vigorou woman with dark hair and a wide smile, sh claims that the worst thing about her illness i having to miss "almost a whole term of Holi days!" She asks Martha eager questions abou friends, sighs over not being able to have an part in the big centennial show. And if you as her opinion on the Y's program for home makers, she has a dozen quick reasons why for her, it "means more than I can possibl say. It gives you companionship, a chance t learn about new things, meet new people— why, my husband says I'm a new person my self! That I come home from classes al steamed up about things like communit problems—things I never even *knew* abou before, he says I'm all out to *solve* now!" She laughs at her own enthusiasm. "Any way, I can't wait till I'm well enough to ge back."

She turns to Martha and speaks mor slowly, not laughing now. "You remembe the day that our noonday speaker was a docto who talked to us about cancer—about earl detection of it being so important? Som people thought what he said was unpleasan and maybe even frightening?"

Martha remembers.

"Well," Margaret says. "After I heard tha talk I went to my own doctor for an examina tion. He told me that what he found wasn' necessarily dangerous, might never give m any trouble, but I figured that if there was ever *one* chance—anyway, I had the operation. An now I'm *sure* everything's going to be all right So, you see, maybe I'm grateful to the Y fo more than just friends and new interests Maybe I'm grateful to it for saving my life!"

END

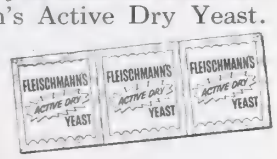


Young mother enjoys cooking contests

Enters Her First Cooking Contest and Wins Honors

Cowgirl Shirley Ann admires her mother's prize ribbons. Mrs. Warren Voght of East Troy, Wis., won all ten in State and County Fair cooking contests this year. And like so many prize winners Mrs. Voght uses Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. "It always rises fast," she says. "And it's easy to use."

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THE VIRUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

"Your father thinks so. The lawn mower is next door, back of Walcott's garage."

"O.K.," he said, "that's fair enough."

After a few minutes she found him sitting on the front steps. "You couldn't find the lawn mower?"

"I haven't seen it," he said. "Did you want it?"

She reached down and took the snow shovel from his hand. "You'll find it behind Walcott's garage."

"All right," he said. "That's the first place I'll look."

Presently she could hear from the kitchen the steady whining of the blades. It was half an hour before Mr. Burney came home.

"Nice to see the boy making a little money," he said. "How much is Walcott paying him?"

"Walcott?" she said. "Why should Mr. Walcott pay Marvin for mowing our lawn?"

"I don't know why." He opened the oven door and looked in. "Shouldn't think he would. Surprised me that he'd pay to have his own lawn done."

"Oh, dear." She sat down on the kitchen stool. "Mr. Walcott doesn't want his lawn mowed. Marvin is supposed to be mowing our lawn. He probably thinks he is."

"He did seem a little distracted; he kept going over the same strip of grass. I thought he was just padding his time."

"You'd better go out and head him this way," she said. "Dinner's ready. Be sure he leaves the lawn mower outside."

The dinner turned out to be quiet and uneventful. Mrs. Burney was finishing the dishes when her husband wandered into the kitchen. She waited while he prowled back and forth, tasting a cold biscuit, eating an olive. "Marvin?" she asked.

"In the living room." He poked his finger in the dishwater and inspected it moodily. "He's got a sandwich."

"He has? Well, he didn't eat much dinner."

"He isn't eating the sandwich," Mr. Burney said, "he's watching it. Staring at it."

"Oh?"

"Yes, somebody gave it to him, somebody named Dolores." He picked up a dish towel and began drying silverware. "A deviled-egg sandwich about four or five days old."

"I see."

"Do we know any Dolores? I thought he was interested in the Stevens girl."

"Yes, Patty. She's awfully sweet."

"Well, Patty is out. Dolores is what he said. Dolores—he whispered it like a dying gladiator. Then he said her highborn kinsman came and took her away from him. Can you figure that one out?"

"Yes, of course. Annabel Lee."

"You know the people?"

"The poem," she said. "Annabel Lee. It was *her* highborn kinsman Marvin was talking about."

MR. BURNEY looked disturbed. "He never did anything like that before. You know, I don't believe that boy is well. You suppose we ought to have him see a doctor?"

"He's already seen one doctor today. I don't think it did either of them any good."

"A good military school might turn the trick," said Mr. Burney doubtfully. "But I don't know that he ought to be turned loose around a bunch of firearms. Better to face it, I guess, and accept Dolores. Probably have to meet her parents, too, have them to dinner and all the rest." He picked up a biscuit and bit into it gloomily. "Pretty depressing."

"Cheer up. Maybe they travel a lot."

"I always wanted to have a son," he said. "I wish now I could think of some of the reasons."

"He's a little preoccupied," Mrs. Burney said, "and absent-minded. That's nothing to be upset about."

"No, the boy is in bad shape, he's not normal." Mr. Burney frowned nervously. "He was wandering around the living room a few minutes ago and he ran into the cobbler's bench. You know what he did then? Said, 'I beg your pardon.' That secondhand, dilapidated cobbler's bench your brother gave us."

MRS. BURNEY regarded him evenly. "If you knew anything about antiques—if you had the faintest inkling ——"

"Let's try to stay on the subject, shall we?" said Mr. Burney. "He's always been a reasonably bright kid—I'm talking about Marvin now. We've always done our part—had his teeth straightened, given him dancing lessons. Put money aside for college."

"Pretty ungrateful of him to fall in love after all that."

"It's just that I hate to see him go all to pieces on account of some girl. He'll never finish high school the condition he's in. Want to get married right away, I suppose, with no job in sight. Probably thinks he can support a family mowing lawns." He glanced at his wife. "What are you smiling at?"

"Just remembering a boy I knew in high school," she said. "He wandered into our home-ec class one day thinking it was civics. He even took the exam."

"You'll find that type wherever you go. But Marvin comes from good stock."

"So did this boy," Mrs. Burney said. "His parents were very conscientious. They even called the police once when he wasn't home by midnight. They found him standing outside this girl's house in the pouring rain. Just standing there with a ukulele in his hand."

Mr. Burney nodded. "Uh-huh, sure." He cleared his throat. "As a matter of fact, I wasn't standing there; I was merely passing by, walking rather slowly. And it wasn't what you'd call a real rain at all—just a light sprinkle. No more than a few drops."

"It melted the glue in your ukulele, your sister told me. It came apart the next day. And your hair oil ran down all over your best coat."

"I thought we were discussing Marvin," said Mr. Burney. "Marvin and Dolores."

"Yes, Dolores. I keep wanting to call her Geraldine. Isn't that funny? I don't suppose they're at all alike."

"Who did you say?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Surely you haven't forgotten Geraldine, with the giggle and the spit curls?"

He shook his head. "Never heard of her," he told her.

"I hope you don't think it was *my* window you were standing under with your wet ukulele."

Mr. Burney looked startled. "It wasn't?" he asked.

His wife gazed at him without expression and slowly shook her head.

"I see." He nodded thoughtfully and began folding up the dish towel. "Geraldine, eh?" He nodded again, a faraway smile on his face.

"So maybe we shouldn't worry too much about Marvin."

"Who?" he said. "Oh, Marvin. No, nothing to worry about. For all we know, Geraldine may be just the girl for him."

"*Dolores*," said Mrs. Burney.

"Why should we interfere?" he asked. "It's spring, you know, the season of innocence and laughter and impossible dreams. Yes," he added simply, "the time for longing and heartbreak, too, and all that goes with being young." He paused, and when he spoke his voice was husky with nostalgia. "It's the happy season—once it's over there's no going back."

"No, there isn't." Mrs. Burney gently removed the dish towel from his hands. "Maybe that's the happiest part of all." END

If a man is going to be an American at all, let him be so without any qualifying adjectives; and if he is going to be something else, let him drop the word American from his personal descriptions.

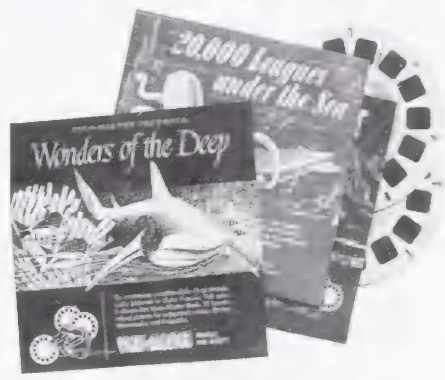
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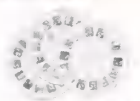
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Meadow Gold Mealtime Adventures

by Beatrice Cooke





Free! 10 Recipes for Cottage Cheese Treats

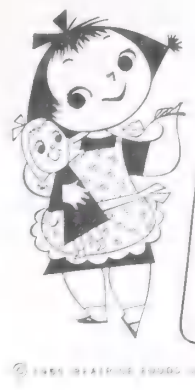
Peach Sunburst Pie
Lemon Wafers
Puffy Cheese Omelet
Cheese Tuna Special
Two-in-One Casserole
Cherry Layer Salad
Fruit Salad Deluxe
Cranberry Salad
Cheese Bowl
Pineapple Crumb Pie

These are the recipes I'm sure you'll prize for their zesty flavor-appeal. Delicious, economical cottage cheese is the special ingredient in each. For best results, just be sure you use Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese. It's fresh and good as cottage cheese can be. Extra smooth and tender . . . and extra-creamy, too! And Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese is rich in healthful minerals everyone needs. Try it tonight, in this refreshing Peach Sunburst Pie.

Peach Sunburst Pie

1 9-inch graham cracker crust
1 No. 2½ can sliced peaches, drained
1 cup Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese, sieved
½ cup peach syrup
1 egg yolk, beaten
¼ cup sugar
1 tbs. grated lemon rind
2 tbs. lemon juice
½ tsp. vanilla
1 tbs. unflavored gelatine
2 tbs. cold water
1 egg white, stiffly beaten
½ cup Meadow Gold Whipping Cream, whipped

Combine cottage cheese, peach syrup, egg yolk, sugar, lemon rind, lemon juice and vanilla. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water; blend into cheese mixture and chill until slightly thickened. Arrange peach slices in bottom and around edge of pie shell so tips stand about ½ inch above crust. Fold egg white and cream into chilled mixture; spoon into pie shell. Chill until firm. Garnish with peach slices and maraschino cherries. Serves 6.





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GOD IS LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

She had almost told him then. But words spoiled things. And she wasn't going to have a sensation so comforting and intimate knocked about and labeled, passed off, a little uncomfortably, as one of those notions women were apt to get when they were expecting.

Her mouth twisted as she remembered how she had felt the night before coming into the hospital. Expecting the baby and something else, too, some further sign of God. Oh, not the beating of wings exactly, but it *was* a climax. Surely if God had been with her making the baby, He would be near now waiting to see it delivered, sharing this last most important part. And instead there had been . . . *nothing;* just her body in pain, and an emptiness, and a terrible, dreary routine that went on and on. And she had thought of God then with a cry from her heart, *Why this? O dear my God, is this Your plan; why this?*

She had been leaning on a fantasy, talking to herself. There was just the baby, a biological process and no God about it. O.K. That was the way it was. The baby was real. The baby was enough.

He was wonderful to hold, a satisfactory weight against her arm, but awe-inspiring, so tiny for all his eight pounds and so queerly himself. Already a person.

Peter Hagan uncrumpled his mouth in a wail that turned into a yawn. He opened his blue eyes suddenly to stare at his mother. And the eyes were spang crossed. Lucilla screamed.

Five days later she could laugh at that. She sat on the edge of the bed, dressed once more in street clothes, waiting for Phillip to come up from paying the bill and for the nurse to bring young Pete from the nursery. She was feeling complacent, and she smiled remembering her first sight of the baby. Of course she had learned his eyes were perfect. All babies' eyes crossed sometimes when they were little, before the muscles learned to track.

It seemed queer to have on shoes again. *I got dressed too soon.* You felt so strong lying down, restless to be up and about, and then when you got up the strength oozed right out of you. Her bed, stripped down for the next patient, had never seemed so inviting.

She stood up again carefully, the folds of her gray suit heavy against her waist. Footsteps in the corridor. Phillip carrying the bundle of baby clothes in one hand, the receipt in the other. Hard on his heels, Miss Hanson trotted, carrying the baby. Miss Hanson was the nice one with the mole, always reminding Lucilla of the lady mouse in her childhood picture book, so cheerily bustling on little short legs, her glasses sliding down her sharp nose. She laid the baby down, picked up the clothes. "Pins?"

Phillip looked abashed.

She pulled a handful from her pocket. "They mostly don't. All embroidery and no pins. The diaper pins are nicer, but these will do. Oh-oh." They waited in silence.

"Another diaper?" One look at Phillip was enough and as though the baby saw, too, he began to cry. Miss Hanson had to shout. "Never mind. I always bring along a few disposables for first parents. Next time you'll know. Bring some extras."

Peter screamed all the way down the hall. Miss Hanson was at Lucilla's other ear. "He has a little rash, nothing to worry over, but I'd get right at it. Get yourself some zinc ointment and don't be afraid to slather it on so he won't be scalding himself the next five minutes. It's written down here. And don't worry."

She waved them through the door. Peter cried on. He cried all the way through the parking lot and into the car and all the way home. He stopped once, at the intersection of Homestead and Vermont, and that's when Phillip told her.

"Lucy," (how she hated to be called Lucy) "I didn't want to worry you, but that woman who was coming to help can't come. The agency is sending us someone else tomorrow at eight."

"What about tonight?" Lucilla's voice was shrill.

"Nothing to it!" He patted her knee and narrowly missed a passing sedan. The baby began to scream once more.

Lucilla clutched her son and her mind spun frantically. What about a formula? They had one bottle of it supplied by the hospital, but that was hardly enough. And why was the baby crying so terribly? He was supposed to be asleep. Everyone said, "Go home with him in the evening; let him have his bottle in the hospital and then take him home sleeping for the night." Sleeping, ha!

She shifted him back up to her shoulder, patted, cooed, ground her teeth. The baby screamed on. Well, it was obvious, he didn't *like* them. Their own baby and he didn't want to go home. He preferred the hospital.

When she walked into the living room Lucilla saw her home for an instant as visitors must, before it fell into familiar lines. It did look nice. How Phillip must have worked: everything was shining and the blue basket waiting by the fire. With a twist and a shimmy she worked her arms from her coat, let it slide to the floor while she laid Peter carefully in his own little bed. The basket gave a creak as she straightened, creaked again, lurched over sideways and collapsed.

"Lucy!" Phillip rushed from the kitchen. "Never scream like that near a baby. You want him to have convulsions?"

He worked the baby loose from the tangle of blankets, gave him to Lucilla and righted the bassinet. The baby's cry subsided to what was beginning to be recognized as a normal scream.

"He's not hurt, just frightened. I was showing it to some people this afternoon and I guess I forgot to brace the back legs again." An apology from Phillip was often followed by a swift change of ground. "You'd better go change him, and where's that thing of instructions about making the formula?"

"On the table. Phillip, I know he's supposed to wait until ten o'clock to eat again, but maybe he's hungry. Let's give him the bottle we have before we try making the formula."

"I broke it when you screamed."

He looked so suddenly weary, so rumpled and sorry that she forgot her own aching need to sit down somewhere. "Phil. Isn't it awful?" she said.

They exchanged a glance over their son parted, Lucilla to the bedroom, Phillip to kitchen.

Heartened, she laid the baby down and t a motherlike speech to him. "Mister man she imitated half-remembered tones of all mothers she had ever heard—"you're goin have some nice dry diaps, and you're goin sleep."

The baby paid no attention. His bin was soaking, too, but there seemed to be much material in the dry one. Was it the sa size? It was. The diaper was huge. Miss H son did this and this and did this. W Lucilla went through the same motions, g pinned, lifted the baby, everything slipp Three times she folded, twisted, pinned, s veyed the clumsy result.

At first she wept quietly, little creeping tea then the sobs came, wrenchings torn by H cups. She pulled off her dress, kicked her sh aside, unfastened her garters.

"Lucy—this says corn sirup or maltose. maltose better? Well, for heaven's sake!"

Lucilla was in her nightgown, jostling baby up and down on the edge of the bed, face blotched and swollen. Tears dripped do her cheek, and her head moved wearily fr side to side.

"For heaven's sake," he repeated, unbe ably touched. "What kind of a thing is th This was supposed to be a party, your fi night home. You don't act as if you're glad be home at all. You didn't even say anythi about all the flowers."

"Well"—to her surprise, Lucilla uncover a grievance of her own—"you don't seem care about the baby either." Fresh tears wa ing any kind of excuse flowed readily. "Eve one told me how funny and sweet the fath were when they got hold of the baby. They said every father could hardly wait to hold and look at it, and you don't care about h at all. Just keep handing him to me."

He stood speechless. Afterward, he told h it was because of the unfairness. He stro back to his sterilizing and found that t nipples, left boiling too long, were gummy. H started over again, thanking the providen that led young fathers into buying an ov abundance of supplies. An hour later he ca ried his finished product into the bedroom.

"Lucilla." He stroked the hair back fro her forehead, dried her cheek with a corner the sheet. Later, when they crawled into be he tucked her close.

She knew then how lonesome the hospit bed had been. Solid comfort, to press u against Phillip's long body, reunited. Fathe mother, son beside them sleeping in th basket. They whispered in the darkness.

"Lucilla, I did want to hold the baby. B he kept crying and you seemed so upset."

"Phillip, forgive me; it's just glands something. They all said that mothers cry lik that at first, only it surprised me too. I was beast."

They stiffened, jerked back to unbelievin alertness by sound in the night. The baby wa awake again. And he was crying.

When Miss Fuller arrived at eight, brigh and-chirpy and full of breakfast, Lucilla wa still in her nightgown wandering around th living room.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you, I've been waitin to go to bed. Oh, and I'm Mrs. Hagan, o course, and the baby is Peter and he's asleep He just went to sleep now. I thought we coul roll his basket back out here and I'll go t bed. There's plenty of formula. We just fin ished a new batch." She moved with th dreamy preoccupation of a drunk.

The baby slept while they moved him. H slept until two without stirring, but Mis Fuller did not. She kept appearing in the bed room like a recurring dream. A nightmare.

"Miz Hagan, now, that kitchen's an awfu mess. Do you want I should clear it up?" . . "Miz Hagan, there's two kinds of soap there Which do you use for dishes?" . . . "Miz Hagan. The phone. Is there anybody here named Jerry?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

SOLDIER'S MOTHER

(From the letter she did not send.)

By ELEANOR HALBROOK ZIMMERMAN

I could not fall asleep last night. . . .
Like a lost ghost I prowled the house,
Tightening the doors already tight,
Frightening the hungry midnight mouse,

Feeding your dog an extra bone,
Fingering your books on the high-hung shelf,
Achingly listening for the phone. . . .
Son, I'm ashamed of myself.

The moonlight falls on the goldfish pond;
The winds are awake in the lonesome trees;
I can find no comfort at all beyond
Such little things as these.

"¡Valiente!" cried the Spanish admiral



cheered as his launch fished this man and seven more ıerican sailors out of Santiago Harbor, Cuba, on the rning of June 4, 1898. This was straining Spanish valry to the breaking point, for Richmond Hobson (right) and his little suicide crew had spent the previous night taking a ship into the harbor entrance under a hail of cannonade and deliberately sinking her to bottle up the Spanish fleet.

Richmond Hobson, who planned and supervised ery detail of the operation, from placing the scuttling rges in the ship to dropping anchor under fire, was ually an engineer, not a line officer.

n Santiago Harbor, he led his first and only action inst the enemy. But his cool-headed daring made ı as much a hero of the day as Admiral Dewey. And ved again that America's most valuable product is ericans.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

When the baby woke at two, the "Miz Hagans" reached a crescendo and Lucilla got up and put on her robe. By three-thirty Peter was bathed, fed and asleep again, and at four Miss Fuller put on her hat and went home.

"Phillip," Lucilla said hysterically, "the woman's a fool. I told her finally to just sit down on the couch and think nice thoughts. Nobody can sleep when somebody keeps asking them questions. And she waited ten minutes and came back again with 'Miz Hagan, I just don't feel right to be sitting and doing nothing. It makes me nervous!'"

By the third night Lucilla had a new story. "Phillip, I let Miss Fuller go. Tomorrow's Saturday and I can't see any sense in our paying her eight dollars a day to watch Peter sleep and keep waking me up. She says she gets lonely and there's another job she can take, so I told her to go ahead. Anyway, it frightened me. She came into the bedroom to ask me some fool question and I almost hit her with the wastebasket."

Phillip was doubtful. "Cilly"—there were deep lines under his eyes, and his shoulders slumped—"do you know of anyone else having a baby and going through all this? Are we normal? I honestly meant to help you out last night. I kept telling myself to get up, but nothing happened. I think I was asleep this morning right in the middle of my lecture. Everybody laughed."

"I don't know. One thing: the doctor says Pete has his days and his nights mixed. He sleeps all day and does his eating and exercising at night. He'll gradually work himself around. But this way, maybe I can sleep while he's asleep and just plan to be awake at night." She spoke with a confidence she didn't entirely feel. All very well to say sleep while the baby sleeps. When Peter was awake he seemed to keep her busy every second, and then when he did sleep she had twenty-seven things waiting to do to get ready for the next round. It was a marathon that had no end. Just about the time she got things caught up to where she could think about resting, the baby was awake again. "But I didn't see where Miss Fuller has been any help. By the time I got through telling her what to do I could do it easier myself. And, Phil, we just don't have the money."

When eight o'clock came Monday morning, and no Phillip and no Miss Fuller, Lucilla knew a moment of real panic. She was on her own, sink or swim. She resisted an impulse to go in and look at the baby. She resisted another to straighten up the front room.

First thing, I have to get some sleep or I won't be able to keep going. Phil made formula last night and we're ahead on diapers. She lay down on the couch. *There are two main jobs, his bath and formula. The rest is easy, feed him and change him. Then if there's any time left over I can start to catch up on the rest of the things. Maybe by next weekend I can even get a bath myself.* . . . Lucilla slept.

By Friday morning, plunging breakfast dishes, one-handed, into and out of soapy water, she cast a glance over the week just past and felt a stirring of pride and optimism. On Tuesday she had scalded her hand over the sterilizer, but that was nearly healed. Anyone coming in might think things were disarranged to a point of frenzy; actually, within the chaos was a kind of order. By making a graph of Peter's waking hours, the number of bottles he took and the number of ounces, they saw suddenly a rough pattern to his behavior. The number of bottles varied madly within the twenty-four-hour periods; the number of ounces was, remarkably, the same eighteen. He knew what he was doing! Most important, Lucilla found that she could begin to predict, loosely, when he was going to be asleep. That helped a lot. The diaper rash was clearing up under a constant bombardment of zinc ointment. Why, then, this nagging sense of depression?

Chimes from the nearby tower. Eight o'clock. Phillip had been gone for nearly an hour. He found he could grade his papers better at school these days before class.

Waking Peter for his bath at eight was part of the new system for trying to get his routine worked around to a normal day and night, but it made him cross, frantic for his bottle.

Towels on the drainboard, the tub into place . . . already her movements were practiced enough to leave time for thought. The trouble was that while things were smoothing out in some ways, in others they stayed the same. The baby was wonderful in a weird sort of way, but where was the *joy* she had dreamed over during her pregnancy? The three of them like a picture on the calendar? Ha! Phillip was sleeping on the couch nights, and his footstep on the stair after work was the signal for her to drop whatever she was doing and crawl wearily into bed to get some sleep for the broken night ahead.

Everything ready, she went to get Pete, woke him up apologetically, set to work in nervous haste. His cry, more and more insistent, made her clumsy. Voices calling from the street below. Students late for class. Oil warmed in the pan of water, boric-acid solution . . . one part of her mind checked details as she went, noting with satisfaction the trim

Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are. —J. C. HARE

expertness of her diapers now, and another part continued its abstract meandering. What bitterness, to remember how she used to curl up in the armchair with a cup of coffee this time of morning talking with God! Now she'd just appreciate the sitting down.

And that was just it. Something was terribly wrong, that you should be happier expecting a baby than after you'd had it. What was it?

Two new voices down below yelled something about a trig assignment.

G is L. An equation. The long-forgotten phrase from Sunday school popped appropriately into mind: God is Love.

Back in the kitchen, Peter bottled and changed, she thought of it again. God is Love. Was that meaningless? Or was it true, another deeper equation? If G is L, then L is G. Love is God. And love was not meaningless. That she knew; and she smiled.

What is love? asked Lucilla, and answered herself: *Love is a warmth. A reaching out between people.*

That was the way it was with Phillip. But had it been with Peter? Suddenly she knew. In all this frantic time of newness and scares, problems and decisions, she had never once just taken time to sit still and *love the baby*. To enjoy the warmth.

Her glance rested on the mail stacked on the table, some of it unopened. Gifts and ribbons and wrappings pushed out of the way, dust everywhere, diapers in the pail waiting to be boiled: so much to do, but did any of it m ter? Peter was asleep, but did that ma either? She picked him up.

"You know," she whispered to the chee soft against her own, "I'm beginning to you rather terribly and it just occurred to I never told *you*. It just occurred to me better come in here and tell you I *particul* admire the way you wrinkle your nose w you sleep. And the way you arch your mo around hunting for the bottle long before ready. I'm going to call you Archie."

Crazy-nonsense things, but her arms ha new, tight confidence . . . and the tones of l seemed to reach through the web of sleep rounding Peter. His head moved on her sh der, seeking the hollow of her neck, and the fists, clenched against the world, relaxed. there was the joy and all the exultation, m than enough. Flood tides of it singing thro her blood, carrying off the worry and weariness.

My pride and my humility, thought Luc Tears stung her eyes.

When Phillip came in at five she was re for him with a smile he hadn't seen in da

"News for you, boy. We're going to eat gether for a change. What is sleep, after but a kind of habit? Really, Phil, you kn when you add it all up I do get eight hours of twenty-four. Only instead of riding al with the thing, I've been tensed up fighting It hasn't been much fun for you, has it?"

Deep inside Phillip something relaxed, to heart again. "I'll do the dishes," he grinn

In the night he heard her stumbling at f o'clock and turned on the lamp. So she carr Pete in and they bundled together on couch watching him take his bottle.

"Look how hard he works," Phillip wh pered. The lamp was a circle of light ring them in against the dark. He reached o then and took her hand . . . that four-o'cl feeding was one of the nicest hours they h ever spent.

Saturdays Phillip really enjoyed sleep late. It seemed a shame to wake him. Onl was getting time for Pete's bath; and the cou was so near the kitchen, the porcelain tub noisy to handle.

There came the chimes. . . . No classes Saturday any more, but the bells rang anyw

You know, Lucilla mused with the beg nings of wisdom, *it seems to me that if wash a baby perfectly six days of the week, one morning you could sponge him off w warm oil right there in his little basket we'd all be happier.* She put the bottle on heat and on second thought poured herse second cup of coffee.

Peter woke while she was changing him a gave a workmanlike yawn.

"Wake up there, young fellow," crooned. And suddenly and as unmistaka as the scent of roses she felt God beside looking over her shoulder into the basket.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 128

Vogue Design No. 8498. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 40, 30 to 40. 75c

Vogue Design No. 8210. "Easy to Make" skirt, 24 to 30 waist measure. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 8215. "Easy to Make" blouse; 12 to 42, 30 to 42. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 8413. Skirt, 24 to 30 waist measure. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 8460. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress or jumper dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.

Vogue Design No. S-4560. Coat: 12 to 40, 30 to 40. $1.00.



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By LITTLE LULU



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crumb and a tenderness most wor
never achieve . . . the frosting is rich
creamy-smooth—the perfect mate to y
magnificent butter cake. The secret
both is REAL BUTTER!

Real Butter Cake

½ cup butter
1¼ cups sugar
3 eggs
2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking po
⅔ cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter. Add sugar and mix well. Add eggs one
time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour with
and baking powder and add alternately with the milk.
vanilla. Pour into two buttered and floured 8-inch r
cake pans and bake at 375° for 25 minutes.

Real Butter Frosting

½ cup (1 stick) butter
1—1-lb. package confectioner's sugar, sifted
1 fresh egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon milk or c

Sift confectioner's sugar. Cream butter until smooth.
quick hand-mixing use medium-soft butter. Add
confectioner's sugar to butter. Cream thoroughly u
sugar and butter are well blended. Add salt, milk
vanilla. Blend. Add unbeaten egg and beat until smo
Add remaining confectioner's sugar. Beat until sm
and fluffy. Yield: 2¼ cups.

For Butter frostings at top of page: CHOCOLATE—
2 oz. bitter chocolate. Whip in basic butter frosting rec
LEMON—Omit vanilla, milk, cream. Add 2 Tbls. le
juice and grated rind of 1 lemon. Whip in. PEPPERMI
—Omit vanilla. Add scant ½ tsp. mint extract. Color li
pink. BROWNED BUTTER—Brown butter in skil
Use basic recipe with only *1 teaspoon* milk.

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Listen to Bob Hope on NBC Radio



HAROLD FOWLER

Here are twin quilts gaily decorated with the symbolic flowers of every state, drawn to emphasize their own natural grace. The flowers are cut from patterns and appliquéd onto each individual square, later joined and quilted for charming spreads.

State Flower Quilt

by Henrietta Murdock

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

Quilts have always had sentimental themes, but our state flower quilts are both sentimental and beautiful. The fact that states have chosen flowers as symbolic of their native beauty is a bit of Americana we can view with pride.

You will notice that there are twin quilts, each containing twenty-four state flower squares. The technique is appliqué and the graceful flower forms are achieved by using clear, contrasting colors in Nature's own combinations.

First you choose a favorite background color for your quilt. Be sure you choose a soft middle tone of this color. The reason for this is that you want to contrast the flowers and foliage in silhouette against it.

Plain washable percale or gingham is the best material to use. Make a list of the shades and tints you will need for the flowers, unless you use your own scraps, and buy them all at the same time. There are dozens of such shades, and by trying them out together in the store you can better judge their harmony. A half yard or less of each color is sufficient. Be sure to buy matching threads while you are about it. Of course you will need more of the foliage greens than of the other colors. Yardage for the plain backgrounds of the squares, lining, and so on, is included with the pattern. For patterns, send 25c to Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Ask for No. 2616, State Flower Quilts.

THEY SAY IT WITH ACTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

ligent, widely experienced in politics through national campaign work for Estes Kefauver and Adlai Stevenson, Kathryn seemed a natural for the job. Voters demonstrated that they thought so too.

An especially heady stamp of approval has been given Mrs. Stone by her fellow legislators, all male. When soon after she took office the speaker of the house asked her to deliver a message to the senate, she was escorted there by the entire population of the lower chamber.

"Why don't you leave her with us?" ventured one gallant Southern senator.

"Sorry," was the flattering reply. "She's the only one we have."

MRS. GERTRUDE LYNCH
Rhode Island Legislature

Young mother: "Oh, I'm not particularly interested in politics."

Campaigner: "But you're interested in our school system, aren't you?"

Mother, emphatically: "Well, of course!"

Campaigner, equally emphatically: "The school system's a good place to start."

Woman-to-woman talk like this on front doorsteps and in supermarkets won 38-year-old Gertrude Lynch election and re-election to her present seat in the Rhode Island Legislature. "Women's general urge to talk," she says, is a real political asset—and whether they realize it or not, women actually influence many issues through their everyday conversations at markets, hairdressers, schools.

Gertrude Lynch first became interested in government through her volunteer work with civic groups. "I could see that government and political parties needed the help of ci Women, particularly, weren't holding u end of the responsibility, she felt. Her ophy has continued to pay off—to the that she was re-elected in 1954.

Ever since an around-the-world tri college gave her "perspective on being ican," trim, attractive Mrs. Lynch ha upholding her country's ideals as zealo any Roger Williams. Characteristicall tells other women:

"Don't let the accusation 'idealist' ke out of politics. Our government was th idealistic ever conceived."

The three Lynch children—Susan, 1 liam, 8, and Ralph, 4—who are "grow in a world they are too young to shap just one more reason their mother work for better, more idealistic government. is already involved in world shaping: junior authority on the U.N., often exc ideas with a German pen pal.

Soon after she'd married John Ly 1938, Trudy, as her friends call her, w work for the Junior League—cutting o terns. "But I was absolutely *no* good at she laughs. She found *real* satisfaction next community job—taking a blind t on her calls to blind people. By 1943, s working with the Junior League an League of Women Voters for a sta juvenile court.

"Now I knew I wanted to particip government, not just observe." And so years ago Gertrude Lynch entered he race for public office and became th Republican woman member of the Island House of Representatives. She w couraged at the end of her first year by seemed to her lack of progress.

"I expected miracles," she admits. learned that one person can't accomplis overnight. Legislative work means work."

One achievement since that first feel discouragement was the passage of a bi to her heart—legislation providing for nurse training—enthusiastically approv Republicans and Democrats alike.

ROSALIND WI
Los Angeles City C

If political success stories went by the 24-year-old Rosalind Wiener would senior in law school now. Instead, she's ica's youngest legislator and Los Angele city councilwoman in some 37 years.

Able, alert Rosalind really meant to lawyer. But when she was drafted by zens' committee to run as city-council date from the fifth district, she couldn no. Now she hopes she's in politics for

Councilwoman Wiener has demons from the first that despite her youth s clever politician. With the odds eight t against her in the campaign—and all too—Roz and helpers developed some new electioneering twists. Monday, the volunteers decided, was stay-at-home ni Los Angeles. And so each Monday a army descended on householders with of cellophane-wrapped soap and a spiel:

"Are you interested in clean, fresh go ment for Los Angeles? If you are, you'l for Rosalind Wiener. She's young, ene and fully qualified."

Saturday afternoons saw the group pr ing "Wiener for Councilwoman" balloo children swarming out of the neighbo double-feature.

Roz Wiener's political career began ea at age 19, while a civic-administration st at the University of Southern Californi active member of Los Angeles' Young D crats. Eager to be a political doer, she pl into the 1950 congressional campaign, w up serving on the Democratic state comm One thing led to another: at first Roz rank-and-file member of the citizens' mittee looking for a likely city-council date. Each possibility had to be elimi Then by common consent the other me turned to Roz with the question: "Why *you* run?" Roz did.

Her formula for getting ahead in po "It just takes some good old-fash drudgery," Rosalind insists.



You choose his baby soap for gentle mildness . . . be careful to select his bathroom tissue for safe softness too

You tell him how much you love him by your wise, gentle care

Every day your wise care can help to keep your tiny baby happier and more comfortable.

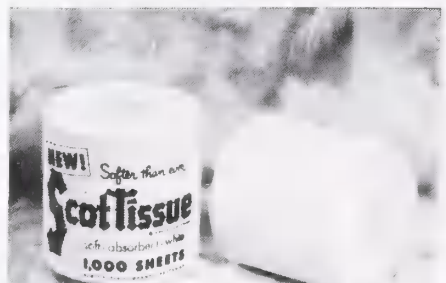
One simple way to make his new world more comfortable is to choose his bathroom tissue for true tender-skin softness.

The new ScotTissue is softer than ever for your baby's thinner skin. Yet it has the strength and absorbency you want for neat, efficient clean-ups.

Next shopping day, get several rolls of the new ScotTissue. It is your best choice for baby. And in the big 1,000-sheet roll it is your most economical buy for the whole family. Another great Scott value. "ScotTissue," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



He likes to be kept comfy-dry. He will like the comfort of the new ScotTissue too. So kind to his thinner skin. Yet it cleanses thoroughly without shredding or tearing



1,000 sheets—over ½ more than the 650 sheets you get from most other tissues

2 rolls of ScotTissue equal more than 3 rolls of most other tissues

d she keeps as a souvenir a well-worn
of campaign shoes to prove it.
chairman of the Health and Welfare and
Recreation and Parks committees of the
Council, Rosalind takes a leading part in
Angeles' fight against juvenile delin-
cy. Working actively for the development
ore recreational and cultural activities,
ays "these must be provided not only for
ounger children but for teen-agers who
nt the greatest problem."
August of last year Rosalind became the
of Eugene Wyman, a Beverly Hills attor-
And now she works "to combine success-
a career in politics with marriage."

KATHARINE ELKUS WHITE
Mayor, Red Bank, New Jersey

r Honor, the mayor of Red Bank, New
y, Katharine Elkus White, has found her
s "city mother" to some 12,743 citizens
l of problems as any other kind of house-
ng. The budget must be stretched, im-
ement projects mapped, efficient govern-
maintained.
eanwhile, everybody goes to tell City Hall
the corner street light stops working or
arbage isn't picked up on schedule. Mrs.
e's phone even jingles when somebody's
er husband is behind in his alimony.
r from being overwhelmed by all this,
or White is exhilarated by the total job of
ng the city tick. A Democrat (the first to
the office of mayor of Red Bank in twenty
and now serving her third term), she has
times thought her six Republican council
bers moved too cautiously on city im-
ements.
Of course," she admits immediately,
re limited by funds, which isn't political
."
the end of her second term, Mrs. White
the council had these accomplishments
ir credit: a modern recreation park; safer
c regulations in school zones; a half-
on-dollar bond issue for new sewers.
st spring Gov. Robert B. Meyner gave
busy mayor an additional assignment—
of commissioner of the New Jersey High-
Authority. Of major concern in the mean-
has been the Garden State Parkway, a
c route planned to extend for 165 miles
g the eastern half of the state and, except
he bridge over the Passaic River, expected
e completed this month.
atharine walked into politics at 21. Just
f Vassar, she went with her mother to the
Democratic National Convention in
ston, saw Al Smith nominated, was
lled" by the crowds and speeches, has
covering the country in behalf of Demo-
c candidates ever since. Politics and home-
ing go together, she says, and "women
ldn't just sit home and be critical of their
rnment without being willing to partici-
"
arried to a vice-president of a manage-
t-consultant firm, Arthur J. White, and
her of Lawrence, 23, and Frances, 21, the
or admits to "baking a mean cake." Civic
es don't keep her from putting up home-
e jams and jellies each year.
atharine's interest in politics may have
ed when her father, the late Abram I.
s, was ambassador to Turkey under Pres-
t Wilson. Or it may have been the mere
a of politics which first intrigued her.
y in her crowded career she worked with
ral little-theater groups in New York City.
nds say that the mayor of Red Bank some-
s has been taken for Rosalind Russell.
local Jersey cab driver puts it another
"Mayor White," he says, "has got real
."

MYRNA HARMS
City Council, Peoria, Illinois

oria, Illinois, made some political innova-
s in 1953. It adopted the council-manager
of city government. And it elected a po-
lly inexperienced, 34-year-old homemaker
he city council. Her winning philosophy
refreshingly simple:
like to call public officials 'servants,'"
she. "After all, they're expected to get
gs done for people."
rst woman ever elected to Peoria's top
making body, Myrna Harms got there the
way. She filed as a nonpartisan candi-
date, openly admitting that she didn't know the chairman of either political party. Understandably, she wasn't welcomed with open arms by the tightly organized groups of reigning politicians. But in her first campaign experience, she ran ahead of the field. People apparently liked the idea of an official whose motivation was simply to get things done—for *them*.

Myrna has spent most of her adult life working with and for people. An English and speech major at the University of Illinois (where she earned her own tuition and living expenses), she later taught high school. When her husband George entered the Army in 1943, she promptly enlisted and became a public-relations officer in the WAVES. Currently she is caring for Patricia, 8, Deloris, 6, and George II, 4; helps her husband run his flower shop and does all her own marketing, washing, ironing, baking.

As she promised, Myrna is getting things done for Peoria. There are big things like "maintaining a balanced budget through rigid economy and maximum efficiency." There are small things, too: it was Myrna who saw to it that the brass spittoons were removed from City Hall. Behind every job, every pointed word in city-council meetings, lies a sincere desire to clear the political air of smoke and smugness, to act on the principle in which Myrna Harms so thoroughly believes—that a public official is truly a servant of the people.

MRS. FLORENCE J. BECKERS
State Representative, South Dakota

Teaching, photography and retail business all have figured in the busy career of South Dakota's State Representative Florence J. Beckers. But from the beginning there was no question about where she was going. By birth and by inclination, Florence was destined to be a politician.

Daughter, granddaughter and niece of men active in state political affairs, Florence be-



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It happens all too often . . . the shocking discovery that yesterday's insurance is sadly inadequate for today's actual needs.

Today, *at lower cost*, there's a way to help avoid this tragedy. If you and your husband make up your mind to budget just a few dollars a week, you can guarantee protection for your family.

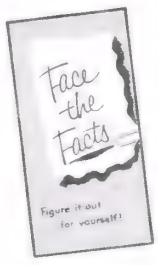
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City_____ Zone_____ State_____

came a volunteer party worker as soon as she was tall enough to reach a doorbell. In her own words "rather an ordinary person just working for good government in every way I can," she's built up an extraordinary record in Western Republican circles.

Before her formal political debut as a member of the state legislature in 1951, she taught school. And, like her political idol, Senator Margaret Chase Smith, of Maine, she served as state president of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Currently a member of South Dakota's Little Hoover Commission, Mrs. Beckers is especially concerned with expanded facilities for improving youth's chances for higher education.

When the legislator was running for re-election in 1952 against strong odds, she almost gave up hope of winning. Her most durable supporter, husband and partner, Mike, was recovering from a severe illness. Forced to spend nearly all her time managing their retail-drug and photographic business, Mrs. Beckers couldn't campaign as thoroughly as she once had.

One memorable night she returned to her office to find five women friends sealing and stamping personal campaign letters to voters. "All I'd asked them to do was vote for me," Mrs. Beckers says. "Don't let anybody tell you that women are petty and jealous in politics."

From long, close observation of political campaigns, Mrs. Beckers, re-elected last November to a third term, gives this simple advice: "Get your name and face before the public. Most important of all, tell people what you stand for and ask for their vote."

MRS. JOHN B. SULLIVAN
U. S. House of Representatives
from Missouri

It took a special ruling by the Missouri attorney general to get Leonor Kretzer Sullivan's name on the 1952 election ballot the way she wanted it: Mrs. John B. Sullivan.

Proud of her late husband's record during three terms in the U. S. House of Representatives, the attractive St. Louis widow wanted to run for office under *his* name so Missouri voters would know she'd be carrying on his legislative program if elected to Congress.

When she was officially sworn in two years ago, Lee signed her oath of office as "The Hon. Mrs. John B. Sullivan."

"You can't be a Mrs. and an Honorable too," she was told.

"Well," she retorted, "that's the first time anybody ever told me it wasn't honorable to be a Mrs."

During their years together in Washington, the Sullivans were a team—so close-knit that Lee became known as "practically a second congressman" from her husband's district. A wartime volunteer at first, she gradually "sort of took over" in his office as a staff member. Democrat John B. Sullivan died suddenly in January, 1951. In a special election two months later a Republican was elected to fill the vacancy. Mrs. Sullivan decided to be a candidate in the next general election—November, 1952. "John always championed the underdog," Lee says. "He believed in good government and believed you had to fight to get it. I wanted to carry on that fight."

With a pocket-sized volunteer staff, Mrs. Sullivan set up informal campaign headquarters in the basement of her mother's St. Louis home. She wrote her own letters and publicity, made the door-to-door rounds by herself. When men muttered about "Woman's place . . . kitchen," Lee heartily agreed—she's a first-

The path to cheerfulness is to sit up cheerfully and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there.
—WILLIAM JAMES

rate cook. Then she'd explain that circumstances often force women to go out and earn a living.

As Missouri's first congresswoman, Lee Sullivan's ideal is to be "an individual lobby in Washington for human needs." Her concern with public housing, aid to dependent children, revision of income-tax laws and her efforts to expose the artificial shortage behind high coffee prices and get Government agencies to do something about the problem helped win her re-election last November—by 67,715 votes out of a total 95,313.

This session Lee has promised to work for Federal aid to build 300,000 new classrooms, for new highway and health programs. And, through her quarterly letter to the folks back home, she hopes to achieve her greatest goal of all—"an aroused citizenry which will insist on *action* to meet today's needs today."

CONSUELO NORTHROP BAILEY
Lt. Governor, Vermont

Last November a tall, dark-haired woman flopped into an easy chair in her home overlooking Lake Champlain, Vermont, for a short, well-earned rest. Since June, 1953 had visited each of her state's 246 towns cities, traveled some 20,000 miles. How di feel now? "No different," she says, " when I was a good private citizen—many ago."

Yet Mrs. Consuelo Northrop Bailey just set a new precedent in her 30-year c in Vermont state politics (in which she never lost a bid for office). Last Novem election made her the first woman lieute governor in the nation. For Mrs. Bailey, a yer and Republican National Comm woman, and wife of fellow attorney H Albon Bailey, this was the most importa many "firsts."

Elected state's attorney of Chitte County in 1925, she vigorously fought runners and became the first woman ev try a murder case in Vermont. In 193 age 31, she won a seat in the state senate- youngest woman ever to be elected to the mont legislature. Then in 1933 she becam first Vermont woman admitted to practic fore the U. S. Supreme Court.

Deciding to return to politics, she ra the general assembly in 1950, established other first three years later with her ele as speaker of that body. Last month, ta over the gavel of the state senate, she be the first woman in the country's history to presided over both chambers of a state lature—a legislature, she is proud to let know, she considers "one of the most d fied in the United States."

Although reared with a respect for trad (she is a descendant of early settlers i state, treasures a family set of china used Daniel Webster dinner in Boston 150 ago), she does not limit herself in her ne to presiding over the state senate, as has customary for one in her position. Ins she has undertaken to relieve Gov. Josep Johnson of many of the burdens that us fall to the head of state. No doubt voters be watching her activities with interest—f traditionally Republican Vermont, the p lieutenant governor is considered a step stone to the governorship. And this wom determination and strong character wh lieves hard work is the way to success may run for the top office one day. "It is fa say," she once declared, "that I mysel ways tried to qualify for a higher and important position."

Even though, in her observation, "wo have to work twice as hard as men t elected," she adds with feeling, "it's w every bit of sacrifice."



Rate yourself

on this true or false quiz about internal sanitary protection

	True	False
1. Tampax is based on the well-known principle of internal absorption.	☐	☐
2. Tampax was invented by a doctor.	☐	☐
3. Tampax can be worn by any normal woman.	☐	☐
4. Though only 1/9 the size of an external pad, Tampax is as absorbent.	☐	☐
5. User's hands need never touch the Tampax.	☐	☐
6. When properly worn, Tampax cannot be felt.	☐	☐
7. Tampax prevents odor from forming by preventing exposure to the air.	☐	☐
8. Tampax can be worn in shower or tub.	☐	☐
9. Both the applicator and the Tampax itself are easily disposed.	☐	☐
10. Regular, Super and Junior Tampax refer to differences in absorbency rather than in size.	☐	☐
11. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax.	☐	☐
12. Tampax is over 20 years old.	☐	☐
13. Tampax is sold in over 70 countries outside America.	☐	☐
14. Tampax is sold at *both* drug and notion counters.	☐	☐
15. A month's supply of Tampax can be carried in the purse.	☐	☐

Answer: *All of the above statements are true. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.*

THE BEAUTIFUL WASHERWOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

otherwise idyllic life. Of course, drawing up his budget to make his money last two years and still have carfare home at the end of it, he'd known that he certainly wouldn't have enough money to pursue any women. But, he'd thought, why worry? Like any other student of American geography, he knew that Florida was a body of land almost completely surrounded by beautiful babes with practically nothing on playing beach ball with tanned young men. He'd just get a tan and get into the game. It had come as a large surprise to find that the typical Florida beach female was a middle-aged shell fancier from Ohio with her dress tucked into her bloomers so she could wade in the surf hunting ash-tray shells for her friends back home. He had talked to many of them and they were fine, really fine. So were their husbands, children and, often, grandchildren. So he was sitting up in bed greatly interested when the women who apparently were going to live across the lane came out from behind the car.

There were three of them, in shorts, each with long and pretty legs and each carrying a sleeping child. They were led toward the cottage by the girl with the longest legs, the nicest and fullest figure, and dark hair which fell loosely around her shoulders. When this one stopped to unlock the door, the second one bent over the child in her arms and Stewart caught a glimpse of red hair. And the one in the rear, a blonde who also was no slouch in any department, turned and called to the two men who were unhitching the trailer, "Baby stuff first, remember!"

"O.K.!" they both said. These men were fair and thin, one a couple of inches taller than the other. And there were only two of them.

"I'll come back out for it," called the dark girl in the lead as she got the door unlocked and they filed out of sight.

Three girls. Three kids. Two men. A conundrum. Stewart looked carefully around and about. There was certainly no third man. Of course it was possible that one of the girls was married to someone in the services, someone who would come later, anything. But it was also possible that one was not married at all. Exclamation mark.

Stewart did have a better nature. It said, *Pull down the blind and go back to sleep.*

No. *But this is eavesdropping, or something.*

Maybe after all is quiet one of those girls will come out into the moonlight and stretch her arms to the sky and whisper softly, "Ye gods, I wish some man would show me the path to the beach."

You are indulging in fantasy.

It's the only way I meet any women these days. I hope it's the dark one.

(Sigh) *Me too.*

The men had got the trailer unhitched and were pushing it around to the side of the cottage, out of sight. Inside, lights were going on, windows were being raised, children were ing, airy female voices were calling back forth. Then the dark girl appeared agai the men returned and unlocked the se trunk. They all talked in low voices as be two or three in the morning, or whene was.

"Ammunition," the girl said.

"Ammunition," said the tall man, b ning to load her outstretched arms. "B warmer," he said. "Formula."

"Blankets," she said.

The shorter one pulled out blankets loaded them on. Next he hung a full lau bag around her neck by the cord. The balanced a toaster on top of all. Then turned her so she was pointed at the do

"Mush!" they cried, and slapped the se her shorts, and poor Stewart almost fell o bed.

"Hey!" she said, wincing, turning, tryi look mad.

The men looked at her blandly. "T only brotherly encouragement."

"Not even my brothers can do that!"

"Oh, no?" they said, and started fo again.

She tried to run. They didn't chase he they must be her brothers! Stewart g down a sensation of very strong happi She staggered the rest of the way throug sand to the steps. Loading each other

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

I'm so mad I could cry!



Did you know that a cotton dress can shrink two whole sizes after a few washings?

Don't run this risk! Always be sure you see "Sanforized" on your cotton with your own two eyes. Make even your favorite salesgirl show you the "Sanforized" label before you buy.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

the men watched her and laughed and when she finally had made it up the steps she turned and smiled a lovely smile back at them and then was gone. Stewart came to. He pulled down the blind and sat there alone and felt homesick. His father had died in the war and his mother was married again, living in Seattle, and since high school Stewart had lived four years in the Navy and four years in the Buffalo Y.M.C.A. and really had no home but this, but he felt homesick all the same.

The first thing he thought the next morning, when he was wakened by an unfamiliar metallic screech, was that of course even if they were her brothers, maybe she had a husband coming along later. None of the girls, for that matter, had looked old enough to have two kids, which arithmetically seemed necessary if she had none. He got out of bed. Through the undraped windows at the front of his apartment he saw the scene that usually warmed him every morning. The sun was rosily low over the ocean, little birds hunting coquina were running like toys before every wave on the wide flat beach, gulls were conducting morning choir practice. It all scarcely registered today.

The metallic screech sounded again. He ran up the blind overlooking the lane. The truck was gone. So was the sedan. On the side steps of the cottage the three kids were sitting in a row in the new sun like sleep-stunned sparrows, two little girls about one or so and a boy slightly older. On the porch behind them the dark girl was hanging out laundry. She was in shorts again, but wore a long-sleeved plaid shirt as a concession to the morning chill. When she pulled the clothesline the screech sounded again. The pulley. Idea. Go over. Find out all.

He reached for his shorts and sneakers, pulled on a warm early-morning shirt of his own, washed, combed his hair, and made tracks through the long narrow room which, with stove, refrigerator, sink, bed, easy cha and tiny corner cubicle of a bathroom, was apartment. On the way out he picked up oilcan he used on his fishing gear. A ramp down the side of the garage from his fr door. Four pairs of solemn eyes watched H as he crossed the lane and through the sa until he stood at the foot of the steps.

The girl was almost out of sight behin sheet she was fastening to the line. Below sheet he could see bare feet and nice ank Above it very large brown eyes were look steadily into his. He'd been merely vitally terested in her before. Now powerful wa plunged up and down through him like m elevators. The sun and the sky and the bro eyes and slim bare feet and the three kids began to shimmer like an underwater spec effect. What he intended to say was to ask she'd like him to oil the pulley. It should ha been an easy enough question, but the tr was that while earlier he had almost talk himself into believing that she was the sp woman, a sister-in-law brought along for ride, now it struck him that everyone else w gone and she was minding the kids. So wh he opened his mouth to ask her if he could the pulley what actually came out was a de croak, "These kids yours?"

The eyes above the sheet warmed. thought maybe she was smiling, but couldn't see. "I'm their aunt."

"Are you all of their aunts?" he ask "I mean, are all of them your aunts?"

The boy, who was perhaps three, sa "She's all of our Aunt Shelley."

"Oh," Stewart said, wishing he could view the bidding.

Fortunately, at this point the girl to charge. She ran the line out a little and agai her armful of laundry he could see her th finger, left hand. There was neither glit there, nor gold. And close up she was ev prettier, a knockout, white teeth and a sort olive tan to go with all that he had observ from afar. Definitely the most beauti washerwoman he'd ever seen. "I'm here w my brothers and their wives," she sa "They're all out right now. These are th kids." She looked at him rather keenly. " that what you came for, taking a local censu or something?"

"Oh!" Stewart said, remembering the c can. He brandished it. "That pulley," he sa "I'll oil it for you, if you want." He picked l way around the kids on the step and then was on this concrete space about three fe square with her and she was looking at hi and he couldn't swallow very well. He had reach around her to oil the pulley. Thus, wh he turned his head ever so slightly he look straight into her eyes. They were on his and had an overpowering impulse to kiss her. Ma ness! But was it? Her lips were parting a litt She was going to speak! What would she sa Did she love him, too, already?

"Hey!" she said. "Those diapers don't ne oiling!"

"Oh," he said. "Sorry." He adjusted h aim.

"Nor my toes," she said a minute late looking down at her toes.

"I'm a dope," he said, and also looked dow at her toes. They had oil on them. But wh he looked into her eyes again, he saw som thing there. She had perceived. She kne what was making him oil toes and diaper Like any woman who suddenly recognizes th devastating effect of her charms on a man, sh looked soft, and he was saying huskily, "Th is a terrible way to start," when the blue seda drove up and the kids on the step yelped chorus of "Mummy! Mummy!" and th blonde and the redhead got out. Stewa pulled back, reaching hard for his aplomb, bu they seemed to notice nothing remarkable in strange man oiling their sister-in-law. The hurried for the door, their kids chasing them

"Got a job, Shelley!" the redhead calle "Start work at eleven! Come on in and hea about it!"

She smiled at him, but the spell was gone "Thanks," she said. "Good-by. Must go."

"I'll see you later maybe," Stewart said t the screen door as it slammed behind her.

Slowly he walked back across the lane, th sun hotting up the world very nicely now

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TUMS *for the Tummy*

ell, I'll be —— Well, I'll be —— he said to nself several times. While he fried some mpano and made toast and coffee a vast ssful vista stretched in front of him, days lking on the beach with her (and the three ds), nights in her arms in the moonlight. He t up and read the license plates on the sedan. aryland. He hoped her brothers would be ictable. The three girls and three kids seemed be flying around. No place there right now r a drone, obviously. Maybe go for a walk, ve her a chance to get her work done so they uld talk again.

He walked. He made himself walk his usual orning two miles south to a half-wrecked astal observation tower left over from the ar. Usually it was a leisurely walk. This time whizzed past his usual playmates, merely aved to the graceful old lady who had nced with the Imperial Russian Ballet be- re the revolution, and to the ex-professor of athematics who spent his days making sun- als in circles drawn on the sand, and to the d ex-banker surf fisherman who was burying s usual lunch, six cans of beer, to keep cold. In practically no time he was back his rocker in the sun watching life swirl ound the white cottage.

And it really swirled. That first washing was ken in, another hung out. The sisters-in-law, essed in waitress smocks, took off in the dan again. The brothers came home yelling r food, fast, and Shelley apparently had it ady, for they ate and were gone in half an our. She came out to shake mops, take sand- urs from small feet, brush sand from weep- g eyes; disappeared to rattle dishes, take the ids in for naps. Stewart watched like a man ying to find a place to board a speeding erry-go-round, found none. Once in a while e berated himself. *Acting like a fool. School- oy. Nut. Unworthy of a mature man.* It was ke scolding a dynamo for producing too uch electricity. He had really been lone- ome. He knew it now.

At six when the brothers came home he rced himself to leave the chair, go up to eat. Not hungry. Ate a sandwich anyway. Usually t this time of night he had a beer. His budget r entertainment, nine dollars a month, llowed him two cans of chain-store beer a day s long as a month had only thirty days. This noment usually was treasured. He took a can rom the refrigerator, looked at it, put it back. his was serious.

At eight-thirty he made up his mind. He was ure the kids were in bed. He hadn't heard a ry for half an hour. As he got up he felt as he ad the first time he'd been out for gunnery ractice in the Navy. Dry mouth. Knot in tomach. But he walked down the ramp and across the lane to the back door. Through the screen he could see past the darkened kitchen to a lighted room beyond where shadows moved and voices were raised in argument or lowered in love. He knocked and then realized he hadn't figured out a line of talk. He saw Shelley coming, against the light, and he was thinking very hard. She switched on the porch light.

"Why," she said, and he thought she looked rather glad, "it's the oil man!"

"This time it's fish," he said.

"Fish?"

"I wondered if you'd like some. I often catch too many."

"We'd love some! What kind?"

"Well," Stewart said, "I mean, the next time I have some, like tomorrow if I go fishing, I could bring some over here, I mean."

A long glance traveled between them. "Come on in," she said.

He followed her through the kitchen. That, in itself, was quite an experience. Her whole person, from her slightly toed-in bare feet up past the beautiful backs of her knees and beyond, gave a single powerful impression of the sort that sinks fleets, changes history, makes or breaks hermits and budgets. It was rather a ratty little living room, full of rocking chairs cast off from better homes, scarred tables, worn sofas. But all the lights were on, both in the room and in the eyes of the people who looked up as he entered. The red-haired girl, now in jeans and a shirt, was stretched on a couch with her head in the lap of the shorter of the two men and she somehow looked as if she had just been kissed. The blonde had been darning a sock and was looking over the shoulder of the taller man, who was playing solitaire, and at the instant Stewart came in she pointed at a black queen and the man caught her hand and held it there on his shoulder.

Shelley seemed to be blushing a little. It became her. "This is our neighbor across the lane," she said.

"Tell me," said the man on the couch, turning a very amused eye on Stewart and then Shelley, "what is his line?"

She laughed, and so did the others, hers embarrassed and theirs the same kind of warm laughter that had come when she'd been loaded like a burro, staggering in the sand, last night. "He came to see if we would like some of his extra fish, except he hasn't caught them yet."

Everybody laughed harder, looking at Stewart. The man playing solitaire got up and held out his hand. He had good teeth and blue eyes. "I'm Paige," he said. "That's a new one. You've got real talent. Most of the guys who chase Shelley pretend they've got a house they want us to paint, or something. We got a lot of business that way, though."

Shelley wouldn't meet Stewart's eyes as she introduced the others. The short one on the couch was Charlie; the girl with the red hair overflowing into his lap was his wife, Maxine. The blonde was Paige's wife, Roberta. The surname for all was Taylor.

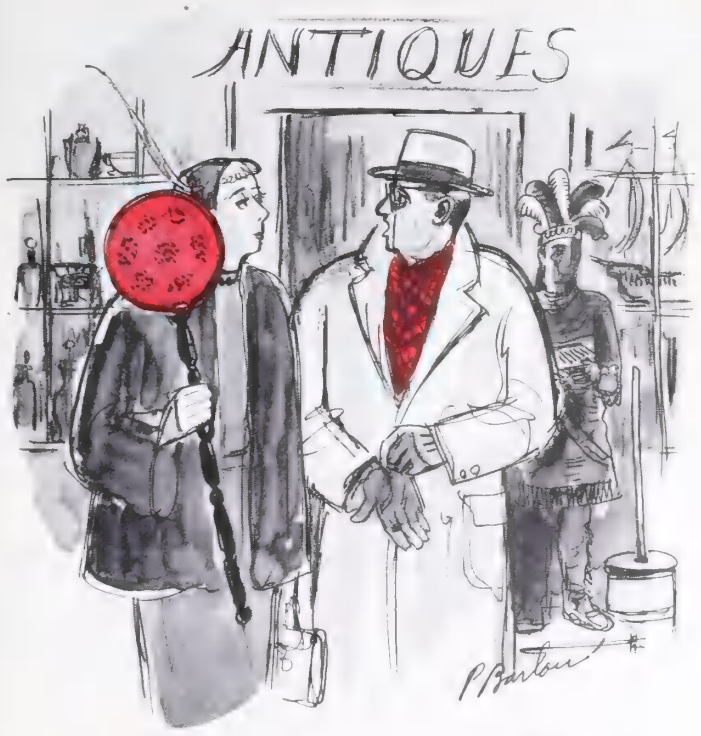
"Time for a beer?" Charlie asked.

"Time," said Paige.

"Beer?" Charlie asked Stewart.

"Love one," Stewart said.

Charlie went to the kitchen and Stewart underwent some very direct questioning. None of it was from Shelley, but somehow he felt he was talking to her. He was into an explanation of his budget when Charlie got back with four cans of beer, two bottles of root beer, and his pockets full of jelly glasses. Shelley and Roberta had the root beer. The talk became easy. They were from Baltimore. Paige and Charlie had worked for other painters until they got enough money together for the truck and then the car, and then had hit the road. Shelley was twenty, had finished high school three years ago, had been a stenographer when she quit to come with her brothers. Now she did their books. This was the one month out of three when she stayed home and did the housework while Maxine and Roberta worked. On



"Now that you've bought it see that you use it."



I THOUGHT THIS TIE WAS RUINED...STARTED TO THROW IT AWAY

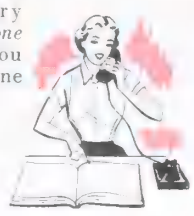
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the other months she worked and one of the others stayed home. They had followed this system since leaving Baltimore last summer to let the winter chase them south, down through Virginia and the Carolinas and over into Alabama and now to Florida. "Journeymen painters," Charlie said, grinning. "Free estimates. All work guaranteed."

It was a good evening, until right at the end when Stewart, feeling very warmed with the beers and the prospects, hoping Shelley would come to the door with him but not really too desperate because he felt there would be many tomorrows, rose to go and said, "It's sure going to be nice to have neighbors."

"Well, you won't have us for long," Charlie said.

Stewart felt a cold breeze on his warm hopes. "Why?"

"This place is rented from the first of the month to someone else. It's owned by a guy we're painting three new houses for down at the other end of the beach. Part of the deal is that we get this place rent-free for the week while we do his work."

Stewart's glance traveled to Shelley. She didn't look happy at all. "But then you'll get another place around here somewhere, won't you?"

The brothers looked at each other. Charlie shrugged and Maxine came close to him and he put his arm around her waist. "Sometime we're going to stop in one place," he said. "That'll be when we've got a lot of money or a long job, or when we find a place we just don't want to leave. Then these dames are going to quit working and we're going to buy them houses and stoves and automatic washers and twenty-two pairs of shoes each and pay them back for being gypsies with us now. Meantime we go where the jobs are. We've just got the one, here."

"Oh," Stewart said. He couldn't bear to look at Shelley.

"There's a guy up in Mobile, we worked for him on the way down, he said if he could swing the finances he was going to put up another forty-house development and would keep in touch with us. We drop him a card wherever we go. If he gets going, we might go back."

"Oh," Stewart said.

HE knew in his more lucid moments in the next few days that he should be glad they weren't staying long—that is, if he still wanted to be a beach-going loafer for two years. Shelley liked him. He liked her. Maybe it was even love, already, both ways. They walked the beach while the kids played in the tag ends of the waves. They sat on palm drift logs. They sat on her back steps. She had long eyelashes which drooped at the corners. She had a quick radiant smile. When he was with her his bones wilted like warm celery.

On the fourth day he put on a suit for the first time in five months and went downtown in Coral Sands, into an insurance office, and spoke warily of a job. The man looked very bored. "Listen," he said, "I'm from Chicago, see? My partner's from Minneapolis. One of our salesmen is from Bangor, Maine. Another's from Auburn, New York. This whole state is full of people looking for jobs so they can stay here. Only way to come here to work is come with money, buy a business, and run it."

Stewart conjured up his bank balance. "What could I get for thirty-five hundred bucks?"

The man thought. "Maybe an orange-juice stand, but not in a very good location."

No answer there. The only answer anywhere was that if this went on and she said yes when he asked the question, within two weeks he would be back in Buffalo waiting in the anteroom of Dean, Lanigan, Wilson, Grundy and Hoskin-Hay, insurance brokers, to ask for his job back. The next day he would be slogging through the slush again selling insurance.

He was sleeping the next morning when there was a tap at his door. He opened his eyes and through the glass doors leading to his front balcony he could see Shelley looking anxiously at him. Was she crying? He sat up quickly. The sun was a red rim on the sea behind her. She turned her back so that he could get out of bed and into his bathrobe, which he

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le hurried to the door. He couldn't tell the crying. Maybe her eyes were always ig in the morning. He didn't know. He d he did. The thought was very weaken-

harlie had a call from that man in Mobile ght, when we were down on the beach," id, all in a rush. "You know, the man he big job there?"

wart knew. He felt terrible.

e wants them right away," she said. "He hey can be the painting contractors on b if they get right up there. That'd be big. . . . They told him they had three work to finish here and he said he was he couldn't wait that long. He's been to locate them and was just going to p when he got our last card. Now if they e up there by tomorrow night the job is . That means doing three days' work . They've gone already. . . . I told them me over and see you about it."

wart was sad, shaken and confused. This ght all his own problems right to a head. ut what?"

ou told me about what a hot painter you in the Navy. . . . They haven't got time to t and hire somebody. Might waste half a ooking. Will you?"

hat was only the side of a ship," he said. his is only the side of a house." But she peaking like an unconvinced lawyer. *She 't want to go! She doesn't want to leave*

"There's only the one house left," she "They'll do the inside. That's the compli-cated part. They'll work until they finish it, probably tonight sometime, but then they'd still not have the outside done."

"This is great," he said sadly. "If I work, you'll go away. If I don't, maybe you won't."

A very small voice. "Yes."

"What do I do, then?"

She either was trying not to cry, or shooting for a new world's record for fast blinking. "Help," she said. "They want it an awful lot. This might be the job that would be so good that they'd want to settle down. They all want that, really."

"All right," he said. He took her hands. "But what about us?"

Her face was turned away from his but suddenly she came to him, quickly and wholly, clinging. They kissed. It was their first kiss. Then she ran. He started after her in his bathrobe, remembered, threw it off, pulled two socks onto the same foot, recovered again, put the kettle on the stove without water in it, discovered that when he tried to make coffee, too late, and when the sedan's horn honked in the lane he grabbed four doughnuts and ran.

Shelley wasn't outside. Maxine was at the wheel. She shoved him a brown paper bag and looked at him oddly. "Shelley made you a lunch," she said. "She was crying. What happened?"

"I kissed her, I think," Stewart said. "Or she kissed me. Or something." He felt very odd, inside and out.

The development was fifteen blocks away. Bulldozers had cleared a flat space in the



STUART

Bathroom Space makers

By ELIZABETH GOETSCH

A young couple in a small house handily make an average-sized bathroom house towels, linens, medicines, cleaning powders and even a clothes hamper. Neat ideas:

- A plywood storage cabinet, built around basin, is topped with hard plastic. Left section holds bath and cleaning supplies. Middle section has a drawer with sliding top smaller children use as a step. Right section, cut out for ventilation, conceals tip-out clothes hamper.
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jungle and the three houses were pleasantly spaced in the hot white sand, two painted in the soft pastels that went so well with all this sunshine. At the end of the row was the truck. Up on a scaffold in the sun Charlie and Paige were working as if someone had a gun at their heads.

Charlie yelled, "What's up, doll?"

"Stewart here has come to help you," Maxine called back.

Stewart got out of the car. The sand was soft beneath his feet and even these soft old jeans felt heavy on his body after five months of shorts. But he felt excited as he walked over to the side of the house. Maxine called that she had to get back and help. She drove off. Stewart stood at the bottom of the scaffold and looked up at the two thin faces grinning down at him.

"I didn't think you'd do it, Stewey boy," Charlie said. "I don't think I would have."

"Me neither," said Paige. "Imagine a guy who could loaf all day, working!"

"That Shelley," Charlie said. "Dynamite. Let's get him up here before the spell wears off."

They each reached down a hand and he took hold and up he went. Charlie handed him a brush and said, "Let's see how they do it in the Navy."

Stewart dipped, stroked; dipped, stroked again. Charlie told him to end each stroke in the area already painted, and demonstrated the even effect thus achieved. Paige cautioned him against scrubbing the paint too thin, watched for another minute, then jumped down from the scaffold. A minute later he appeared inside, lugging more paint and brushes. Stewart could see him through a window. Charlie stayed a minute longer, then he got down too. "You're O.K., Stewey boy," he said. "In more ways than one. If you run out of paint, holler. Probably won't before noon, though. I'll get you some then."

Stewart did run out of paint before lunch. Paige came out with more and told him to knock off and eat any time he wanted.

"How about you?" Stewart asked.

"We'll eat as we go along."

So Stewart ate on his scaffold—chicken sandwiches, a small cherry pie, a pint of milk. Good.

By one o'clock the back of his neck was on fire, the sun burning even through his deep tan, and his right arm weighed four tons. He painted with his left. By three *it* weighed six tons. Once in a while he caught a glimpse of Paige and Charlie inside, each with a ball of putty in his left hand, smoothing flaws with their thumbs before they painted. It had a look of good workmanship and Stewart thought that only men who had something to drive them, beautiful wives and nice kids and a big charge to make something of themselves, could work like that. He lifted his tired arms again and went back at it. They stood for everything he did not. He'd finish this outside before dark if it killed him. It would kill him, in fact. But he'd have lots of time for a resurrection. All the time in the world.

He didn't finish by dark. It didn't kill him either. Just almost. Charlie and Paige had one room to go inside when the sun went down and they turned the lights on. Maxine came with more food. They turned the truck lights on the front of the house, Stewart's last side. Once he fell off the scaffold. Hardly felt it. At the end it was like a dream.

It was ten when they got home. Charlie jumped out of one side of the truck and Paige out of the other and Stewart just sat there in the middle. He couldn't move. Charlie went to the sedan and called, "I'll go and get our pay, Paige. You get those dames ready!" Stewart still sat there. Shelley came running out of the house and didn't see him and called, "Where's Stewart?" And Paige said, "In the truck."

She came to the door of the truck.

"Hi," he said.

"Tired?"

"A little."

"Wait there," she said. He did manage to get up enough strength to watch her walk away. It was like watching someone walk out of his life. The screen door slammed when he still was thinking that, and she came back with a cold can of beer and handed it in to him.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"I didn't," she said. "I just thought maybe."

He took a long draught and remembered a saying he had heard once of a man describing part of the perfect life, something about a glass of bitter ale when day's work is done. He had forgotten how it felt. She stayed there while he drank the beer and when he was finished she said, "We're all ready."

"You're not going tonight!"

"Just do a hundred miles or so. That'll mean we can do the rest tomorrow."

They looked into each other's eyes.

"We'll go in about an hour," she said.

He put the beer can on the floor of the truck, moved, and groaned. She held the door open for him and their eyes met again as he stepped stiffly to the road. He put his hands in his pockets. That way, he had some support for his arms.

"I'll walk home with you," she said. As they crossed the lane Charlie came back in the car. He got out and waved what looked like a check. Stewart walked up the ramp. Shelley came with him, right to the door. It was dark now, and the moon was out in the clear sky. They stood alone in the moonlight and the surf hissed and crashed, a girl in shorts and a tired man in jeans, and their eyes were about a foot apart and looking into each other and, often happens with human beings, what th had planned had no real bearing on what th did. They kissed. They kissed again. Th kissed again and again and again and aga long kisses that never wanted to end, and i minute Stewart said, "I love you."

Shelley said, "I love you too."

Then there was a silence. At the end of Stewart put his hands back in his pockets, r for his arms again. He walked back down t ramp with her. They walked across the la and up the steps and into the middle of barr and cases and suitcases and Charlie a Maxine and Roberta and Paige, all with glas raised to each other, laughing, as if in a toa They stopped and looked at Stewart a Shelley in the doorway, but none seem really to be concentrating.

"Well," Charlie said.

"Well," Stewart said. "What's up?"

"Nothing that hasn't happened before Paige said.

A queer reply, but Stewart had too much his mind to stop and figure it out. He had ma his plans all in one second, in the middle o kiss, and like any plans made in the middle a kiss his were not the best formulated plans the world. But they did have the virtue needing only one other vote to make the plans that nothing in the world could chan

"Shelley and I want to be married," he sa

He then remembered that he hadn't ask her yet. He looked at her and they conduct a conversation with their eyes which almo made Stewart forget what he had been sayi out loud.

"And stay here?" Paige asked. "Or live Buffalo?"

"If you'll let me," Stewart said, "I want buy a piece of the business. I'll paint the ou sides and you paint the insides, and meanwh you can teach me how to paint the insid and then I'll be able to paint the insides, to and ——"

He looked at Paige. Paige nodded. Char nodded. They shook his hands. Roberta a Maxine kissed him, really joyously. Shell made a sort of instinctive move that broug her close up against him and his problems giving notice for his apartment, getting h money out of the bank, many other things, departed. He'd do it all by mail.

Charlie looked at his watch. "Take-off fifteen minutes."

Abruptly the place was a beehive aga Shelley pushed at Stewart to make him mo "Go and pack!" she said, and then sort melted against him again. "I don't want you be left behind."

"We'll get a ring when we stop for lun tomorrow," he said.

"Go and pack."

"We'll get married as soon as we can get license," he said.

"Go and pack."

He tried to kiss her. A line of children wi eyes full of sleep and legs wobbly march blindly between them and out the back doo He tried again. Maxine gently shoved the aside so she could get out with a bag.

"I guess I'd better go and pack," Stewa said.

As a special concession, they were allow to go in the truck with Charlie, who drov They followed the bobbing red light on t boat trailer through the northern outskirts Coral Sands.

Stewart and Shelley were very quiet over their corner of the seat. Her thick dark ha was against his cheek. He kissed her and wh he opened his eyes after the kiss he sa Charlie glance at them and grin and thought of something. "Hey, Charlie," said, "what were you all drinking a toast fo when Shelley and I came in?"

"Maxine is going to have a baby," Charl said. "So is Roberta. That'll make three for and two for Paige." He grinned at them in th light from the dash. "Leaves a vacancy in th one-kid class too."

Stewart couldn't look at Shelley for a mi ute. He gazed out along the northboun reaches of U. S. 1. He could see a long wa ahead. The scene was wonderfully rea "Someday," he said, "this outfit is going need a twenty-four-passenger bus." EN



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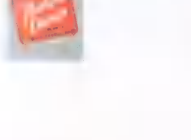
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THE YOUNG TOUCH FOR GRAY HAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

pends on color, rather than flattering spark a look of youth. We believe there auty rule that applies to every graying *Vear your hair short, shaped and softly*. By wearing the hair which is closest to in a gentle upswept direction, and by lift to the hair near the temples and at nead, you will be adding beauty while ultaneously subtract years! Whether -all hairdo is brushed back or forward, or waved, semibanged or serene- depends, of course, on which direc- es the most to flatter your face and ze the slim roundness of your neck ulders.

outhful arrangements, such as flowing ys, bouncing pony tails or shoulder- uff, can do as much to age the gray- oman as can the overly severe, giving- rowing-old knots.

Polishing. ir can sparkle hlights or ap- and drab, de- upon the at- receives from your hair is dry, or if you druff, preface gular sham- h a warm-oil m treatment half hour in Gently mas- oil or cream scalp, then preparation gly through from roots to Nw wrap your a Turkish tat has been ut n very ater and let en and steam together toward of healthy ghs. (The towel always be good wan while on ea. If you leave fc more than or o minutes, ill ae to rewet n wm water.) low his treat- by ampooing air til it shines ques, taking tage of one of nan excellent oospecifically lateo combat s, if at is your m. her types mpo are equally effective in helping r uccessive oiliness. Nowadays the or ite-haired woman can, if she , pamper herself with a shampoo in- exclively for her. This creamy lotion oo wes toward the goal of bringing er highlights.

her "special" is the home permanent d with the gray- or white-haired woman . Properties which might tend to yellow wise discolor light hair have been elim- If directions are followed exactly, there reason or the home permanenter to oftly prey long-lasting curls.

led Beauty. If your sprinkling of gray es not enchant you, if more pepper would suit your taste, then you might xperiment with one of the temporary ses. These preparations come in cap- n to be diluted with clear water and final rinse. The/ blend in, rather than ompletely, the gray hairs. When ap- perly, your original hair shade will ate over the gray which is still there, derably less noticeable. One obvious e of a temporary color rinse is that it washes out with each successive shampoo, leaving you always in confident control of the color of your hair. These rinses come in a wide range of colors to accommodate any woman—from palest blonde to deepest brunette. Printed directions for selecting "your" shade, as well as complete instructions on how to apply, are enclosed with each package of capsules. Since directions may differ according to the individual manufacturer, it is important to read and follow exactly the instructions given with the product of your choice.

Temporary color rinses also come in a range of shades (from steel gray to palest blue or violet) which add dash and up-to-dateness to the all-gray- or all-white-haired woman. When applied properly they camouflage yellow-tinged hair and create a delicately pale halo to soften your face.

Cues to Make-up and Clothes Colors. Unless the gray or white hair is predominant, the selection of make-up and clothes color should, as usual, be guided by what they do for your *skin tones*. Bobbie Lawrence with her naturally gold skin (she works on her "tan" by sunning herself from May through October!) rightly selects from the corally, or clear red, family. For evening, the faintest touch of blue-green eyeshadow, along with a modest amount of black mascara for her eyelashes, emphasizes the clear blue of her eyes. Olive-skinned beauties who follow her color lead will like the results.

When hair is predominantly gray or white, a bisque beige powder and/or foundation that has the slightest pink or rosy cast will provide a softly pretty contrast. Lipsticks in red faintly touched with blue are generally the most flattering. If your eyelashes and brows have faded, bring them back to life with make-up. Brown eyebrow pencil, lightly sketched in short strokes on the brows, will add character as well as color. Enrich eyelashes with a black or deep brown mascara or, if you are a master hand at applying make-up delicately, try a pale shade of blue or green! Add a touch of eye shadow in the same tone.

YOUR gray hair can bring its own air of distinction and beauty to many colors. Most shades of blue (especially if you are blue- or green-eyed), purples from deep violet to palest mauve, gray greens, clear soft pinks in accessories can seem meant for you. Unless you are, like Bobbie, prematurely gray or have exceptionally clear skin tones, avoid vivid reds (except perhaps in small accessories), beige, dull shades of gray, unrelieved black and white. Steer clear of harsh greens (the yellow-toned or Kellys), fuchsias, rusty browns. A thoughtful choice of color in clothes and make-up can bring you an enviable look of delicacy combined with dash!

If, far from feeling grudgingly resigned to your graying hair, you feel perfectly happy about that first frosty sparkle, you are a lucky woman. Instead of sighing wistfully over your yesterdays, you will meet your tomorrows with a young heart! END

"WITH LOVE, TO MY VALENTINE"

The valentine you send this month commemorates a day of courtship at least seven hundred years old. In Chaucer's time, St. Valentine's was the day when the birds chose their mates. Our earliest record of young men and women doing the same on that day is in a letter posted in February, 1477, addressed "Unto my right welebelovyd Valuntyne, John Paston, Squyer." Soon the custom grew of sending costly presents to one's heart's desire; but about two centuries ago the valentine card, exquisitely made and bearing a poem of love, became popular too. In some parts of England, St. Valentine's morning was of such momentous meaning that no work was begun in houses or mills until the postman arrived!

An unengaged girl would of course marry the first bachelor she met on the morn of St. Valentine's Day, so a maiden of those days would be astute enough to avoid meeting anyone she did not wish to marry. If no suitable bachelor appeared before noon, she could use the following charm to be certain of finding her love: "On Valentine's Day take two bay leaves, sprinkle them with rose water, and place them on your pillow in the evening. When you go to bed put on a clean nightgown turned inside out, and whisper, 'Good Valentine, be kind to me, In dreams let me my true-love see.'"

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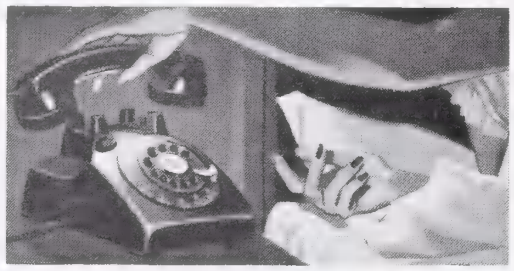
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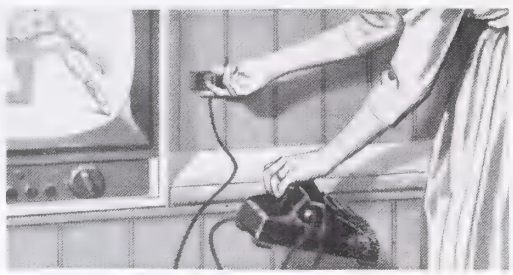
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THE LITTLE TOWNS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

everywhere, many of them chains. The contents of the stores and shops (and also their prices) are pretty uniform. The "brand" has taken over.

But the small-towner is eagerly prideful of what sets his town *apart*—and he is proudest, I have found, of its social and civic achievements.

Nearly every town I visit has something that is the "biggest" in America (or the world) and its citizens will tell you so, usually with a grin and the preface of "Believe it or not." Van Wert has its cheese factory, "the largest in the world," unique in that it alone produces the famous "Liederkranz," America's only original contribution to the soft fermented cheeses favored by gourmets. I was enchanted to learn that the Swiss immigrant who created it did so by sheer chance, that all the cheese factory's laboratory technicians have never been able to isolate the bacteria which make it in twenty-four days of curing; that the coy bacteria reside in the wooden racks and bamboo mats where the cheese is ripened; that the management therefore (apologetically) can't use stainless steel; and that every ounce of the process of making it has to be performed by hand. (It enchants me, along with the cheese, because I like to think that a few good things defy the chemists.)

In Pratt, Kansas, population 8000, one is quickly told that here are the greatest freshwater-fish hatcheries (started by an ingenious nature lover originally, but now operated by the state) in America or the world, along with the finest museum of Kansan wildlife. (It's a honey.) And Pratt is also the largest manufacturer of fly swatters!

But having disposed of the "biggest and best," citizens want to show or tell you of the projects created by the community: the new schools, the hospital, the clinics, the amateur symphony orchestra, the little theater, the beautiful churches, the public forum, the public swimming pool, the lovely park and recreation grounds, the youth clubs. Mr. Babbitt is still boosting, but he's a different Babbitt boosting different things. And while he shows you around he wants to discuss the course of American education and how to deal with juvenile delinquency. "We have not had a single case of juvenile crime in this community in four years," a citizen told me. "We used to have some. But we put our minds on it, and I think we've done a pretty good job. We think our kids are about as happy and good as you'll find anywhere."

The vast majority of human beings dislike and even actually dread all notions with which they are not familiar. . . . Hence it comes about that at their first appearance innovators have generally been persecuted, and always derided as fools and madmen.

—ALDOUS HUXLEY: in Proper Studies

WHO does all these things in the little towns—things that are transforming them?

As far as I can learn, nearly everybody. Once the most "important" people in the community were the ones with the most money, even if they were mean as old Scrooge. Now a well-to-do man who is not also public-spirited goes without acclaim. So, of course, he becomes public-spirited even if not naturally gifted, one might say, in that direction. Not only because it's good business but because every human being wants to be admired, and if possible loved, by his fellow men.

You can't be loved in America's little towns if you set yourself above others. Very rich people live in little towns, but they don't have butlers. Even if they could get them, it wouldn't be "in style." It is in style to entertain informally—and casserole cooking is becoming an art. It is in style for the mistress of a very beautiful and obviously expensive home to bring the roast beef out of her stainless-steel kitchen, where she has cooked it herself, for her husband to carve and pass around, and for her guests to help stack the dishwasher afterward. Carol Kennicott's prediction that dishes would one day be washed by machinery has been realized. Nor could she today, with the same accuracy, criticize the lack of socia sciousness.

It is in style for a busy young ban coach a kids' football team. It is in st the son of a pioneer whose father ama fortune in the nineties to turn his gr herited house into a recreation cent in style to care about others.

INDUSTRIES are moving to the small and they are different, too, from wh were twenty-five years ago. No longer eyesores. They, too, stand amid lav shrubbery. They aren't belching sm blacken the countryside, and often th more like private schools tha factories.

Small-town folks are far more sophis cultivated and knowledgeable than we Kennicott's neighbors, partly becaus body has more money, because travel democratized, and because radio a vision bring the affairs of the world in living room. Small-towners are as fami the faces of Broadway actors as Yorkers. The "elocutionists" they g nearest big town to hear are Charles L Raymond Massey, Judith Anderson others who have made a new drama reading. They travel sixty miles to lis symphony concert and return the sam They follow the panel discussions sion—and participate in them after

"Just the same, talented small-town for the cities," towner himself m me.

This is true a natural. The grea are usually restl want to test an their talents in room. But small to smaller cities) ha theless produced a our leading nat writers and othe Of America's five of the Nobel prize ature, Sinclair L gene O'Neil, Pe William Falkner and Ernest Hemi but O'Neill came originally fro towns, though Pearl Buck was brought missionary's child in China. Lew, aper wanderer, lived in many parts f the States and died near Rome, but is wo always centered in "Gopher rairie" "Zenith." And he willed that his ashes be interred in Sauk Centre. Falkn never moved, except temporarily farthe his birthplace, New Albany, i Miss than to Oxford, in the same sta.

American writers of estabhed i tional reputation have come most exception from small towns o small Carl Sandburg, Willa Cather, Sin Ste Thomas Wolfe, Edna St. Vcent Maxwell Anderson, Erskine aldwell nessee Williams. Even the high sophis Scott Fitzgerald, for whom here is vogue, was born and brought not in metropolis but in St. Paul, Minnesota.

It has recently been said (by professo Atherton) that it is hard to fid philos interests anywhere in the Middle We hard to find them in small towns. But tainly just as hard, proportionately, them anywhere else. Our entury is voted to philosophy but technolo latter is not quite so overwhelmin smaller places.

Carol Kennicott, who revolted agai Street and her prairie own, was n and no philosopher. Essentially sh yearner, just a little brighter, more more romantic and more aspiring what, she never knew—than her n more bored than profoundly rebelli eventually, you may remember, she home. Now, thirty-five years later, the guess that she never would have is too much going on.

Print



Beautiful Hair

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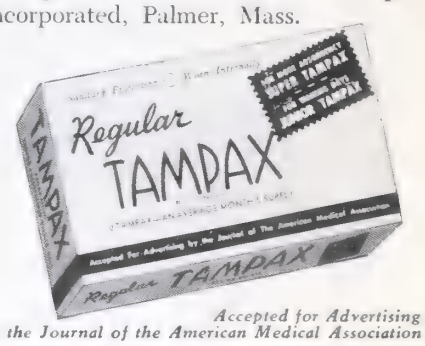
Are you chained to the calendar?

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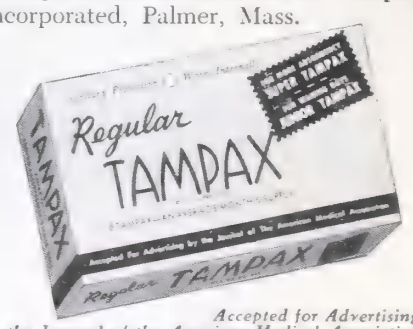
Are you chained to the calendar?

Is everything you plan geared to "those days"? Have you ever refused a wonderful party invitation simply because it's slated to occur on one of your "problem week-ends"? Well, stop it! Stop giving up your normal activities simply because you're afraid of possible embarrassment. Stop it—stop it—stop it!

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Our readers write us

So You Don't Like the Weather?

Newtown, Connecticut

Dear Editors: March, 1888; I was sixteen years old—and all through the years the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL was my first love and still is. I am sending you my diary of the four days of the great blizzard word for word as I wrote it then:

Sunday, March 11, 1888. We went to church today but it started to snow hard. We did not go tonight as we always do on account of the snow.

Monday, March 12, 1888. Cannot see out the windows on the first floor for they are covered with ice and snow. The winds howl. The kerosene can is empty—we have to burn candles—father says no one has ever seen its equal.

Tuesday, March 13, 1888. Still snowing and blowing. Father and Jake, the hired man, fastened the clothesline to the door and tied it around their waists, then dug a path to the barn. They milked the cows and brought in the eggs and killed chickens for dinner. It took them nearly three hours and they were nearly frozen.

Wednesday, March 14, 1888. Snowing all day but clearing tonight—no trains running, no mail, no paper. Father went to the store a quarter of a mile and got kerosene and candy for sister and me. He made it in two hours—falling down once.

The snowbanks are twenty feet high most places. We get out of our bedroom window and walk on the snowbanks around the house. It has a heavy crust and holds up. It is fun but the men are all worn out working day and night to make the paths. Our hired man ate twenty-three pancakes this morning. He said it was the snow. Mother asked him, "What about the summer—I suppose it's the grass?"

Sincerely,
JOSEPHINE HOYT WRIGHT

Against Long Pants

Frankfort, Illinois

Dear Editors: Why do clothing designers and mothers insist on putting little boys into long pants, bow ties, and so on, as soon as they start walking? I am sick of seeing boys look like little men.

Am I simply old-fashioned?

Yours,
(Name Withheld)

Could Your Community Copy?

Oak Grove, Oregon

Dear Editors: I especially enjoy your "how we do it" letters. Perhaps others would be interested in our Portland Beginners Guild, organized twenty-eight years ago by a group of Sunday-school teachers, and now affiliated with Portland Council of Churches, for the interdenominational exchange of methods.

The average church has a frequent change of teachers and the guild helps each new teacher adopt the ideas in the teaching manual to her own situation. And always any question brought by a new teacher is discussed.

Membership includes fifteen denominations, and many like myself from suburban areas. We do not always quite agree but we are better teachers for working together in friendly harmony. Sincerely,
MRS. L. C. VAN HOUTEN

On a Rainy Afternoon

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Editors: To the distraught mothers with rainy-day blues, we offer some suggestions.

Karen's waterproof apron, high boots and linoleum square help prevent the traditional "No" to water play. Soap flakes, straws, funnels, strainers and egg beaters add to the imaginative flair of early childhood. Sincerely,
MRS. MURRAY WEISS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

MURRAY WEISS



Water . . .



Soap . . .



Whee, suds!



'N' bubbles!



Quick mop-up.

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is so mild you could shampoo every day. And
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by Crosse & Blackwell

Ah, the Scots have a way wi' soup! To chunks of chicken meat and a golden milk broth they add savory onions, aromatic leeks, nutritious barley. Delicious Cock-a-Leekie! But to put this noble Gaelic soup in reach of a thrifty housewife, ah!—*that* called for a skill like Crosse & Blackwell's. Come, Scots and soup-lovers, just heat it and serve it! Try Cock-a-Leekie tomorrow! When you do, send us the label, and we'll send you a valuable coupon. *For name of nearest dealer, write:* CROSSE & BLACKWELL Co., Baltimore, Md. *Fine foods since 1706.*



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Her "Two Cents" Worth

El Dorado, Arkansas

Dear Editors: I have read in your magazine about the suffering in other countries. We do not have a spare nickel. We live on my husband's Social Security. But I also happened to read that soft-drink bottlers in Arkansas estimate a loss of $835,200 yearly through bottles' being thrown away, so I got busy.

I pick up every empty bottle that I find, return it to local dealers and receive two cents. So far, I have sent two rather large boxes of clothes and a box of sewing material to Korea, as asked for in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, every cent paid for with empty soft-drink bottles. Have almost enough cash on hand for a $10 CARE package.

I know this seems small, but I hope that every bit will help, and it does prove that, even if one has no money, one can always do *something*. Sincerely,

MRS. J. M. KING

▶ *By comparison, contributions of some of the rest of us might seem small. Mrs. King deserves a cleanup bonus from her city fathers. ED.*

Remember Them?

Seattle, Washington

Dear Editors: The triplets have spent the years since our "HAL" article was published, changing from "babyish toddlers" to quite individual personalities. Mitchell and Michael spend all their time being "cowboys." Michele is very femi-



Three no crowd.

nine and "helps" me when she isn't "bossing" her brothers. Dick and I have several new gray hairs, but aside from that we are much the same as your reporter found us.

I have made many friends from letters I received and it is good to know we have not been forgotten! Sincerely,

ARVELLA WEIR

Are You a Journal Hoarder?

Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Editor: My husband has consented to build a basement recreation room—but as a condition, he insists I get rid of my back issues of "my second Bible." So reluctantly I'm about to part company with seven years' (84) copies of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I've guarded them carefully. Why, you never can tell when I may have to rush down and refer back to something! What'll I do now?

Thanks for just existing and continually improving your wonderful magazine. Sincerely,

REBECCA WOLINSKY

▶ *Checks with apartment superintendents, community magazine collectors, back-number dealers, Pullman porters, airline hostesses, bus and streetcar cleaners, indicate women cling to their* JOURNALS *longer than to most magazines—discard fewer copies.* JOURNAL *hoarder Wolinsky should advise her husband that's what those nice built-in storage cabinets in the best-planned recreation rooms often contain. ED.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

How to make my

Apple Crisp Pie with Streusel Topping



—says Marie Gifford, Armour's Home Economist and pastry authority.

Next time you bake an apple pie, make it this new easy glamorous way—with crunchy streusel topping.

And, to be sure your crust comes out tender and flaky, follow my simple 5-minute Pastry Method using Armour Star *new-type* Lard.



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To make the filling: combine ½ cup sugar and ½ tsp. cinnamon. Mix with 6 cups pared and sliced apples. Fill pie pan with this mixture.

For the crunchy streusel topping: cut ½ cup butter or margarine into ¾ cup brown sugar and ½ cup flour. Sprinkle over apples. Bake in 425° F. oven for 30 minutes, or until apples are tender and topping is browned.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Lettie Lane . . . World Traveler

Dunedin, New Zealand

Dear Editors: Early this year we were on a picnic and in a disused cottage my ten-year-old son and I discovered several copies of 1910 JOURNALS. One a bridal number, and how we laughed over the styles, sighed over the cheap cost of housing, and could hardly wait to find a pair of scissors to cut out Lettie Lane's Around the World Children.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. G. M. COXHEAD

▶ JOURNAL, *published since 1883, has never turned up in the tomb of an ancient Egyptian king, as far as we know, but we can think of few other places where contemporary readers haven't discovered old copies. ED.*

FOUND IN A DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM

How frequently all doctors wish for the right consultant for their patient; one with a wise and understanding mind, compassionate in spirit, tolerant in views, and decisive in direction. That we as physicians should seek outside of ourselves these qualities, and recognize their need in others, confirms the fact that in our daily lives as practitioners we must all at times be more than doctors.

Apart from the medically ill, we all see the child, distraught because of an unhappy home, the mother physically and emotionally bankrupt, the father materially successful, in many cases responsible for hundreds of employees, yet completely unable to guide and direct his family responsibilities. We may well ask ourselves if these people are truly sick. They are indeed, so much so that over 50 per cent of the daily ills seen in the physician's office are represented by such examples as these. . . .

While modern psychiatry has in twenty years spanned the darkness of centuries, it is increasingly apparent that this alone is not enough. It may well be that the answer lies in the Bible story. Christ was Himself a healer of the sick, physician without office or instrument, Who bequeathed to us all a wealth of spiritual knowledge, beside which our scientific achievements seem at times uncertain indeed.

Truly there is a lamp unto our feet which guides us all in our daily lives, and the care of those entrusted to us. We should never forget that by our side at all times is that greatest and most willing of consultants, Almighty God.

ROBERT B. MARIN, M.D.

Teachers' Opportunity

Brookline, Massachusetts

Dear Sir: I wonder if teachers know of the many advantages offered in children's camps for the summer months? There is a shortage of men and women with educational backgrounds; the remuneration is very good, and in most camps the entire family is welcome.

Counseloring and the higher-up key positions offer a good salary, plus a summer of healthful and enjoyable vacation for the children.

Sincerely,
MRS. MORRIS P. BERK
Camp Wingo,
Harrison, Maine

How They Value It

Darmstadt, Germany

Dear Miss Brookman: The JOURNAL is wonderful at home, but here it is worth at least $5 per copy to all us Army wives.

Sincerely,
MRS. J. T. QUICK

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Bruce Gould

Beatrice Blackmar Gould

Editors

Which way today's youth?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON



"The Three Trees (with lovers in the foreground)." Signed and dated "Rembrandt, 1643." Rembrandt's most famous etching. The country around Diemerdijk may be represented in this print.

Some weeks ago the American ambassador to Russia, on a routine return to Washington, remarked that although the Soviet Union was internally stable, two tendencies among Russian youth were disturbing the government—a nihilistic "don't care" attitude, and a turning toward religion.

Both are in contradiction to Marxist-Soviet theory. "Soviet man" must care, or the state and community will suffer. But he must find the satisfaction for all his spiritual questions and yearnings in the official credo of Marxist materialism.

That some Soviet youth are ceasing to care about anything while others are turning toward religion was already known to those of us who read the translations of the Soviet press, as published by the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies. For months the Soviet press has been complaining of juvenile delinquency, lack of social interest, and slackening of "communist morale." It has also been chiding young communists for church attendance, and for marrying and having their children christened in church. Religion is no longer persecuted in Russia, as it once was, and savagely. The present official attitude is apparently that religion is all right for the simple and still ignorant, but intolerable for "advanced" and initiate young party members.

My own first reaction to Mr. Bohlen's remark, which I noted briefly, in a newspaper column, was that the two contradictory tendencies characterize the youth of all countries, including our own: the spirit of total rejection of everything that is, countered by a fervent search and need for affirmation of new (or old) values.

Why is this so?

Let us try to put ourselves imaginatively into the mind of any young man of this generation.

Let us suppose you are a German, thirty years old, the youngest child in a family of five children. When you were six your father, an office employee, was out of work; your eldest brother, who had finished school two years earlier, had never found work at all; the family had sold its few precious possessions and lived on unemployment insurance and relief; and everywhere you heard the phrase, "It can't go on like this; something must happen."

Your father said the republic couldn't govern—so many parties, all of them fighting one another—"nothing but greedy politicians. No order anywhere."

Some of the older boys, companions of your brother, talked about something called "communism," saying that there was one country where no one was out of work, and that was Russia. But others said Russia was a slave state, that you couldn't import a foreign revolution, and that whatever happened had to be German. Your father said that except for four or five years there had never been good times in Germany since the war, that the peace treaties hemmed in a country that had to have more room, that the depression had begun with the withdrawal of American capital from European banks. Only your mother, cleaning, mending, patching, washing, and forever peeling potatoes, which with salt herring and dark bread was your only food, never spoke of such things. You were too young to understand much, but you felt that though people didn't agree, something had to happen.

One day your brother came home in a new brown uniform and said he had joined the storm troopers—no pay, but he got food and clothing and was off the relief rolls. He was spick-and-span and there was enthusiasm in his eyes as he raised his arm in a sharp salute, "Heil Hitler!" Soon his friends, including the one who had talked favorably of communism, were in the same uniform. You were nine when the revolution materialized. The streets were full of marching young men, and the air with new songs; your father soon had a job because all sorts of things were under way: new roads being constructed, new houses being built—your family expected to get one of the new low-cost apartments; and now you, too, wore a white shirt and khaki shorts.

Only one thing upset you. At school three of the boys in your class had been sent home, never to return. One of them was your best friend. They had to go because they were Jews, and the teacher said they were responsible for Germany's losing the last war. You didn't see how Max, who wasn't even born then, could be responsible; you felt awful when he looked at you with tears in his eyes and his mouth quivering, and you failed to defend him because you were afraid. He'd helped you with compound fractions that you were bad at; teacher looked pale, as though he didn't like it, because Maxie was bright; and when you told your mother about it, she CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

slapped her dishcloth on the sink and growled, "I don't know what this country is coming to. It's against *God!*"

Nobody had ever talked much about God, though your mother, and sometimes your father, went to the Lutheran church every Sunday, and you to Sunday school. But presently you stopped because so many other boys did. Instead you went to meetings to hear about "Germanic" religion, and the power of the German will, and the older boys said Christianity was an international Jewish plot to weaken the Gentile Aryans with bosh about everybody being brothers. One day there was a new pastor at your church, and your mother grumbled that he was no Christian and she, too, stopped going there.

But these were minor things in all the exhilaration of movement and belonging, and togetherness. When you were thirteen Austria and Germany were united, and the rest of the world seemed satisfied, and soon the Sudeten Germans would be "liberated" from the Czechs. Your father was gloomy, saying, "That's the way wars start; the *Fuhrer* should let well enough alone," but German troops marched into Prague, the British Prime Minister came to Germany and signed a pact for "peace in our time," and everyone was deliriously happy. Now all that was needed was to unite Germany with East Prussia by a corridor across Poland. Again your father and mother were nervous, but a great surprise came: the Russians signed a pact with Hitler;

The standards of the so-called older generation must be raised before we can expect youth's standards to reach the mark we would all like to see. —NORMA B. CARSON

in Paris journalists were writing, "Why die for Danzig?" Britain and France certainly couldn't do anything for Poland; it would all be over in three weeks!

But there was war. You were fourteen. Poland, and then a pause, Holland, Belgium, France, victory upon victory, all Europe taken in less than a year. Both your older brothers were soldiers. Kurt, who was now a lieutenant, sent mother a black silk dress from Paris, and lingerie and perfume for his young wife, and Hans sent cheese from Holland. Your mother was glad to have a new dress, but when she put it on she sighed and said, "I'd rather see the war end than have a dress."

The papers were full of pictures of German soldiers surrounded by beaming Dutch, Belgian, French, Jugoslav children, whom sometimes they held in their arms. It made you feel good to think everyone was so happy that Germany was winning, but when Kurt came home on furlough he didn't seem very happy. "They hate us," he said, almost with surprise. "There's an underground—criminals in it, I guess—our men get shot from ambush. Then we shoot hostages. It makes one sick; probably innocent people—one never knows." He spoke of a friend. "He found a French girl—really crazy about her—wanted to marry her. The F.F.I. found out and shaved her head, tore off all her clothes—drove her naked through the streets. She was white as marble . . . her eyes ——" He put his hand over his own. "My God, what a war!"

There was talk about Russia, how Russia was no real ally, but always winning new concessions, wanting the Balkans, moving forward in the Baltic; and then, suddenly, there was war with Russia, and Hans was called from Holland to the Russian front, where everything was going well, too, the papers picturing grinning Russians surrendering en masse. But your father, who had a much better job now, in a government office, was gloomy. "Germany can never win a two-front war," he said. "Hitler's crazy." You should have reported your father to the authorities, but you didn't. People were disappearing. Not only Jews. Right out of your father's office they'd taken two former Social Democrats.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



Painting of Native Girl in a Pareu

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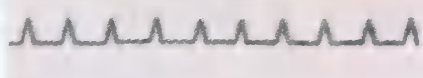




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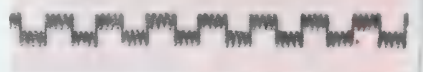
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

They'd been put in Mauthausen Concentration Camp. They were gathering up Jews and "subversives" from all over Europe, and people said horrible things were going on, particularly in Poland, even little Jewish children being killed, but it was enemy propaganda, your mother said. "No German—not even *they*—would do such a thing." Once everybody had said "we," speaking of Germany and National Socialism, but now people called the leaders "they."

Then it was winter and Hans wrote no more from Russia about victory, but about the terrible cold, the dreadful roads, the guerrillas everywhere, the peasant houses where they were billeted, with dirt floors, bugs, no furniture but a table and benches, no bed but loose straw, the "communist paradise." . . . "On this front the war is just barbarous savagery," he wrote. "It's beyond description." Then he wrote no more, because he was dead.

Kurt was also killed in Russia six months later, and presently you, too, were in the army, sent to North Africa, to fight the British and Americans.

When you were eighteen the skies were exploding all over Germany. In North Africa you heard that your sister Martha and her baby had been killed in the bombing of Hamburg, and your other sister's husband had fallen. You remembered the movies you had seen of the bombing of Warsaw and of London. Your mother had said then, "Soon it will be our turn," but you had scoffed, "Germany has the best air force in the world." Yet it hadn't conquered England, and now the Americans were in, with terrible machines, thousands and thousands that Hitler had said they'd never turn out in time to turn the tide. You heard at the front that some officers had tried to kill Hitler, but he'd escaped. You knew then that everything was over, that they'd tried to end the war, and the traitorous thought crossed your mind that it ought to have happened, and successfully, long ago. But having failed, people were being arrested wholesale. High officers were being shot. There was no more of that oneness that had so warmed your heart as child and youth. The "traitors" had names you had read in your schoolbooks, names that had once made German history: Von Stauffenberg, Von Hassell, Peter Yorck von Wartenburg, Trott zu Solz, Von Moltke. They were going to the gallows. And generals shot—shot for treason! Things like that happened in Russia—under Bolshevist purges. But Germany was fighting Bolshevism—with its own methods.

Children need love, especially when they do not deserve it.

—HAROLD S. HULBERT:
"I Quote," Virginia Ely.

You were invalided back home and were there when it ended—the people hovering in shelters no longer to escape the bombs, holding out underground from the combat-drunk Russians, raping and plundering . . . when would the British and Americans come!

They came, too, and the raping stopped, and the wholesale plundering. But streaming in came the Germans from the east, pushed out by the Poles, the Czechs, the Rumanians, the Yugoslavs, homeless, penniless, workless. The Allies were going "to make a new and better world," end war forever, set a new law of nations and put on trial those who had committed crimes against humanity. The concentration camps had been opened, to reveal mountains of corpses, gas chambers, mass graves, and living beings more pitiable than the dead. You felt full of horror, full of shame. But who was guilty, or *what* was guilty? You remembered the savagery in Russia. If deporting populations was a crime, why was it continuing now that the war was over? If an eye was to be paid for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, had they not been paid? Had not everyone paid? Could not the books be closed? Could they ever be closed?

Now Germany was to have "democracy," There was a Labor Government in Britain

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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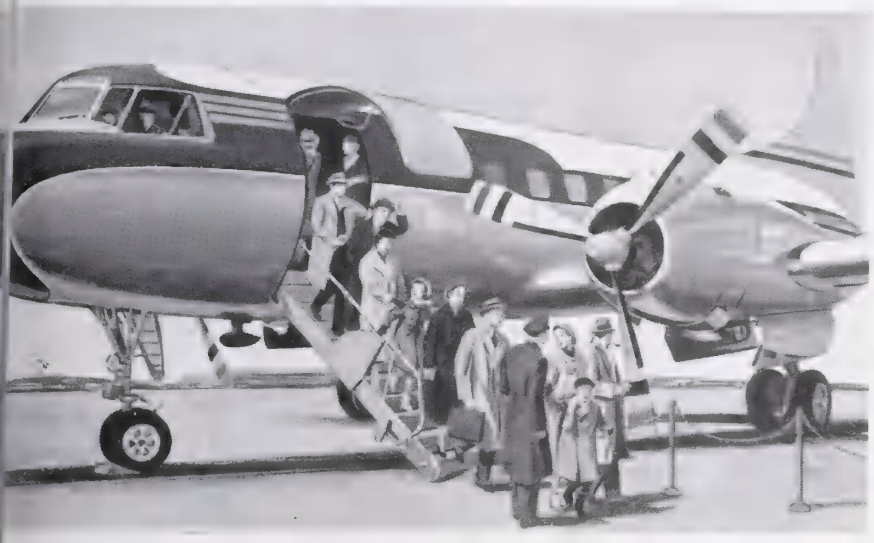


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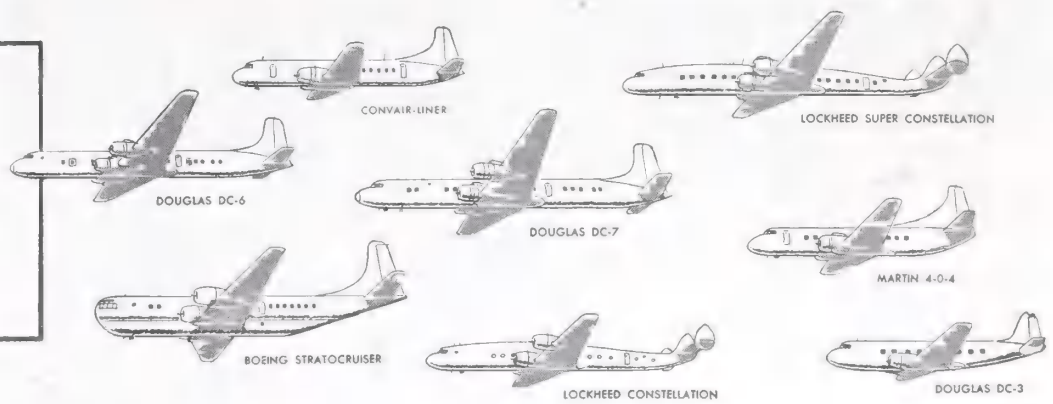


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Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



The dogs get elbow deep in mud this month. Then they wonder why they are shut out of the living room! This is Holly as a puppy.

RAIN and wind, and wind and rain, and a most exciting month actually it is, with the smell of cold wet earth rising in the sharp air and all the brooks running like mad, and the pond black in the pale noonday light. There is something so direct and primitive about March.

Jill takes to training Hollyberry in the road where there is no soggy mud. I can see them from my window, the shining Irish and the tall woman in the blue-checked stadium coat heeling away down the wind. Holly's tail is as gay as a sailboat putting out to sea, her proud lifted head is beautiful beyond telling. She quivers with eagerness when she sees the leash; she hates to have any other dog trained, but it is hard for her to slow to human limitations.

It is hard to believe we have had Holly over a year—and how that grave-eyed little puppy has changed! An Irish puppy, staggering around on delicate legs, is a little like a young fawn. At one year, the Irish is poetry in motion, fairly skimming through the air.

Speaking of motion reminds me of the book I have been reading on management in the home which has a chapter on motion-mindedness, which has to do with planning your housework to the peak of efficient rhythmic ease. When I got through ironing today, I turned to this book to read about motion-mindedness in ironing. I was not at all surprised to find the description of a poor ironer fitted me like a rubber glove. Fast and jerky, ah, yes, and running the iron back and forth ironing in wrinkles at every stroke, alas, yes, that is my ironing! So I read the description of the expert ironer. Nothing to it, iron glides along—shirt folded neatly in nothing flat—well, I shall certainly study this book, but I have a horrid suspicion that not even a good book can teach me the art of elegant ironing.

Some people have a knack for things, some don't, but of course there's no reason not to struggle to improve. Anyway, I tell myself, I can cook. And I am a fine washer of clothes. And I hang things on the line very nicely, too, admiring the colors and textures as the pins snap neatly and the towels and sheets begin to blow. Since we have no a jot of room in the little back kitchen for a dryer, the clothes go in the same old-fashioned clothesbasket and are lugged out to the line between the tall green pines. I love to walk on the soft cinnamon-colored pine needles as I lift the cherry-red towels out of the basket and hang them up. And all the dogs come racing about me and the pines are quivering with bird wings and the clouds scud over and it is all very pleasant. Now and then I startle a rabbit at the edge of the swamp and he goes alolloping off (this is my own word and is just what rabbits do).

Country life, I think, has so many fine things about it; one does a mort of work, but there are so many things—such as going to the store: we roll the little carriages around, stop and lean on the handles and catch up with all the news, have a social hour. Jill flew home yesterday and said the boys were going to repaint the market and what did I think would be a good color? I felt cozy all day thinking it was a community proposition whether the market is pale green or pink or white. Louis handed out a whole carton of absolutely fresh marrowbones for the dogs, too, all cut so neatly and ready for cocker or Irish fun. And Mr. Tyler, handing out the paper, invites me to come up and see his lovely lithographs and the painting of the Boy Scout and we climb upstairs and I admire the gallery but especially the pictures of all the youngsters Mr. Tyler has helped out all the years in one way or another.

Now and then someone asks me if it isn't dull living in the country. No theaters, no concerts, no museums, no fine restaurant dinners, no night clubs, and so on. But I find living in the country is exciting all day long every day in the year. Of course with nine dogs there would never be what you might call a lull anyway.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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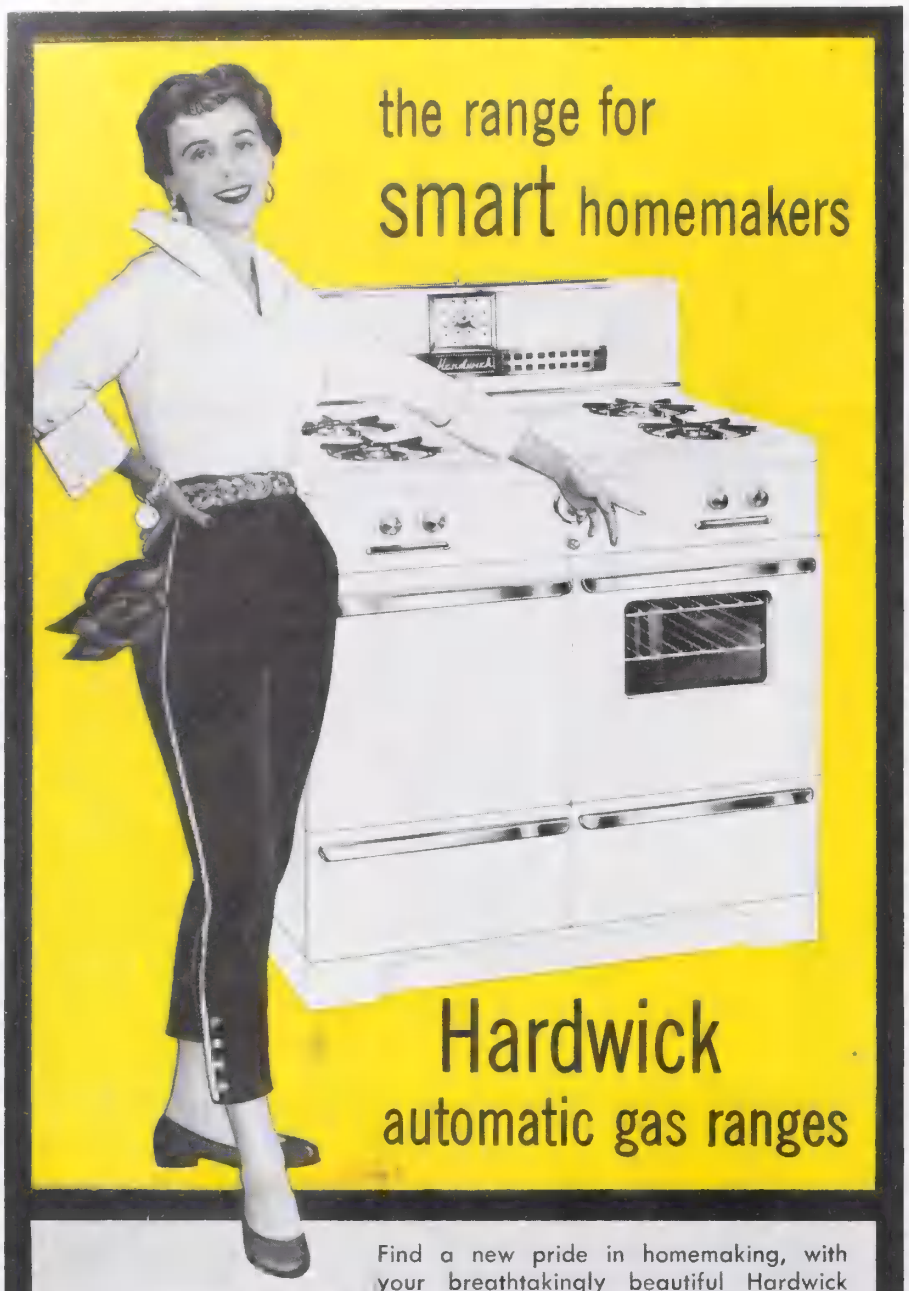


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

I do love the theater, that odd musty smell of plush and asbestos and paint and canvas—I think it's the backdrops that give it off—and the rolling up of the curtain and that first moment of looking at the scene; but I also love a sunset over the shadow-deep hills of my valley—the change of color, the dramatic descent of the sun, the aftercolor so pure and rich and then the soft pinky violet light that comes. In open country you can see the whole of the setting of the sun and it is always different, always a miracle.

For music we always choose our own from the record books and play anything from Bach to bebop according to our mood. For museums we can go occasionally to the big city so I can stand in front of El Greco's Toledo and give my soul a special renascence of beauty. Then we can get home for supper and choose between broiled bay scallops and shad roe from the freezer. Night clubs never did tempt me because I get sleepy too early. I prefer to toast my toes awhile by the apple-wood fire and then tuck in with a really good book, wander out later to let the dogs out, let them in, and have my hot milk and pepper. It's a good way to live.

The dogs get elbow deep in mud this month. Then they wonder why they are shut out of the front living room! Their ears have mud balls on every hair. Louella Shouer gave the glamorous Especially Me a blue terry bathrobe, and we wash him vigorously and zip it on him. As soon as he is dry and out of it, he runs out and digs again and comes in looking exceedingly like a blond mud pie.

There should never be such a thing as religious controversy, any more than we should argue with a lover about his taste.

—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS:
Autobiography With Letters
(Oxford University Press)

"Well," says Jill, "you can't have everything; you have the dogs and fun with them or you have a nice clean house with shining floors. In March," says she firmly, "you take your choice."

"I take the dogs," say I, and that settles that!

Living with dogs is such a special pleasure. No day is ever dull and time never hangs heavy. From the minute Holly bangs her feeding dish on the floor to say she wants another helping to the end of the day when Melody nips out with the lovely old bone and hides it, it is always new and different and fun.

I have been reading some old favorites on the rainy afternoons. I like Walter de la Mare's lines especially:

So much herself is she that when she is near,
All love-delighting things are twice as dear.

How this does express shared experience—from the first time son or daughter says, "Mommy, I *like* the way you look in that dress," to a loved one saying, "I feel that way, too, just now, the way the wind came up ——"

March meals are fun—for the cold windy days make good fare extra good. We stop counting calories long enough to have one meal with spaghetti stirred richly with cottage cheese, preferably the real big-curd pot cheese. The big loose curd is so delicious. Moist and crumbly and flavorful. I cook macaroni or spaghetti or noodles—we like the wide tender noodles—and stir in a half box of cheese and top with paprika.

I love the way night shuts down in March. The sky is so cold and the scudding clouds so dark and dramatic. The branches of the great maples are ebony—not yet frosted with young leaves. Although I watch so eagerly for signs of spring—the emerald skunk cabbage

CONTINUED ON PAGE 201



Cheers for meatless dishes

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¼ cup butter, melted
½ cup granulated or brown sugar
½ teaspoon grated lemon peel

From pineapple, drain ½ cup syrup. Mix syrup with lemon juice and combine with the biscuit mix to make a dough. Pat out into a square on floured surface, and divide into 12 equal portions, rolling each lightly into a ball. Arrange balls in well-greased 9 or 10-inch skillet with cast iron, aluminum or heat-resistant plastic handle or handle which can be removed during baking. Combine butter, sugar, peel, pineapple; spoon evenly over biscuits. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) 35-40 min. Serve warm, with cream if desired. Serves 6-8.

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BY RUTH SLEEPER

Director of the School of Nursing and Nursing Service, Massachusetts General Hospital
President, National League for Nursing, Inc. (*As told to* **LLEWELLYN MILLER**)

The *need* for nursing is as old as pain itself.

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The first schools for nurses in this country were opened less than 100 years ago—in 1873. Few people realize how enormous have been the changes in the education, income and working conditions of nurses in each decade since.

I remember the reaction of my family when I told them that I wanted to go into a nursing school.

"But we will hardly see you for three years!" they protested.

Even a short while ago student nurses lived under most rigid restrictions and had very little time they could really call their own before winning their diplomas.

Today many colleges and universities are offering degrees in nursing. Life in nursing schools grows continually more like life in any other school, and the life of the graduate nurse is changing rapidly also.

If your daughter wants a profession that will reward her all of her life, I advise a long look at the many absorbing fields of work opening for the modern nurse. I know of no other career that offers the girl of today so many increasing opportunities.

It is a career that puts her in stimulating contact with a busy world of interesting people, from the beginning of her studies.

It is a career that she can take with her from one town to another, if she needs to move or wants to travel.

It is a career that prepares her as nothing else can for success as a mother.

It is a career that she can return to, even deep in her middle years, and find warm welcome.

It is a career that takes her into every level of society, bringing endless new interests and drama.

It is a career that brings financial security. No graduate nurse need wait and worry about finding a post.

Best of all, it brings the reward of being useful to others.

Today we have 390,000 active registered nurses. We need 50,000 more to fill current needs.

Our population has more than doubled since 1900, due to fast rising birth rate and greatly lengthened life span. Health education programs and free clinics inspire more people each year to seek early aid for illness. The phenomenal growth of insurance plans makes it possible for more people to afford hospital care. Over 59 per cent of our population is now protected by some form of medical and hospital insurance.

Hospital admissions have doubled since 1935. Ten years ago the average stay was nearly 16 days. New drugs and medical technics have cut this average to

t eight days, which means that more intensive ing is needed—and more nurses than ever before.

ll signs indicate that the need for nurses will become ter, rather than less. This is not because young nen are finding other careers more tempting, as you nt conclude. Each year more girls are recognizing rewards in nursing and are enrolling, but the demand nurses continues to outstrip the supply. There is no nce of over-supply in the foreseeable future, and the duate can turn to any aspect of nursing that attracts most.

she joins the staff of a hospital, she can choose ong absorbing specialties. She can concentrate on k with children, in obstetrics, in surgery, on the cinating new technics of orthopedics such as the abilitation of polio victims which calls so heavily on nurse's skill and imagination. Psychiatry is an insely interesting field in which opportunities for the se are expanding fast. Or she can specialize in admination or teaching . . . to mention only a very few of avenues open to her.

Since Florence Nightingale went to the Crimea 101 ars ago, nurses have been an enormously mobile oup. If your girl wants to travel, many posts are open her, both in this country and abroad.

She can choose foreign service with the World Health ganization, with our own government's foreign operions, or with one of our armed services. Industry nds nurses abroad, and fast growing health programs e using nurses in factories, hotels, department stores, planes, ships and in scores of other interesting ckgrounds.

Schools need nurses. Many married nurses who want me in the afternoon with their own children find partme positions ideal and easy to get. Nurses are needed doctors' offices. Private practice brings its special reards in choice of hours and cases.

Opportunities in community and public health programs are growing rapidly. Many bring the added security of Civil Service benefits. A visiting nurse has an absorbing career, moving through many homes each day and leaving order and aid behind her.

What does it cost to become a nurse?

Costs vary widely, but in all schools a student nurse pays for part of her expenses by the care she gives to patients while learning to nurse.



ne of the finest rewards in nursing comes from helping the wborn get off to a good start in life. New technics in obtrics and pediatrics have been a major factor in advancing the e expectancy of children born today.

There are two ways to become a registered nurse.

A girl can enter a hospital-conducted school of nursing for a three-year program leading to a diploma. Usually there is no charge for her room, food, laundry, uniforms and books. Tuition ranges from approximately $200 to $500 for her three-year course. Her classes and work with patients occupy no more than 44 hours a week, and she usually has one or two days a week free. About 90 per cent of our nurses are prepared in this fashion.

Courses offered by colleges and universities cost more and take longer, but they give a flying start toward top positions in nursing. Such plans combine college courses at regular tuition rates (though some scholarships are available to those with outstanding qualifications) and several years of nursing study and practical experience in the clinical field, hospitals, or other health agencies where, again, the student's contribution to patient care may reduce her expenses. Graduation after four or five years brings a degree—Bachelor of Science—as well as a nurse's diploma.

In all cases, the graduate takes an examination with the nurses' licensing board of her state which gives her the right to use R. N. (Registered Nurse) after her name.

What does a nurse earn?

No one goes into nursing to make a fortune, but substantial incomes as well as security are available to the ambitious.

The average beginning salary for a staff nurse, nationwide, is from $2,800 to $3,500 a year. Promotion can be rapid. Top salaries in administrative posts range from $12,000 to $14,000 a year. A graduate nurse without experience can enter the Army Nurse Corps or the Air Force Nurse Corps with rank and pay of Second Lieutenant. In the Navy she starts as an Ensign. The Armed Services give full pension privileges as do jobs under Civil Service. Other positions in nursing are covered by Social Security, and many provide retirement benefits.

How can you tell if your daughter will be successful and happy as a nurse? Ask yourself these questions about her to see if she shows promise of developing the characteristics needed in nursing:

1. Is she reliable? A patient's life may depend on the nurse's faithfulness in carrying out orders in the doctor's absence. Does your girl rinse the dishes even when you are not there to check? Does she admit a mistake rather than evade responsibility?

2. Does she reach out for responsibility? The girl who volunteers to help at home shows the willingness and capacity for teamwork that a nurse must have.

3. Is she a good student? A nurse must learn many complicated technics and skills. Many schools want only girls who stand in top third of high school classes.

4. Has she an inquiring mind? A good nurse constantly asks "Why?" Is a crying child in pain? Or is he terrified, as was one little boy told by his sister that if he were bad the doctor would cut off his toes? A nurse must soothe worries as well as wounds.

5. Is she adaptable? A nurse must have the out-going friendliness that comes from understanding and liking other people.

6. Has she a good sense of humor? Humor is like an air cushion. It eases the jolts. A nurse must be able to see the ridiculous and not laugh; see the heart-breaking and still smile for the patient's sake.

7. Is she tolerant? Pain does not recognize personalities, creed, or color.

8. Is she generous? A nurse must often put the needs of her patient before her own pleasures.

9. Is she discreet? A nurse is trusted with many secrets and must have a high sense of honor about keeping them.

10. Is she in good health, physically and emotionally?

Does your daughter have these qualifications? I say "daughter," because, while about four per cent of nurses today are men, the profession is one in which women shine predominantly.

If your girl brings the qualities of mind and heart and spirit that nursing demands, it will give her, in return, rewards far beyond wealth—rewards that never can be lost or stolen: a life of stimulating contacts, honor and respect in her community, and the priceless satisfaction of knowing that every hour of her working life has been of use to others.



Observing and charting a patient's progress from day to day is an important responsibility. Here a nurse puts to practical use one of the many skills she has gained to help others get well.

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

Booklets available on other careers

This article on Nursing is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry *and* Selling. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

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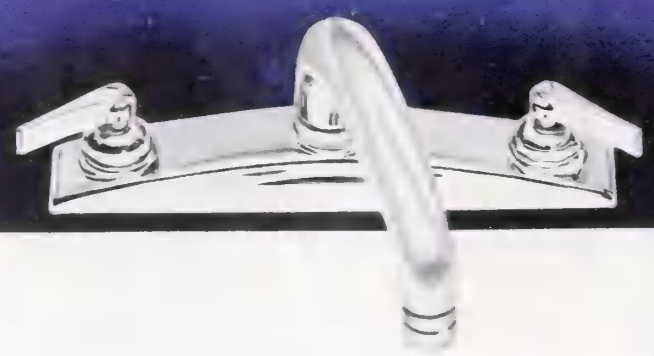
NEW BLEACH "BUBBLE-ACTION" MAKES POTS AND PANS SHINE! Prove it yourself! Take a greasy roasting pan, and see how Bab-O gets under grease and floats it away without hard rubbing. Cuts 4 times more grease—faster than any other cleanser. Try it! Look for the cleanser with the bleach in it! *Get Bab-O in the regular or giant economy size, today!*

SAFE! The bleach in Bab-O is safe for all fast colors, colored porcelains—safe as a beauty soap for lovely hands.

And M-m-m-m . . . Bab-O smells nice, too!

only Bab-O BLEACHES as it CLEANS

cuts 4 times more grease—faster!



Eating for better health

. . . Henderson County, Kentucky

School Lunches Increase

By MARGARET HICKEY

IN many schools today teachers are discovering the importance of teaching the vitamin ABC's along with the three R's. Children usually eat whatever *tastes* best—or they may not eat at all if they don't feel like it. Lacking stamina, they become restless, fail to learn their lessons.

One of the most practical ways to teach children to like and eat good food is through the national school-lunch program, which operates under the Department of Agriculture with joint Federal, state and local support. The school cafeteria can be an ideal laboratory-classroom where children who have been talking about nutrition with their teachers can actually taste and become familiar with well-balanced meals. And there are obvious physical benefits. Wisconsin principals and teachers observe an improvement in behavior and alertness—and even in classroom work and grades—in children who eat school lunches. Mississippi officials notice better complexion and all-round appearance of good health. A typical South Carolina menu of turnip greens, pork roast, corn muffins, butter or oleomargarine, milk and raw apple (costing 22 to 25 cents) has helped promote better attendance, according to the state school-lunch supervisor.

This year and next the Department of Agriculture is encouraging schools to increase milk consumption by reimbursing schools for each additional half pint served to children. (Funds totaling $50,000,000 for each fiscal year have been advanced by the Commodity Credit Corporation for surplus milk.) A Georgia school now offers, to each child who wants it, a second half pint of milk with lunch at no additional charge. A school in Massachusetts serves milk for 3 cents at midmorning recess. An Arkansas school has installed a milk-vending machine.

Although the number of children participating in the national school-lunch program has been increasing every year, still the program reaches only about one third of the nation's school children. Among the states, Louisiana sets the record with 67 per cent of its children eating school lunches; Mississippi is second with 48.4 per cent.

Recognizing the need to reach the other two thirds of the school children, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, first sponsor of any type of school lunches, has been working for national legislation providing adequate appropriations—a job attracting the JOURNAL'S Political Pilgrims. In school-lunch communities the P.T.A. sees to it that every child has a meal, whether he can afford it or not, still helps get new programs going.

In Stony Point, New York, the P.T.A. sparked a citizen campaign to build a new cafeteria. Eighteen fathers donated labor; Boy Scouts loaned equipment. Within a year, during which about 150 meals a day were served, debts of more than $1100 were paid off. Last year in Plains, Montana, P.T.A. members planted, harvested and froze enough vegetables to provide hot nourishing noon meals at low cost for the 117 children of Plains School. Since the school has no lunchroom facilities, the P.T.A. arranged to serve the lunches in the basement of City Hall, assigned volunteers to escort children to and from the school.

As the Henderson County, Ky., nutrition program, featured this month, shows, it doesn't take money. Community spirit and determination produce results. END

"MARTHA NELL drank a whole glass of milk last night! That's something we *never* could get her to do." Wonder and pleasure shone in Mrs. Burns' face as she recalled her child's simple statement at dinner: "Teacher said milk is good for you."

Not much to get excited about, ordinarily, except for an anxious mother. But to Public Health Nurse Edwina ("Eddie") Roberts, making her rounds in Henderson County, Kentucky, it was important news too—a promising sign that the Citizens' Health Committee campaign for "better eating habits" for children really was getting results.

There were other indications. At the brand-new county high school, for example, a lumbering 240-pound girl who confessed to her home-economics teacher that she had been drinking eight bottles of soda pop a day asked to make diet and figure improvement her term project. And in the second-grade class at Spottsville school, which had been studying about leafy green vegetables, a stubby, khaki-clad youngster proudly announced that he had made a new "friend"—broccoli—which his mother had served for the first time at his insistence.

Eddie Roberts, small and pert in her navy-blue nurse's uniform and black felt beanie, will insist "we haven't done as much about improving nutrition as we should." But thinking back to 1952 "when we first began getting steamed up," she admits "we *have* made progress."

It all started one day in January three years ago when Mrs. Roberts paid a regular visit to Smith Mills school. Mrs. Carl Vincent, second-grade teacher, called her aside. "I've been so worried about some of these youngsters," she said. "Most of them don't eat breakfast before they come to school. That pale child in the red coat has been listless and slow in her work ever since she started school. And yesterday two boys got sick and faint—I had to drive them home at noon. I thought you ought to know."

Before she left, Eddie Roberts visited other classrooms. "These children live on farms and have to get up so early to catch the school bus—no wonder they don't get breakfast," another teacher said. "You should see them when they get off the bus. First thing they do is rush into the school store and buy popcorn."

At Central School in Henderson teachers had similar stories. "My class gets restless and inattentive by ten oclock," one CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

ED FEINGERSH



Fifth-grade youngsters at a Henderson, Kentucky, school learn from public-health nurses that green pepper is a body-building, inexpensive food in anybody's diet. A program for better eating habits is part of the educational curriculum.



"You'll love your favorite cake mix

Upside Down!"

suggests Betty Crocker



Betty Crocker
OF GENERAL MILLS

"It's the easiest way you can think of to have a m-mm-good-tasting party-looking dessert! Just place your favorite fruit or fixings in a frying pan or baking pan (with butter and brown sugar). Pour on a quick-as-quick batter made with a Betty Crocker Cake Mix (tastes so good because you add your own fresh eggs!). Bake...and take a great big bow!

"Be creative, why don't you? Read all about these quick 'n easy upside-down cakes until your mouth waters. Then bake the one you like best...or any other you think up! It will come out well...I can promise you that Betty Crocker Cake Mixes bake perfect cakes—even upside down!"

P.S.—"Our Betty Crocker Cake Mixes are now in Canada!"



Easy! **Chocolate Upside-Down Cake!** Melt ¼ cup butter in 8" or 9" square pan. Blend in ½ cup brown sugar and arrange ½ cup chopped or whole fat pecans over the sugar mixture. Then pour half the batter made from Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food Cake Mix on top of the pecans. Bake for 35 to 40 minutes in a 350° oven. Turn upside down...do not remove for a minute. Bake remaining batter in an 8" or 9" greased and floured pan.





Easy! **Black Cherry Upside-Down Cake!** Takes Betty Crocker White Cake Mix to make this one. Drain one No. 2 can black Bing cherries (or use one can drained sour red cherries plus ½ cup sugar). Place cherries in 8" or 9" greased square pan. Top with half of batter made from Betty Crocker White Cake Mix. Bake 30 to 35 minutes in a 350° oven. Invert on platter and serve warm with cream. (Use leftover batter for cupcakes.) And be thankful!





Easy! **Dutch Upside-Down Cake!** This one you'll like! And any child can bake it! First melt ¼ cup butter in 13" x 9½" x 2" oblong pan. Blend in ½ cup brown sugar and ½ tsp. cinnamon. Next arrange thin, thin-sliced apples evenly over sugar mixture—about 4 cups. Pour in a batter made from Betty Crocker's famous Honey Spice Cake Mix. Bake 45 to 50 minutes in a 350° oven. Serve warm . . . warm as the praise it will win you!



Hawaiian Upside-Down Cake! Just melt ¼ er in 9" x 1½" round layer pan. Blend in ½ cup brown Place drained canned pineapple rings, nuts and cherries tty pattern over the sugar mixture. Pour half the batter made from Betty Crocker Yellow Cake Mix over the fruit in the pan. Bake for about 35 minutes in a 350° oven and your cake's ready to be turned . . . and admired . . . upside down. Bake remaining batter in another 8" or 9" greased and floured layer pan.

guarantee a perfect* cake every time you bake

cake . . . after cake . . . after cake!"

says Betty Crocker

FECT? Yes, we DO mean perfect. You be the judge. If a cake you make with ■ Betty Crocker Cake Mix is less than t, mail the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back!

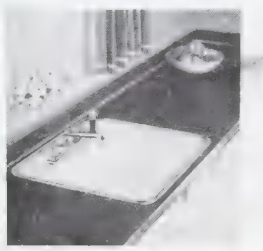


Just add water and your favorite flavoring for perfect Angel Food cake



Fast as lightning! Brillo® Soap Pads make the scorchiest, crustiest pan shine like new!

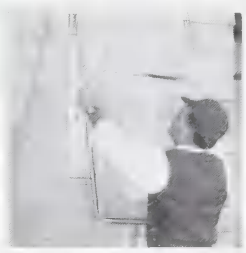
Nothing shines Aluminum like BRILLO Soap Pads



Faucets, counter tops come glossy clean with Brillo Soap Pads. Sturdy metal-fiber pads polish away food stains and sticky spills.

No soaking, no hard scrubbing! Brillo Soap Pads *whisk off* scorch and crust. No need for messy scouring powders, brushes, dishrags . . . Brillo *polishes* as it cleans. Every metal-fiber pad is plump with special-formula soap containing *jeweler's polish.* That's why nothing shines aluminum like Brillo Soap Pads! And Brillo is wonderful for cleaning sticky stove-tops, burners and ovens. Grand for casseroles!

Brillo Soap Pads *(red box)* Soap-filled pads
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Aluminum canisters, cake covers, ice buckets — so smart, and so easy to keep bright and spotless with thrifty Brillo Soap Pads!

THERE'S POLISHING SOAP IN EVERY BRILLO SOAP PAD



THRIFTIER! 5 and 12 pad boxes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

said. "I'm sure it's because they don't eat breakfast. And it's not a matter of family income either. Lots of parents don't eat in the morning. Don't consider it important." The lunchroom supervisor reported that nearly all the paper-bag lunches brought from home contained jelly sandwiches and cake. "Not my idea of a good meal for a youngster," she added, "when they can have a balanced school lunch for only twenty-five cents." But a number of children weren't eating lunch at all, spent their money instead on ice cream and candy sold at school during recess.

The sale of snacks, in a sense competing with the school health and lunch programs, is not confined to Henderson. In about half the state's counties boards of education authorize principals to use money from their individual school budgets to purchase snacks for resale. Appropriations sometimes are not adequate to cover schools' many minor needs. Usually the snacks are sold in the school bookstore; occasionally they are sold by the principal himself or by students at a table set up informally in the corridor. With the proceeds from the total bookstore sales, the principals may buy necessary schoolbooks, workbooks for children who can't afford them, or they may set aside a fund for a trip for the senior class. The real problem, Eddie Roberts decided, was one of education: to teach the children to *like* the right kind of foods and to eat well-balanced meals—including good breakfasts and school lunches. After all, as one principal pointed out, "If the children don't buy candy here, they buy it at the corner store."

Man cannot degrade woman without himself falling into degradation; he cannot elevate her without at the same time elevating himself.
—ALEXANDER WALKER

Eddie Roberts took notes on the suggestions and complaints of teachers and reported to Dr. Clarence Harvey, then director of the health department. About this time, August, 1952, the Citizens' Health Committee of Henderson County was looking for a new project. Organized in 1949 by Dr. Bruce Underwood, former Henderson health officer and now state health commissioner, as the first of approximately 60 citizens' health committees now active throughout the state, it had just successfully aroused public interest in support of a $3,000,000 sewage plant. Its membership included representatives from the medical and dental societies, the homemakers' clubs and Farm Bureau, P.T.A., a county magistrate and a citizen at large.

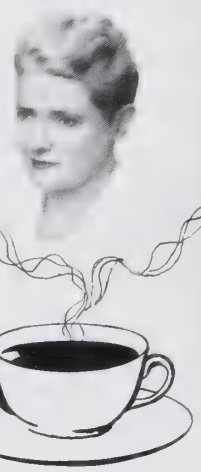
At a meeting called by Chairman James Armstrong, editorial writer for the Henderson Gleaner and Journal, Mrs. Roberts stood up and told the group about her talks with teachers. Almost before she had finished, Doctor Harvey interrupted. "Let me tell you about my examinations at just one of the schools last week," he said. "There were ten children with crusty red eyelids, several with rough-textured skins, flabby muscles—every one a result of improper diet. Six children small and undersized—lacking in growth food. Two overweight, also eating improperly."

"I've heard about enough to be convinced," James Armstrong said. "Can you get statistics to picture all this graphically?"

When school opened, teachers in six schools volunteered to take a survey of what children ate during a single day. After interviewing 238 children above the fourth grade (many younger children, the teachers felt, couldn't name individual items—to them it was all just "food") the teachers turned over their statistics to a group of P.T.A. mother volunteers for tabulation. Working around a table at the health department, these women drew up a chart showing one day's eating habits. Of the 238, only 12 per cent had eaten adequate breakfasts; 24 had had nothing;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

"Coffee-break"
with
Mary Margaret McBride





One great help in the "back to church" movement today is the charming hospitality of "a coffee" after the service is over. It does so much to bring neighbors and fellow-worshipers together and make new members of the congregation feel more at home.

When, in similar spirit, you hospitably offer coffee to your guests, I'm sure you make it as delicious as you can. With all the wonderful brands available these days—so perfectly roasted and ground and with their freshness so carefully protected—you've surely found one that's exactly to your taste. It only remains to brew it "just right" every time. Fortunately, that's easy to do. All it requires is that you follow the directions of the Coffee Brewing Institute: Use one Standard Coffee Measure, or two level tablespoons of coffee to each ¾ measuring cup of fresh, cold water. Once you've discovered the right timing for your coffee maker, always stick to it and time it exactly. Coffee should never be allowed to boil. It's best, of course, if you serve it the instant it's done. And if you have to let it stand, keep it hot by putting the pot in very hot water—or leave it on an asbestos pad over the flame.





It's possible that the people who make your favorite brand of coffee have put a Standard Coffee Measure right in the package. But if you haven't one of these convenient little bright-colored plastic measures, just send a dime and your name and address to the General Manager of the Coffee Brewing Institute at the address below and they'll get one to you right away. You'll find it a great help in measuring accurately. And don't forget that accurate measuring and timing is the only way to insure your getting rich, flavorful, fragrant coffee every time!

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If you could cry because your skin looks dry and aging, use this remarkable anti-dry, anti-age cream. You see, it has a *continuous* softening action. In fact, *one* creaming a day with Tussy Moisture Cream, is almost like having a fresh facial every hour!

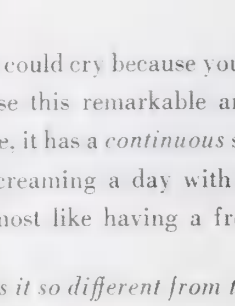
Why is it so different from the cream you're probably using now?

Largely because it contains "Humidine," along with special beauty oils. Hour after hour, "Humidine" brings invisible, softening moisture from the air, right to your skin!

Follow the arrows for beauty... overnight. At bedtime, stroke Moisture Cream *up and out*, from throat to forehead; and around your eyes. Now, tap fingertips gently all over your face. As the cream sinks in, its moisturizing action and beauty oils make dry lines, crow's feet and frown creases...less and less conspicuous. Leave it on all night: you'll see that even crinkly neck skin looks smoother, younger!

For dewy beauty all day, dab just a *dot* of Moisture Cream on forehead, nose, cheeks, chin and throat. Blend it in. You'll be amazed at how much smoother your make-up *goes* on, and how long it *stays* on.

Faithful users of Tussy Moisture Cream have creamed away "years" from their looks. *You* can, too. It's only $3.



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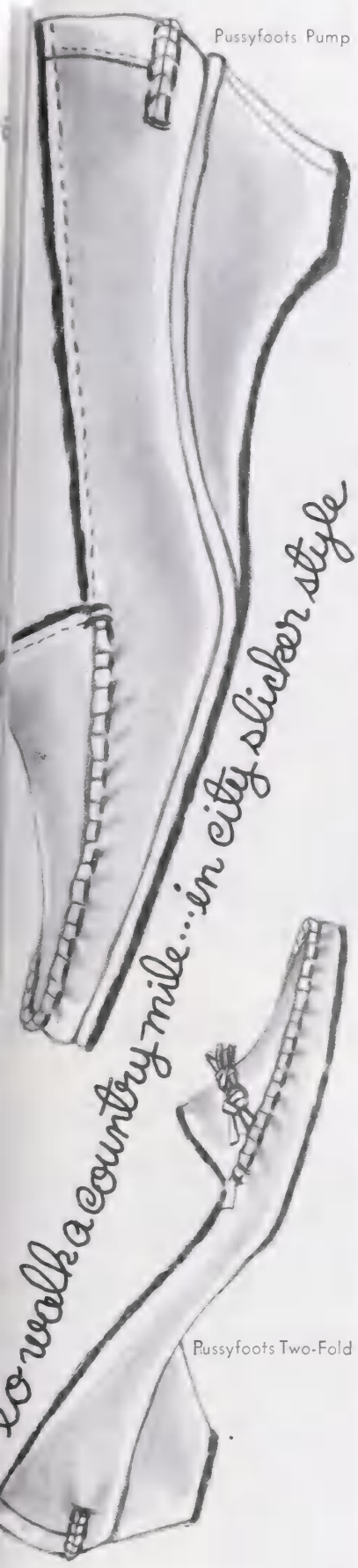
Follow this simple routine planned especially for dry skin.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

107 had eaten only two items. (One pale-cheeked little girl who had had a glass of milk and a vitamin pill was credited with two items.) The survey also showed that children were not eating enough of the basic foods—only 49 per cent had a minimum of one serving of leafy green vegetables a day; 43 per cent had one serving of citrus fruit; 27 per cent had three to four cups of milk; and 81 per cent had one serving of meat, eggs or dried beans or peas.

This was the information James Armstrong and the Citizens' Committee needed for newspaper and radio reports to the community. As soon as school principals, teachers, P.T.A., county medical society, health department had the facts, the Citizens' Committee announced plans to teach nutrition in the schools, starting with Central and Smith Mills schools. The state board of health assigned Miss Marjorie Murphy, a nutritionist, to help with the project.

"How do you go about teaching nutrition effectively?" teachers immediately wanted to know. "My eating habits aren't much better than the children's," one teacher admitted. "Our textbooks talk about carbohydrates, calcium, phosphorus. How can you expect third-graders to get anything out of that?" . . . "We can tell a child he should eat green vegetables, but suppose he says, 'I don't like them.' What then?" . . . "What about parents? After all, it's the mother who cooks the meals."

Eddie Roberts decided that the best way to answer these questions was at a general meeting after classes. Eddie, whose dark eyes always shine when she talks about health, is one of the most sought-after speakers in town. On an evening when she isn't attending an official function, she sometimes invites a group of high-school seniors to her home to chat over hot chocolate and cookies about careers in nursing.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool. —COLTON

"Forget the textbooks," was her first suggestion to the teachers. "Instead of talking facts—which bore the children anyway—let's have displays, tasting parties, trips to market." Then her voice took a more serious tone. "Yes, we need adult education too; but if we can put over the idea with youngsters, they'll carry it home."

Three doctors attending the meeting volunteered to take hemoglobin counts of children and provide free iron pills wherever a deficiency was noted. Afterward, Mrs. R. R. Severns, seventh-grade teacher, spoke to the principal of Central School. "Why don't we substitute a fruit-and-vegetable bar for the candy and ice-cream snacks sold at recess?" she asked. "I'd like to make that a class project." Her idea approved, she presented it to the class next day, asked for volunteers to go with her on a shopping tour after school. With part of $10 Mrs. Severns voluntarily advanced, ten youngsters helped in the selection of a bunch of carrots, several apples and bananas, cans of pineapple, orange and grapefruit juice. The next day at ten minutes to ten, when classes began recess, children from all grades flocked to the snack center as usual. But instead of the customary sweet snacks, they saw an entirely new assortment. There was some indecision and hesitation at first as the youngsters inspected the vegetables, fruits and juices. Finally one by one they began making a selection. One little boy decided to try a carrot. After munching a minute or so, he walked over to Mrs. Severns. "This is the first raw carrot I ever ate." And he bought another.

To show how nutrition could be tied into regular class lessons, Nurse Ida Whitledge

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

STYLE NO. 2912



I love a Lassie!

. . . for putting my fondest fashion dreams well within my reach. This Spring, it's the beautiful fitted coat of Crispella wool crepe with its slender waist and billowing skirt. Of course, the lining is guaranteed for the life of the coat. In grey, charcoal or navy, sizes 8 to 18, $49.95

Write for FREE "Fashion Booklet" and name of nearest store. REPEAT TREAT! . . . Lassie again offers your Personal Perfume Packet . . . 2 bottlettes each of 12 world famous perfumes. Limit, 2 packets per person. Send 50c for each in coin for postage and handling. Lassie Maid, Dept. LJ3, 512 Seventh Ave., New York 18.

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VANILLA



LEMON



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"Our Conover girls know it's successful for every skin type—dry, normal or oily!"

says *Candy Jones*

Conover School Beauty Director

"Pat Heyer, Smith College sophomore, is already planning an interior decorating career," says Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover). "She knows that in this field—as in so many others—the girl who looks decorative has a big advantage! So last Summer when Pat came to us, she learned our method of complexion care—a twice daily beauty wash with Cashmere Bouquet soap. Hundreds of Conover girls have proved what it can do for every type of skin—dry, oily or normal."

"It's such wholesome beauty care for my oily skin!" reports Pat. "It takes only a second to cream Cashmere Bouquet's gentle, fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips. Then my skin feels so much smoother and softer . . . looks radiant!"



Complexion and big bath sizes

P.S. "Make the most of your Cashmere Bouquet complexion with make-up keyed to your skin tones. For pale skins, a pink or creamy powder; ruddy skins take beige or light tan; while olive complexions look lovely in sun tan."

Candy

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



"So you're Jane's mother. I would have sworn you were sisters."

How to be charming though chewing is one of the niceties discussed by *Robert H. Loeb, Jr.*, in HE-MANNERS, the Facts That Every Young Man Should Know About Etiquette. It may be painfully humorous for many of us, but is no doubt helpful for the high-school boy and his older brother, who really want to know but prefer to be kidded into the knowledge. How to carry on a conversation, how to break the ice, the "thank-you-very-very-much" letters, how to enjoy your own wedding—they are all disposed of.

These are the normal boys, uneasy but eager. BLACKBOARD JUNGLE opened our eyes to the other kind, the blasé, antisocial boys governed by no law but gang law. It was a painful revelation. Now *Rocky Graziano*, prize fighter, in an autobiography called SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME, goes even further. His is an unabashed confession—a book that carries you into the mind and soul of a criminal. It is not fiction. It is the East Side Italian boy himself, who lied, stole, fought, ran away; who went from reformatory to reformatory until he was old enough to go to prison; who slapped an officer, went AWOL and landed in Leavenworth.

Graziano tells his story to ***Rowland Barber****, who does a remarkable feat in reproducing it. He retains enough of the lingo to keep the flavor, but not so much as to make hard reading. The impact is terrific. Not a book for the squeamish, it should be read by social workers, psychiatrists, and any others who are willing to face the potential terror of our city streets.*

Graziano, as everyone knows, is now a reformed character.

TOWARD THE PREVENTION OF JUVENILE CRIME, by *Herbert C. Mayer*, is a pamphlet, published by American Viewpoint (122 E. 42nd St., N.Y. 17, 25c), which tells exactly what is being done in that direction.

•

Two young parents who wanted their children to enjoy books more

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

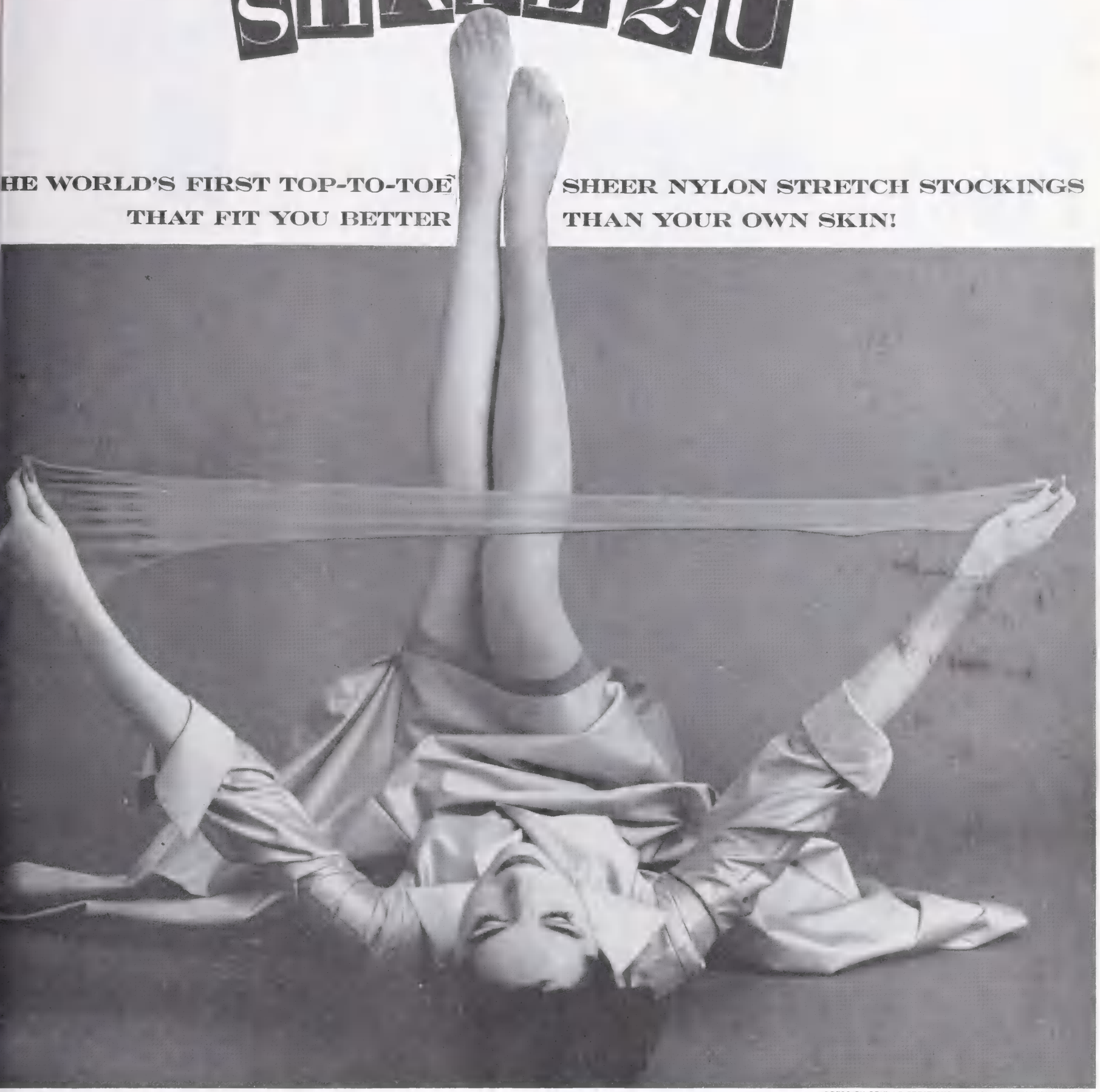


COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

"Now remember, your strength is as the strength of ten, because your heart is pure."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

than television have created a new-type book. This is a children's book with stories and color illustrations to which sound is added by playing the book (yes, the whole book!) on the phonograph. There are four books so far: *The Singing Mother Goose Book, The Singing Happy Birthday Book, The Speedy Little Taxi* and *Noah's Ark* (this one with actual wild-animal sound effects). (John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 39c.)

Another way to circumvent TV is to gather round the piano and sing. THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF LOVE SONGS is the latest collection of *Margaret Bradford Boni,* and a fine singable one it is.

Negro parents of teen-agers will be glad to know about the new book on Toussaint L'Ouverture. THE SLAVE WHO FREED HAITI, *by Katharine Scherman, is the touching story of that fine, brave, intelligent and capable man. (A Landmark History Book.)*

●

"Never underestimate the influence of a" . . . LADIES' HOME JOURNAL editor. In THE TASTEMAKERS, the history of taste in the United States, *Russell Lynes* says that the man who had the greatest influence on domestic architecture at the turn of the century was the JOURNAL's first editor, Edward Bok.

A long way from that turn-of-the-century taste is THE NATURAL HOUSE, by *Frank Lloyd Wright,* the man who gave us three-sided houses, perhaps, but who also contributed radiant heating, eliminated cellars and attics, and conceived the "concrete slab." This latest book of his gives a good résumé of his lifework. Actually there is only a difference of six years in the ages of Bok and Wright.

●

And speaking of old-timers, the Hotel Astor in New York is considering a plaque for its lobby: "Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman and Dwight D. Eisenhower Slept Here!"

●

It may confound the experts—the graphologists who tell character from handwriting—but this writer hopes shortly to appear more gracious, more precise and more alluring. This will be when she has studied BETTER HANDWRITING, *by George L. Thomson,* a concise little book of lessons in italic handwriting, which is a clear and very attractive penmanship, apparently easy to learn. (Penguin Books, 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore 11, Md. 50c.)

●

On the day that *The Silver Chalice* was launched as a movie, Virginia Mayo, who plays Helena, the siren, was presented with the three-millionth copy of the *Thomas B. Costain* book!

●

Storm Jameson's twenty-sixth novel is now out: THE HIDDEN RIVER, the story of an ex-English officer returning to France after the war, and facing the problems of war-crime responsibility and collaboration. It is romance, and nostalgia for the houses, the river, the mists of a day just gone.

●

"Marriage is many bonds," writes Anne Morrow Lindbergh speculatively. "Many strands, making up a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

WHAT'S NEW in Baking Mixes



. . . by PY-O-MY the young company that is always making news with mixes that are original, new and completely different.

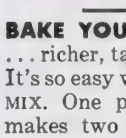
HERE'S A NEW DESSERT IDEA . . .
It's PY-O-MY's new PUDDIN' CAKE. Just mix one minute, pour water over the batter (that's right!) and pop it in the oven for just 20 minutes. Out comes a wonderful surprise—on top, a light tender cake . . . below, a rich creamy pudding-sauce. 3 flavors: Vanilla, Chocolate and Caramel Pecan.



EVERYBODY LOVES BROWNIES
You can bake delicious brownies quicker and easier with PY-O-MY Brownie Mix—now packed in the new one-use foil baking pan (at the same price as ever). Makes either chewy, fudgy brownies or cake type (both directions included). Just add water! Bakes perfectly in the foil pan—and no pan to clean! Kids love to bake them (and eat them).



IT'S A WONDERFUL THRILL . . .
to bake old fashioned blueberry muffins with PY-O-MY Blueberry Muffin Mix. So easy—everything you need in one package, including a can of juicy blueberries . . . PY-O-MY's delicious muffin mix . . . even paper baking cups! Serve these light textured blueberry muffins often. They'll make your meal tonight something special.



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Cheese









Sea Food Scallop—To 3 tablespoons melted butter add ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped onion. Cook until tender. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour. Add slowly 1¼ cups milk, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, stirring until thickened. Mix in bowl 2 cups of grated Cheddar Cheese, 2 cups of soft bread crumbs. Measure 1 cup flaked, home-cooked fish or use 1, 7-oz. can fish flakes. Slice 2 hard-cooked eggs. Place fish, cheese-crumbs, sliced eggs, sauce in layers in buttered quart casserole. Top with cheese-crumbs. Bake in 375° F. oven 20 minutes. Serves 4.

Tomato-Cheese Soufflé—Over low heat stir 1 can condensed tomato soup with 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar Cheese until cheese melts. Add 1 tablespoon sugar, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup finely diced pimiento olives. Separate yolks and whites of 4 eggs. Beat yolks. Stir a little warm soup into them. Slowly add this to cheese-soup mixture. Cool partially. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into soup mixture. Pour into ungreased 1½-qt. casserole. Top with paprika. Bake 40 minutes slow oven—325° F. *Do not open oven during baking.* Serve *at once.* Serves 4.

Golden Macaroni Treat—Cook 1½ cup elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tende —about 10 minutes. Drain. Melt 3 tablespoon butter in 2-quart saucepan. Add 1 sliced mediu onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 1 tea spoon Worcestershire sauce. Simmer 5 minute Add 1 can condensed tomato soup, ½ teaspoo salt, dash black pepper. Add macaroni and mi well. Place in buttered 1-quart casserole. Sprin kle 1 cup shredded cheese on top. Bake at 400° F 20 minutes or until cheese melts. Serves 4.

it !

6 one-dish meals you can make in minutes!

Here are six favorite cheese recipes you'll use over and over again . . . recipes that star the tangy, golden goodness of versatile Cheddar. Remember, cheese gives recipes a wholesomeness and nutritive value . . . makes recipes easy to fix and delicious. Keep Cheddar and other wonderful cheeses on hand at all times for snacking and easy meal making.

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paragus and Ham with Cheese— 3 tablespoons butter in heavy saucepan over heat. Stir in 3 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon dash red pepper. Add slowly 1½ cups milk, ing until thickened. Stir in 1 cup shredded ddar Cheese until melted. Cut 1 lb. slice smoked in ½ inch strips. Brown in skillet. Place in h baking dish. Over this place 8 stalks cooked nned asparagus cut in half and cheese sauce. with asparagus. Bake in 375° F. oven 15 min- until cheese browns. Serves 4.

Rabbit Sandwich Dinner—Combine 1 can condensed Cream of Mushroom Soup with 1 cup shredded sharp Cheddar Cheese and ¼ cup milk. Stir over *low* heat until cheese melts; keep warm. Brown 4 slices luncheon meat in 1 tablespoon butter. Remove meat. Beat 6 eggs slightly. Add ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup milk. Beat. Stir into 2 more tablespoons butter melted in skillet. Cook slowly, gently scraping from bottom and sides. Place scrambled eggs and slices of meat between 8 slices buttered toast. Serve with Cheese-Mushroom Sauce. Serves 4.

Western Franks with Cheese—Split 2 frankfurters end to end and across into 8 pieces. Place 1, 16-oz. can baked beans in shallow 8-inch baking dish. Top with cut frankfurter. Pour ⅔ cup sharp cheese sauce over or top with ½ cup of quick melting cheese. Bake in 375° F. oven for 15 minutes until cheese becomes bubbly and browns slightly. If cheese sauce is used, follow this easy recipe: *Sharp Cheese Sauce*—Place ¼ cup milk in saucepan with 2 cups of shredded sharp cheese. Cook over low heat, stirring until cheese melts and sauce is smooth and well blended. Serves 4.



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Portable extension telephone plugs into telephone outlets wherever you occasionally need an additional telephone—guest room, dining room, sewing room.



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These things made by Western Electric can add to your satisfaction in using Bell telephone service

Shown here are just a few of the items now being made by Western Electric for your Bell telephone company. They're a sample of our continuing effort to make equipment that adds convenience and satisfaction in use of Bell telephone service.

Naturally, as the manufacturing unit of the Bell System, we work hand-in-hand with Bell Laboratories people who design the equipment and Bell telephone people who operate it. It's Western's job in the Bell System to make the things that make good telephone service better. We've been at it for more than 73 years.

For information about availability and moderate charges, call or visit your Bell telephone office.

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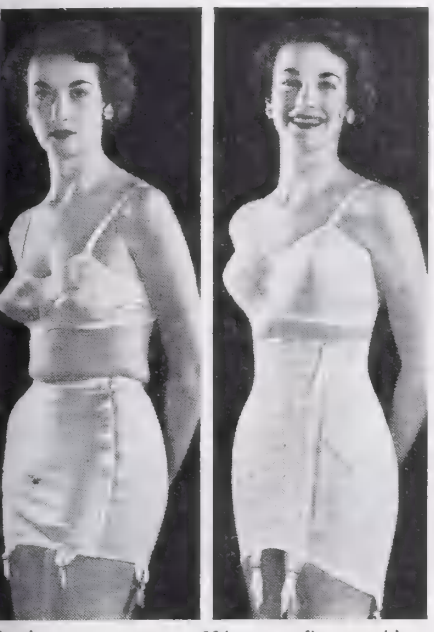
MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



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brings new solution to figure problems!



Nearly every woman over 30 has some figure problem.

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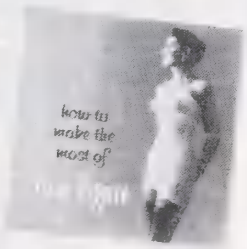
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

web that is taut and firm. The web is fashioned of love. Yes, but many kinds of love: romantic love first, then a slow-growing devotion, and playing through these a constantly rippling companionship. It is made up of loyalties, and interdependencies, and shared experiences. It is woven of memories of meetings and conflicts; of triumphs and disappointments. It is a web of communication, a common language, and the acceptance of lack of language, too; a knowledge of likes and dislikes, of habits and reactions, both physical and mental. It is a web of instincts and intuitions, and known and unknown exchanges. It is woven in space and in time of the substance of life itself."

Anne Morrow Lindbergh, suddenly finding herself on the threshold of her middle years, took a little house near the sea and for a short time gave herself up to contemplation. It was only a brief respite from family and household and friends, but it cleared her mind.

"Perhaps middle age is a period of shedding shells," she thought, walking along the beach. "Perhaps one can at last in middle age, if not earlier, be completely oneself. And what a liberation that would be!"

It might be a good thing for all of us to stand aside from life for a week or a day or even an hour, and try to think things through. In lieu of that we have her little book, GIFT FROM THE SEA, hardly longer than an essay, but the essence of truth. •

ANDRÉ DE DIENES



California's rocky coast.

Seven tall trees still stand on the grounds of Monticello, planted there by Jefferson himself—two tulip poplars, two American lindens, a sugar maple, a European larch and a copper beech. Jefferson used Monticello for experimental planting, and, as someone said, "if he hadn't been famous as a statesman, philosopher and writer, he would have been remembered as one of America's great pioneer biologists and horticulturalists."

That the American aristocrats of Jefferson's day lived graciously is clearly indicated in *Howard Swiggett's* THE FORGOTTEN LEADERS OF THE REVOLUTION. The ones he writes of are not necessarily forgotten—Livingston, Randolph, Jay, Robert Morris, Aaron Burr, Wadsworth, the Pinckneys—but they were chiefly men of wealth and estates. To these estates they planned to retire as soon as the war was over (the Revolutionary War). Unlike so many of our best men nowadays, they felt no compulsion in the eighteenth century to continue to work for their country. They weren't going to drop dead on the streets, or have strokes from tension. They returned to the cultivation of the land and the enjoyment of their families. Husbands and wives, in that serene day, seem to have enjoyed each other thoroughly, and the only grievous trouble, as Robert Morris



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and others knew only too well, was debt—punishable in those days by imprisonment.

Swiggett gets his facts from the correspondence of the men themselves, which seems to be available in great quantities in historical museums, and he interprets them with exceptionally good sense and a sound knowledge of the period.

To see the influence of these cultivated early Americans on our country's later history, read **POLITICS IN AMERICA**, by ***D. W. Brogan***. Englishman Brogan, with the advantages of perspective, sees American politics more clearly than most American political scientists, and gives an admirable clear analysis and summary of our various political institutions.

THE PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY, by ***Walter Lippmann***, probes deeper. He is concerned with nothing less than the decline of Western democracy. He elucidates what he believes has brought on this state of decay, and intimates what radical changes in governing may be necessary to stem it. A profoundly serious study.

•

Sylvia Wayde, wife of Willis Wayde **(SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE)**, is the most fascinating figure in all ***Marquand*** literature, to my way of thinking—a cool, objective, sharp-witted, literary-minded, thinking person, fresh out of a professor's casual family, married to a self-conscious, uncultivated, single-minded, unfeeling, unhumorous businessman. She gets every nuance of her husband's rationalizing and double talk, she sees through every lapse in ethics with abso-



"And I say to you without fear of contradiction . . ."

lute clarity, she shudders at his clichés. Yet she remains by his side. This novel is a merciless dissection of two people, and if by any chance you failed to read it as it appeared in the JOURNAL, I certainly recommend looking up the back numbers or buying the book, which is now out.

•

A DICTIONARY OF LAST WORDS may sound like gruesome reading, but it is fascinating to see how a personality shines through. After all, death is drama, and one's last words may be a striking curtain. Here are a few of these final utterances collected by *Edward S. Lecomte*:

Mozart, speaking of his "Requiem": *Did I not tell you that I was writing this for myself?*

J. Pierpont Morgan: *Don't baby me so!*

Balzac, who wrote harder and worked longer than probably any other novelist: *I can no longer read or write.*

Pavlova, always to be remembered for her one famous dance: *Get my Swan costume ready.*

Henry James: *So here it is at last, the distinguished thing!*

Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria: *Good little woman.* END

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By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

Making marriage work

When a quarrel ends the honeymoon, a quiet discussion may begin the real marriage.

That First Quarrel

THE emotionally mature husband and wife don't try to solve problems by pretending they don't exist. To do so leads to frustration and resentment. Instead, they admit differences frankly, then try to adjust them. Their relationship is based, not on make-believe but on mutual understanding. For differences of opinion, taste and habit are the essence of personality. Trying to suppress or ignore them denies the individual his right to be himself.

Unfortunately, many young couples begin life together with the romantic notion that marriage magically erased all sources of friction between them. Then the first quarrel comes as a complete shock. Hurt and bewildered, they wonder uneasily if their marriage was a mistake.

During the honeymoon, absorbed in their love, they were undisturbed by the commonplace necessities of earning a living and running a house. For the first weeks or months at home, each is more concerned with pleasing the other than with personal needs or wants.

But as the novelty wears off, little problems and irritations gradually intrude. Instead of smiling at Bill's small-boy habits as she picks up his pajamas and mops the bathroom floor after his shower, Mary finds these extra chores an irritating evidence of his thoughtlessness. At first Bill was indulgent about her garbled accounts, but he's less patient when she confesses she hasn't money enough for the grocery bill.

As grievances pile up, tension mounts until something sets off the explosion. The difficulty may be serious; more often, it is merely an irritating trifle. In either case, the incident was the excuse for the quarrel, but not the basic cause.

The real trouble lies in their failure to find a realistic method of resolving differences. The first quarrel will be followed by others more serious unless something is done to improve mutual understanding. The wife will gladly take the lead, if she wants to avoid quarrels and to foster the happiness of her marriage.

Come down to earth. Perhaps you expect too much of your husband and of marriage. It isn't practical or healthy to remain wrapped up in each other to the exclusion of family, friends and community, let alone job demands. When he brings work home at night, don't complain that he no longer loves you, or make childish attempts to get his attention. Be resourceful enough to occupy yourself when he is busy.

Accept him as he is. Basic character traits can be modified only gradually if at all. Give up any idea of reforming him overnight. Nor is it worth while to make an issue of annoying personal habits like faulty table manners or his use of tiresome slang. With love, patience and good humor, perhaps you can help him overcome any weakness that seriously disturbs you. Meanwhile, accept what you can't change, and ignore trifles.

Go more than halfway. The person you can most easily change is yourself. If you have habits that irk your husband and aren't important to you, give them up. If your smoking disturbs him, ask yourself whether a cigarette is worth the argument it will provoke. He is more likely to profit by the example of your behavior than by lectures about his.

Encourage discussion. The time to settle quarrels is before they start. Be alert to his needs, wants and preferences, and ask him to explain his point of view when differences arise. If you listen with an open mind, you may find you agree with him after all. If not, tell him calmly and reasonably how you feel. Talk it over until each understands (though does not necessarily share) the other's attitude.

Learn to compromise. By talking it over you can find an acceptable compromise. To be workable, the settlement must meet three criteria: it must be one that both will try to abide by, it must bring satisfaction to one without unpleasantness to the other, and it must reduce tension.

Painful as it is, the first quarrel can serve a useful purpose if correctly interpreted. It does not mean that the marriage is doomed to failure. It may mark the end of the honeymoon, but if it leads to better understanding and more mature perspective, it marks the beginning of real marriage.

Ask Yourself:
"Do I Spoil Him Too Much?"

A loving wife wants to do more for her husband than take care of his actual needs; she gladly provides little extras of comfort and service as well. Husbands thrive on pampering in moderation, but a mature relationship is impossible if either partner does *all* the giving. Answer the questions below to see if you are overdoing it.

Do you generally or always

1. **Accept his opinions without question?**
2. **Do all his shopping for him?**
3. **Keep quiet about your own wishes?**
4. **Take over any chores he dislikes?**
5. **Take the blame for his mistakes?**
6. **Seek favors from others for him?**
7. **Accept his unwarranted criticism without protest?**
8. **Perform personal services like polishing his shoes?**
9. **Accept his choice of radio and television shows?**
10. **Stint home needs so he can spend more?**
11. **Let him dictate your entire wardrobe?**
12. **Assume he's always right?**
13. **Run errands he could do more easily?**
14. **Humor his whims, however inconvenient?**

With more than eight "yes" answers, you are probably spoiling him more than is good for him—or you. But with four or fewer, you may be too insistent on your "rights" to be a co-operative partner. Try to find the happy medium between unhealthy spoiling and affectionate indulgence.

What the Counselor is Not

MANY marriage problems could be relieved or prevented if more people sought counsel at the right time, and about the right things. The counselor is not a magician, an accountant, *nor* Santa Claus, as some of my mail might indicate. Recently, letters from strangers have asked me to:

Analyze a couple's spending and recommend a budget.

Relieve financial problems with an unsecured loan or outright gift. (Many of these.)

Endorse an unfamiliar community project as benefiting marriage and family life.

Donate to projects as above.

Write a mother-in-law advising her to stop interfering in her son's (daughter's) marriage.

Ask a third party unknown to me to arbitrate a dispute between an unknown husband and wife.

While it's reasonable for a distressed couple to discuss their financial problems with the counselor, his role is to help them find a solution, not to prescribe it. Further, he needs detailed knowledge of the circumstances and personalities involved if his comments are to be useful. As for the other requests, he has neither reason, inclination nor resources to fulfill them.

What the counselor can do is help people consider their problems objectively. He reassures them that their difficulties are not unique, and describes solutions that have worked in similar cases. With their co-operation, he can help them achieve better understanding of each other and themselves. Above all, he encourages them to try.

Many couples blessed with insight and wisdom intuitively adopt a similar approach. In effect, they are their own counselors. But others, less perceptive and less emotionally mature, get into progressively worse trouble until they seek professional counsel.

Throughout marriage, it is the wife's responsibility to take the initiative in fostering understanding and preventing friction. If her efforts are inadequate, she will be wise to seek impartial guidance from a qualified outsider (*not* a relative), whether he be a counselor, minister, family physician or attorney.

The sooner she acts, the better. Emotional difficulties, like physical ailments, respond most favorably when treated early. But no matter when or to whom she turns for help, counsel can accomplish little without the wholehearted co-operation of both husband and wife. It is they alone who can make their marriage work. If more couples observed this principle, counselors would be less burdened—and divorce courts less crowded.

Do You Agree?

Are marriages today happier than those fifty years ago?

I think so. The much higher divorce rate probably reflects less willingness to tolerate an unhappy state.

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THE SUB-DEB *edited by*

Ruth Imler



He thinks she's smooth;
she thinks he's sophisticated;
neither can guess
the other's prom-night jitters.

TANA HOBAN

Who isn't Shy?

EVERYBODY'S shy—especially where a dream's concerned. *John'll say . . . and then I'll say . . . and he'll decide I'm the most interesting girl he's ever met; I'll walk into the party, smile, tell a funny story and the gang'll be at my feet; I'll stand up and make a brilliant suggestion and the club treasury'll be saved. . . .*

Unhappily, the lucky girl with the imagination for such dreams can have nightmares too: *Of course I'll say the wrong thing to John; I'll tell my story and nobody'll laugh; I'll make the motion and nobody'll listen.* Isn't it so?

It needn't be. There are many other ways to use your imagination: to dream even bigger dreams . . . and to make some of these everyday-type dreams come true—if not tomorrow or next week, eventually.

With those V. I. P.'s. Very Important People—a new date, your steady's mother, or a visiting author, for instance—are just like other people: extremely pleased when you go to a little extra imagination to find out what they're like and what their interests are or might be.

If you give it—*them*, not *you*—some advance thought, you'll always have something to say to them. If it's an athletic boy, take a glance at the sports page before your date. If it's a boy with a sense of humor and a dog, that funny feature about the dog show that you read in yesterday's newspaper will fit into the conversation. Get the idea?

Your steady's mother is interested in church work? Then she'll be interested in hearing about the last bazaar your church gave and how they solved the entertainment problem.

As for visiting authors, or any "celebrities," do make the effort to bone up on their accomplishments; don't be afraid to confess that you're so thrilled to meet them you can hardly hold a pencil. They'll love you for your youth and candor.

At That Very Important Party. When you start feeling scared and shy, remind yourself that shyness doesn't have to show. It won't if you: 1—do everything a little more slowly than you usually would, so you won't awkwardly bump into someone or trip over the corner of the rug; 2—if you help the hostess change the records, pass the sandwiches; 3—if you go up and talk to someone else who is standing alone or who has been sitting too long in one corner; 4—if you pause every once in a while and tell yourself that "I'm Jane Drake and I have pretty eyes and I'm a good ice skater," and so on.

A Very Important Project. Do you ever use any of these excuses for not trying to make friends or for not joining a group?

"I'm just not interested."

"I haven't the time."

"I'm sorry, but I just can't—I'm too bashful."

"Our living room is too small for parties."

"My mother and father are shy too."

You do? That's a calamity. Because true or, more probably, not, such reason-excuses aren't—by themselves—strong enough to tie you up in knots of self-consciousness. There is something you can do for and about yourself.

You can:

Jump to positive conclusions. Often shy people—afraid to trust their own judgment—turn to others for reassurance. Q.: "Honestly, Peggy, how do you like my new dress?" A.: "It's pretty, but one with a full skirt would do more for you." Such criticism may sting—but in this case it was *asked* for. If you can't take it, keep some of those doubts to yourself. Remember that the honest critic is only expressing an opinion of a dress—not of you or your taste. Learn from such criticisms, then forget them. Instead, make a mental scrapbook of every nice thing that's ever been said about you. If this doesn't make you feel better, write them down and read them over before every crucial date!

Be a little bit independent. A girl with an air of independence usually seems sure of herself—a most engaging quality to any boy who is a little bit shy himself. (Nearly all of them!) Earning, saving and spending your own money is one form of independence. Another is to break any childish bonds of dependence on mom. Does she still have to nag you about getting your homework done? About cleaning your room? About the condition of your clothes? M'm-m-m—enough said? Finally, dare to go to a club meeting or a mixer dance alone occasionally. Why depend on a best friend—as a prop?

Play the part. It's been said that there's an actress in every woman. How much is there in you? Why not look the part of the trim, freshly scrubbed and vital teen-ager? (*Daily* good grooming is even more important than being "all dressed up" for a party. Just suppose you met the man of your dreams—unexpectedly—in the grocery store. How do you know you won't?) And why not act the role? Brush up on your etiquette; learn how to dance and to play one sport; practice telling little stories about school happenings to your family. Superficial poise? Maybe. But an awful lot of shyness is superficial too—especially at your age. Use as your script, still theatrically speaking, Sub-Deb Booklet No. 2583, How to Overcome Shyness, 10c from Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. It'll clue you to some minor magic which we've tried—with success.

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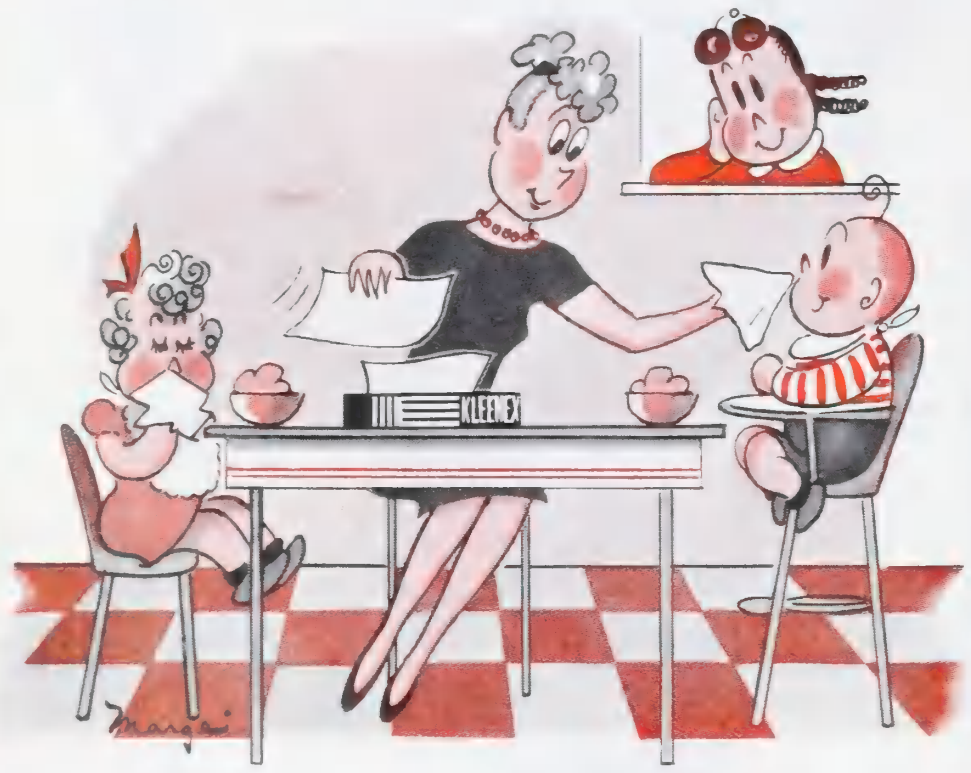
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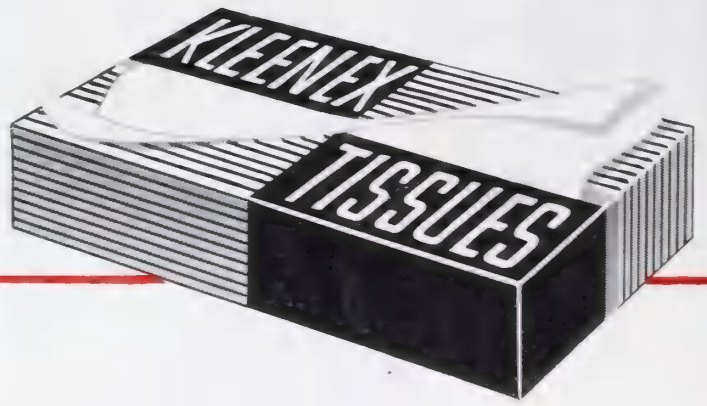
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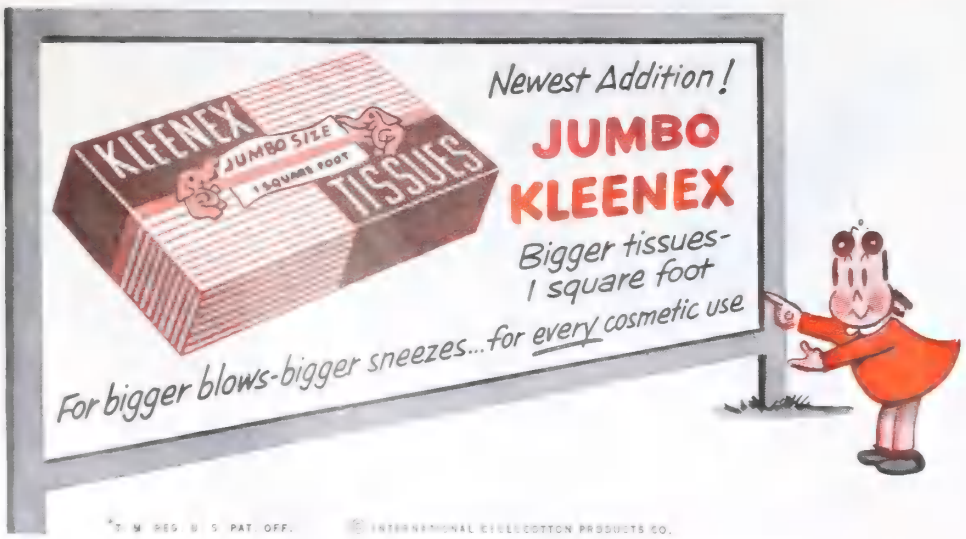


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MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In a continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers. The questions are all real but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

My friend insists that she knows a nan who had a baby after the change ife. Is this possible?"

SCARCELY need tell you that I am very ntened, Doctor," the patient added as she ched him setting down on the history l answers to questions he had asked.

I wouldn't be alarmed until we know that e is really something to worry over. Now," aid, "let's see if I have the facts correctly. forty-seven. Two children, twenty- e and twenty-one respectively. No abor- s. Usual diseases of childhood, but no sequent illnesses or operations. Menses at rteen. Regular menstrual periods, twenty- t-day cycle, four to five days. Moderate , no pain. Last menstruated June tenth, 3, as usual.

That is about eighteen months ago, and obably signified the onset of the meno- se. Tell me this: Have you had any nerv- or circulatory symptoms during the last and a half? Any hot flashes?"

No, Doctor."

You seem to have been unusually fortu- e. What is it that has really disturbed —I mean why did you come to see me?"

Because I'm so frightened, Doctor. You I know that I'm growing a tumor—I can it with my hands. I first noticed it two or e weeks ago, but then I thought it was ention due to faulty elimination. Now I see that it has increased in size and I w that I am getting a cancer."

I wouldn't be so sure of that." The doctor ok his head. "In fact, I have a presenti- t that you are wrong. There are many ors other than cancers—if indeed you e a tumor at all. And a cancer does not ally develop in the way you have de- bed. However, we shall soon find out— re, at least, than we know now. Will you se follow the nurse to the examining m?"

he examination was thoroughgoing and gthy but, as he worked, not once did the tor lower the barrier he had set against patient's continuing barrage of questions. I'll tell you all about it later," he assured "Nurse, will you bring the patient into office when she is ready?"

A little later, seated across the desk from worried woman, the doctor faced her di- ly. "I can assure you now that you do not e cancer."

"But there *is* a tumor of some sort?"

"My dear lady, the only reason for the symptoms which you have noticed is that you are pregnant."

"Doctor! You are ——"

"If you are on the point of calling me a fool, I will forgive you, for I know this news comes as a great surprise. But it is true just the same. There is no chance at all of doubt."

"But I just *can't* be pregnant, Doctor! I'm already past the change of life—you said so yourself. I told you I haven't menstruated for nearly two years."

"Nevertheless, you are pregnant."

"But how could that possibly be?"

"It isn't common, but it is entirely possible."

"I can't believe it. Why, I've never heard anything so fantastic!"

"I'll try to explain it to you. Tell me, do you understand the mechanics of the menstrual cycle?"

"I think so because I heard you when you explained it to my daughter. An ovum is produced at regular intervals, and along with it there are hormones which develop to stimulate the lining of the womb to grow and prepare for its reception. And if the fertilized ovum doesn't reach the womb the old lining is cast off and that makes the menstrual flow."

"Yes, that's right. I might add that when the change of life approaches there are certain retrograde changes in the womb's lining which cause the menstrual flow to diminish and eventually cease entirely. But it is entirely possible in certain cases for the ovulation to go on taking place even after the retrograde uterine changes have occurred. And in the very rare case such an ovum is capable of becoming fertilized, finding its way into the womb and going on to development. Of course it has to fight for its existence in a medium not properly prepared for its advent, but it is entirely possible that it can do so successfully."

"And such cases have happened?"

"Oh, yes indeed. Authentic so-called 'change-of-life babies' are reported occasionally."

"How long after menstruation stops can this occur? Two or three years?"

"It is certainly more likely to happen then. However, medical literature lists some very remarkable exceptions. One of the older authorities reports a woman who delivered a living child twelve years after the menopause. And another described the case of a woman who had five labors and one abortion after her fiftieth year."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

tor Safford's new book, The Intimate Problems of nen, containing several chapters which have not eared in the Journal, has been published by Haw- n Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

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First— **this satinizing base!**

Sheer, greaseless—it protects as it flatters!

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See how a filmy base of Pond's Vanishing Cream makes make-up *behave* . . . see the smooth, fine-textured look it gives your skin. Now your skin has a delightful, *young* freshness so lovely to see!



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

"And you're really positive that this is pregnancy and not a tumor?"

"I am as certain of it as I am that I am talking to you this minute."

"Aren't there tests that could make us absolutely sure?"

"I see no reason for putting you to the trouble and expense of such tests. I would be willing to go before a court of law and make a deposition under oath that you are at least five months pregnant."

There was a period of silence while the patient frowned and twisted a wisp of handkerchief nervously. Suddenly her mood seemed to change. "I owe you an apology, Doctor," she said with a show of embarrassment. "In all the years you've taken care of my family you have never misinformed us."

"And you may be sure I don't intend to start now."

"Of course not. I hope you can understand that this news is quite upsetting. At *my* time of life! Imagine how everyone will laugh!"

"I wouldn't worry about that if I were you. The probability is that your friends will be very happy for you and I imagine there will be many who will envy you."

"If I'd only had the slightest bit of warning it wouldn't be such a shock. So it is ovulation that governs pregnancy and not menstruation."

Nothing is impossible. We merely don't know yet how to do it.
—THOMAS A. EDISON

"That would seem to be the case, although you must not rule out menstruation completely as a factor."

"Of course, even if I had known about that, there would have been no means of knowing that I was still ovulating."

"On the contrary, it is quite possible. I might even have told you how to ascertain it for yourself. Did I ever explain to you about basal body temperatures?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, here's the way they work. The normal temperature of the human body is considered to be 98.6 degrees. But it has been proved that there are slight variations at different times during the monthly cycle of a healthy woman—lower during the first half of the cycle than later. Also, it has been shown that the transition from a lower to a higher level comes at about the time when ovulation occurs, which is just about midway between two menstrual periods. The variation is possibly about one half a degree, but owing to other causes there may be a further slight variation from day to day.

"It is necessary, therefore, to take the temperature with great accuracy and regularity each day, a rectal reading lasting a full five minutes by the clock immediately after waking—and before getting out of bed—in the morning. A definite rise occurring between two menstrual periods, particularly just after the lowest level of the month has been reached, is considered by many doctors to be evidence that ovulation has taken place."

"It doesn't sound difficult to do."

"No, it isn't. It only requires a little care and you could have tried it. I do not know that there are statistics on the accuracy of the method after the menopause when there is no menstrual period to complete the cycle, but I don't see why the reaction should not occur if there is ovulation."

"I wish you had told me about this sooner—although I suppose the only benefit would have been that it might have saved me this sudden surprise. It couldn't have made any real difference."

"I am glad to hear you say that. And I'm glad, too, to see that you are smiling."

"Yes. I was thinking about the expression on my little granddaughter's face when I tell her that her new uncle will put in his appearance in a few months."

"Better hedge on that. Maybe it's her new aunt whom you will be introducing." END



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Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York



SOL LIBSOHN

The circus ushers in spring at Madison Square Garden, but for real fans there's nothing like the canvas big top.

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN March, 1905, the Florodora girls, back from their triumphant tour across the U.S.A., were again tantalizing Broadway. George M. Cohan wrote Mary's a Grand Old Name. Battle flags captured from the Confederacy were finally returned to the South, the rancor and passions which had been stirred by the Civil War forty years earlier having sufficiently died down. Stage actor Maurice Barrymore, father of Ethel, John and Lionel, died.

"Resist any tendency you may feel to serve as valet to your husband," advises the March, 1905, JOURNAL, with a beautiful bride by Howard Chandler Christy on its cover. "Rather let him play the role of ladies' maid to *you*."

"A Man's Part in a Wedding: In some states, a marriage license is required. . . . After the ceremony, the kiss is deferred nowadays."

"I am eighteen. Is that too young to wear a black silk dress? Should I wait a few years?" asks an anxious reader. Answer: "Make it up at once, as by another year perhaps black silk will be entirely out of style."

"Are little white aprons still worn by children over dark woolen dresses?" Answer: "Yes. On afternoons and Sundays."

Kitchen hints: "When jelly-making time comes, a discarded bird-cage hook is excellent for suspending the bag in which the fruit juice is draining."

"The wandering ice pick will stray no more if tacked to the side of the refrigerator."

"For luncheon souvenirs, pen-wipers are always liked," remarks the Lady from Philadelphia.

Beauty: "This is the season when freckles are encouraged by the high spring winds. Protect your face with a chiffon veil."

"When planning a week's menus, consider that on washing and ironing days there will be a steady fire and select some dish that takes long slow cooking."

THIS is the month when the circus moves north from Sarasota, Florida, into Madison Square Garden, spelling spring to Manhattan, and bringing picturesque visitors in to say hello to *Henrietta Murdock* because of her wide acquaintance among the performers. It's the month in which our favorite photographer of the circus always comes in with a new crop of pictures: this time with the one above, taken right across the river, and more like the circus we remember than Madison Square Garden can ever be. Real connoisseurs of the circus, he claims, wait until it moves into Jersey, Long Island, Westchester, where they can see it under canvas. So when we saw *Ed Knoblaugh*, the new Ringling herald, we asked him who were some of these connoisseurs. "*Burt Lancaster* is likely to turn up most anywhere," he told us. "He used to be a horizontal-bar performer. *Harry James*, too, and *Red Skelton* and *Van Heflin*: they're always around. Two old-timers are *James A. Farley* and *Herbert Hoover*."

*According to **Richard Pratt**, whose regional series has been running in the* JOURNAL *since 1946, resulting already in two Treasuries of Early American Homes, well over 20,000,000 people this year will be visiting our heritage houses and other historic shrines. The season is now at its height in Natchez. Next month it will be Charleston.*

At least five JOURNAL editors besides ***Laura Date*** live on Philadelphia's famous colonial Clinton Street, and recently all in turn heard Laura's voice on the phone telling them to look out their windows quick. What they saw in the twilight—or *thought* they saw—was a troop of cavalry, all in full Revolutionary regalia, lined up in front of one of the fine old houses down the street. After a smart salute with drawn swords the horsemen dismounted, filed into the house, leaving a costumed orderly in charge, who assured the girls they weren't seeing ghosts. It's been an annual affair, he said, since long before the First City Troop served as Washington's guard of honor. They come each year to salute their colonel. It just happens he lives on Clinton Street too.

Girl Scout camp counselors are needed this summer . . . ask your local Girl Scout office for information.

Editors here in the Workshop have food problems, just like readers; and like a lot of JOURNAL readers, they take them right to ***Louella Shouer***. Some are luckier than others. As when ***Peter Briggs***, a bachelor, went in to Louella to ask what she'd suggest for him to prepare at his apartment for dinner that evening, with three special guests arriving at seven-thirty. "Well, we've just this minute finished photographing the March food picture," Louella told him. "How would you like to take the whole thing home with you?"

*It's a problem what to do about your pets or your plants if you live alone in a New York apartment and have to go away on a trip. Or at least it was with her, photographer **Halley Erskine** told us, until she heard about **Dorothy Wilde Browne**. Now Halley's pair of Siamese cats don't have to be left any more at the kennels—Mrs. Browne stops in twice a day to take care of them when she's away. She also waters Halley's African violets. She's been doing this plant and pet sitting for less than a year, but already she's got fifty people helping her, and women from as far away as Portland, Maine, and Spokane, Washington, have been inspired by her to start up in business. And they're doing fine.*

One fourth of all bicycle accidents involve improperly cared-for bicycles. In a recent inspection, only 17 per cent of the bicycles passed the safety test: 1 in 8 had bad brakes, 4 in 7 lacked horns or bells, 1 in 6 had loose handle bars, 1 in 4 had a loose chain.

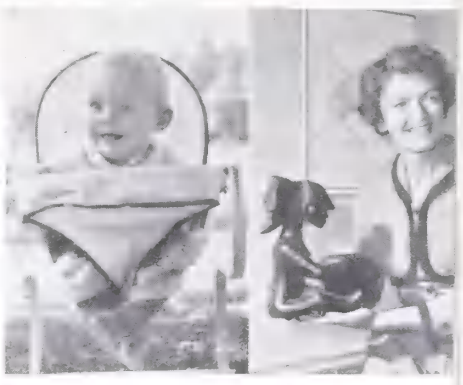
We thought nothing of it when we saw ***Mary Lea Page*** looking at a piece of African sculpture that ***Barbara Benson*** had just bought from the University of Pennsylvania Museum—a begging bowl that is placed hopefully on the threshold of expectant mothers in the Belgian Congo. But when the next day she brought us a picture of her first grandchild, with an itemized account of the birthing expenses—prenatal, hospital and postnatal care coming to $5.25—we saw there was no connection between the bowl and the eight-pound-seven-ounce baby. It was just that the father's in the Navy, stationed at Newport. "And I know what you're going to say," said Grandmother Page, looking younger than ever: "she cost less per pound than a good steak."

When *Hugh Kahler* got back from the coast with the *Ethel Barrymore* manuscript, he discovered on his desk an advance notice of the big Ethel Barrymore exhibition at the Museum of the City of New York, which by pure coincidence opened on the day the Memories opened in the magazine. *May Davenport Seymour*, curator of the Theater and Music Collection there, took Hugh behind the scenes to show him the gown Miss Barrymore had worn in Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. Talk about memories! "When I was a freshman at Princeton," Hugh told Mrs. Seymour, "I walked half the way to Trenton to see Miss Barrymore in Captain Jinks, and I've never forgotten either the play or that dress."

FRANK LERNER



Hugh Kahler at the Ethel Barrymore exhibition, before Ivanowski's painting of Miss B



Mary Lea Page (right) and her granddaughter: "cheaper per pound than good steak."



ROBERT CAPA



Fifteenth-century royal palace, Soestdijk, is "not really a palace; it's a family's home."

ybody looks up to the queen to do the thing always, just as a child looks her mother." Trix, the Netherlands' e queen, chewed a caramel thought- "That's a frightful responsibility."

Born to be Queen

"Our child will not be raised in tissue paper," Juliana said of first baby, heir to Dutch throne. "She is to be called Trix, even by the servants. We do not want her even to hear the word princess."

IN SIX PARTS; PART I — By BETTY HOFFMAN and A.N.P.* (Netherlands News Agency)

ONCE more Jonkheer Feith opened the square envelope and unfolded the thick white note sheet inside with its engraved crown in the upper left-hand corner. Everyone in his household had read the letter not once but many times; he himself knew every word by heart. Yet he scrutinized it again as if its few crisp typewritten sentences must offer some clue to royal motives behind its astounding proposal.

"It must be your hospital experience," he remarked with finality, slipping his damask dinner napkin through a heavy silver ring. "Princess Juliana's physicians must have recommended you because of that."

He glanced up at the pretty blond girl in the white nurse's uniform sitting at the dining table. She looked cheerful and composed, but her cheeks were paler than usual. Her father noticed that the food on her plate had hardly been touched.

"What I cannot understand is why Princess Juliana would entrust the new princess to someone as young as you!" he burst out, not for the first time.

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'ZANDVOORT



Only two royal children in sixty years had been born to the House of Orange until Juliana's daughters.

His daughter Sophia threw him a dazzling white smile that crinkled the corners of her warm hazel eyes. "Most of my friends have children of their own," she reminded her parent. "After all, I'm twenty-six. But no doubt Princess Juliana has already changed her mind about me and hired some white-haired nanny from a royal household. Now, I must go. I'm due at the palace at eight-thirty."

Half an hour later, wrapped in a thick mackintosh to keep out the raw March wind and with a silk scarf tied over her blond head, Sophia Feith left her parents' big brick house and plodded through the black spongy earth to the shed at the end of the garden. From a stack of family bicycles she picked her own, adjusted the headlight dynamo against the front wheel and swung herself up on the high English saddle.

A drizzle of rain was falling as she turned in the direction of Soestdijk Palace, about five miles from her home in Hilversum in the central part of Holland. Few cars were abroad, but the brick-paved bicycle path which skirted both sides of the highway was astir with motorcycles and bikes even at this late hour of the

*This series was written by Mrs. Hoffman, working in collaboration with A.N.P. (Netherlands News Agency) and with full co-operation from Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard. Mrs. Hoffman, a former JOURNAL editor, spent months in Holland (where she had free access to the palace), and in Belgium and Canada.

ANPFOTO

The golden sleigh was like something from fairyland, but young Juliana "didn't look as if she was having much fun."

Born to be Queen

evening. Once outside the limits of the town, the highway entered royal preserve, a dense forest of thickets and sand dunes, scrub pines and ancient oaks which extended for miles. It was known as Soestdijk Park, a favorite recreation spot on Sundays and holidays for picnicking families and strolling lovers and small boys wrestling. Here Sophia Feith had often gone with her friends to gather mushrooms. And it was here that she had first seen Juliana. She had been about six at the time and the Dutch crown princess in her ninth year.

That unforgettable episode had occurred on a dazzling blue winter's day when a radiant blanket of snow lay over the fields and frozen canals. She had gone with her father and mother for a Sunday hike. Suddenly they heard the jingling of bells and around a bend in the bridle path burst a sleigh drawn by two spirited chestnuts. As it drew near, Sophia could see that the sleigh's prow was a huge serpent's head. The sun struck gold from its extended fangs and blinding rays of silver from the bell-decked harness. Seated in the back, wrapped in billowing white fur rugs, sat two women in immense hats, and a small girl. Behind them stood a coachman wearing a high polished silk hat and gray frock coat holding the horses' reins, while a footman kept a precarious balance on a single sled runner.

The two elder Feiths came to a halt and bowed as the sleigh swept past. Sophia followed their example, but straightened hurriedly as the sled splashed wet snow into her face. One of the women in the sleigh smiled at her. The other, a stout woman with a ruler-straight spine, shot her a glance both compelling and austere; then she, too, smiled. The little girl gave Sophia a quick, shy glance and then shrank back against the

ANPFOTO



Juliana's name was linked with most of the royal bachelors of Europe before she met Prince Bernhard (above) at a skiing resort.

"My granny is a queen,"
little Princess Beatrix told a classmate,
who replied, "My grandfather has a bakery.
I get cakes every day."
Said Trix, "You win."

severe-looking woman, raising a white muff to her face.

Sophia felt as though her eyes were popping from her head like tulip bulbs. She stood rooted to the spot, watching the glittering troupe sway out of sight around a bend in the path. Then both her father and mother began to talk excitedly.

"That was our queen!" her father announced, his voice bursting with pride and with something else which profoundly puzzled his daughter at the time, a kind of possessiveness and familiarity, almost as though he were speaking of a member of the family.

Sophia did not have to ask which woman was her monarch. Even dressed in rags and in a crowd of a hundred thousand people, she felt, the adamantine Queen of the Netherlands would be instantly recognizable. But it was the little princess who interested her the most, the grave-looking child in black velvet racing over the snow in a golden sleigh.

I must say, Sophia thought to herself, *she didn't look as though she was having much fun!*

Often, in later years, her feeling of awe toward the royal family was punctuated with fleeting moments of sympathy for the Dutch crown princess, brotherless and sisterless, whose closest playmates seemed to be dolls. Did Juliana ever escape the scraping footmen, the aides and couriers and ladies in waiting, the bowing silk-hatted burgomasters and saluting coachmen? Was she ever allowed to wear old clothes and get them good and muddy and cadge cookies from the palace kitchens and climb trees?

Sometimes the crown princess was allowed to go skating on the frozen canals in a black coat and black stockings, supported on each side by ladies in waiting in great floppy hats. Queen Wilhelmina was determined her only child should not be spoiled. She instructed the ladies not to pick up the princess if she tumbled and under no circumstances to help Juliana tie on her skates!

I would not take her place for a hundred thousand florins, vowed the young Sophia, flying over the ice like a sea gull in her homespun coat and stocking cap.

Continued on Page 133

ANPFOTO



In spite of royal responsibilities, Queen Juliana watches for sales of soap and towels, takes active part in running her home. Juliana and Bernhard in their library at Soestdijk.

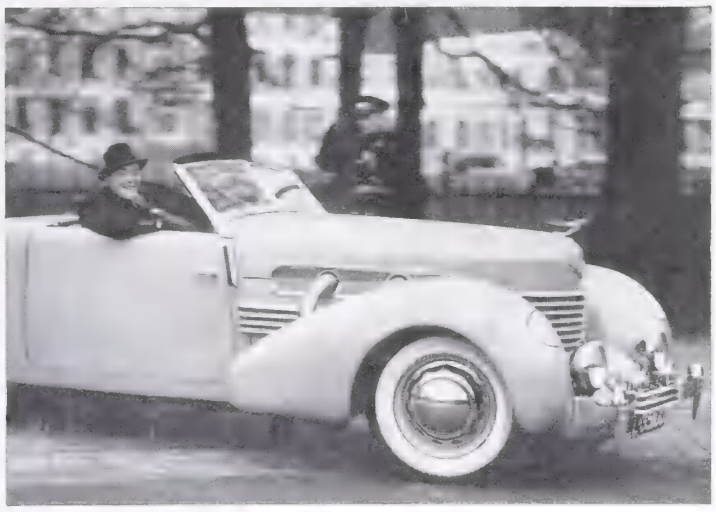
Announcing to crowd at palace gate her daughter's approaching marriage, Queen Wilhelmina smilingly raised her arm and led three loud cheers for the young couple. They were married in Jan., 1937, honeymooned in Poland.

ROBERT CAPA



ch people, dubious about Bernhard of his German ancestry, were d by his pledge, "All my life rive to help Juliana of Orange."

ANPFOTO



Skilled racing driver, Bernhard has survived crashes of planes and cars, has "more lives than a cat," according to Juliana. Car was engagement gift of Wilhelmina.

ANPFOTO





"Oh, my darling,"
she thought.
"Don't you see?
She doesn't
love you!"

Midnight of a Bridesmaid

By VIÑA DELMAR

It was evil, and men are stupid.
Otherwise they'd see
that the girl in
the plunging neckline
is simply shopping for
a washing machine.

THE pale pink gown, the delicate, blossomlike hat she had worn lay on the floor where she had thrown them. They looked to her rather like rich confections melting repulsively upon the carpet.

I must pick them up, she thought. But she did not move from the chair in which she had been sitting for hours. It was getting late. She considered the matter of sleep. Could she sleep? Or would she simply lie in the darkness going over it all again? Would she lie there remembering that once—before he had known Barbi—there had been a chance for her? What was the use of remembering? He was Barbi's now. She glanced at the clock. For many hours he had been Barbi's.

And I was a bridesmaid at his wedding. I guess that's funny. Maybe I'll laugh like mad—say in a hundred years or so.

She stared at the pink puddle of lace and chiffon and remembered that she had kept her chin high and her smile bright throughout the ceremony and reception. She had earned the right to cry now if she wished. There was no one watching her. No one to pity her or to bother her with foolish reasons why she should not cry.

If I could only hate him ——

But how could you hate a man who had promised nothing, who had been all laughter and good nature and who was not responsible for the dreams you had spun? What was a kiss, a sweet word, a thoughtful present? He had never said, "I love you." There had been nothing except her wild hopes, her foolish plans. She thought of his smile, the touch of his hand, and she thought of the time they had danced on an empty beach like pagans in the starlight and it had been the happiest night of her life. The warm wind, the crashing sea and his arms around her had cast a spell that had made her so sure, so —— But why think of that now? It was gone, finished. *Forget it. Think of the present. The now. All right. The present.* At this very moment Barbi was in his arms and so the present was no good to think about either. It was more painful than the past.

She sighed and got to her feet. She picked up the hat and the gown and stuffed them away in the closet. What did you do with things like that? Especially the hat? The dress you could have dyed. What color? Green, of course. Wouldn't that be the most appropriate? Green for envy—envy of Barbi who was in his arms tonight and would be there every night forever and ever.

As she closed the closet its mirrored door caught her in its flashing gaze. She looked carefully at the girl in the white satin dressing gown. A tall girl with shining black hair and a pair of lovely red eyes. *I could bathe my eyes. Yes, but what does it matter? Who's going to see them? And besides, I'm not through crying. Maybe I'll never be through.*

Oh, my darling, she won't love you as I do. She's still the same girl you used to call Scatterbrain back in high-school days. I love you so. I love you so.

And you couldn't stand in the dressing room crying out your heart forever. If there was only something that had to be done.

I'm good at facing up to whatever has to be done. I could stop crying. I could be strong if there was something I had to do.

She glanced around the small apartment. It didn't need dusting. And how would dusting relieve heartbreak? It wouldn't help her to forget the things that were torment to remember. Perhaps nothing would help her forget.

Well, if you can't forget, then remember. Talk about it. Fine. To whom? To whom can I say that I am in love with Barbi's husband? You could say it to him. To him? Of course. Maybe if you said it all very openly, very clearly, you would feel better. That's a silly idea. But you can't sleep, can you? What can you lose by trying a silly idea? Go ahead. Well, all right. Maybe.

She went to her desk and opened a drawer. There were a pad and a pen. For a time she eyed them suspiciously. Was this the first step toward being a little eccentric, a little nuts? She felt self-conscious and CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

Ethel Barrymore

MEMORIES

She went from the convent to the stage. . . .
"Nobody ever told me anything about acting.
I was expected to know."



CULVER SERVICE

"Father always stayed in terrible hotels.
They were the only ones that would take his menagerie—
a mongoose, a raccoon, some monkeys and birds."

BARRYMORE COLLECTIO



"That year in New York I lived in an apartment—the first place I had ever been able to call my own. I had a lot of book and a considerable collection of music."

Maurice and Georgie Barrymore's busy lives in the theater left little time for their children, so Ethel, Lionel and John lived with their Grandmother Drew in Philadelphia. "Mummum" managed her Arch Street Theatre and her grandchildren with the same firm hand—in presence of grownups they were never allowed "to utter." But they were a healthy, mischievous set and, as Miss Barrymore remembers, they "uttered" almost constantly. High moments came when mamma and papa returned from stage tours, and a magic time when they took Ethel and Lionel on tour with Madame Modjeska. Ethel went to school at a convent in Philadelphia, where she studied piano and planned to be a concert pianist. Suddenly one day she was taken from the convent and sent off to California with her mother, who was ill and hoped to regain her strength there. But her mother died. Ethel ordered a black dress and put her hair up; she did not weep until she had completed all the arrangements to accompany her mother's body on the long journey back to Philadelphia. She was thirteen years old.

II I WENT back to the convent in September. The two important things I remember about that year were, first, that I discovered Jack had not been baptized a Catholic when Lionel and I were. I found a boy at Sister Vincent's school who looked quite old. He was, I think, twelve, and his name was Sam McGargle. He assented after much agonized pressure to be Jack's godfather and I was his godmother. The ceremony was at St. Patrick's near the convent and must have presented a fantastic picture.

The other important thing was when the superior sent for me and gave me a cutting from a newspaper. My father was married again, and she had not wanted me to hear of it from one of the day scholars. I do not want to dwell too much on this, but it was years, really years, before I could take it in stride.

There were beginning to be quite a lot of things to be taken in stride. In June I was sent for CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

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CULVER SERVICE

...nt comedy is the most tiring of all to play, ...t difficult to keep up. You have ...e natural—much harder than doing ...ional parts." Above in "Cousin Kate."

BARRYMORE COLLECTION



"I was spending the weekend with Uncle Jack at East Hampton when I met Russell Colt . . . I don't remember that I even tried to escape."

DORIS RICH STUART COLLECTION



At parties in London she met Winston Churchill, Dame May Whitty, James Barrie, the Duchess of Sutherland. . . . "As I look back on it now, they were wonderful to me—so wonderful that I didn't realize at the time my good fortune in being allowed to know them so well."



CULVER SERVICE

"I didn't have a tiara, so I put oak leaves in my hair and everybody in London called me Daphne. I loved it, and Gerald du Maurier (right) named his daughter after me."



FROM THE CHESTER DALE COLLECTION

MLLE. MALO

EDGAR DEGAS (1834–1917)

DEGAS used to say that in all art, "from Italy to Spain, from Greece to Japan, there is not very much difference in technique; everywhere it is a question of summing up life in its essential gestures." But to discover the essential gesture, to hold the fleeting immediacy of the subject and find its expressive aspect, requires visual memory of a high order and perfect conjuncture between eye and hand. This Degas achieved by rigid, almost inhuman, self-discipline. He copied and recopied in the museums of Italy and France. He told Vollard that only after an artist had "given CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

The Child Nobody Cares About

In our great country there are thousands of small children who are almost always frightened or lonely, and frequently hurt.

So accustomed are we to the thought that little children need loving care that we tend to think of all American babies nowadays as secure and clean in their cradles, fed when they are hungry, picked up and fondled now and then, played with and laughed at, proudly taught to walk, caressed and comforted when they are hurt or lonely or frightened.

So well do we know that these are the needs of infancy, like milk and sunshine (if infants are to grow into contributing members of the society which nursed them), that we cannot bear to think that there are, in our great country, small children who are almost always frightened or lonely, and frequently hurt. From such children we turn our faces away because of the tenderness of our hearts.

We read in Dickens of children chimney sweeps many of whom died at eleven or twelve, of children taught to steal. We hear in other societies, comfortably far away, of children maimed to become more successful beggars. We refuse to consider the fact that in our own society some children are treated with equal cruelty.

In our country last year it is estimated that more than 100,000 fathers deserted their families. There were 410,000 divorces. Drunkenness and mental illness increased. Who cares for the children when such homes break up? Are our institutions adequate to give them kindly shelter? Read in the next pages of children sent back to abusive homes because there is no other place for them; of innocent small children confined in cages in jails because of lack of suitable institutions; of children who in one year pass through ten or twenty foster homes, growing more ill adjusted, more resentful with each change.

In a simpler society with stronger village or community ties children from homes broken by illness, disaster or abandonment were sheltered by a loving grandma, or aunt, or kindly neighbor. But in our increasingly urban migratory society, many of the moral and religious standards shattered by wars, such children become wards of an impersonal "society." Society has not made an adequate place for them.

Our nation is shocked nowadays at its delinquency rate. But as one studies the problem of our troubled youth, as one looks at the pitiful, shabby, sordid and cruel stories of children who flare into tragedy and crime, one finds that many of them are the children who were abandoned by our society. They are cruel—we taught them cruelty sometimes in the cradle. They hate society and their hatred flares into killing, beating, wanton destruction. These are often the children who went from one unloving, uncaring, unsuitable detention home to another, where lack of love and care taught them not to love and not to care. Such children never learn faith, consideration, kindness or decency because they never in all their pitiful unwanted lives really experience consideration and kindness.

We often speak of the influence of the home, but fail to acknowledge that many of these children have, in a sense, no home at all, but come from unfit or broken homes. When they mature they tend to establish similar homes, knowing no other kind, and to produce in turn more neglected or abandoned children. Often potentially good homes are broken by illness or death. For lack of adequate, prompt and kindly intervention, children who could be salvaged join the army of derelict young.

Read backward the stories of delinquent youth. Observe how frequently they become the record of a delinquent society.

Better care for *all* young children who need society's help is the only answer to cases like these. It would cost less to salvage these children than to pay, later, for their delinquency or crime. Better care means far better care. It means more assistance to the potentially good home that has been broken by ill health, death or mental breakdown—medical, counseling, nursing as well as financial aid. It means better emergency care for children who are temporarily the wards of society. It means that we must provide dependent children with a decent substitute for the home when the parental home cannot be reinforced by outside counsel or assistance. If any child is to become a good citizen, he must be properly guided in the early years, before it is too late. This is not to say that all present institutions are bad—many are excellent, but of these there are not enough. And many children who are wards of the state grow up splendidly. But thousands every year are damaged beyond repair in childhood.

Juvenile delinquency doesn't just happen. There are reasons behind every delinquent act. Too often our troubled children are the children nobody has ever cared about—enough.

Beatrice Blackmar Gould



BRUCE GOULD

"So many so-called 'homes' aren't homes at all, they are broken by drink, broken by illness, by desertions. How can we expect such homes to have standards?"

MARGARET HICKEY

"Even the potentially bad home can render a service if it is propped up and saved. The community has a responsibility to do that before the child gets into serious trouble."

ROBERT TABER

"To force a child back by the iron fist will accomplish nothing. A child has to be helped to find himself."

MARY BASS

"Among a large number of women working at jobs, no provisions are made to provide for the children while the mothers are at work."

HELEN CHAPMAN

"Women can do anything they want to do if they want to badly."

GEORGE SMYTH

"We will never control delinquency and crime until we abolish the terrible conditions we expose children to in our cities."

Children in

PARTICIPANTS IN THE FOURTH JOURNAL FORUM

MRS. THEODORE S. CHAPMAN, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is a trustee of Monticello and Blackburn colleges. A former schoolteacher, she now owns and directs the operation of a 270-acre farm near Jerseyville, Illinois.

MR. RICHARD CLENDENEN, executive director of the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency, worked in a state school for boys in Indiana, was a probation officer in Cleveland, and directed a treatment center for disturbed children in Milwaukee. For five years he was with the U. S. Children's Bureau. He has spent 14 years working with youth and their problems.

MRS. AGNES E. MEYER, noted lecturer and writer on community problems and defense of civil liberties, is the author of a sociological autobiography called Out of These Roots (Little, Brown and Co., 1953),urging men and women into public service.

THE HON. GEORGE W. SMYTH, judge of the Children's Court for Westchester County, New York, is president and chairman of the board of the National Probation and Parole Association. He is a civic and church leader in White Plains and he has served on the bench in the state of New York for 25 years.

MR. ROBERT C. TABER, director, Division of Pupil Personnel and Counseling for the School District of Philadelphia, is a member of the Governor's Committee on Children and Youth (Pennsylvania) and on the board of trustees of the National Child Labor Committee. He has worked in public schools for 12 years.

MRS. BETTY WOODWARD is director of the Presbyterian Child Placement Agency in Dallas, Texas. She was employed by the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service in New York as a case worker and by the Texas State Division of Child Welfare as consultant on adoptions and foster care.

BRUCE GOULD, BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD, MARY BASS, MARGARET HICKEY, moderator, and G. M. WHITE, writer, of the JOURNAL editorial staff.

MR. GOULD: We are here today to consider some of the causes of juvenile delinquency—and what can be done to correct them. That is our whole purpose in having this panel dicussion. The JOURNAL is devoted not to "viewing with alarm" but to suggesting what can be done. So often when people think of juvenile delinquency, they think of something that flares up suddenly when children are twelve or thirteen years old. Today we hope to direct our spotlight on the causes in the early years of a child's life.

In so much of our thinking we speak as though these children who get into trouble came from homes where the parents would listen to reason if someone would speak to them, but actually so many of these "homes" can only be put in quotation marks. They are not real homes. They are broken homes, broken by drink, by illness, by desertion.

Now, Mrs. Meyer, you have done a great deal of work in this field ——

MRS. MEYER: To be sure, the influence of the home upon the very young child is the prime source of moral training. By the time the schools get the child much of its character is fixed for good or ill. But the home is affected by the environment of which it is a part. People today suffer from what I can only describe as civilian battle fatigue. Delinquency and crime among the young are rampant today because the moral standards of adults have been broken down. There is, in fact, no unanimity among us as to what constitutes morality, integrity or honor.

Time to Stop Pretending

JUDGE SMYTH: The early years of a child's life are the most important. If the child lacks the habit training and the parental discipline—gentle, kindly, consistent discipline—the love of his parents and of his parents for each other—if a child misses out on those things during the early years, I think the most promising time in his life has been lost.

MRS. MEYER: When I go about the country, as I have been doing constantly in the last ten years, and see what is happening to our children, I feel as if a great fire is raging in our social foundations which threatens the whole structure. It is high time, I think, that we stopped pretending that it doesn't exist, or hoping that if we pay no attention it will burn itself out.

Life has become meaningless to many youngsters because it offers them few visible avenues for genuine satisfaction, and if they get into the hands of the law, God help them. First offenders, or even inno-



DI PIETRO

AGNES MEYER

"Cruelty to children has
ly become more widespread but
ss noticed in this period of
neral unrest."

GLENN WHITE

"Helping people help themselves is working religion."

BETTY WOODWARD

"All children separated from their parents are troubled children; they are problems."

RICHARD CLENDENEN

"Any first-grade teacher can point out youngsters she knows may be headed toward trouble. So often there is no agency to which she can turn."

BEATRICE GOULD

"Society must evolve some safety valve for the very hard-pressed young mother who has no one to help her."

Trouble

t little children who are dependents, t around in overcrowded receiving nes with young gangsters or criminals l the Juvenile Court can get around to r cases. Mild offenders are sent to train- schools so lacking in staff and space they learn more and greater evils. Or judge, knowing that the training school ns further degradation, sends them k to school on probation. There they ome heroes, bully the other children, disrupt the discipline of the classroom. he teacher complains to the probation cer, he shouts, "What is the matter n you? Haven't you got a heart? This d needs to lead a normal life." The re- is that neither the teacher nor the forty sixty other youngsters in the over- wded classroom lead a normal life.

Miss Hickey: Mr. Clendenen, why is enile delinquency such an extra-big blem today? Is it the seriousness of it, amount of it, or what?

Mr. Clendenen: Actually, the number of children who become involved in difficulties with the police constitute somewhat less than five per cent of the youth population of this country between the ages of ten and seventeen, which is the usual age jurisdiction of the juvenile courts. On the other hand, although this is a small proportion, it is a large number of the nation's youth and appears to be steadily increasing. The number of children in trouble has increased roughly about forty-two per cent in the last five years. Another factor that is disturbing to me are reports from various parts of the United States that a somewhat larger number of boys and girls are becoming involved in the more-serious types of offenses.

Miss Hickey: Do we know enough to do anything about it?

Mr. Clendenen: I think that we certainly do have the knowledge. It seems to me that there are two very common errors made in approaching the problem of children in trouble. One of these is to assume there is some kind of simple panacea that we can apply—for example, the panacea of punishing parents—that will cure it all. The other common error is the feeling that the problem is somehow so complex as to baffle all efforts to come to grips with it. Actually we do know enough to do something about it if we only have the will to apply what we know and dedicate more of our resources to the job.

When is a Home "Suitable"?

Mrs. Gould: Is there more that could be done to help the home which breaks down because of illness of the mother or temporary absence of the father? What concrete things could be done to help salvage homes which now break down?

Mr. Clendenen: I think there are many things that we can do. For example, few communities in the United States have proper mental-health resources or the services of the right kind of social agencies to get into that home at the early signs of breakdown and give assistance.

Judge Smyth: When those early signs of breakdown are observed, where do you think is the point of contact or entrance into the family?

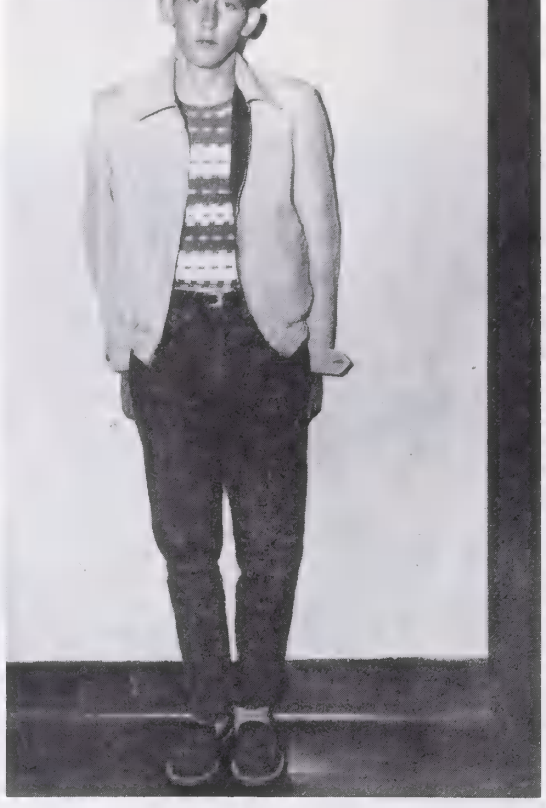
Mr. Clendenen: I think, for example, judge—and this would certainly be borne out in the investigations of the Senate subcommittee—that in all communities we really have no agency that is doing protective work. In other words, we have no agency to which the schools, the church or police can turn and say, "I think this is a family in difficulty."

Mrs. Meyer: Even in communities that have a great array of agencies, there isn't enough co-ordination between those agencies to do an effective job. There has to be some clearinghouse. A hub where all these agencies are represented and where the family can go for particular kinds of help.

Mrs. Woodward: I work with many communities that have practically no social agencies. We have rural areas with practically no agencies at all, but we have two agencies that can get at the point where early symptoms are beginning. One is the school, and the other is the public-welfare worker who works with the family that already has faced some sort of breakdown or it wouldn't be on the agency roll. But we aren't getting to the children in such families even when we know that there are problems. At my agency in Dallas we had a twelve-year-old girl referred to us a couple

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

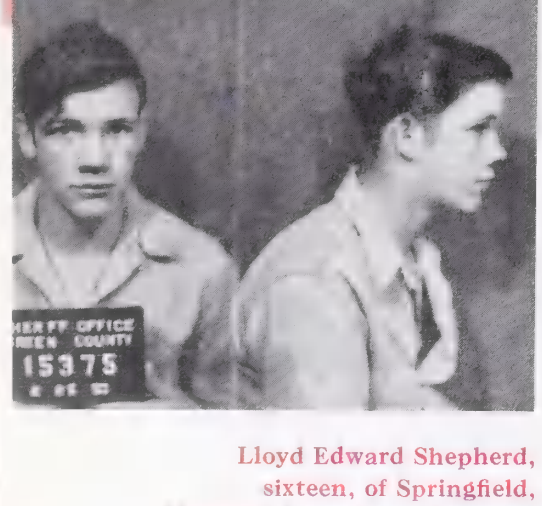
Babies in institutions, innocent boys locked in jails, fourteen-year-old
rls selling themselves to hitchhike across country . . . Their crime?
They have no home and nobody cares what happens to them.



Billy Eugene Manley, of Oklahoma City, shot and killed Trooper Johnny Whittle, who was taking him to headquarters for questioning. He was convicted of first-degree manslaughter and sentenced to sixty-five years in the Oklahoma State Prison at McAlester.

Who Are the Killers?

Usually outcasts from society at a very early age, they become outlaws when they are big enough to steal. Rejected, hunted, desperate, they strike anyone in their path.



Lloyd Edward Shepherd, sixteen, of Springfield, Missouri, has a juvenile record starting at the age of ten, including theft, shoplifting, burglary and car theft.

"I'VE been stopped cold by artillery, nearly nicked by sniper fire, strafed by aircraft and pinned down by mortar fire. But I've never been as scared as I was when that drunken little punk held that twenty-two pistol on me. His eyes bugged out. His jaw sagged. His tongue was thick when he talked. The gun wobbled in his hand. I was scared. I knew that kid with the gun was capable of killing me."

This was Wilton L. Greer, owner of a liquor store in Houston, Texas, describing how it felt to be held up by a fourteen-year-old boy. Though hardly more than a child, "that punk" was a strapping six-footer. His accomplice was a sixteen-year-old youth. The police quickly caught both of them by tracing the license number of the automobile they were driving. It belonged to the older boy's father.

Serious crimes committed by the very young are reported with appalling regularity in every city and town in the nation. Police officials in many cities repeatedly have called public attention to the increase in the number of crimes of violence—armed robbery, assault, rape and murder—committed by teen-age youngsters. Who are these kids with guns who are "capable of killing" and often do kill?

To show the range and seriousness of crimes committed by youth and in an effort toward understanding of the problems involved, members of the JOURNAL staff, with the help of the Special News Service of the United Press Association, compiled records of the most serious offenses across the nation in the past three years. The number proved to be too great to summarize individually, even when limited to non-psychotic youth under eighteen and those that occurred in a single year, 1954. A selected cross section of such cases, therefore, is presented here with the background of each youth given in bare reporter's outline with no attempt to draw final conclusions.

The overgrown fourteen-year-old who terrified a combat veteran of two wars in Houston, Texas, is now free on probation even though his victim in the holdup was sure at the time the boy was capable of murder. His young accomplice is also free, in the custody of his parents.

The father of the boy with the gun died when he was three. His mother, a part-time housemaid, has shown little concern in the past over George's whereabouts, his behavior or his friends. He has an older brother and sister, both working to support the family, who pay no attention to him. He has a police record of minor offenses to which was added the theft of the gun used in the holdup. He had stolen it a few days before from a sporting-goods store when the proprietor had his back turned.

"I didn't steal it for any special reason," he said. "I just thought it was a good idea at the time, like the holdup. I'd had a few drinks, I guess."

The boy who got the holdup car has both a father and a mother, but his father has been a periodic hospital patient with tuberculosis and too much out of touch with his son to maintain normal parental control. The boy quit school after the tenth grade. His mother explains that "he just got tired of it and I couldn't make him continue." He got a job as an office boy.

His mother said, "We gave him a good Christian upbringing. Maybe we were too good to him. You see, he's been desperately ill twice in his life. We've been afraid of losing him so maybe we gave in to him too much. We're not doing that with our two younger children. His father took him to the police station several times to talk to police officers, but after the police scandals here he wouldn't go any more. He said, 'See, they're not perfect, either.'" (There was a grand-jury probe in Houston of alleged police mishandling of narcotics cases, and taking bribes.)

Both mothers implored the police and Probation Judge J. W. Mills to give the boys another chance. The fourteen-year-old promised to return to junior high school and go to church regularly. Probation officers acceded to the wishes of the parents, and on their recommendation Judge Mills placed both boys on probation. He believes they are going to "straighten out."

But Greer, the man who faced the gun, is not so sure. "I hope it straightens them out," he said. "But it looks to me like they just slapped their wrists and told them to go home and be good."

Leniency does not always produce good results. One hot August day last summer in Memphis, Tennessee, a girl who will be nameless here (although newspapers published her name) was shot in the abdomen with a .22-caliber rifle. She accused James Edward Shaffer, sixteen, and Benny Pruitt, fifteen, of the shooting. She said Shaffer, whom she had met the night before, took her to his home to meet his family. His parents were not there, but Benny Pruitt was.

"We sat around for a while and then they started getting smart with me," the girl said. "Jimmy told me to start stripping or they'd shoot me." She tried to run out the back door, but Pruitt stopped her. Then she ran back down the hall to the bathroom and shut herself in. According to her story, the boys forced the door open. As she stepped out, Pruitt said, "Get her, Jimmy." Then, the girl said, "He shot me!"

SHE screamed, but the radio was on loud and nobody heard. She went into the living room and collapsed in a chair. She said that Shaffer came over and hit her twice with the gun. The boys ran out the back door. Screaming, she staggered out the front door and neighbors took her to the hospital.

When arrested, Shaffer told police that he just "meant to scare her" and didn't know that the safety on the rifle was off. The girl was seriously wounded, but recovered.

Shaffer has been sentenced to ten years in the state training school. Pruitt was ordered to a psychiatric hospital for observation and treatment, and will be tried later.

Juvenile Court records show that Shaffer and Pruitt were arrested in October, 1952, for stealing an auto. Juvenile Court Judge Elizabeth McCain released them to the custody of their parents. Three months later, Shaffer was arrested for housebreaking, larceny and stealing another auto. He was committed to the State Training and Industrial School at Nashville, but the commitment was suspended because he was ill and under the care of a doctor. He

as released to his mother. In April, 1953, haffer and Pruitt were arrested again—uto theft, housebreaking, burglary. They ere committed to the training school for n "indefinite period," but Pruitt's com-itment was suspended and he was re-ased to his parents.

In November, he was taken into custody gain after a girl complained he had tried o snatch her purse, but he was probated o his parents once more. In February of 954, he was picked up for truancy and unning away from home and sent to the raining school. Memphis teachers and thers pleaded for him and he was allowed o return home in July.

Shaffer was let out of the Nashville chool in December, 1953, but in Febru-ry, 1954, he was again before the Juvenile Court, accused of stealing a motor scooter. He was again committed to the training chool for two years, but this was later uspended when his grandfather in Illinois romised to take him under his wing. He eturned to Memphis about three weeks efore the attack on the girl.

SHAFFER'S father is a stockyard worker and his mother works in a bakery. Judge McCain said the family had been broken up for many months, but just before the shooting the parents had reconciled and authorities hoped it would have a stabiliz-ng influence on Shaffer.

Pruitt's father is a barber and his mother does not work outside home. "Benny just seems to want to run around with boys who are no good for him," Mrs. Pruitt said. She said the father had whipped Pruitt a week before the shooting "for being with that Shaffer boy."

At a hearing in the Nashville Juvenile Court, Judge Elizabeth McCain ruled the boys "incorrigibles," meaning they would be treated as "over seventeen." Referring to their previous records, she said, "We are often wrong in our judgments. We may be too lax with one and learn later that punishment might have been beneficial; again we mete out punishment to one which would ruin another in a similar case.

"The thing that concerns me now is that the girl was a victim of these two boys with whom the court had worked and evidently failed. Here are two boys who have wrecked their lives in spite of the combined efforts of their families, the Juvenile Court and the state training school to which they were committed." Judge McCain added that the public must view the case as "an extreme case and remember that many other boys for whom similar programs were worked out have returned to their communities as good and responsible citizens."

In Kansas City, Missouri, the chief probation officer, James B. H. Reefer, says 60 per cent of the children probated to him come from broken homes. "The forty per cent who do not is deceptively large," he said, "as many homes are so unhappy a divorce would be more satisfactory for the child's sake."

Take Tommy. That's not his real name, but his parole officer insists that he be anonymous because right now he's "hot." He just escaped from the boys' state prison at Boonville, Missouri. He was in for having wrecked a stolen car, almost killing a fifteen-year-old girl companion. Tommy is not the sallow, garishly dressed zoot-suiter of the war years. He is today's toughie—neatly dressed, rather well mannered, neither sullen nor stupid.



In a fit of anger because he was not allowed to use the family car one night, sixteen-year-old John Schulz took a .410-gauge shotgun from the closet and blasted the life from his mother and his younger brother and sister.

Tommy was first booked when he was eight. He and three friends were caught with stolen goods from an apartment break-in. The common routine followed—petty thefts, wanton vandalism, truancy, runaways, burglary, larceny and detention homes. According to Capt. Doral Dennison, of the Kansas City Juvenile Court, Tommy's mother was too busy with her personal life and frequent marriages to see what was happening to her son. At fourteen he was booked for drunkenness and insisted on a drunkometer test. It showed he had been drinking beer. Then he stoutly denied it. That same year and after several other arrests his record was stamped "incorrigible." He and his friends—boy and girl—readily admit they frequently attend "sex parties."

At seventeen, Tommy is a freckle-faced, nice-looking kid. Dennison said, "To meet him, you'd think he was a perfect gentleman. He could sell you a bill of goods any time." No one encouraged Tommy to go to school, so he gave up any semblance of regular attendance early. Hooky led to restlessness, and lack of spending money to crime. He was restless and rootless. As far as any of his friends know, he has never been inside a church in his life.

Not all youth guilty of serious crimes come from broken or unstable homes; nevertheless, from all available evidence and special studies it is apparent that a large proportion of them do and the shadows of serious offenses to come are cast early, almost always before the age of twelve. Two examples involving the ultimate crime, murder, are the cases of Billy Eugene Manley in Oklahoma City and Ronald Abersold of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Ronald Abersold, sixteen years old, killed David F. Jenkins, fifty-one, the father of six children, by kicking Jenkins in the head with his heel plates while the dazed man was lying on the ground. Abersold and several companions, returning from a beer-drinking party, had asked Jenkins for cigarettes when they happened to meet him on a dark, deserted street in Pittsburgh's north side.

RONALD, one of five children, lived with his parents in two rooms on the heavily populated north side. In five years, the Abersold family moved eleven times within this area. Ronald's mother said she and her husband were separated for a time in 1949 after he had beaten her.

His home conditions could be most mildly described as "poor." School records note: "Co-operation from home very poor. Mother keeps boy at home." Vice-principal E. I. Shannon, of Latimer Junior High School, said Ronald was "a nasty boy—one of the meanest kids I've ever handled. He twice threatened to hit teachers." During Ronald's last five semesters at Latimer he played hooky 332 days out of 500—or 66 per cent of the time. He received E's (failure) six consecutive times on his citizenship reports. At the time of his arrest on the murder charge, his father was unemployed and his mother worked in a restaurant.

Abersold pleaded innocent when he was brought to trial on March 15, 1954, in the Allegheny Criminal Court. After four days of testimony, however, he switched his plea to guilty to murder generally and threw himself on the mercy of the court. Judge Harry M. Montgomery sentenced him to six to twelve years in the Allegheny County Workhouse.

In Oklahoma City, Billy Eugene Manley shot and killed Johnny Whittle, a state trooper who was taking him in for questioning. He told police he killed him because he didn't want to go back to the reformatory.

"I didn't want to shoot him," he cried. "It's the truth, so help me God. He grabbed my hand and twisted it so hard the gun went off." The trooper had not handcuffed Billy, nor had he made any attempt to draw his own gun to protect himself.

This is Billy's background: When he was nine years old, his mother and father separated. His mother was left with nine children and no means of support. She took in washing. Later she got a job as a café waitress that paid $24 a week. She was rarely able to pay any attention to her children because of having to work long hours. During his early years Billy lived in the poorest of surroundings with barely enough to eat and with no adult supervision at all. He quit school in the seventh grade.

When he was fourteen he was charged with grand larceny and sent to the Missouri training school at Boonville. He was paroled in 1950; he promptly stole another car and was returned to the school. He was paroled again in the fall of 1952. He spent a total of four years in the training school.



Fifteen-year-old Benny Pruitt, of Memphis, Tennessee, is taken into custody by police for the fifth time after attacking a young girl. He was previously arrested for larceny, housebreaking and stealing an auto.



Ronald Abersold, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was sixteen years old when he pleaded guilty to the murder of David F. Jenkins, fifty-one, the father of six children. He is pictured here with his mother after the sentence—six to twelve years' imprisonment—had been passed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

A feeling of

"Don't," he begged, "have this sudden attack of women's intuition! Please!"



Responsibility





By MARJORIE CARTER

THE Hills sat in the living room of their apartment on an evening in spring. They were having after-dinner coffee, and as John leaned forward to replenish their cups he saw that his wife was literally lost in thought. And quite obviously it was not happy thought. She looked distressed. Almost haunted. He could not quite put a finger on it, but there was no question about it: something was wrong.

"Coffee?" he asked. She nodded abstractedly. "How are you feeling these days, Dee?" he inquired, with what he considered elaborate tact.

She smiled—too brightly, he thought—and said she was feeling very well. After she had said that, she sighed.

"Is there something on your mind?" Mr. Hill went on. "Something bothering you?"

"I—no, it's nothing. Nothing at all, really. It is too ridiculous for words."

He took a firm tone. "If it is bothering you, it is not ridiculous," he told her. "And I can see for myself that something is bothering you. Now, what is it?"

"You'll think it's silly." She made a little mouth, half amused, half rueful. "I think it is a little silly myself, but I can't help feeling the way I feel." He said nothing, just regarded her expectantly, and after a moment she went on. "It's about Plush."

Well, he thought, *she was right; it is silly.* He felt impatient, but at the same time he felt glad that it was something so trivial. Plush was one of the cats they had owned when they lived on their farm, before they came to Chicago. Months earlier, the young man who was their tenant had written to say that the cat had vanished. Had Edith been fussing about that fool animal all this time? *I asked for it*, he reminded himself, and he fought down his natural reaction and suggested in a mild voice that Plush was perfectly able to take care of himself, and he added something to the effect that worrying about Plush all the time did no earthly good.

She looked surprised. "Goodness, I haven't been worrying about *Plush*," she said. "I don't think I have thought of the cat in weeks. Months, perhaps. Why, perhaps that is the reason this came as such a shock ——"

There was a magazine on the coffee table, one of those little magazines which are as sedate as a man's three-button single-breasted dark brown CONTINUED ON PAGE 191



Perhaps you'll say this is only the story of a cat. But then, WHAT A CAT!



PICTURE OF



SLIM

as the stem of a flower is the shadow you cast in the spring sunshine. Even pleats look slim, breaking into motion from the waistline or the hipline. Back-swept fullness, a figure walking in the wind, is another silhouette. The overblouse fashion has an assured future. Blue is the first color—the blue of a cornflower, or of a deep azure sky. The palest beige is the beige of fashion, with white at the neckline and the whitest gloves. Gray is a color to live in, especially gray flannel and gray-and-white prints. Coin-gold silk looks fresh. New red is poppy red. Pink is for a coat or a blouse or a nosegay.

Costume in gray—this tweedy wool coat, straight from the shoulder, is lined with the print of a silk dress for now and later, by Adele Simpson. Rough straw hat by Irene and leather bag carry out the one-color fashion.



Poppy-red silk rajah suit by Matty Talmack, accented with biscuit beige and black. Rough straw hat, Mr. John.

SPRING



Cornflower-blue tweed suit with draped pockets by Ben Reig, worn with tweed beret, sapphire-blue and rhinestone jewelry.

SUITS

grow more colorful, more becoming. Blue weed, beige jersey, gray flannel are all-day affairs. The silk suit—silk tweed or silk linen in beautiful colors—has new importance. Suit skirts are slim or pleated, jackets any length, easy at the waistline or straight and boxy. This year suit fashions cover many daytime or evening occasions.

COATS

are inseparably a part of a costume or have important identity in themselves. A gray coat combines with a gray printed silk, a short pink tweed with a pale wool dress, a greige twill with a matching skirt. A stalk-straight beige tweed has the adaptability to go with everything. A sky-blue or poppy-red coat is a fashion of great significance, and deserves clothes planned around it.

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal

WILHELA CUSHMAN



Return of gray flannel with wide box pleats, by Ben Reig, worn with burnt-straw beret, chamois gloves. Young son in gray flannel too.

PICTURE OF SPRING



Most feminine coat of spacious sky-blue fleece with a big soft collar by Jacques Fath is a fashion to wear with blues and beiges. Overarm bag in golden-tan leather.



Printed silk-surah jacket dress by M
Talmack. Big straw hat, John Freder



Golden fashion, head to foot: silk-surah afternoon dress and double-breasted jacket, with a burnt-leghorn hat, all by Christian Dior—New York. The bamboo bag for spring and summer is by Mr. John.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE VIZCAYA
DADE COUNTY ART MUSEUM

WILHELA CUSHMAN



This blue block-plaid wool suit has rightness for many occasions, worn with a white straw sailor. By Hattie Carnegie.



Spring-length finger-tip coat in gray-and-pink tweed makes a costume with pink or gray wool dress. by Hattie Carnegie. Red calfskin overarm bag.



Gray tweed suit with pink chiffon scarf, flowers at the neck. by Ben Zuckerman.



The universal silk-tweed suit by Ben Zuckerman. a straw sailor hat by Irene.

DRESSES

of printed silk—blue, green, lilac—stay through summer. The coat-dress is wool or taffeta. Sophisticated jumpers are serge or surah with organdy. The beltless overblouse is for slim figures. the dress-with-jacket for everybody.

NECKLINES

are pointedly flattering. made so with lace-trimmed white collars, pink or blue chiffon scarves. Silk blouses in flower colors, crystal beads in violet shades. Handsomest bags are red or beige Italian leather.

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Polka-dot surah cloche by Lilly Dache has a drawstring band, goes with red, white or blue.



The fashion of the shoulder-width picture hat goes with silk suits or prints. White straw cart wheel edged with organdy by Hattie Carnegie, worn with flower-blue jewelry and a blue silk-linen suit.



A suède shoe blue as a cornflower combines well with shiny black, other shades of blue. The patent-leather pump has a heel for an active life: the polka-dot patent-leather pump is young and gay. The bag is black straw with bamboo.

The Perfect

IS THE PRETTY HAT, THE RIGHT SHOE, THE SPARK OF COLO



Gypsy turban of coin-dot silk surah by Irene of New York, linen dress by Ann Fogarty.



New honey-brown leathers for spring—a bag by Nettie Rosenstein, a pump with piping and a bow, a belt with the proper curve. Pale beige step-in shoe has a grained wooden heel. The jewelry is amber-toned.

The fashion of palest beige in a bag with cork texture by Nettie Rosenstein. A pump with stitching and a pump with a bow are shoes with news. Jewelry is topaz crystal; geraniums for accent.





Spring blue—this simple toyo hat with rhinestone clip worn with a surah afternoon dress by Hattie Carnegie.

WILHELA CUSHMAN

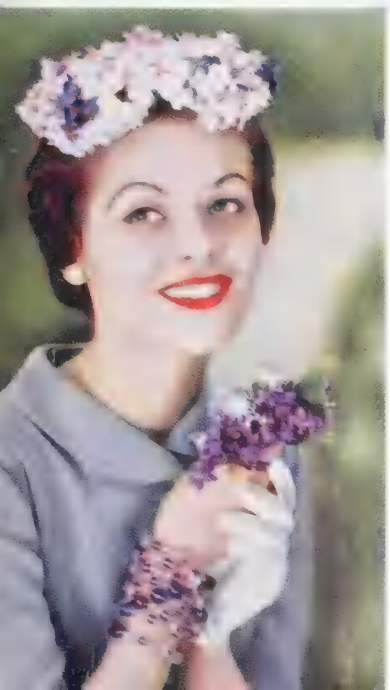


A wreath of cherries on red milan by Hattie Carnegie is for a red costume, or for navy blue. Cherry red is an accent color this spring, or a color for a coat or suit.

Compliment

A SCARF, A NECKLACE, A FLOWER

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



The lilac hat, essence of spring, for a silk suit, a wool dress, by Hattie Carnegie.



Polished red pigskin bag with a bamboo handle by Gucci, combines with black, red or gray. A red sandal or a patent-leather pump is a gay compliment to any costume.

ACCESSORY PHOTOGRAPHS, I. J. BECKER

A HUNDRED DOLLARS

This spring-and-summer wardrobe gives you the beige tweed

new dressmaker blouse. Color scheme—beige, bla

$100 includes hats, bags, shoes, jewelry, tw



Beige tweed suit——the skirt, $9.95, jacket, $17.95, by Harold Rubinger; piqué blouse, $2.98; jersey turban, $1.98; calfskin shoes, $6.99; short rayon gloves, $1.00; earrings, $1.00.



The suit skirt is perfect for sweaters and blouses. Worn here with an Orlon sweater, $2.98; cowhide belt by Frank Speyer, $2.00; gold bracelets, $1.00; plastic-leather bag, $1.98; cotton-string gloves, $1.00.

WORTH OF FASHION

shion, the dress-and-coat ensemble, the silk sheath jumper with

d white plus any bright accents. The happily stretched

ouses, a sweater and a belt. · By RUTH MARY PACKARD



WILHELA CUSHMAN

Carrying out the beige-and-black color idea, a beige-and-black printed-rayon dress is for any time of day, with coat, $25.00, by Jerry Gilden. Worn with white gloves, black patent-leather sandals, $4.99.



Black silk-shantung jumper by Henry Rosenfeld, $10.95, is worn with a tucked, white nylon blouse, $3.95, pearl-and-gilded bracelet, 59c.



The black rayon-faille coat goes over print or jumper, serves also as a coat dress: priced with printed dress, $25.00, by Jerry Gilden. Plastic patent-leather bag, $1.98; veil and bandeau, 79c; pearl earrings, 50c.

the Feminine Touch

It's like a breath of spring . . . a touch of sheer white organdy, a linen-and-lace collar or a wreath of silvery-green leaves. The dress you will wear these touches with might be a print in the most delectable colors, a stripe in an unusual width, a paper-weight polka-dot taffeta or the sheerest wool imaginable. The effect is the prettiest in years . . . just the way *you* will want to look this spring.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal



Paper-weight taffeta and wool jersey combine in the loveliest shade of lavender. The sleeveless dress has a pleated skirt. Vogue Design No. 8501. Coat lined in dot, No. 8549.

WREATH BY MME. DARIA





Delft-blue peau d'ange makes a charming dress with a bouffant skirt, a simple bodice. Add a sprig of lilac to your sleeve, white organdy hat. Vogue Design No. 8535.

HATS BY JOHN FREDERICS



A classic design in a feminine fabric can change the mood of a dress. Ours, in a warp-printed silk in the most delectable colors. Vogue Design No. 8565.



Mauve and turquoise predominate in this unusual silk foulard. Separates take advantage of the stripe. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 8494. Skirt No. 7694.

RICHARD AVEDON



Lovely raspberry wool accented by a frill of organdy and lace in a completely feminine suit. Vogue Design No. 8479.



Spring wouldn't be spring without a navy-blue dress. Tucked hipline, white linen collar with lace. Vogue Design No. 8560.

BOW CLIP BY THERESE AHRENS

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on page 187. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn., or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.) If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

© VOGUE

SNIMATIV *for two*

By LENORE GOLDSTEIN

YOU have to understand first about the way I look. I mean, I think it's important and basic, and partly the reason for the way things happened. I'm twenty-two, and I have nice brown hair, and dark eyes, and generally average features. It's not my face, really. The only unusual thing about me is that I'm so tall.

I can always remember being the tallest girl around. In school, I was way at the end of the line all the time. The boys in my classes never caught up to me, either, until we all got into high school, and by that time I was five feet eleven inches. I was always good at games like tennis and basketball, and I was lucky there were a lot of boy athletes who grew over six feet high. Mother says I'm luckier than I know. She ought to know, because she's five feet ten inches, and from the way she tells it, she had quite a time till she met up with daddy, who's six-four.

Anyway, the way I look has something to do with the way I got my job. I work for Snimativ. I guess everybody in the whole world knows about Snimativ. You know, "Snimativ MEANS Vitamins!" They spell it backward. I don't think much of it, but everybody buys the stuff, so who am I to pass judgment?

Mr. Kelcey, who is the big boss at Snimativ, personally supervises the hiring of everybody in the place, and he likes strong, healthy-looking people who look like one of the Snimativ ads. It's sort of funny, when you consider that he himself is only about five-six, and as thin as a rail. But anyway, I was a natural, because I'm the type that looks like a poster for National Health Week.

"Nancy Matthews? M-m-m-m," he murmured, when I was being interviewed. He looked me over thoroughly, as though I was going to be auctioned off a slave. Finally he said, "All right. You can start in Advertising. They're short a girl right now."

It was really a very nice job. At first I was sort of a relief girl. I got to know a lot about Snimativ's advertising, which is really something, as you very well know. I remember when they started CONTINUED ON PAGE 179

A man like Brogan could change a girl's whole life... that's what this urbane, sophisticated fellow aimed to do with Nancy

gan loved me this way,
Fred was less encouraging.
ou look like you're
sting away from some
ful disease," he said.
rittle-looking."

There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller

Before I was ten I got the impression that when somebody in our town held "open house," anybody could come who cared to. I wangled cake and ice cream at three golden weddings before I found out different.

Everybody in our neighborhood goes faintly Irish on St. Patrick's Day. Alfonso Bisignano puts on a green necktie, Heinie Weitz wears his Irish-tweed sports coat, and Al Cohen tries to give the Riley tots each a ha'penny he brought home from Dublin.

For a year or so the mothers-in-law of the newlyweds down the street didn't blend any too well; different backgrounds and all that. But you should hear 'em talk a blue streak with each other now, since they became grandmothers of the same baby!

Junior's thin-clad fraternity brother with the runny nose refused to wear a hat till he had to consult a doctor about his persistent cold. "Keep your chest and throat warm and wear a hat," said Doc, charged him $5 and prescribed medicine which cost a little more than a velours.

"Some of the wittiest and most devastating girls in our crowd," reveals Betty Comfort, leaning the old crutch by her husband's skis, "get furious at playing second fiddle to a girl who mostly looks sweet, and smiles, and mostly listens."

By a horrid coincidence, in the fortnight after Federal income-tax day our local tax collector slugs us with our real-estate taxes. Yet there's one slim consolation: he does all the arithmetic.

One of the young bucks in our gulch spent a cozy evening before his fiancée's fireplace, burning all his love letters from other girls. I'm afraid he'll regret this impetuous act; someday he'll need a few to read to her aloud.

Our town, often called "an overgrown country village" by envious neighbors, had a Turk, a German and a Panamanian visitor all in one week, plus a local traveler who'd been in Bangkok three days before. I guess any town nowadays is almost mathematically the center of the universe.

They're opening a branch bank in our shopping center, but it may have an uphill fight for business; we've all got used to cashing our checks at the supermarket.

My stubborn neighbor broiling under a sun lamp at home instead of in Florida reports complications. "I spread papers on the bed," he says, "anoint myself with sun-tan oil, don goggles, turn on the timer, unplug the phone and finish up with lotion and a soapy shower!"

I've heard the 1955 version of campus romance: he (in bathrobe and pajamas) picks her up twice a week for eight-o'clock classes when he hasn't any; she does his laundry in the sorority-house automatic washer.

I caught my Dream Girl tossing together a delicious chicken-and-broccoli dish plucked from these very pages and involving nine cans in all. When I opened the nine cans for her I caught a whiff of the frontiersman's triumphant sense of foraging for nourishment.

My bridge partner in our monthly interfamily tussle claims she observes traces of snobbery in her husband. "For most parties he argues an electric shave is close enough," she reveals, "but for certain hosts he always shaves skintight with a new blade."



"Happy birthday, the sales slip is inside, the exchange department is on the third floor."

Since boyhood I've eaten the yolks of my fried eggs at home with a spoon. But I never quite dared it in public until I saw columnist Joe Alsop ("country club's voice of doom") do it boldly in Hotel Willard's main dining room.

I've tried (perhaps too successfully) to obey my grandmother's advice on table manners: to pretend a surface indifference to food but always to take two helpings.

The girl next door with the new baby confides that she never really understood male psychology until she noticed her infant's change of behavior before and after feeding. "After all," she says, "men are just babies!"

One of the new mothers in Enchanted Acres, where we visit occasionally, was bragging about her brilliant eight-week-old son.

"When I put the nipple in his mouth," she reports proudly, "he throws his hands over his head as if to say 'Look, ma, no hands!'"

Secretly I feel when I'm teaching our fifteen-year-old to drive that he'll be a better driver than I am. But that doesn't reduce my nervous tension, nor muffle my wrath when he makes occasionally a blunder which I make frequently.

What shocked our little circle was not that Betty MacDonald said teen-age children don't hate their parents, "just feel absolute contempt for them"; it was that she still remembered it against them long after they were married.

Our club's deepest thinker at the luncheon round table is worried again about spinsters and bachelors. "If the Government wants to run everything," he demands, "why doesn't it help the lonely ten million men and women who'd like to get married, but don't know how to capture a victim?"

On the way to catch our bus my mild neighbor with the three-car garage tells me he's puzzled about his weight. "Why do I usually gain weight when I go on a diet alone," he asks, "but invariably lose ten pounds when my wife diets?"

In the boom days of the 1920's some of our town's sportsmen built the hilliest eighteen-hole golf course in this region. Lately some of their sons prefer to play only nine holes on a more level course, with motorized scooters.

I was touched to find all my overseas Army letters to my daughter tucked away in a box of her mementos. . . . I wrote to her as if I were wooing her, and those letters contain some of the most hair-raising tales of my adventures I've yet encountered. She was just a credulous tot.

. . . When our daughter changes to slacks from blue jeans just to please me,

. . . Or our youngest asks me why I don't retire [egad] instead of working so hard,

. . . And Junior begins sentences frequently "You've got a point, dad, but ——"

. . . Or my Dream Woman, after a quarrel, just as I'm opening my mouth to say the same thing, beats me to the draw with "Maybe I was mistaken,"

It all adds up to a sort of vote of confidence, and my self-esteem, often in eclipse, blooms again amid the flexible safeguards of family life.



EZRA STOLLER

3 bedrooms now . . . 5 bedrooms later . . . our

MORE-for-the-MONEY House

City.

the luxury look at economy cost

created by JOURNAL *experts**

to meet the home-building needs

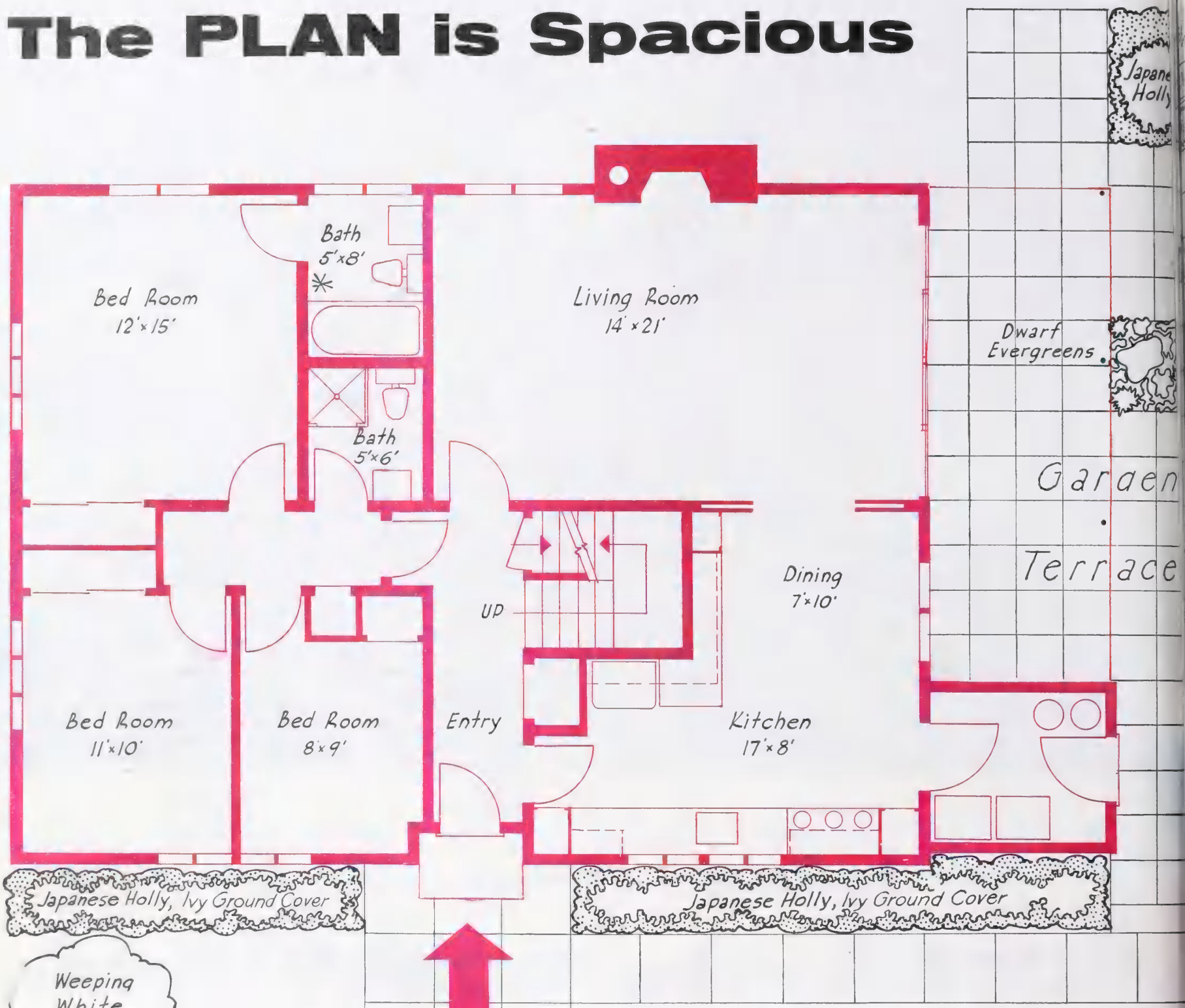
of America's middle-income family

HERE is the house whose appearance won JOURNAL editors' hearts, its practicality their hard-to-win approval. All of which appears in the nine pages of this portfolio—price, planning, livability, looks. We like the price because we think it will be hard to match in cost this combination of space and charm; the plan because it grows economically to fit the changing needs of many million families. We like the luxury of its three to five bedrooms, and two to three baths, because we like the luxury of low-cost livability. We like the three-bedroom building estimate of $14,900 from the lower-cost Southeastern states and the five-bedroom estimate of $20,750 from the higher-cost Northeastern states, because these estimates tie in so well with our title. And you will like it, too, when more house for the money is more than a name, no matter where you want to build it.

* *RICHARD PRATT, Architectural and Garden Editor;*
WILLIAMS and WELLS, designers;
MARGARET DAVIDSON, Homemaking Editor;
CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND, Decorating Associate.

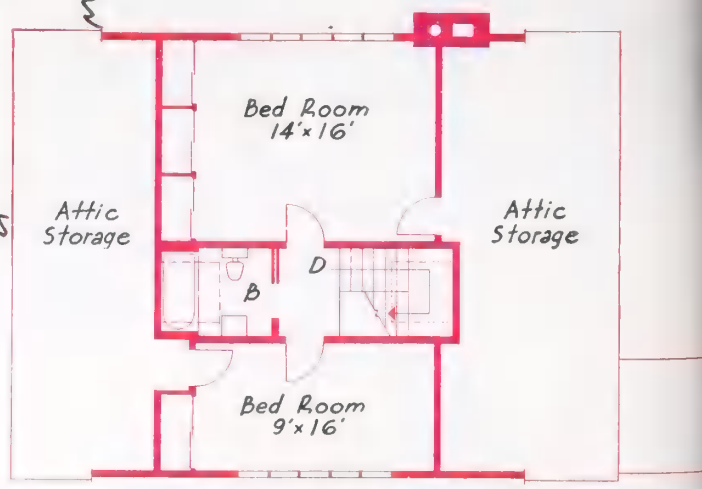
The Journal's
MORE HOUSE
FOR THE MONEY
Portfolio #1

The PLAN is Spacious

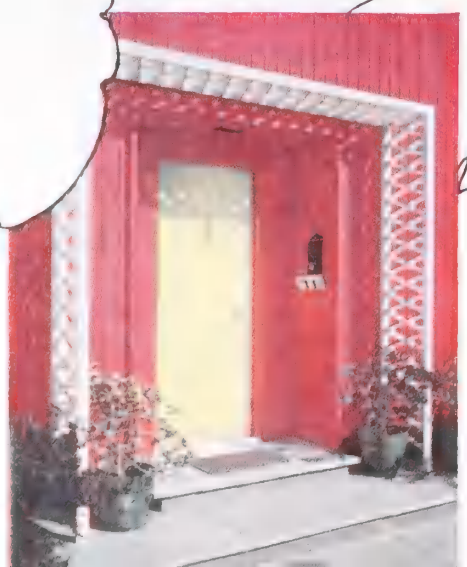




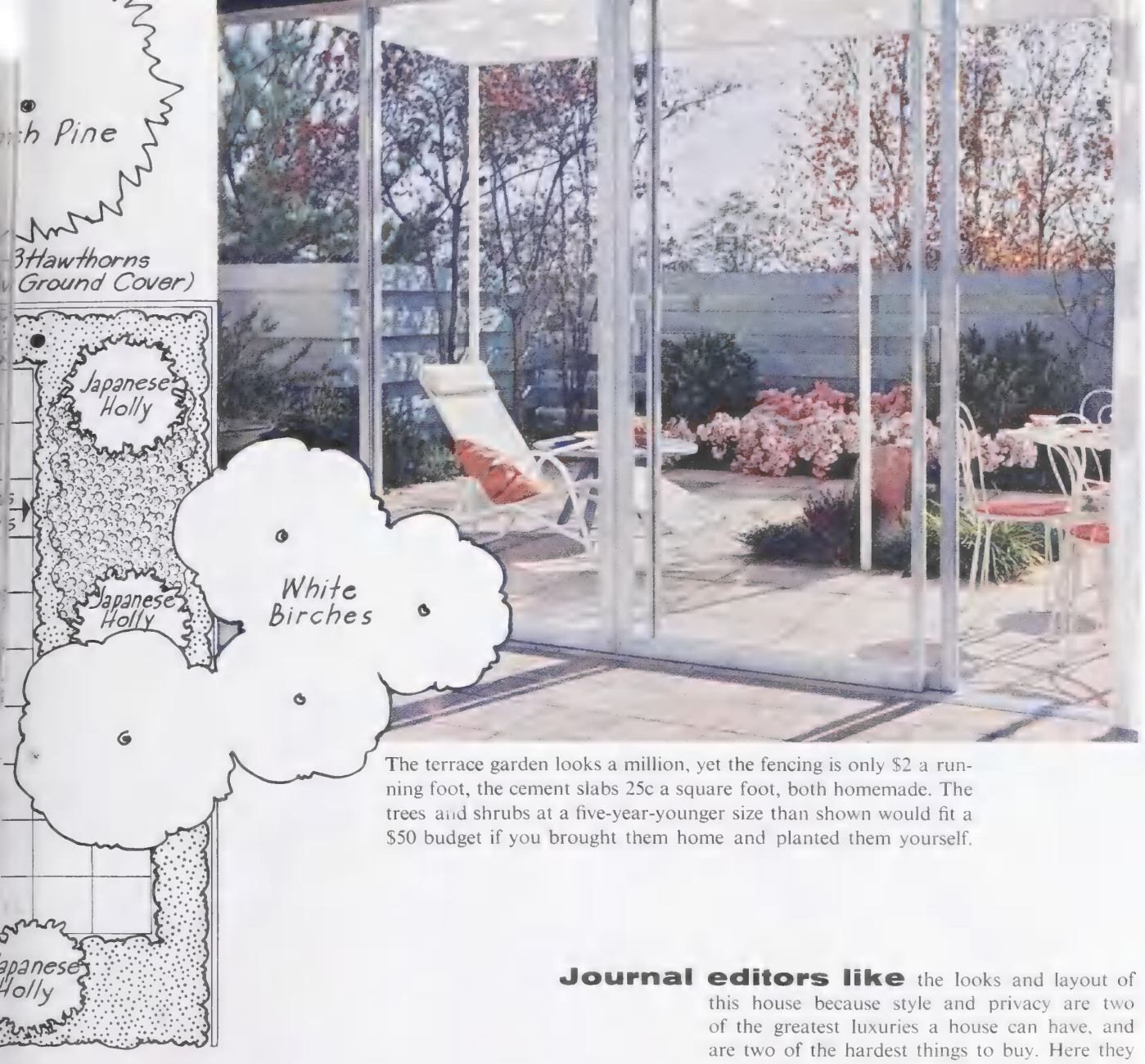
✳ For alternate bathroom plan, see page 108. For wiring and air-conditioning details see pages 102 and 106.



SECOND-FLOOR EXPANSION PLAN



White-painted trellis casts shadow patterns on the recessed door, sparkles against red-stained walls, potted evergreens and gray concrete steps.



The terrace garden looks a million, yet the fencing is only $2 a running foot, the cement slabs 25c a square foot, both homemade. The trees and shrubs at a five-year-younger size than shown would fit a $50 budget if you brought them home and planted them yourself.

Journal editors like the looks and layout of this house because style and privacy are two of the greatest luxuries a house can have, and are two of the hardest things to buy. Here they cost nothing extra—they are part of the design. Look at the plan, and you will see the living room is left for living, undisturbed. This is one house in which the hallway, as little as it is, takes all the traffic. Entering by the front door, you are led to every part of the house without invading any other part. You get directly to the kitchen, to the living room, to the first-floor bedrooms, upstairs to the expanded second floor, and downstairs to the partial basement beneath the living room. And the kitchen, with its protective laundry entry, has its privacy too. You will also find it on the terrace, which has the seclusion of a four-walled room, yet has open-air freedom right to the sky. Here the JOURNAL's alternate-board fencing lets in light and air, but insures complete protection from unwanted views, and viewers, not only for the terrace itself, but for the living room too. . . . As for the style, that is less easy to spell out. But you feel it in the contrasts of materials and colors, the lightness of line, outside and in, inside and out.

EZRA STOLLER



The egg-crate trellis, supported by slender pipe posts, gives luminous shade to the terrace and window wall, style and beauty to dining and living areas.

Building news:

Textured Plywood Panels
for the outside walls—pleasing to look at, pleasingly priced!—eliminate two full construction steps: no sheathing or diagonal bracing required . . . all the advantages of a panel material—easily handled, cut and cover fast; none of the disadvantages—lapped panel edges conceal joints, eliminate extra joining members . . . take well to high-color, low-maintenance shingle stain.

King-Size Roof Shingles
with built-in color—no painting, ever!—textured surface for high style . . . white for handsome looks, a cooler house in summer.

Aluminum Casement Windows
packaged for easy handling, shipping and installation . . . no warping, shrinking or swelling . . . and again, no painting!

Sliding Window Wall
to capture the view . . . lets in fair weather as well . . . glides quietly and efficiently on its built-in tracks . . . framed in aluminum for easy upkeep.

Convertible Warm-Air Heating
system switches painlessly to year-round air conditioning using the same duct work . . . inconspicuous vents don't interfere with furniture arrangements.

Minimum Basement
beneath living room ample for heater, hot-water equipment, bulk storage . . . crawl space keeps rest of the house dry and draft-free . . . cuts excavation and foundation costs.

Plans and Working Drawings
can be obtained for $10 the set from the designers, Williams and Wells, 32 East 57th St., New York City.

Concrete Paving Blocks
for entry, paths, terrace flooring . . . the JOURNAL tells you how to make them yourself . . . Send 15c to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa., for Pattern No. 2575.

Alternate-Board Fencing
lets in sunlight and breezes . . . protects privacy. For do-it-yourself instructions, send 25c to Journal Reference Library for Pattern No. 2546.

. both Indoors and Out

Two more bedrooms, an extra bath to grow into! Second-floor plumbing and heating are roughed in when the house is built; rooms are finished when needed. Both bedrooms have a ten-foot band of casement windows; skylights admit sunshine to stair hall and bath. Attic space, accessible through bedrooms, stores off-season clothing.

The Journal's
MORE HOUSE
FOR THE MONEY
Portfolio #1

Conversation grouping creates congenial atmosphere. Game table at terrace window extends to make a dining table or a buffet for special entertaining.

Journal editors like this living room. They like it because it is keyed to family life. Yet eleven people can sit here and talk in comfort; ten can be seated for a dinner party; and you can entertain twenty or more at a time whenever you want.

Color is a joy in this room. The new materials keep their color, are easy to clean; an important point, because resistance to stains, scars and scuffs is a big news feature in these furnishings. From the glamorous glass-fiber curtains to the cabinets with their baked-on enamel surfaces, ease of upkeep and durability prevail. The curtains need no ironing, wash and dry in a trice; fabrics are treated to be dirt-resistant, longer lived; fireplace paneling is permanently polished wood.

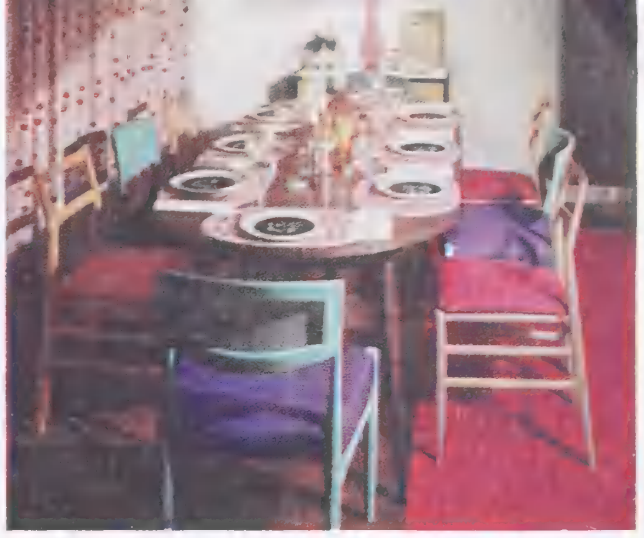
Best of all, perhaps, the days of the drab, neutral, "practical" colors are gone. Get rid of your color inhibitions with these beautiful light, bright shades that don't fade, don't soil readily, and you can have a color scheme as gay and carefree as this one.

The LIVING ROOM

is Carefree and



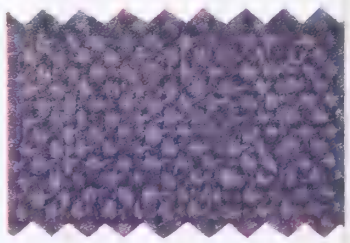
By lamplight, dinner for a party of eight. By day, draperies and sliding glass wall open, terrace extends view and space. Fabrics won't fade.



Living-Room news:

- *Look for new fabrics tagged as being treated by a new chemical process to make them resist stain, dirt, wear, tear and abrasion. The new process is cousin to the one that weatherproofed and strengthened outerwear in the past.*
- *Glass-fiber draperies don't need pressing, are impervious to strong sun or sudden rain.*
- *Quick-drying streakproof rubber-base wall paint (dries in ½ hour) insures year-round freshness for any householder who can wield a brush.*
- *Sew-in drapery headings pleat automatically—fabrics wear longer, tubbing is easier.*
- *Cushions that can double outdoors are foam rubber: weatherproof, sagproof, lightweight and hygienic.*
- *Plastic fabrics surfaced to look like linen, tweed and herringbone weaves, look like cloth, clean by sponging, wear longer.*

You might prefer these as alternate fabric choices:



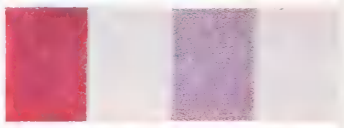
Sofa:
violet burlap in upholstery weight, 58″ wide.



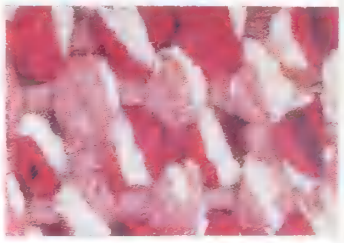
Draperies:
petal-printed dress goods of fine cotton, tubfast and shrinkproof.



Lounge Chair:
aqua gabardine, washable and colorfast.



Pull-up Chairs:
red-and-heliotrope-striped white sailcloth, crease-resistant and sunfast.



Floor:
coral rug of fiber and yarnlike rayon, reversible and cleanable with foam detergent.



OLD FOWLER

Cabinet under hanging bookshelves holds TV, radio and phonograph and clears floor for easy cleanability. Chair covers zip off for laundering. *Luxury note:* Sofa in heather antique satin, but you might prefer alternate suggested at right.

Beautiful

The Journal's
MORE HOUSE
FOR THE MONE
Portfolio #1



Above:
Convenient line-up in cooking center: First, a six-burner range with two ovens, not likely to be outgrown by even a big family. Next, a dishwasher in color to match the cabinets, followed by a sink and more storage space. Then a mixing counter, and below it a pull-out shelf handy for sit-down work of all kinds.

In this KITCHEN NO Traffic Jams!

Journal editors like: a large, airy kitchen where practicality and convenience go hand in hand with beauty. That's why they dressed up this kitchen in colors, finishes and materials that are easy to care for, and fresh as a flower garden to look at . . . sea-green cabinets with a baked-on enamel paint, turquoise vinyl-asbestos floor tiles accented with a white grid pattern, fadeproof trellised wallpaper, painted split-bamboo blinds.

Let's step into the floor plan and see how it keeps congestion to a minimum. There's a place for preparing food and serving meals, a place for planning menus, sorting bills, telephoning grocery orders. There's a convenient laundry a few short steps from the cooking zone, and a work center with an expansive garden view for supervising indoor work and outdoor play at the same time.

Coat hooks and cupboards installed in the utility wing furnish a mudproof corner where children can hang up jackets, put away toys as they come in from play. Utility-service entry detours market-delivery traffic from the kitchen work areas.

Right:
Giving storage in narrow space are two banks of matching wall cabinets. Open end of counter shelters a step-up stool and a useful wheeled cart.

The Journal's
MORE HOUSE
OR THE MONEY
Portfolio #1

Kitchen news:

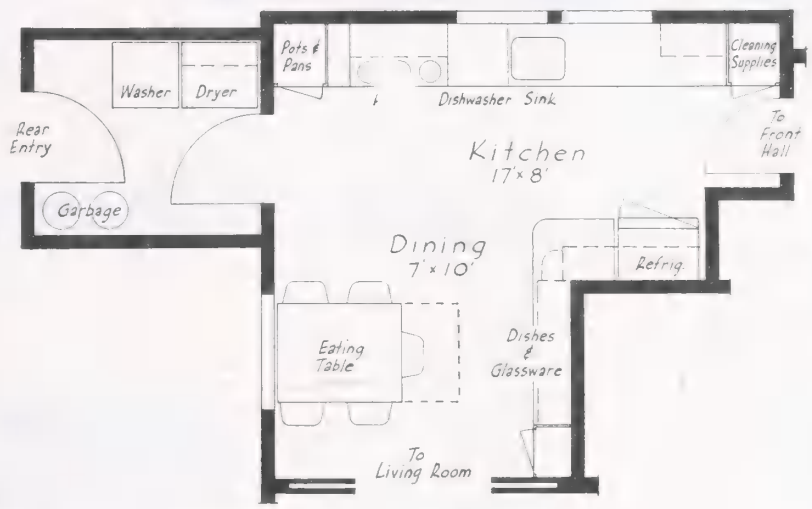
- *Sound-deadening ceiling is new glass-fiber tile with surface of plastic film—doesn't need painting, is fireproof, can be washed with sudsy water.*
- *Light fixtures flush with ceiling have wide-angle lenses that diffuse light. Frames are hinged so new bulbs can easily be put in.*
- *Cabinets are a newly available stock color in wood with durable oven-dried paint finish.*
- *Floor, greaseproof, with custom look, is vinyl-asbestos tile separated by white stripping 1½" wide. Tile colors are brighter and clearer than ever, and strips make it possible to carry out a personalized design.*
- *White surface behind the work counters is a prefinished paneling which provides a greaseproof and waterproof expanse of wall.*
- *Another practical white surface, the table top of hard plastic that resists scratches and stains under heavy family use.*



Tall cupboard is 21″ wide. Three used in kitchen (one for cleaning gear) free walls for window space.



Table at terrace window can be lunch, homework or entertaining center. Drop leaves down, table measures 40″x22″. Leaves up, spread is 40″x72″ and eight people dine handsomely and with elbow-room. For terrace dinners, the open window is a pass-through. Table serves handily as a buffet-server.



Plan shows main kitchen area, with dining at one end. Laundry is in a separate wing. Layout of rooms provides good view and ventilation.

Built-in Convenience PLUS



STUART-FOWLER



Large refrigerator has freezer *below* for 122 pounds of frozen food, daily foods handy above.

The Journal's
MORE HOUSE
FOR THE MONEY
Portfolio #1



A junior hide-out in minimum dimensions

Ice-cream colors are gay against the pale gray, washable, fabric-covered walls in the children's bedroom. Double-decker bed is painted deeper pink than the vinyl floor, rayon rug picks up the turquoise blue in cotton-chenille bedspreads. The window shade is covered with same adhesive plastic as bathroom walls.

Children's Room news:

In double-decker beds:
designs are getting prettier. This one sells for around $110 complete with mattresses. A space saver as shown, it can be taken apart to form twin beds.

In washable wall coverings:
rubber-treated fabrics and plastics imitate woods, bamboo, leathers, are resistant to cracking, scuffing; are available in easy-to-install squares.

In nylon carpeting:
prices are lower, advantages are long wear, soil resistance, mothproof, easy to clean.

In storage-space gadgets and gimmicks:
metal racks for the insides of cupboards and closets to hold shoes, belts, hats, ties, etc. Accordion doors for closets are available in a variety of colors and materials. Ready-built storage walls can be finished or painted to your fancy.

In drapery hardware:
a wood or aluminum track with its own slider tape. Simply install track, sew tape to draperies, insert sliders in track.

Small Spaces with

Journal editors like these three little rooms because they show that lack of space does not necessarily mean lack of comfort. They are the smallest rooms in the JOURNAL's compact house. You don't have to go much further than the vital necessities of a room: a bed, bureau and chair for a bedroom; standard equipment for a bathroom. After that, imagination and taste go to work to create convenience and charm. Bright harmonizing colors, materials that are long wearing, surfaces that are easy to care for are emphasized here. Hanging racks, shelves, bookcases, lighting fixtures adequately provide essential equipment. Furniture that is scaled small or that serves more than one purpose is ideal for the children's bedroom; some kitchen accessories fit well into a bathroom; pegboard is useful most anywhere for display and hanging surfaces. Pattern and color, rather than "things," give these rooms their individuality, their uncluttered look.



The bureau-desk arrangement has a hinged top on the center compartment that swings up, rests against wall, and presto, turns into a mirror. Top is painted with liquid rubber which hardens to a tough finish.

Lots of white plus wallpaper on ceiling as well as walls enlarges and enlivens this 5′x7′ space. High cabinet has mirror surface, sliding doors. Pegboard cabinet under basin provides storage; washcloths can hang on hooks outside.



Two bathrooms in the space of one

BIG IDEAS

Bathroom news:

In nylon bath rugs: *small sizes are available in beautiful colors that are* fast, *lint-free, long-wearing, can be laundered frequently since they dry quickly.*

In shower curtains: *plastic or soft-surfaced rubber is mildew-resistant. You can find wallpaper and curtains to match.*

In accessories: *unbreakable plastic "squeeze bottles" now come prettily decorated, matching tumblers and wastebaskets to co-ordinate with your colors.*

In towel hanging: *triple racks seen in the photograph (top right) have three adjustable positions, fold flat against wall. A single bar has ends that pull out for more hanging space. A 4" telescoping rod can be extended to 14".*

In washbasins: *those that fit into differently styled counters and standing cabinets; a wide variety of colors, sizes and finishes to fit your color schemes and room dimensions; or you can purchase the lavatory singly to be put into a cabinet of your own design.*

In bathroom cabinets: *sliding-door medicine chests, or cabinets with doors that swing in such a way as to permit two people to use mirror or cabinet at the same time.*

In adhesive-backed items: *a plastic hook that will stick to tile. Installed around the tub, these will hold lightweight things such as washcloths, brushes, and so on. A wall mounting for towel bars, soap dishes and other fittings will hold eight to ten pounds.*



The fresh, pretty look of this bathroom belies its practicality. Carnation-sprinkled wallpaper is waterproofed with a plastic coating. Orlon curtains need little care, are almost indestructible. A grocery shelf is used under the mirror to store bath salts, dusting powder, and so on. The hamper is most versatile, has a shelf top, drawer, extra shelves in a narrow side cabinet.

The children are encouraged to keep this trim-looking bathroom neat. Their towels hang next to the shower on a ladder rack (lower left), washcloths next to the basin on swinging bars, toothbrushes on hooks under cabinet. Striped wall covering is self-adhesive, plastic, washable; floor, counter top and doors of wall cabinet are surfaced in vinyl tiles. A tilt-out hamper utilizes space under basin.



The children's shower bathroom doubles as powder room for guests. Very small, 4′x6′, there's ample storage space on the walls; there could be more if needed. High shelves hold towels for overnight guests, sliding-door cabinet stores tissues, paper, soap, long, narrow counter shelf keeps sets of towels easily available.





HAROLD FOWLER



"Oh, Willis," Sylvia said. He could not see her face
and at first he thought she was laughing, but he was not sure.
"You don't have to say it with jewelry, darling.
You know you only have to say it."



by John P. Marquand

WILLIS was not a believer in elation, because elation was an emotional state which clouded judgment. He was not elated when he returned home to Orange after the Production Liners' Convocation. There had been time to sort facts and to file them in the back of his mind so that he could face the immediate decisions which he naturally found waiting for him after a few days' absence from the New York office. In fact, he went through the whole business day exactly as though there were no prospects of a merger between Harcourt Associates and Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting. Still, in back of his thoughts, resting like a handsome balance in the bank, lay the final impressions of his conversations with P. L. Nagel. He could not blame himself for being very happy when he got out of the taxicab at Waydeholm.

Al and Paul, who were playing catch out on the lawn, dropped their mitts and ran to meet him.

"Hello," he said. "How about helping me wrassle with this luggage, fellers, and let's see if we can find mommy and Louise."

The whole house never had looked better. There were dogwood and paper-white narcissus in the hall. The really beautiful claw-and-ball-foot table he had bought to stand under the Chippendale mirror was freshly waxed, and the tall clock at the end of the hall, which he had bought at the Parke-Bernet Gallery after very brisk bidding, gave balance to everything around it. After all, acquiring good pieces of antique furniture really was the same as putting money in the bank, provided you could keep the children from doing damage. Right at that moment Paul was leaning on the arm of the end chair that flanked the claw-and-ball-foot table.

"Remember what I said, son," Willis told him. "You mustn't do that with good furniture. You've got to learn to respect good furniture."

"O.K.," Paul said. "Sorry." There was no doubt they were both fine boys with very good manners.

"Besides, boys," Willis said, "you've always got the rumpus room downstairs."

Then Sylvia came out of the dining room and kissed him, and Carl, the colored houseman, came to get his bags, and Louise and Miss Farquahr appeared on the stair landing.

"Daddy," Louise called, "daddy!"

The whole scene in the hallway added up to something that was greater than any good news, because without a happy home everything else was pretty hollow.

"Did you have a good time at Pinehurst, dear?" Sylvia asked him. Somehow wives always thought that conventions were only intended to supply a good time.

"There was a fine crowd, honey, and fine papers and discussions," Willis said, "but frankly I'm a little tired, and now if you'll all forgive me I think I'll go up and shower and get into a pair of slacks."

"The boys want to show you their garden," Sylvia said, "and Louise has a garden, too, with radishes."

"Well, well," Willis said, "yum, yum, radishes."

"Maybe you'd like to have Carl bring us cocktails on the terrace, dear," Sylvia said. "It's such a nice warm day." CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Copyright, 1955, by John P. Marquand The complete novel was recently published by Little, Brown & Co.

Sincerely—Willis Wayde

Conclusion

Menu

Sea-Food Cocktail Caribbee

Melba Toast

Fried or Broiled Chicken with
Mexican Mole Sauce

Saffron Rice Buttered Asparagus

Avocado and Palm-Heart Salad

Florida Sherbet Ambrosia

Coffee

(Planned for Six)



Tropical Flavor

I DON'T know
where you are wandering
or have wandered, or *will* wander,
but I go for warm and sunny climes, for two excellent reasons. One, I want to get warm without resorting to red flannels. And two, I want to find out and actually eat the food my warm-blooded neighbors eat—"Good Neighbors," as F.D.R. called them. And what do you think I'm hankering for? Don't tell a soul, will you? I don't want it talked about as coming from *me*, you understand. But it's chicken. Chicken with a tropical flavor.

I don't mean that chicken is *all*. Our tropical neighbors have as great a variety of wonderful things to eat as there are places, and before I tell you about the chicken dish, I'll give you a receipt that goes like this: it is the rarely delicious sauce that is served on a mixed-sea-food cocktail, served as a first course at luncheon or dinner. It is known as

Sea-Food Cocktail Caribbee

You must have a variety of sea foods, just one isn't enough. If you could get the little rock-lobster tails from South Africa or Australia and clams and crab and shrimp, serving them in a shell and pouring over a wonderful sauce, you'd be going "Caribbee" like crazy. So collect as many different kinds as you can, fresh or frozen, and serve a sauce made like this:

Mix 1 cup mayonnaise with ½ cup thick commercial sour cream and ¼ cup chopped water cress. Season with 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon anchovy paste,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

Sea-blue pottery, gleaming silver and a basket centerpiece of vines and fruit provide the atmosphere for this dinner with a tropical flavor

By ANN BATCHELDER

STUART-FOWLER

LINE A DAY

1 Song for Spring

Your voice, beloved, is to me
As strains of sweetest melody.
The whispering winds, the pipes o' Pan,
Midsummer sounds aeolian.
The song of birds at break of day,
The skylark's tireless roundelay,
All blended into harmony,
And sung by cherubim to me!

2 As welcome as the first crocus: new frozen soups to grace the dinner table. The oyster stew and fish chowder are true to the homemade conventions. But the queen of them all is the shrimp.

3 Speaking of fish chowder, one of the editors reports that a pinch of thyme much improves it.

4 Now it can be told—a new hors-d'oeuvre spread. Aromatic bitters—the secret. Mix one 3-ounce package cream cheese with 2 tablespoons crumbled blue cheese, 1 tablespoon light cream and 3 drops bitters, or more to taste.

5 The maple sap's going to be running soon up here in Vermont, and I know one way I'm going to use the sirup. Read on for particulars.

6 Bring to a boil ¾ cup maple sirup, ¼ cup water, ¼ cup seedless raisins and ⅛ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and simmer 3 minutes. Drain 8 firm canned-pear halves and add to sirup. Simmer 3 minutes. Put pears in shallow baking dish. Add 2 teaspoons lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind to sirup and pour over pears. Serve warm or cold with sour cream.

7 Now it's cheese croutons that take the stage—afloat on soups and for tossing into a green salad. Toss 1½ cups bite-size shredded-wheat biscuits in 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine over low heat 5 minutes. Sprinkle with ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese and spread out to cool. Good to nibble on just as they are.

8 *Canto I:* While oysters are still with us, try this. Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine with 1 teaspoon anchovy paste. Beat up 6 eggs with a dash of Tabasco.

9 *Canto II:* Pour into hot anchovy butter or margarine and scramble as usual. When eggs are just beginning to set, toss in 12 oysters, chopped and drained, and finish scrambling. Salt to taste, but go easy, as anchovy paste is salty. Serve on toast with a spoonful of chili sauce.

10 Don't look so bored when I mention stuffed eggs. Mash the hard-boiled yolks and make a paste with tomato catchup. Season with salt, pepper, marjoram, mint and sage and stuff the whites. Not usual—what?

11 Another stuffing is done with the mashed yolks set up with curry, lemon juice and mayonnaise.

12 Come Sunday night and sure as shootin' some cronies will show up for supper. Keep some canned salmon on the pantry shelf. It's always a good bet in the chafing dish, creamed, with maybe sliced ripe olives and hard-cooked eggs.

13 Rhubarb, the shocking-pink fruit, has a short season and this is it. Drain some cooked rhubarb, purée it and combine with whipped cream. Serve as a sauce for warm orange cake—the newest cake in a package.

14 Cream soups are more delicate made with quick-cooking tapioca than with flour. Concoct a cream-of-pea soup using puréed cooked or canned peas—using part chicken stock for liquid, tapioca to thicken and curry to flavor. Lace with shreds of cooked chicken.



The Journal, first magazine to war on patent medicines and medical quackery, was in 1907 deep in its campaign which brought about legal abolishment of the public drinking cup.

Harrison Fisher, famous portrait artist and illustrator, painted dozens of Journal *covers. His drawings of The American Girl set standards for fashion and beauty which lasted for years.*

15 Or make an old-fashioned homemade tomato soup and season with fresh or dried dill. First rate.

16 I've been reminded of a superb way with lobster. Take the meat of several lobsters. Cut into pieces not too small. Sauté gently (don't brown) in butter or margarine with a crushed clove of garlic. Add a few spoonfuls of canned tomato sauce, some Worcestershire sauce, and plenty of chopped parsley. Serve on toast.

17 Thinking of a smart beginner for a stylish dinner? How about this one before the soup? Take off the stems and peel large mushroom caps. Grill them in butter or margarine, fill with flaked cooked fresh or frozen or canned crab meat in cream, cover with buttered crumbs and grated cheese and brown under the broiler.

18 Rice accompanies chicken often these days. Here's a new way: Toss cooked rice with melted butter and canned toasted chopped almonds. Flavor with curry.

19 While I'm at it, I might as well throw in a new trick with chicken. When chickens are all seasoned and buttered and ready to broil, roll them lightly in sesame seeds.

20 *Chapter I:* Belonging in the realm of soup, lobster chowder is out in front with some other de luxe *potages.* Get the lobster out of the shells (2 medium lobsters) and chop it into coarse pieces with the tomalley and coral.

BY ANN BATCHELDER

21 *Chapter II:* Pound or roll 3 Boston crackers very fine. Mix the lobster with butter the size of an egg, season with salt and pepper. Work this all together with a fork. Heat 3 cups rich milk with 1 cup cream and the lobster, seasonings and crackers. Stir it every minute. Serve piping hot in a tureen and soup plates. With small brown-bread sandwiches.

22 Along with all his fame and glory, Daniel Webster gave his name to a chowder. Yes, my dears, there *is* a Daniel Webster Chowder. With pounds of white and blue fish, 25 oysters, a bottle of port, one of claret, spices and herbs "ad lib," it's something! (The result of research.)

23 Broiled chicken, fried chicken, chicken croquettes are as American as Valley Forge or Stephen Foster's songs, so a good gravy to serve with them should be without a suspicion of alien cooking. One such is set down here:

24 Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, blend in 2 of flour and add 1 cup chicken broth. Cook, stirring it every minute until bubbling. Add seasonings and ½ cup cream. When smooth, beat it like all get out.

25 *From an old cookbook:* "Doughnuts eaten as soon as fried are a sure guarantee of stomach-ache. A result of indigestion. Especially in young children. A freshly fried doughnut has no place in pocket or lunch box prepared for man or child." Better cut out the whole thing, no?

26 What a sandwich some dreamer dreamed up! Brown bread buttered and spread with cheese, buttered white bread with chicken and ham covered with chutney, the two put together and cut on the bias.

27 Whoever said "The apple is an excellent thing until you have tried a peach" perhaps didn't know how well these two get along. For an easy dessert add some sliced canned cling peaches and canned apple slices to the new apple-flavored gelatin dessert, slightly thickened. Serve with sweetened whipped cream, flavored with cinnamon or nutmeg.

28 "Supper's ready in the dining room, everybody gather round." Do you remember that old mammy song? Great to sing on a sleigh ride out to Downers'. One thing all the boys liked for supper was a great dish of hot baked beans with plenty of piccalilli right in the bean dish. And next to the beans, platters of fish cakes, fried in deep fat. I'll stop, for I'm homesick right now.

29 Lamb chops cause no palpitation, but there's a sauce for them makes up for any lack. Put ½ tumbler red-currant jelly, mixed with ¼ cup chutney, the juice of ½ lemon and a little salt and pepper, into a saucepan. Heat well, very well, and pass separately.

30 "Ballads for sale," the minstrels strolling through the English countryside used to yodel amidst the bluebells and hedges. But how many know of the balladeers of our own New England? Lest the old tales in verse be forever lost and forgotten, an intrepid "collector," with the help of another, has sought, discovered and put in a book many of these old treasures and called the fascinating volume: Ballads Migrant of New England.

31 The "collector" is Helen Hartness Flanders, wife of Vermont's U. S. Senator; Marguerite Olney has helped and Robert Frost has contributed a notable introduction. Each New England state is represented. Words and music and commentary, format and all make an unforgettable contribution to the folklore of our countryside. This is a book you should all own. No, my copy is not for sale.

Your Annie.

Each time you wash your face

— your skin "Dies" a little

There are 1 to 3 hour periods every day, doctors say, when your skin is in danger—open to such serious troubles as stretched pores . . . coarsened texture . . . cracking, "shriveling." These danger periods of skin "un-balance" are immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. Meanwhile, your defenseless skin "*dies*" a little . . .

After each washing— "re-balance" your skin

No complexion, however young, can escape this problem of skin "un-balance." You've noticed these *first* danger signals—right after washing:

A pulled-tight feeling . . . a "burning" redness
Flaky roughnesses that snag your powder puff

Must you *avoid* washing your face? "No," skin specialists say, "but after each washing 're-balance' your skin *instantly*. . . ."

Never leave your skin unprotected a *single moment* after washing. Re-establish its defenses at once with a smoothing application of Pond's Cold Cream. *At least 60 times faster than Nature*, Pond's combats dryness, "shriveling." Restores elasticity. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

Always at bedtime—a deep clearing

Besides daytime "re-balancing," your skin needs *thorough clearing* with Pond's Cold Cream each night. A *deep* Pond's Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt, keeps your skin looking fresh, radiant! Start now to give your skin perfect care, with a perfect cream. Reap the quick rewards of a *noticeably* lovelier complexion!

The world's most-famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equaled. Today—get a large jar of this superb cream. *More women use Pond's Cold Cream than any face cream ever made.*





Mrs. Michael H. McCormick

Mrs. McCormick, photographed in Paris during her honeymoon, is a member of the distinguished Chicago family. Although in her earliest twenties, she has worked out a skin care program effective yet simple enough to fit easily into her active life. She says, "My skin just doesn't agree with frequent washing, unless I give it a quick smoothing with Pond's Cold Cream right away. The improvements these daytime creamings make are astonishing. And, of course, for thorough *cleansing*, I always use Pond's Cold Cream each night."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

"But we didn't," Sylvia said, "and we aren't going to, so let's enjoy it the way it is."

Willis nodded gravely. "Honey," he said, "just supposing—I'm only thinking out loud—but just supposing we did have a chance to build a home of our own, wouldn't you sort of enjoy it, honey?"

Sylvia sighed. "Oh, I don't know, dear," she said. "There would be all the details and arguing with an architect, and a new house always looks so new. No, frankly, I'm awfully glad that we don't have to build a house."

"But, honey," Willis said, "wouldn't you look forward to the adventure in it?"

Sylvia looked at him in a way that made him slightly uneasy. "Willis," she said, "you aren't thinking of building a new house or anything like that, are you?"

"Well, only indirectly, dear," Willis said, "but still that might be part of the fun if everything I've been mulling over in the last few days comes true."

"Oh, Willis," Sylvia said, "what under the sun are you talking about?" and instead of looking at him with pleased anticipation, she seemed almost apprehensive.

"Sweetness," he said, "it's been a real strain on me to have waited so long before telling you what has happened. Frankly, here it is in a nutshell, and I want you to hold tight to your chair, because it's really 'sumpin'—as they say. If things work out right, I honestly think we can start relaxing a little and take that trip abroad, honey, and all sorts of things, and build a whole new house, if we want to, and landscape it just the way we want. You're following me, aren't you?"

He had asked the question because she still looked apprehensive, and unconvinced.

"Yes," Sylvia said, "I follow you, but I wish you'd tell me what's it all about, Willis. Don't make me sit here being frightened."

That last remark really broke the tension, and without intending to, Willis shook with convulsive laughter. "You know, that's one of the funniest things you've ever said, honey," he told her. "Frightened? Now hold onto your chair and listen to this. In a nutshell, sweetness, I've been offered the first vice-presidency of the biggest belting company in existence, the Simcoe Company, with the assurance that I will be president inside of three years. Aside from the salary, there's a very intelligent common stock setup going with it."

"But, Willis," Sylvia began and then stopped, and she still did not seem to get it.

"Now, honey," Willis said, "there are no ifs and buts about this. This is a firm and clear cut offer—not that I can blame you for being the least bit incredulous, considering what Simcoe stands tradewise."

As Willis watched her, Sylvia shifted her position, and her worried look, instead of evaporating into relief, grew more pronounced.

"But, Willis," she said, "I know your mind is very quick about these things and that mine isn't, and so I hope you won't be impatient with me. I don't see how you can leave Harcourt Associates, especially when so many people depend on you as much as they do. It doesn't seem to me exactly fair."

It irritated Willis that Sylvia should think for an instant that he would have done something that was not fair—but then he remembered that he had not yet presented the whole picture.

"I'd rather you'd let me make my point," he said, "before you jump to conclusions, Sylvia. You haven't heard the whole of the offer, and the best part is coming, honey." He laughed lightly. "It just so happens that the Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting Company is offering to merge with Harcourt Associates, and the figure, honey—now hold onto your seat again—is in the neighborhood of twenty-five million dollars. Now how do you like that one, Mrs. Wayde? And before you answer just remember that you and I own several shares in Harcourt Associates. You're beginning to see, aren't you," Willis asked her gently, "why I feel so happy about this whole picture? Not so much for myself as for you and the children, sweetness. It's mighty hard to accumulate property today with things the way they are taxwise."

It did seem to him it was about time for Sylvia to share at least a little in his own spirit of euphoria, but then Sylvia was always slow on the uptake. "But, Willis," she said, "you can't sell Harcourt Associates yourself. The Harcourts and other people will have to agree to it, won't they?"

"Right, sweetness," Willis said. "The offer must be accepted by a majority of voting stock, and I think that's the way it will happen when the offer is presented, because in its essence it's a very generous offer."

"I suppose it is," Sylvia said, and she sighed and the line was deep again between her eyebrows, "but there's one thing I don't like about it, Willis. I know I don't understand these things, but it does seem to me that what they want most is Harcourt Associates, and that they are offering you a position in their company so that you can help them get what they want. It seems something like a bribe, Willis."

He wished that Sylvia had not hit upon that final word because it sounded like an echo of his own conscience, but he knew Sylvia would be right with him as soon as she got the whole picture.

"I'm glad you brought up that point, honey," he said, "because it was one that disturbed me, and in fact I went right to the mat with P. L. about it. The two offers aren't tied together in any sort of a package deal, sweetness. P. L. really wants me at Simcoe. He's reaching retirement age, you know, and he said I was the best man there is for the job. There it is in a nutshell, and I hope it makes you as proud as it makes me, Mrs. Wayde."

He had told Sylvia everything frankly and sincerely, but the furrow between her eyebrows was still as deep as ever.

"Willis," Sylvia said, "did you ask Mr. Nagel whether he wants you in his company if he can't get Harcourt Associates?"

He must have looked startled. "No, honey," he said, "I didn't. Very frankly, the thought



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When you open the Fresh jar you'll discover... its delicate fragrance... its whiteness... its whipped cream smoothness. Not a trace of stickiness, of greasiness. Gentle to skin, too.

For an air of freshness, use Fresh Cream Deodorant daily. Be lovely to love, always!



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a "FRESH" girl is always lovely to love

occur to me. It would have been very
g to P. L. Nagel, sweetness. I know he
ne, no matter what—but of course I
with him and leave the Harcourts in
h. You see my point, don't you, dear?"
lt relaxed and happy now that Sylvia
true picture. Anyone could see that he
ot leave the Harcourts in the lurch.
, Willis," Sylvia said, "I shouldn't
he Harcourts would like it, I mean the
Harcourts and Bill and Bess. I mean
selling their business that's been in the
so long. You know they have a sense of
ion to everyone who works there. Of
it's old-fashioned but that's the way
el."

is examined the intricate pattern of the
nshah rug before he answered Sylvia.
don't have to tell me how the Harcourts
out the Harcourt Mill. It's like a sort of
home to me, too, honey." He had not
ed that there would be a tremor in his
ut there was, and he paused and cleared
oat. "But here's the point, sweetness,"
l. "We are living in a world of change,
am as sure as I can be, morally, that
g physical is going to happen to the Har-
Mill. In the final integration with Sim-
I have anything to do with it, it won't
se its name. I always will be loyal to the
urt interests. They're the same as my
mily, honey. But look at the present of-
venty-five million dollars. Very frankly,
ouldn't be getting one fifth of that if it
been for me."
know you've worked day and night,
Sylvia said, and she nodded her head
.
nd nobody knows better than you that
en quite a strain, sweetness," Willis said
y because he did not want Sylvia to in-
t him. "When a chance like this comes
u and me and the children, we've both of
to take it, if it doesn't involve integrity,
this doesn't. You've got to keep on mov-
nd growing. That's the American way,
ness."
ut, Willis dear," Sylvia said, "we're al-
changing. First there was that time when
esigned from Beakney-Graham because
acoby wanted you at Rahway. Then after
re all getting on comfortably at Rahway
g, you started Harcourt Associates, and
ust when we're all happy, this new thing
s along. Willis, can't we forget about it
t things stay the way they are?"
s was the last question Willis would have
ted.
ow do you mean, sweetness," he asked,
e things the way they are?" His voice
ed an undercurrent of irritation which
d not intended.
mean why do it?" Sylvia said. "Just let
go on the way they are, as though this
never happened."
ile Willis was trying to pull his thoughts
er he was conscious of the silence that
unded them, as though an unseen audi-
were waiting for his reply.
can't believe that you're serious about
uggestion," Willis said. "When this is a
e for everything we want—leisure, trips
rope. We're going to be in the big league,
."
n, dear," Sylvia said, "I suppose men are
nt from women."
lis laughed briefly. "That's the way you
s are, sweetness," he said, "objecting
I bring home a new antique, saying that
pphire-and-diamond clip is ostentatious,
know you. You like them in the end, and
bout admitting it and giving me a kiss?"
crossed the room and kissed her and held
and for a moment.
n, darling," Sylvia said, "I suppose
e right. I do like money, and maybe I'm
beginning to like ostentation, but I'm
g tired of change. For instance, if you do
ne the president of this new company, we
be able to live here, will we?"
o, honey," Willis said, and he laughed
, "we'll have to move west, honey, out to
go. That's where their main offices are."
illis," Sylvia said, "I suppose this sounds
o you, but we've got all our roots here,
r friends and the children's friends. I re-
ate the prospect, darling."

Willis put his hands in his pockets and walked slowly three times back and forth across the rug.

"I don't know why you haven't got any sense of adventure, sweetness," he said. "It's going to be something new. We're going to build a home of our own, and Lake Forest, where we'll look for a building site, is a much more lovely and more gracious suburb than any I can think of around New York. We'll have new friends, honey, but we'll be coming to New York frequently." He bent down again and kissed Sylvia. Then he patted her head gently, just as he patted Louise's. "And besides, I'll make you a little promise. The boys will go to school in New England, some fine school with high ideals like Middlesex, and then of course they'll go to Harvard."

He gave Sylvia's back a friendly slap.

"And I can promise you we're going to have one whale of a fine time, honey," he said, "from now on in. Europe, Claridge's in London, the Paris Ritz. Believe me, honey, you're going to love every minute of it—and now how about our going upstairs to bed? I'm feeling pretty tired, what with one thing and another."

Willis was rapidly learning that if you had to do a thing, no matter how difficult, delay only made it more so. Consequently the day after he arrived in Orange he took the Merchants up to Boston.

He was relieved when he showed up at the Boston office the next morning to observe no trace of undue curiosity or restlessness. As a matter of fact, some new orders had come in and there was a prospect of still more in the near future. When he smiled at the people working at the central desks and shook hands with Sol Bradley of Promotion and Dana Britchbury of Sales, and Hank Knowlton, the general manager, Willis felt a warm spot in his heart for everyone.

"Hank," Willis asked when greetings were over, "what's the latest about Mr. Harcourt?"

Make his world a happy comfortable place to be

Remember—his skin really is thinner than yours



Nestled in the softness of his own little blanket he feels warm and snug. He will like the softness of the new ScotTissue, too



Everything that touches his tender skin must be gentle as your own caress. Your baby will like the softness of the new ScotTissue. It is unfailingly gentle to his thinner baby skin . . . yet strong to resist tearing and shredding "ScotTissue." Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Only you can give him the warm affection he needs to feel safe and secure.

He depends on you too for the wise and practical care that means so much to his physical comfort.

You can contribute much to your baby's daily comfort by choosing a bathroom tissue that is truly "tender skin" soft. The new ScotTissue is softer than ever for his thinner baby skin. Yet it is strong and absorbent for quick, neat cleansing.

Get several rolls today. The big 1,000-sheet roll goes further, lasts longer, gives you real family-use economy. Another great Scott value.



1000 sheets—over ½ more than the 650 sheets you get from most other tissues

2 rolls of ScotTissue equal more than 3 rolls of most other tissues

He spoke in a low solicitous voice, and Hank Knowlton answered in the same manner.

"The picture, as we got it yesterday afternoon," Hank said, "is about the same. His left side and his speech are still affected. We called up Mrs. Ewing instead of bothering Mrs. Harcourt."

"You're right, I think," Willis said, "to make inquiries through Mrs. Ewing. I'll call this afternoon. By the way, whose idea was it to have fresh flowers on his desk?"

"Oh, that was Miss Bailey's idea," Hank said. "It takes a gal to think of a thing like that."

"Well, it's a nice idea," Willis said. "You might tell Nellie Bailey to get fresh flowers every day. Hank, it might be a good idea if you were to get the department heads together in the conference room for a general briefing, say in half an hour. I'll be making a couple of telephone calls, but interrupt me right away when you're ready."

The windows of Willis' office looked over the Charles River toward Cambridge. The surface of his desk was clear, except for his group photograph of Sylvia and the children, and Willis sat down in the special posture chair he had ordered, not a thing of beauty, he had to admit, but effective for the purpose intended.

Until the telephone rang, he sat looking over the roofs of Commonwealth and Beacon Street, planning what he would say to Bess.

"Hello, Bess," he said. "I hope I haven't waked you up or anything."

"Oh," she said, "is that you, Willis?" He would have known the slightly husky quality of her voice anywhere. "Where are you? I hope you're somewhere where we can see you."

"Why, Bess dear," Willis said, and he laughed reassuringly, "of course I am. I'm right up here at the Boston office. Can you tell me how everything's going at Beacon Street?"

"I just finished talking to mother a minute before you called," Bess answered. "He's able to sit up for two hours in the afternoon now. He can get downstairs to the library, and he was asking for you only yesterday."

"Well, that's the best news I've heard in a dog's age," Willis said. "Maybe you wouldn't mind finding out whether I ought to see him not. It would be good to see him if it would make him overtired."

"I know he'd love to see you," Bess sa "The doctor said only the family, but we'll you in on the ground floor."

"I've never felt more like family," Wi said, "than I do right this minute, Bess. I do suppose I could have a little visit with y sometime later this afternoon myself."

"Why, Willis," Bess said, "alone?" and laughed.

He was glad that he was still able to keep a friendly bantering basis with Bess.

"Yes," he said, "alone, if you can stand Bess, but then we've been without chaperc before, haven't we?"

When she laughed, he could not help join in with her. "Why, Willis," she said, "have y something special and private to say to me

Willis waited a moment before he answer "Well, to be serious for just a minute, Bes he said, "I frankly want to ask your adv about something that's been on my mind cently involving a decision I have to make. dinarily, of course, I'd ask your father, but any case I'd value your reaction, Bess."

"Oh, dear," said Bess, "is it something abc business? It isn't bad news, is it?"

"Oh, now come," Willis said, "I would be joshing with you over the telephone if I h bad news. Why, frankly, I think it's pre good news. After I've seen your father, w don't we meet up here in the office?"

"In the office?" Bess said. "Why the offi Willis?"

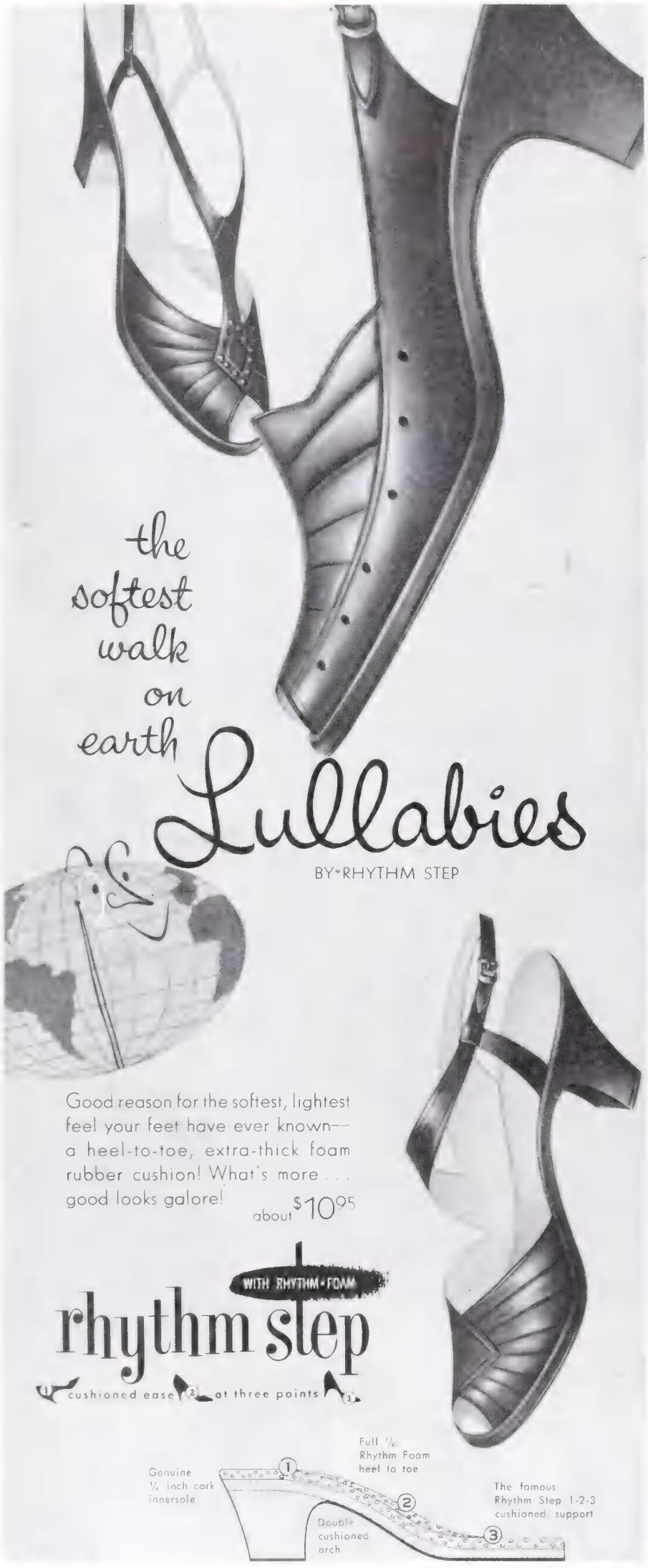
"Only because it's a place where we can quiet and undisturbed," Willis said. "May on second thought you'd better ask Bill come up with you, Bess."

"But what under the sun is it about, Willis she asked.

"Now, Bess," he answered, "I can't expla it over the telephone, but as I say, I think i pretty good news for all of us. Don't wor about anything, Bess dear."

Willis stood still for nearly half a minu after he had put down the telephone. H

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



The Journal's
MORE HOUSE
FOR THE MONEY
Portfolio #1

Air Cooling

Our modern JOURNAL home starts with big advantages for future coolness. Item: the white roof reflects heat. Item: the trellis shades the glass living-room wall to allow view but keep direct sun rays out. But you may want to install air-conditioning facilities as well. Even if the cooling unit itself may not be added until later, it is a good idea to plan toward it during the building stage. Doing so now saves on later costs, and almost certainly increases the resale value of the house in these days when air-cooled homes are growing in popularity.

If you plan air conditioning, consult your builder for preparations the house will require in your climate—insulation, weather stripping, attic-ventilation facilities, barriers against ground moisture, double glass in skylight (if second floor is to be cooled too).

A heating system of the forced-air type is indicated for the JOURNAL house. The same ducts and registers can be used for cooling, but extra ducts will be needed in most parts of the country. All such plans depend specifically on location. But as a sure rule, you save by putting in those extra ducts as you build. They will cost between $50 and $150 serving a single floor of the house, $80 to $170 if you plan to cool the entire house. To put in the same ducts as an afterthought would be much higher—$150 to $450 for the first floor, $340 to $660 for the whole house.

The cooling unit would logically go beside the furnace in the small basement. Once again: to save, put in locally needed connections for electricity, water and water drainage as the house is built.

Finally comes the actual cooling unit—about the size of a small furnace. The cost of the unit, including installation, in a house of this kind properly prepared will be between $1200 and $1500 if you cool a single floor, or $1545 to $1850 if you plan to cool the whole house—and those prices include water-saving facilities required in most areas.

In summary, then, air-cooling preparations put in at the building stage can cut down later expenses considerably, from at least 10 per cent to probably 25 per cent. Well-equipped for air cooling, your house will take less running cost during hot weather. And it will be easier to heat in winter too.

Figures Show

the modern taste is for light refreshment

ONE look at this modern hostess's silhouette and you can just about guess the kind of thing she keeps in that refrigerator.

You'd know it must be stocked with the lighter, less filling foods that make up the diet of the world's most attractive people today.

That's how they keep those slender waistlines. How they stay so young-looking year after year. Why they feel so good, so fit for all the activities, all the fun modern living has to offer.

And it is to suit their modern taste that today's Pepsi-Cola is reduced in calories. Never heavy, never too sweet, it refreshes without filling.

Have a Pepsi, the modern, the *light* refreshment.



Pepsi-Cola

The Light refreshment

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

thoughts kept running off on tangents as they frequently did when he talked to Bess Ewing. They had known each other too long and sometimes too well, and long familiarity made impersonality impossible, but he had achieved his purpose. He would see Bess at half past four, and her brother Bill would be with her, if he knew Bess.

Willis pulled his wits together. In fifteen minutes he would have to be in the conference room going over sales and production figures, and he had another call to make.

Roger Harcourt was in his office. Everything that day had run very smoothly.

"Hello, Roger," Willis said, "it's good to hear your voice. . . . Yes, I'm up here for the day and just parenthetically, Roger, before I forget it, while I was down in Carolina at the Production Liners' Convocation, who should I meet there but P. L. Nagel, but that's a point, Roger, that I wish to take up with you later. What I wanted to say over the telephone is that I told that story of yours about the Chinese ambassador. I wish you had been there to see how well it was received."

Willis waited a moment for some comment, but there was only silence.

"Are you there, Roger?" Willis asked at last.

"Yes, I am, unfortunately," Roger Harcourt said. "What else is it you want?"

Willis laughed. "I was only hoping that I might have a bite of lunch with you, Roger," Willis said. "Over a little matter that Gil Bakeliss and I were talking about yesterday, and Gil concurs with my views. You'd be pleased if you knew how highly Gil thinks of you, Roger."

"And I'd be pleased if I knew what you were talking about," Roger Harcourt said. "What have you and Nagel been cooking up together there at the Hotel Carolina?"

It had never been wise to discount Roger Harcourt's perspicacity. Willis found himself speaking more tersely. "I'll tell you that at lunch. I suggest we have it here at the office at twelve-thirty sharp. I'll add that it's an important-enough appointment to break any others that you may have, Roger. I have a piece of news that I think will please you, and I have one more suggestion."

Willis paused. There was nothing like a slight wait over the telephone.

"Hello," Roger said, "are you there?"

"Yes," Willis said, "I'm right here, Roger. I said I had one suggestion. See if you can make an appointment to see Mrs. Henry Harcourt's trustee for later in the afternoon. And now I must bid you good-by because I'm going into a conference."

GUESTS or not, Willis had always made it a point to have lunch in the office with the executive staff whenever he came to Boston. He could not help it if Roger was annoyed by having to eat clear consommé, cold tongue and coleslaw in the conference room with Sol Bradley, Dana Britchbury, Hank Knowlton and two juniors from the Sales Department. He was sure that he only needed half an hour with Roger after lunch, and as matters turned out his foreshadowing had been correct almost to the minute.

"Roger," Willis said, "suppose you and I go into Mr. Bryson's office for our coffee. You can have sugar if you like, but I find saccharin keeps my weight down, and saccharin is thoughtfully supplied by the management."

It was one of those office jokes that never grew stale, but Roger Harcourt did not join in the communal laughter.

"I'd like a digestive tablet instead of saccharin," Roger said. "I never could stand raw cabbage, but I would indeed appreciate a minute alone with you, Willis, since you asked me up here for a talk."

Once Willis would have been alarmed by this display of temper, but basically he knew that Roger Harcourt respected him. It was even barely possible that Roger Harcourt was fond of him.

Willis closed the door of Mr. Bryson's office. "Have a cigar, Roger," Willis said, "and settle down in a comfortable chair. I know you don't approve of the captain's chairs, but there's a soft leather one over by the window."

Willis poured the coffee, and Roger Harcourt grunted painfully as he sat down.

"All right," he said, "now that you've got me placed with the light on my face and the office door closed, perhaps you'll pull the rabbit out of your hat, Willis. I don't unde your ability for a single minute, but I wis didn't always find it necessary to set the st

Willis laughed affectionately. "I think agree with me in just a minute," he said, this moment needs a little setting, Roge sorry you were bored at lunch. I wanted look as though you dropped in casually cause, very frankly, our meeting mustn underlined at all. But before we start, you tell me what the doctors say about Bryson's condition?"

"I DON'T think I can bear it, Willis," H Harcourt said, "if you tell me again tha have a warm spot in your heart for Brys he had worked harder and hadn't indulg violent exercise, he wouldn't be in his pr unhappy condi From everything gather, he will recover sufficient participate furth Harcourt Assoc matters—not tha will be a loss to one."

Willis put dow coffee cup care and looked stern Roger Harcourt.

"I hope you'll give me, Roger," said, "if I say I re your attitude. Sir because our busi has been expand this does not mea a minute that my alty to Mr. Bryson his family has alt in any way."

"I don't care loyal you are," R Harcourt said, long as this firm k on making mo Just as soon as stock gets up to a dred, I'll sell out. let's get down to b tacks. What is it yo been talking ab with Mr. P. L. Nag

Although Willis not sure that he li Roger's attitude, could always tak hint. "I often think best thing about turing," Willis said being able to colle fine assortment pleasant memories have a lot of them, cluding a few ab you, Roger. We b remember, don't when old P. L. ca down and offered buy the mill from H Five million dollars was the price, and y wanted to sell, as I remember."

Roger scowled. "I was basically right th and I still think the property ought to be sol he said.

Willis nodded slowly. "I agree with yo Roger," he said. "One hundred per cent."

Roger Harcourt gave a clumsy jerk and h pushed himself from his chair. "What's th again?" he asked.

It was a pleasure to be able to surpr Roger, and now that he was surprised the ne would be more effective.

"It hurts me, very frankly, to say that we in agreement, Roger," Willis said, "because a way this contradicts a number of my pub statements regarding the future of our co pany, but privately I've been thinking for long while that we must expand or sell ou

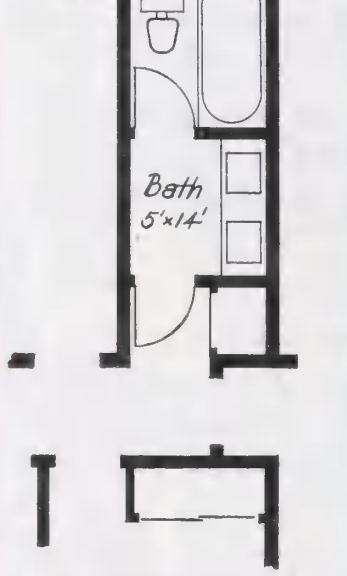
Willis waited, but not too long. There w no need to be overdramatic.

"P. L. Nagel could naturally put the ca more strongly than I," he said. "Briefly, Si coe wants to absorb us for a figure in the neig borhood of twenty-five million dollars. I thi we ought to accept, Roger."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

The Journal's
MORE HOUSE
FOR THE MONEY
Portfolio #1

Alternate Bath Plan



One-bathroom scheme could also be used in Journal's portfolio house instead of two small baths. This one shows two basins, separate tub and toilet, large linen closet.

Sensational Discovery!



NOW...
an exciting new kind of
"Perfume that Clings"

Chantilly
LIQUID
SKIN SACHET*



If perfume doesn't "stay" with you . . . or if you're looking for a *luxurious* fragrance to use *everyday* . . . this new creamy-pink perfume is the answer! Made with a revolutionary, slowly diffusing sachet base—it keeps the lovely fragrance of *Chantilly* on your skin for hours!

HOW TO APPLY...

Every morning, smooth a few drops over your skin . . . particularly at wrist, the bend of your arm, behind the ear, under the neckline . . .

With every pulse-beat, the deep warmth of your body awakens the perfume held in each precious drop . . .

And the romantic fragrance of *Chantilly* comes to life . . . becomes a part of you . . . clings to you . . . all day long, far into the evening!

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF to try "The Perfume That Clings" $1.85 *plus tax*

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HOUBIGANT

9500 Skin Tests Prove

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest! Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP... FLOATING SOAP... EVEN COLD CREAM



Palmolive's gentle complexion care cleans thoroughly without irritation!

ere's nothing women envy more . . . or men admire so ch . . . as that lovely "schoolgirl complexion look." And too, can have a younger looking, far *lovelier* complexion by changing to proper care with gentle Palmolive. It so much to help you have a softer, smoother skin!

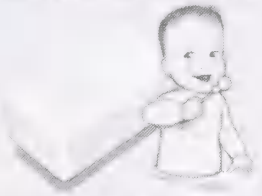
Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irritation . . . more gentle cleansing. And now, milder Palmolive brings you these benefits—so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. For Palmolive is not only mild—Palmolive has been *proved mildest* of them all!

See how regular care with Palmolive Soap really improves your complexion. How it leaves skin feeling so wonderfully clean and soft . . . how it cleans without irritation. Try *mild* Palmolive Soap. You'll find no other leading soap or cold cream gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive!

Skin Specialists Say: **"MILDER CLEANSING IS BETTER FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!"**



Palmolive Is Proved Milder than Any Other Leading Beauty Soap or Castile Soap!



Palmolive Is Proved Milder than Leading White Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!



Palmolive Is Proved Even Milder than America's Leading Cold Creams!



PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

The Big News in Corn Meal!

Fresh Corn Flavor

Be sure it's Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal

Pass the Fresh Corn F
to *your* folks tonight!
a wonderful, easy
Meal Biscuit Ring lik
Recipe's on the next

Quaker
CORN MEAL
. . . HOMINY GRITS AND QUICK GRITS, TOO



Look for either of these famous faces and you get the Fresh Corn Flavor of choice corn, new milling methods, new packaging.

Aunt Jemima
CORN MEAL
. . . HOMINY GRITS, TOO



Young Idea for Lent
Hot and hearty
1-dish meal

Corn Meal Biscuit Ring

with Tuna Supreme

…ple, easy . . . and every flaky
…thful says "Fresh Corn Flavor."

- Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal (white or yellow)
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ⅓ cup shortening
- 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup grated sharp cheese

…ft together corn meal, flour, baking …owder, salt. Cut in shortening until …ixture resembles coarse crumbs. …dd pimiento, milk; mix lightly only …ntil dampened. (Add more milk if …eeded to make soft dough.)

…nead gently a few seconds on …ghtly floured board. Roll out to ⅜-…ch thickness; brush with melted …utter. Cut with floured biscuit cut-…r (small size). Dip buttered side of …iscuit in grated cheese. In a well-…reased 8-inch ring mold stand bis-…uits on end with flat sides together. …prinkle with remaining cheese. …ake in hot oven (400°F.) 20 to 25 …inutes.

…ake creamed tuna, adding chopped …reen pepper, chopped hard-cooked …ggs, chopped pimiento. Take biscuit …ng from oven; let stand 2 or 3 min-…tes. Invert mold; turn right side up …n serving dish. Brush with melted …utter. Set dish of creamed tuna in …enter; serve. (For delicious quick …read, omit creamed tuna.)

Short-Cut Method for Biscuit Ring

…repare biscuit dough as above. …hape into 10 or 12 balls. Brush each …ll with melted butter and roll in …rated cheese. Arrange balls in …reased ring mold. Sprinkle with re-…aining cheese. Bake as above.

"Fresh Corn Flavor"
…is the big news today in corn meal. Try Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal in your next corn bread.

Send today for your valuable
…OOR-OUTDOOR THERMOMETER
$4.00 Value—Only $2.00

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…is handsome inside …ermometer tells in-…or and outdoor tem-…ratures. Exclusive …agnifying case gives …sy reading. To get *your* thermom-…er, postpaid, send …ly $2.00 and trade-…ark from 1 bag or …ckage of Quaker or …unt Jemima Corn Meal …Grits to: *Thermom-…er, Box 1721, Chicago …, Illinois.*

…ote: Offer limited to continental U.S. and Alaska. …oid where prohibited, regulated or taxed. Good …ly while supplies last.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

"Good heavens!" Roger Harcourt said. "Twenty-five million?"

Willis was glad that he had gone so far beyond Roger that he was no longer bemused by high figures.

"In cash and in an exchange of stock, Roger," he said. "I don't know how Mr. Bryson will like it, or Bill and Bess, but I'm going to talk to them this afternoon. You see, there's another angle I haven't mentioned—a personal angle."

"Oh?" Roger Harcourt said. "Well, what's the personal angle?"

"I hate to bring it up, Roger," Willis said, "since it involves a question of divided loyalty and one that I have not entirely worked out as yet to my own satisfaction. I like to think I deserve the trust you've all put in me during the last eight years, but I also have another loyalty—my obligation to my family. I've been offered the first vice-presidency of Simcoe, which means the presidency when P. L. Nagel retires—but don't think for a minute these two offers are contingent."

ROGER's smallish mouth creased into an unpleasant smile. "Oh, no," he said, "not for a single minute, Willis."

It was not a time to be angry, but it was a time for sincerity and for the display of one's innermost convictions.

"It's only fair to tell you," Willis said, "that I don't like your tone of sarcasm, and I resent your implication. If there had not been this offer to buy, I would not dream of going to Simcoe, no matter how alluring the future. I would never leave this organization in the lurch. I have my stake in Harcourt, too, if you want to think from a mercenary angle. Everything aside, I think we'd better sell, but I won't have you or anyone else casting a reflection on my motives."

Candour: what a woman thinks about another woman's gown. Tact is what she says about it.
—THE CYNIC'S DICTIONARY

Roger Harcourt had stopped smiling. "Don't get excited, Willis," he said. "I don't care a bit about your motives. I'm completely with you about selling, and I see what you mean now about my seeing Mrs. Henry Harcourt's trustee."

"I'm glad you get my point," Willis answered. "It seems to me only fair that he should know of my personal intentions."

"I'll see he knows," Roger Harcourt said, and he laughed briefly. "He'll vote Mrs. Harcourt's stock with ours. I'll call you up as soon as I've seen him." Roger pushed himself up from his chair. "I always enjoy it when you and I think alike," he said. "Thank you for the luncheon, Willis, and as I exit may I add that I feel I've been in the presence of true greatness? It is a pleasure to see an artist working."

"I wouldn't say that I'm an artist, Roger," Willis said, "but I am grateful for our little talk and relieved that we have reached an area of agreement."

In later days Willis often wondered if there were any way in which he could have made a better presentation. On the whole he was reasonably sure that he had done the best he could. At least he had stated the facts candidly, and in a difficult negotiation it was always best to choose candor.

The worst part of the day was his visit to the Bryson Harcourt house on Beacon Street. Willis always hoped that he had not shown his consternation when he saw Mr. Bryson Harcourt seated in a wheel chair with Mrs. Harcourt standing in the background. He managed to smile in spite of the sagging appearance of half of Mr. Bryson's face.

"It's so good to see you, Willis," Mrs. Harcourt said, and she shook hands with him in her old vigorous way. "This is Willis, dear."

But Mr. Bryson recognized him, though he spoke so thickly that Willis could distinguish only half the words.

"He's asking if there's anything new at the office," Mrs. Harcourt said.

"Nothing that isn't first-rate news," Willis answered. "Everything is under control until you get back with us."

Then Mr. Bryson's speech grew clearer, or perhaps Willis had become accustomed to it. "How was the golf at Pinehurst?"

The question made a lump rise in Willis' throat. "Pretty good, considering," Willis answered.

He could not follow Mr. Bryson's next question, but Mrs. Harcourt did.

"He wants to know what you went around in," Mrs. Harcourt said.

"Well," Willis said, "I got a ninety-one on Course Two but I took three strokes getting out of the trap on the tenth. That's a very tricky hole, the tenth."

Half of Mr. Bryson's face was like a mask, but the other half followed every word. "Which trap?"

"The first on the right, sir," Willis answered. "The deep one." He laughed. "It was like being in the crater of a volcano, taking those three strokes."

Mrs. Harcourt nodded meaningly to Willis.

"It's great to see you, sir," Willis said, "and I'll be looking in again sometime very shortly. Now don't worry about the office. Everything's all right."

Mrs. Harcourt walked with him to the door. "Oh, Willis," she said, "we all thank God that you're here looking after everything."

"Believe me," Willis told her, "I'll always do the best I can, the very best for everyone."

He was always glad that he had made this promise to Mrs. Harcourt, and he believed that he had kept it. All anyone could do was do one's best.

There were fifteen minutes to spare when he reached the office before Bill and Bess could possibly arrive, plenty of time to compose his thoughts.

"Hank," he said to Hank Knowlton, "when Mrs. Ewing and Mr. Bill Harcourt are here, keep me off the telephone. And I wish you'd find out where I can reach Mr. P. L. Nagel in Chicago; I may want to speak to him after they are gone. If it gets to be after five send everybody home except Nancy at the switchboard, and I wish you'd stay, too, Hank. There may be something I want to take up with you."

Actually the meeting with Bill and Bess had not been nearly as difficult as Willis had anticipated. Although of course there had been the emotional strain and the sentiment about the Harcourt Mill, it had been a warm and friendly meeting with kindness and sympathy on every side, a sympathy which was intensified by his call on Mr. Bryson, because Willis was still distressed when he saw Bill and Bess.

"Well, well, Bess," he said, "how lovely you look this afternoon."

THERE was always something fresh and out-of-doors about her, although she never had the taste for clothes that Sylvia had, and Bess was not careful of her weight like Sylvia.

"Oh, Willis," Bess said, and she kissed him and clung to him for a moment and he was as touched as he was surprised, "isn't it dreadfully sad?"

"Yes, Bess dear, it is," Willis said, "but your mother's wonderful."

"She is wonderful," Bill said, "and so is father. He shows a lot of sportsmanship, I think."

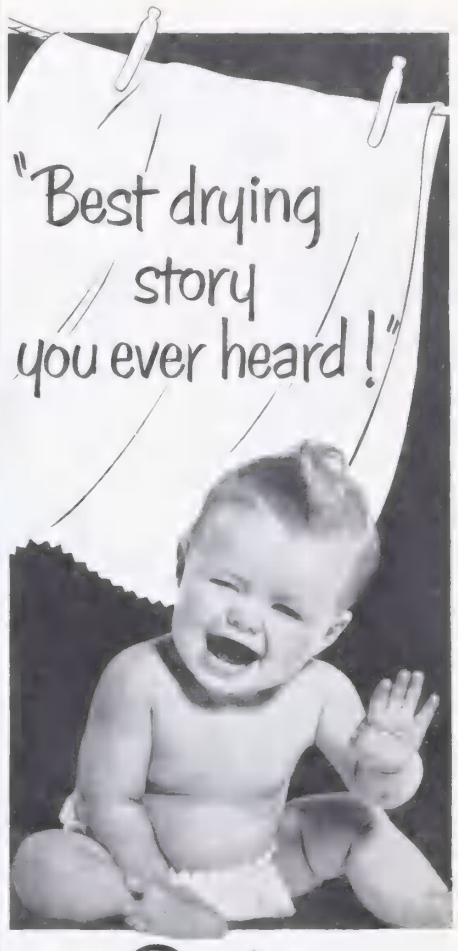
"That's very true, Bill," Willis said. "You know, your mother said a very sweet thing to me just as I was leaving, something I shall never forget. 'We all thank God,' she said, 'that you're looking out for everything.'"

"We do, Willis," Bess said. "We really do."

It was the real Bess speaking, without mockery that afternoon. In fact, they all of them were at their very best.

Willis said, "You know, I'm glad I called at Beacon Street before I saw you, because now I'm pretty sure that what I have to say will relieve you, Bill, and you, too, Bess, of a lot of worry. I may as well be terse about it. One of the largest belting companies in the country wants to buy Harcourt Associates—the Simcoe Company, to be exact. It's located in the Midwest, in case you don't remember. The offer's in the neighborhood of twenty-five million dollars. I know what you're thinking, Bess, but don't interrupt me. I think we ought to sell to them and I want to tell you why."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113



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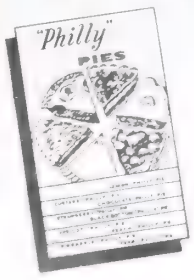
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

rt of persuasion, Willis believed, was keystone of American business and s of American industrial prestige; as never more convinced of its impor- an when he talked to Bill and Bess.

ength of his approach lay in his sin- npathy. No one knew better than he nuinely the Harcourts had regarded the of the Harcourt Mill as a family obli- He knew that Bess and Bill looked upon kers of the Harcourt Mill almost as 's of the family, and why not? There zens he could name—because he never regard labor as a commodity—whose had worked there for three genera- This was a proud record and Willis in the Harcourts' pride—just a little. red this fine tradition, having been t up in it like Bess and Bill, and he was l to it as any Harcourt. And yet they old enough now to see how times were g, and even traditions had to be re- ed—sometimes.

day of family hip in business disappearing. a radius of fifty f where they were there were hun- of factories that been in family for over a century eing merged into groups. There was g to be ashamed his situation, for g, very frankly, w blood and new ion coursing h fine old arteries. tunately at the nt Harcourt As- s was in a fine n. They had many which would be so good again, explained why P. gel had made this ous offer. All e was painful, but very conceivably never be such a e again. Willis was tant, being hu- proud of Har- 's achievement, o encapsulate all hought he must mend that the holders should t this offer, and new that Bill and when they thought er, would stand there with him to be counted.

l was the first one to speak. "That was a speech," he said. "I never knew you d lay it on the line like that."

ss was the one, of course, whom Willis watching. It had never struck Willis that lower lip was so nearly a replica of Mr. y Harcourt's, or that her eyes, though of ferent color, had the same qualities of emplation he remembered in old H. H. s was happy to observe that Bess looked isely serious.

'm glad you've been so frank, Willis," she "And I'm glad you feel the way father all the rest of us do about the mill. I know old-fashioned, and I suppose we'll have to the inevitable, but there is one thing I'm we will all want to know. That offer will e us quite rich, but I'd like to know, if e bought out, what assurance there is that e people won't close the mill. There is still obligation to the people working there."

Bess, dear," Willis said, "of course I knew d bring that matter up, and it is the sixty- -dollar question, isn't it, as they say? Be- e me, I've been right to the mat with P. L. his subject, and in that connection I think n deliver some reassuring news; not, mind that anyone can ever promise anything al- s—you know that, don't you, Bess?"

e never forgot that he had made this pro- and he saw Bess nod her assent to it.

Willis said, "I hesitate to obtrude my personal problems at this time, but here's the news I was speaking of. It seems they've been looking for a new president at Simcoe and, well, to make matters brief, they've offered it to me—first vice-president to start with, and president when Mr. Nagel becomes chairman of the board. It's a pretty hard matter to turn down when I remember Sylvia and the kids."

He raised his hand quickly when he saw that Bess was about to speak.

"Please, Bess," he said, "just let me make my point." He leaned slightly forward. "If we should sell out to them and if I should take that position, you know and I know, Bess, that the Harcourt Mill and all your feelings about it will be one of my first cares. In fact, Bess, P. L. Nagel and I have had some discussion about integrating Harcourt Associates and we've pretty well decided to leave it where it is and call it the Harcourt Division, so the name will still be there."

He should have realized long ago that the very fact that he would be the president of that larger company was a favorable argument.

"Why, Willis," Bess said, and she smiled and not at all in a mocking way, "that makes everything sound much better. Why didn't you tell us that before? I'm awfully glad for your sake. In fact, if things happen that way I guess I'm pretty glad for all of us."

Then Willis had the most glorious feeling that anyone can have, a conviction that everything was resolved, and this was due to Bess. There was no one in the world quite like Bess Harcourt. She had made him feel happy and at peace with himself for the first time since P. L. Nagel had passed the word. It had not been necessary at all to bring up the subject of Roger Harcourt or Mrs. Henry Harcourt's trustee. After all, there was nothing like old friendships.

Yet Willis had learned long ago to conceal blatant feelings of triumph and elation. It was a part of office discipline always to be measured and controlled.

"Good-by, Bill," he said, when he escorted them to the reception room. "Aside from everything else, it's been swell seeing you and I hope we can repeat the process soon. Good-by, Bess, dear," he said. "May I?"

"Well," Bess said, and she laughed, just as she had in the old days, "it wouldn't be the first time, Willis."

She turned her cheek to him and he kissed it, in the most formal possible way, since Bill was there.

"And it won't be the first time I've thought you were a very wonderful person, Bess," Willis said, "and I know furthermore that it won't be the last."

It was a quarter before six when Bill and Bess left and the office was deserted except for Nancy Sullivan at the switchboard and Hank Knowlton.

"THANKS a lot for staying, Nancy," Willis said. "Before you go will you see if you can get me Mr. P. L. Nagel, please, in Chicago? And, Hank, will you come back with me to Mr. Bryson Harcourt's office for a moment?"

Willis rested his hand affectionately on Hank's shoulder. There was nothing like loyalty, and when loyalty was obtained it should be nourished by appreciation.

"Hank," he said, "if Elly wouldn't mind at this short notice, you might call her up and say

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

SUNDOWN

By HERBERT MERRILL

Of horizontal light, of long blue shade,
Of children singing is the evening made,
Of sunshine gathered in lace curtains barred
With shadows of the frame, and in the yard
Brown earth gilt over with a tawny crust,
And in the air bright particles of dust.

Of this is evening made, and of the dark
That rises from the ground and climbs the bark
Up shaggy hickories to quench the light
Flaming in leaves above the lifting night,
And always children singing home from play,
Golden in the sun's last level ray.

Bouquet of Spring Salads

with delicious cling peaches and cottage cheese

Just look at the showy salads you can fix fast with cottage cheese and golden cling peaches!

Clings are the well-shaped, beautiful peaches. Tender. Summer-sweet. Thrifty too—your best fruit buy. Serve these tempting salads with crunchy Ry-Krisp soon!



Peach Iris Salad

Cut a slice from each side of a cling peach half. Place round section on cottage cheese. Set slices, flaring outward, at base. Garnish with a cherry and green pepper stem and leaves.



Peach Tulip Salad

Split a cling peach half down the center, leaving about an inch uncut for flower base. Place on cottage cheese. Set a cherry between petals. Add green pepper stem and leaves.



Peach Marigold Salad

Spoon a mound of cottage cheese onto lettuce-lined plates. Center with a cherry. Press golden cling peach slices into cheese, radiating out from cherry.



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NBC TELEVISION

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

you to dine with me at the Ritz. You y confidentially, Simcoe Rubber has n offer to buy Associates, Hank, and if s through I'll want you to be the head Harcourt Division—temporarily, at any til we solve the problem of integration. rse operationwise the Harcourt Mill something of a headache in the fu- ot that I haven't got my fingers crossed ope that it won't."

E, like any self-sufficient New England had a long if inaccurate memory. In e better one came to know Clyde the ne grew impressed with the town's in- ever wholly to forget anyone who had velt within its limits. When Willis be- rst vice-president of Simcoe, and when rcourt Mill became the Harcourt Di- of that corporation, nearly everyone in reacted with great pleasure to the news; eant that the small-town boy had risen Simcoe, as everyone knew, was a multi- -dollar corporation, or a billion-dollar ation, now that a billion dollars had to be an ordinary unit of financial re. There could not be the slightest that Willis Wayde had acquired a great million dollars through the deal.

. Willis Wayde had seldom appeared in but a number of readers in the periodi- om of the Clyde Public Library had seen cture in the Willis Wayde family group ad appeared in For- nagazine. When the e family moved to go, and an article ap- d in Town and Coun- ndsomely illustrated, bing the new Wayde at Lake Forest, the of Willis Wayde as- d greater stature. In a this was a proof of d adage that absence the heart grow fonder, her reasons also could cribed to the rise of interest.

ward Twining, the dent of Willis' high- ol class, who ran ing's Real Estate and ance, had the energy ision to make a business gamble. He had to Chicago, and had personally called on s Wayde at the offices of Simcoe Rubber. Twining version of the whole meeting may become garbled but it was, at least, based ct.

seemed that Willis had a very large pri- office that looked out over Lake Michi- and, believe it or not, Mazie Minton, a e girl, was his head private secretary, right here wearing a gold slave bracelet, with of other private secretaries under her. e herself had received Howard Twining in uter waiting room. It took almost no time re he was led right up to Willis Wayde's te office, and Willis was very glad to see too. Willis had remembered Howard ing very well, although he started in by ng him Harold. As Howard said at the et, he did not want to take up too much of is' time, but he had dropped in to have a talk about life insurance. No matter how h insurance a man had, he could always do some more, and how about remembering good times they used to have together at old Clyde High?

othing could have been more gratifying the reaction of Willis Wayde to these re- ks. Willis said of course he remembered good times they once had at the old Clyde h; and then he began asking about people, ing them all by name. He asked for Steve Winnie Decker. He asked for any news ut Miss Minnie Wilson, whom he remem- ed very well as their room teacher back in de High. Seriously, those had been great s at school; and he wished he were not so away from Clyde. Unfortunately, the re- nsibilities of running an organization the of Simcoe contrived to keep him chained he Chicago office. For the last few years, kly, he was able to keep in touch with the rcourt Division in New England only through correspondence, the telephone and through memory, but he did know that Hank Knowlton was doing as fine a job as he could under the circumstances.

At this point Mazie Minton came back. It seemed that they had the display of Simfom cushions set up now in the conference room, and that Mr. Gregorian from the agency wanted Mr. Wade's reaction. Willis was dreadfully sorry, but if Howard wouldn't mind waiting they could go on with their talk. Then Willis asked Miss Minton for his engagement calendar and looked at it. After a moment's debate Willis had extended a very gracious invitation. He asked Howard if he wouldn't come out to Lake Forest and take potluck at family supper, since just the family would be at home. They could talk business going out in the Cadillac. Howard would not have dreamed of accepting this invitation if Willis had not urged him warmly.

Howard Twining wished he had the powers of description to paint a real word picture of the Wayde home at Lake Forest. He could only say that even in that suburb of magnificent homes the Wayde home took its place with the best of them. He could only say that the whole place had a welcoming, outgoing quality—and Howard was sure that he was not influenced in his judgment simply because he had made a hundred-thousand-dollar sale. Curiously enough, the estate reminded him in a way of the old Harcourt place. The rhododendrons on the drive were like the Harcourt rhododendrons; and believe it or not, there was an artificial pond with a swan on it.

One of the saddest and most foolish superstitions of the modern world is that people can arrive at righteousness without will power, that we can build good characters without effort. If we are to change, it will have ta be by resolving upon it.

—A. POWELL DAVIES
From The Temptation to be Good
Copyright 1952
Farrar, Straus & Young, Inc., Publishers

The house was made of gray stone like the Harcourt house and it had a gray slate roof; but the whole thing was modern with picture windows and things like that. To Howard's regret he never did get upstairs. He washed up in a very commodious downstairs lavatory that had a cloakroom, evidently designed for large parties. His main impression was of gracious hallways, large rooms with oil pictures, and very lovely furniture.

Mrs. Wayde, Howard Twining said, was a lovely, gracious hostess. You could see at once that there was a lovely relationship between her and Willis, that she was a real wife and mother, and very handsome too. She was wearing a lovely tailored linen dress, and everything about her was spick-and-span. Incidentally, she wore almost no jewelry except for a diamond bracelet and a very handsome solitaire diamond ring.

"And now, Howard," Willis said, "let's all go down and see the kids. This is one of their sport afternoons. They have tennis and swimming instructions three times a week. Are they down at the court now, honey?"

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Wayde answered. "Mr. Crock is finishing up with Paul. And Mr. Crock is very anxious for you to see how much Al has improved with his forehand."

"Has Louise picked up any on her serve?" Willis asked.

"Mr. Crock said he was very happy with her serving, darling," Mrs. Wayde said. "But you must hurry if you want to see Paul."

THE tennis court was very beautiful, and when Howard mentioned it, Willis confessed he had constructed it mostly from his memories of the court on the Harcourt place.

The children had lovely manners. One of the boys was playing tennis with a muscular young man, and another boy, Al, about twelve, with a sweater around his shoulders, was sitting beside a very cute little blond girl, aged eight.

"It looks to me," Willis Wayde said, "as though you were having a happy time, kids."

You could see that there was a real and deep affection between Willis and his children. They all gave a big shout when they saw him, and the little girl, whose name was Louise, jumped right up into his arms.

"How's daddy's darling?" Willis said. "And now I want you all to meet Mr. Twining. Believe it or not, Mr. Twining went to school with daddy."

There was no doubt at all that the Wayde children were good at tennis, and when it came to swimming Howard Twining was frankly a little embarrassed to put on a pair of trunks and get into the pool with the Wayde family. He did not mean that the pool was small. It was oversized and beautifully landscaped, with dressing rooms, and showers, and foam-rubber chairs and everything. Howard Twining only meant that he was embarrassed because he could merely do the side and breast strokes, whereas Willis and all the Wayde children swam the Australian crawl.

But Mrs. Wayde put him at his ease. "I think Willis overdoes the Australian crawl. It's always been an obsession with him. He even took crawl lessons on our honeymoon."

"Oh, now," Howard said facetiously, "not on your honeymoon, Mrs. Wayde?"

She laughed. She had a lovely sense of humor.

What Howard Twining always tried to emphasize when he told of his visit was its homey informality. You could see that there was lots of money around—swimming pools, old silver, butlers, chauffeurs, Cadillacs, tennis instructors and things like that; but none of this made you self-conscious. It was a

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privilege to be taken into the bosom of such a family.

Howard Twining had made his trip to visit Willis Wayde the summer of 1950, just at the beginning of the Korean difficulties. The signs on the Harcourt Mill had been changed almost a year before to read "Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting," and underneath in smaller but highly legible lettering "Harcourt Division." There were no rumors then or undercurrents of uneasiness in Clyde regarding the future of the Harcourt Mill.

It was, obviously, a shock to Clyde when the disaster finally struck. The news first took the form of a brief notice placed on all the bulletin boards at the Harcourt Mill, almost two months to the day after Willis had been made president of Simcoe. The next morning the news was spread across the front page of The Clyde Herald: "Simcoe Closes Harcourt Mill—Property for Sale."

There was, of course, an official explanation carefully prepared by the management of the Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting Company. It said that this step was taken only after long deliberation and with deep regret, due to the necessity for integrating the Simcoe processes more closely, thus achieving greater economy and efficiency. Positions would be made available as far as possible to employees who might want to work in the Simcoe Ohio or Illinois plants. And out of consideration to all employees, operations at the Harcourt Mill would not be discontinued for two full months. The announcement was signed by Willis Wayde as president of Simcoe.

This last was very hard to believe, because the announcement was completely devoid of his well-known warmth and sympathy. In

Dreams are as true today as they were a hundred years ago.
—DUTCH PROVERB

fact, after the few stunned days, when no one could talk of anything else, a group of diehards of Clyde, who still had faith in Willis Wayde, banded together, including many Harcourt laborers. They knew that if the Harcourt Mill had closed it was because Willis Wayde could not help it. He was sick about it, he had fought against it every inch of the way. It was a ring of Wall Street bankers who had secretly gained control of the Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting Company and who had forced this humiliation upon Willis Wayde.

There were times when Willis occasionally wondered whether he should not have hopped a plane and gone straight to Boston to tell the Harcourts personally, particularly Bess, the exact and compelling reasons that made the closing of the Harcourt Mill necessary—and the genuine grief and concern he felt personally for having to take such a seemingly drastic step. Sylvia, he admitted very frankly, had advised him to do so as soon as he had told her about the unpleasant step that he had been obliged to suggest to the Simcoe directors. Willis had been surprised, in fact, at how seriously Sylvia took the news because Sylvia, what with the children and her many social and community activities at Lake Forest, had not of late taken much interest in business matters.

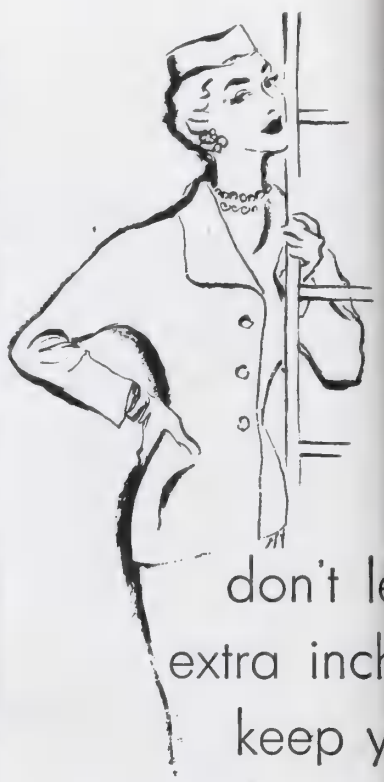
"But, Willis," she said, "you don't seem to think at all about what this will do to the Harcourts."

Of course Willis had thought of it, as he told Sylvia very distinctly.

"It's just as painful to me, sweetness," he said, "as it is to the Harcourts themselves. But really, honey, I wish you would try to see that I'm not my own agent in this. I have to do what is best for Simcoe. You wouldn't want me to be disloyal to my trust, would you?"

"No, Willis, of course not," Sylvia said, "but it seems so—so cold-blooded after all the years you worked there."

Willis sighed. Although he knew he was absolutely right, it was an unhappy conversation.


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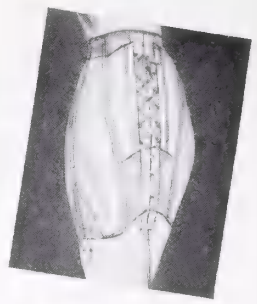
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ve told you I feel as badly as anyone," he
"but you've got to realize these things
times can't help but happen. Frankly,
the very beginning I think both P. L. and
re a little afraid that it would be even-
impossible to integrate the Harcourt
into the bigger picture. I've tried for
al years to do my level best to maintain
tus quo. The result has been some very
uraging sheets of figures, and the situa-
simply can't continue. Sometimes one has
cruel in order to be kind."

Willis," Sylvia said, "I know you're kind.
n't see why you don't think about what's
g to happen to everyone working in the
You know that will bother the Harcourts
bly."

was difficult for Willis to listen patiently
ylvia's remarks, which were tangential
had no bearing on reality. Her attitude
only another proof of the old adage, that
e and business do not mix.

know, honey," he said. "I've given a lot
ought to these workers. I realize as well
e Harcourts that there will be very con-
able distress, but I wish you'd try to see
main point. Frankly, the Harcourt Mill
eventually be abandoned because it isn't
odern plant, and it's too far away from
centers of production. You must realize
all sorts of small plants are closing every
and you and I cannot change the trend."

ritating as it was to be obliged to repeat
obvious facts, it was more irritating to
Sylvia dismiss them and turn to some-
g else.

But, Willis," she said, "did I understand
to say that you knew from the beginning
this was going to happen to the Harcourt
if Mr. Nagel bought it?"

rankly, Willis had to admit that he was
t by the question. "Now wait a minute,"
is said. "Let's get this perfectly straight. I
t let you or anyone make such implica-
s. In the first place, I said I *thought* it
ht be impossible to keep that plant. I only
mised the Harcourts to do the best I could,
I have. In the second place, I was per-
y right in advising them to sell when I
and my own personal interest had nothing
tsoever to do with that advice."

hen Willis stopped he realized his voice
risen.

Willis," Sylvia said, "please don't get
ted. Of course you did the right thing. I
only making a comment."

I'm not excited in the least," Willis said.
n only dealing with plain fact. They sold
twenty-five million dollars, as you very
l remember."

Yes, dear," Sylvia said, "yes, I remember."

And while we're on the remembering
e," Willis said, "you might remember, too,
t they never would have got any such
e if it had not been for my management
r a period of years. I have nothing to
logize for, sweetness, when I can't stop the
vitable. I can be sorry, but that doesn't
p it."

was a very painful conversation, but
llis could finally see from Sylvia's expres-
n that she had followed his line of logic.

I understand what you mean, dear," she
d, "and I can see how hard it must be to
to do what is right for everyone. I do hope
u're going to see the Harcourts and explain
ngs to them, just the way you have to me."

Instead of answering directly Willis bent
er Sylvia and kissed her forehead. "I'm
tty busy right now, sweetness," he said,
ut I'll mull over that suggestion. I'm not
re how this should be presented, yet, but
n't you bother your head about it. And by
e way, I think I'm going to have a nice
rprise for you tomorrow."

Sylvia looked up at him, and the line
tween her eyebrows deepened. "What sort
surprise, Willis?" she asked.

"Nothing to bother you a bit, honey," he
id, "but something I think will give you a
al thrill—something we've often talked
out, and dreamed about together, for many
ars. Now don't try to guess, because guess-
g will spoil it. Just wait until tomorrow."

It might actually have been better if he had
ken Sylvia's suggestion and had gone to
oston to see the Harcourts, but at the time
this seemed impossible. A tight schedule of meetings had been arranged in Chicago, the disruption of which would have been embarrassing and difficult. Besides, though 1953 had been the greatest year that Simcoe had ever known, Willis was quite frankly feeling tired, and not in the mood for the emotional upset which he knew would face him if he were to see Mrs. Bryson Harcourt and Bess and Bill. It seemed far more sensible to set aside several hours in which to write a series of warm personal letters to the large stockholders of the old Harcourt Mill.

Willis reached this decision on his way from Lake Forest to the city the very next morning after he had taken the matter up with Sylvia, and he activated this decision immediately after his arrival in the office. He even dismissed the idea of dictating the letters. This could be done for the final drafts, but he wished to formulate the first drafts entirely alone and undisturbed.

It was a much harder assignment than he thought it would be. He started with a letter to Bess Harcourt, in the belief that it might serve as a model for others. On the whole, Willis was satisfied that his letter to Bess said everything completely but concisely, with the spirit of old friendship in every line. He was never surprised that Bess did not acknowledge it, for after all, no acknowledgment was necessary.

Dear Bess: I can't help wishing as I write these lines—and believe me I'm writing the first draft by hand—that I were physically nearer to you, your mother and Bill, so that I might tell you what I have to say here personally. However, due to distance, and due to business pressures here, this letter must act as a substitute—an adequate one, I hope.

Believe me, Bess dear, I have signed the enclosed notice, which will appear within a few days on the bulletin boards at the Harcourt Mill, with the utmost pain and regret. The business

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119



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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

om of this step is, I am afraid, irrefutable, his does not assuage my personal reluctance. pe you will remember, Bess, dear, that when vised the selling of Harcourt Associates—ce which I trust you have never regretted—I nised you that the old Harcourt Mill would ys receive my fullest and sincerest interest. proud to say that I believe I have kept this nise to the letter. Not our wishes, but eco-ic forces, have been against us, Bess. Tender y memories are that cling to the Harcourt , its integration into our broader picture here never been successful. Its plant is obsolescent its day, quite frankly, is over, and I honestly eve would have been over long ago had it not n for the earlier combination with Rahway ing.

ut, Bess dear, agonizing though this whole cision is, I know that you and Bill, who now substantial blocks of Simcoe stock, will in end come to my way of thinking. In the final lysis, deeply though our affections may be ted in the past, you and I and all of us, who e homes and families to care for, must look n the road ahead. As a fine, old New England acher (was it Ralph Waldo Emerson?) once cinctly put it: "Look up, not down. Look for-rd not back, and lend a hand."

f I may, Bess dear, I'd like to close my letter that final note. In the midst of the very heavy den of responsibility that this very active npany has placed upon my shoulders, one of things that make the work worth while is the ief that I am in a position to lend a hand. If re is ever anything I can do for you, please l on me in that spirit.

Sylvia has asked me particularly to extend her st affectionate greetings to you and Edward; d she adds—and in this I heartily concur—that y time your journeying may lead you to Chi-go, don't forget the Waydes are always waiting Lake Forest.

Sincerely as always and devotedly,

WILLIS WAYDE.

It seemed to Willis that it was a good letter. never had any valid reason to revise his inion of it, and the other ters he wrote appeared him equally satisfactory. hat with the series of afts, and then luncheon, d finally some absolutely sential afternoon ap-intments, the business y was almost over by e time he signed the let-rs.

"Mazie," Willis asked, when Mazie Minton ally placed them on his desk ready for his gnature, "do you think those letters were dequate under the circumstances?"

"I think they are all just wonderful, Mr. Wayde," she said, "especially the one to Mrs. wing. That one, I think, is especially lovely."

"Thanks, Mazie," Willis said. "At any rate, one can say I didn't try." And then he anged the subject. "I wonder if you'd slip e travel folder and our itinerary for May nd June into my briefcase so I can take it ome with me," Willis said. "Now that this larcourt matter is settled, I believe we can eep the schedule. Mazie, would you see if Mrs. Wayde can be reached at home?"

By the time that Sylvia was on the telephone Willis was deep in the travel file.

"Sylvia," he said half playfully, but still eriously, "how would it be if you and I took trip to Europe? Not immediately, but next May and June. . . . No, I'm serious about this ne, honey. I have everything arranged al-eady. We have a suite on the veranda deck f the Elizabeth, and a car and chauffeur to neet us at Cherbourg, and reservations at the Ritz in Paris. I'll bring the full details back with me tonight, sweetness. All the things ve've talked about for so long being brought o pass. So beginning now, we've got to be making our plans, Mrs. Wayde."

IT was not fair to say that Stephen Decker was unfriendly to Willis Wayde, because the word "unfriendly" was too definite, and in-definiteness had come to be one of Steve's outstanding weaknesses, when he had been able to retire after his father's death. It was not fair, either, to say that Steve disliked Willis, because he was too tolerant to dislike anyone. But then, as he always said when he described the time he and May met the Waydes at a sidewalk café on the Champs Élysées, he had never liked Willis very much.

The Deckers ran into the Waydes in Paris late one June afternoon. There was no place like Paris, Steve pointed out, to create cleavages of taste between men and women. Just when you had an opportunity to participate mildly in a Continental way of life, women became seized with a thirst for culture. That very morning his wife May had expressed a wish to motor through the château country.

"I don't see any use in coming here," May said, "and then playing dominoes with an old man in a *brasserie*, and don't make a joke and call it a brassière."

She went on to say that all Steve wanted to do was to look in the shopwindows of the rue de Rivoli, and read off-color jokes embroidered on ladies' handkerchiefs—in English, of course, for American trade. She added that if Steve called her desire to see worthwhile things schoolgirlish, he might at least try not to be an adolescent himself. There was no reason for Steve to be so utterly American.

"We haven't even seen Sainte-Chapelle," she said.

HE had compromised that morning by going with May to Sainte-Chapelle. She, in turn, had compromised that afternoon by attending the races at Longchamps in a car which she knew cost them twice too much, but there was not much room for argument because he had won ten thousand francs.

It must have been close to six when they returned from Longchamps. The sun was low and made the Champs Élysées, in spots, a golden street.

"Let's pay off the driver," Steve said, "and stop at the café over there and have a bottle of champagne."

"Oh, Steve," May said, "at least we might stop at some interesting place. There used to be a lovely little place near the Luxembourg Gardens that only the French knew about. This one will be full of Americans."

He could see that May was right. It was exactly the sort of café that would attract American tourists.

"How would it be," he asked, "if we pretended we were Americans for an hour?"

May was amused, in a cosmopolitan way. "You don't have to pretend," May said, "and please don't try to ask for the wine card in French."

They sat down in wicker chairs beneath the café awning, and the babble of voices around them was very cosmopolitan.

"*Garçon*," Steve said, "*la carte de vin, s'il vous plait*."

"Well," May said, 'at least the children aren't here to hear you. . . . I told you that this place would be full of Americans."

May was right as usual. There were several middle-aged American groups around them, all identified beyond any chance of error. The men wore expressions of confused discomfort, and each of the women seemed to be living in her own small world of fantasy.

"I don't see why American men invariably look undistinguished," May said.

Instinctively Steve sat up straighter. "Maybe they're tired," he said, "at the end of a long hard day."

"They might try not to look tired," May said. "They all might just as well have stayed at home. None of them is getting anything out of being here. . . . Steve, look directly behind you."

"Why?" he asked.

"There's a very nice distinguished-looking couple directly behind you, and I think we've seen them somewhere."

"How do you mean, they're distinguished?" Steve asked.

"Well, she's exquisitely dressed," May said, "and he looks interested in everything, and he has a nice profile, and I like the way he smiles—and a gray flannel suit that's really well cut, and blond-gray hair, and he sits up straight."

Steve pushed his chair sideways, turning his head slowly, and there, four tables away, was Willis Wayde.

"Well, well," Steve said.

"You know him, do you?" May asked.

He nodded and picked up his glass. "Yes, I know him," he said. "He's Willis Wayde."

"Oh," May said, "of course he is. Steve, aren't you going to speak to them? Ask them to come and join us."

"Now, listen, May," Steve said, "where would it get us?"

"You always have an inferiority complex about anyone interesting," May said.

"Now, listen, May," he said, "I don't like to push myself on people."

"I wish you wouldn't be small-town," May said. "Can't you be natural for once, in a perfectly friendly way? Can't you walk over to that table and say ——"

"Say what?" Steve asked.

"Just say, 'You're Willis Wayde, aren't you? I'm Steve Decker. We used to know each other back in Clyde.'"

Steve sighed. "And then I'd say, 'I remember your wife too. Don't you remember me, Sylvia? I used to know you in Cambridge, Massachusetts.'"

"You never told me you knew her," May said.

"You never asked me," Steve answered. "She was Sylvia Hodges. It doesn't matter, May."

"Steve, I'm tired of seeing you acting scared," May said.

The steps of faith fall on the seeming void and find rock beneath.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



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"Who?" Steve asked. "Me? Of the Waydes?"

"Then go ahead and speak to them," May said.

"All right," Steve said, "all right."

Steve had seen Sylvia only once since she had married, and Sylvia was no longer dressed in a tweedy shirtwaist way. Once she had told him she did not like jewelry, but now she wore a diamond-and-sapphire clip that looked inconspicuous but expensive against the scarf around her throat. Steve had never thought of her as being particularly pretty, but now her features seemed delicate, without being sharp or haggard, and her mouth was no longer stubborn.

He would have known Sylvia anywhere and also he would have known Willis, but Willis, too, looked more distinguished. He still looked young but no longer naïve or hesitant or impelled to make nervous efforts to be agreeable. Everything about him was under control, and after all, why not? Steve Decker was living years as he walked toward them.

"Hello," he said.

The Waydes both gazed up at him. "Why, hello," Willis said. There was the faintest beat of hesitation, but everything was streamlined. "Why, hello, Bill. Sylvia, I don't believe you have ever met my old friend, Bill Jerrod. How's everything in Toledo, Bill?"

Willis Wayde was half out of his chair, half holding out his hand, when his gaze faltered, and then before he could speak Sylvia interrupted.

"Willis," she said, "don't you remember Steve Decker?"

Willis knew when the joke was at his expense, and he gave way to disarming mirth. "Why, of course, it's Steve," Willis said. "Fancy meeting you in Paris. Forgive me, will you? Faces out of the past get blurred occasionally. Say, Steve, it's wonderful to see you. It's like being back in high school, isn't it?"

Coleridge holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings. —LAMB

"Well, not exactly," Steve said.

"Miss Wilson's room," Willis said.

"That's right," Steve said.

"Then Cambridge," Willis said. "Say, Steve, you were there the first night I came to the Hodgeses'. Bill Harcourt brought me. Remember?"

"That's right," Steve said. "Bill Harcourt."

"How is old Bill?" Willis asked, and he spoke more quickly. "It's just wonderful to see someone from the old town. Let's see, when did I see you last, Steve?"

"About ten years ago," Steve said. "You were up for a directors' meeting or something. We just met for a minute."

"That's right," Willis said. "I was staying at the Harcourt place. It's a beautiful old home, isn't it? Is Bill living there now?"

"No," Steve answered. "Bess has it now. She stays there every summer, and Ed comes down for weekends."

"Well, well," Willis said. "How's Bess?"

"She's fine as far as I know," Steve said.

"Willis," Sylvia said, "aren't you going to ask Steve to sit down?"

"Of course," Willis said. "I've been so interested I forgot completely. But let's not get off the beam, Steve. What are you doing with yourself?"

"Why, nothing much," Steve said, "since my father died. He left quite a lot more money than I ever guessed he would. That's why I'm not doing much."

"Well, well," Willis said, "good for Mr. Decker."

"And then I got married," Steve said, "and May had a little something. I never was much good at working anyway."

"May?" Sylvia said. "Is she your wife?"

A WAITER had brought a chair and when Steve saw it he realized that he could not sit down. "Oh, yes," he said. "I guess I've been married so long that I take it for granted that everyone knows May."

"I wish you two would sit down," Sylvia said.

"Well, thanks just as much," Steve said, "but I can't stop, really. I just came over to say hello. You see, May's waiting."

"Do you mean she's here?" Sylvia said. "Why didn't you say so?"

"I was just about to suggest," Steve answered, "that you come over and join us. We've just come from the races and I came out ten thousand francs ahead, and we're having a little champagne."

"Well, well," Willis said, "that sounds like a real party. I wish we had time but I'm afraid ——" He looked at Sylvia. "Sweetness, aren't we having dinner with friends somewhere near Neuilly?" He did not pronounce the name correctly.

"Neuilly," Sylvia said. "But that isn't until nine, dear. We'd love to, Steve. I think it would be awfully nice."

"It's always great to see someone from home," Willis said. "Yes, this is a swell idea of yours, Steve. I'll call our waiter."

As it turned out, nothing was awkward about the meeting because May and Sylvia each could show the other that she was at home in Paris.

"I can't tell you what fun it is to see you," May said to Sylvia. "Steve has told me so much about you."

"It's so nice to hear a Boston accent again, after the Middle West," Sylvia answered.

"Well, almost Boston," May said. "Brookline."

"It's queer we never met at dances or somewhere," Sylvia said. "But then I always used to be afraid of Brookline girls. I suppose you must have gone to Miss Windsor's?"

"Yes," May said. "I played center forward on the field-hockey team."

It was at least moderately funny, and they all laughed in unison.

"Well, now we're here," Steve said, "we'd better have some more champagne. Where's the waiter? *Garçon!*"

"Don't, dear," May said. "I'll order it. You know, Steve is wonderful in many ways but not in French."

"It's just the same with Willis," Sylvia said. "Men never seem to feel at home in Paris."

As a matter of fact they were all feeling more at home by this time.

"I've got an idea, Steve," Willis said. "We ought to turn the girls loose together someday and you and I do the town by ourselves. How about it, girls?"

But the girls no longer wanted to hear what the men were saying.

"From my observation," Willis said, "there's always something queer about women when they get to Paris."

"American husbands don't understand women," Steve said. "They aren't good lovers. Did you ever hear that one?"

"That's absolutely true," Willis said, "but I like a lot of things about Paris."

"And I like Paris," Steve said. "I understand it in my own way. For instance, I was here in the war and May wasn't."

"Oh," Willis said, "what were you doing in the war, Steve?"

"I was in the Chemical Warfare Service," Steve said. "Nobody our age can do anything much."

"Don't say that, boy," Willis said. "You've always had a lot on the ball."

It made Steve Decker laugh. "I guess you're confusing me again with that Mr. Jerrod in Toledo," he said.

Willis shook his head and his expression was almost serious. He looked at Steve Decker steadily for a moment with a bright and slightly glassy alertness. "I'm not confusing you with anyone," he said. "Frankly, I always used to envy you, and you're the same old Steve Decker still."

He made it sound sincere. Willis had learned how to make people listen to everything he said.

"Well," Steve said, "times have certainly changed since then."

Willis was silent for a minute, as though he were thinking of changing times, comparing them with now.

"If you mean I'm not what I used to be," he said, "you're right, but partly everyone

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123



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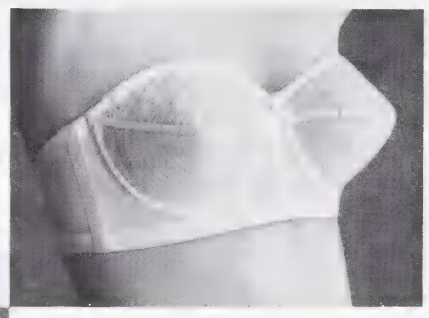
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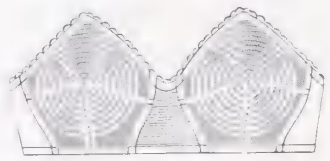
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

what he used to be. There were two I used to envy—you and Bill Har-

and Bill?" Steve said. He looked at right hand, beating on the marble top café table, and Steve was sure that nails were manicured.

put it simply," Willis said, "I envied wo boys because you never had to Me, I always had to."

on't see you have to worry now," Steve

ot about myself now," Willis said, "but a lot of other people. One thing always to another. How's Bill Harcourt,

"

ccurred to Steve that it was the second hat Willis had asked the question.

ll's pretty well," he said. "He's living rion, you know. He likes the sailing and lf."

ow's his game?"

ot much," Steve told him. "Somewhere nineties."

hat means I could beat him," Willis said. got to look up old Bill sometime. The person in the world, with all the right cts, and generosity and integrity, and a sense of humor, but Bill never had what es in a business way."

Well, he doesn't have to," Steve said.

That's right," Willis answered. "Other e have done it for him. Why, I'm work- or Bill right now."

es," Steve said, "and I own a few shares mcoe myself."

Well, that's fine," Willis said. "I'm glad e a member of the Simcoe family. I wish d come out sometime and see what we're g."

Why, thanks," Steve said, "I'd like to time."

illis was looking across the table at Sylvia, but Sylvia paid no attention to his al.

'm always loyal to the Harcourt family," is said. "I guess you know what I owe th. They don't make families like that any me. How does the old house look now?"

t looks pretty well," Steve said. "Bess s a lot of thought to it, keeping up the nds and everything."

WILLIS moved his hand and drummed his ers on the table. "I'm deeply sorry about Harcourt Mill decision," he said. "It was cutting off my arm to close that plant."

teve Decker did not answer, and Willis ked at him for a moment in a bright im- sonal way.

Naturally there were repercussions," he l. "There always are, but things like that happening all the time. There was no ure in the plant—only past—not the slight- chance of its getting out of the red."

If you live there," Steve said, "it's harder ake an objective view."

Willis coughed. "We had a dog awhile a)," he said, "a retriever. He almost brought the children. Then he got blind and we l to call the vet to put him out of the way. u have to do things like that."

"Yes," said Steve, "I suppose so."

"Of course," Willis said, "I can't blame ne people for not sharing my point of view. ll, it's great to have had a glimpse of you, ve. Sylvia, sweet, I'm afraid we ought to be ing now."

"Oh dear," Sylvia said. "Must we? I'm so rry." She pushed back her chair and looked estioningly at Willis, obviously asking tely whether he wanted her to do anything out the Deckers.

"I hope we can have a chance to return your ndness," Willis said. "We really ought to art right in where we left off. Sylvia, sweet, hat are we doing tomorrow?"

Sylvia raised her eyebrows slightly. "Why, ou're having lunch with those textile people, Willis, and there's a dinner for you in the vening."

"That's right," Willis said. "I'd completely orgotten about that. And we're off for Swit- erland and I haven't had a chance to say a ord to Mrs. Decker."

He pushed back his chair and stood up, miling, looking like someone who had been asked by the toastmaster to say a few words. For a second Willis dominated the scene, modestly and sincerely. His ease was the best thing about him. You could not tell, Steve was thinking, how much of his cordiality was real. Success had smoothed down all his rough edges, turning him into a type interchangeable with any photograph on the financial page of the New York Times.

"Well," Willis said, "good-by, and many thanks. This has been perfectly wonderful."

If that was all there had been to the incident, it never would have been worth repeating. It was what happened next that gave it value and suspense. They were all standing up when Steve Decker felt May's hand on his arm.

"Steve," she said, "look who's coming."

There was an aisle between the closely grouped tables and there, moving straight toward them, were Bess Harcourt and her husband, Edward Ewing. To anyone who knew her she would always be Bess Harcourt and you thought of her still as young Bess Harcourt, although her yellow hair was much darker and her face more florid, and even in Paris she seemed to bring something of the Harcourts with her. There was something arrogantly provincial in the way she walked. At least she was not trying to be a Continental woman. They must have been shopping, because Edward was carrying an armful of packages.

Willis Wayde stepped forward immediately. He had put on his gray felt hat, and now he took it off in a quick courtly way which was not like him, and all his measured reserve had left him. He was obviously perfectly delighted to see Bess Harcourt there.

"Well, if this isn't like Old Home Week," he said. "Why, Bess, fancy seeing you in Paris! And Edward. Hello, Ed."

Willis held out his hand and for a moment you could not tell what might happen. Bess had a pleasant way of looking at people and



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the upward tilt of her mouth was always good-natured, and when she spoke her voice was good-natured too. She said:

"You're in my way, Willis. Get out."

"Now, Bess," Willis said, "please. I haven't the least idea ——"

He could not have looked more completely shaken than if Bess had slapped him across the face. They gazed at each other for a moment before Bess answered, and hurt and amazement were written all over Willis Wayde.

"You can't fool me," Bess said. "You always planned to sell that mill, and you know it."

SHE moved a little closer to him and they still gazed hard at each other.

"You're in my way," Bess said again, and then she laughed in that bright malicious way of hers. "Get out, Uriah Heep."

Steve Decker said that you could not help but admire Willis Wayde. Willis had gone a long way since he had lived at the Harcourt place. It was plain that that gibe of Bess' about the Dickensian crook had made a very deep impression on Willis, because his face flushed darkly. Nevertheless, his manner was composed and his voice was polite, gentle and considerate.

"Certainly, if that's the way you want it," he said, "but I'm truly very sorry, Bess. Come, sweetness, or we'll be late for dinner." Then the Waydes walked slowly to the street.

That was all there was to it but, if you knew something about the personalities of the individuals involved, it made quite a story, and one that could have happened only in America. Steve Decker often wondered what Willis Wayde had thought about it, and how much or how little that brief encounter had affected him. It was the ending of a story Steve had witnessed, which made no particular sense without knowing the beginning.

Willis, whenever he had occasion to exchange ideas with acquaintances about life in Paris, always said he had fallen in love with the Ritz at first sight. It was exactly what he had dreamed it would be, and none of the theatrical magnificence of his suite overlooking the Place Vendôme had ever made him ill at ease. From the very first minute in their suite, Willis had loved looking out on the Place Vendôme, and he knew that he would never tire of the prospect. There was no security in France any longer, and yet the Place Vendôme epitomized security. The whole thing was in order. There were balance and reason in the expansive façades surrounding that fine square, all paying constant tribute to the victory column of Napoleon in its center.

The atmosphere of the Place Vendôme was reassuring to Willis when he and Sylvia arrived at the Ritz after his painful adventure at the Champs Elysées café. The sight of the column reminded Willis that there had been a good many people who had not liked Napoleon, and Napoleon himself had been obliged to make decisions.

He was grateful that Sylvia had not once alluded to his meeting with Bess during their taxi ride. He still felt sick and utterly defeated. He was still thinking that it was inconceivable that Bess Harcourt could retain such power to give him pain; but it would pass. He was sure of this now that he saw the Place Vendôme again. In fact, he could come close to imagining that nothing untoward had happened, once they were inside the Ritz. T smiling doorman and the prodigious c cierge, who knew everything there was know about anything, were not unlike personnel of his own office—efficiencyw The Ritz literally was a home away fr home. The long Paris twilight was still enou illumination for the suite, more peaceful th the glitter of the Louis XVI chandeliers.

"Well, sweetness," Willis said, "I'm go to ring for a couple of cocktails, becaus feel a little tired, what with one thing a another. It's nice to be back here, isn't it only wish you and I could be alone here night, just looking at the Place Vendôme.'

"Why can't we, dear?" Sylvia asked.

It still surprised him when Sylvia could conquer absent-mindedness. "Don't you member, honey, we have to go out to din with those people at that place whose na you don't like me to pronounce?"

"I do like you to pronounce it," Sylvia sa "Go ahead and say it. I really think you doing very well w your French, dear."

"Sweetness," Wi told her, "you do have to be as loyal me as that, but I s wish you and I co sit here and not go that place to dinner."

Sylvia stood up a kissed the top of head. It was a gestu that he could not rec her having made befo

"I really don't see w we have to go, dea she said. "They're or some of those peop you met at the conve tion, and if a coup drops out they can ways rearrange the tab If you'll give me yo notebook I'll get t concierge to call the for us. Here come t cocktails, dear. Y take yours while I call

"Well, if you don mind, sweetness, I thi perhaps I will start mine right away."

He was glad to alone for the minut while Sylvia was tel phoning, and his gra tude toward her i creased, now that s was getting them out that dinner.

Willis did not want face a crowd at th moment, let alone a foreign crowd. He wante to be alone, but at the same time he did n want to think. He wanted to push the ceas less repetition of the scene at that café fro his mind, and stop imagining how he migh have acted differently, and what he could ha said but did not say. The strange truth, th inescapable fact, was that there was nothin different he could have said. The encounte was one of those things one simply had t take on the chin and absorb the way or absorbed any punishment.

HE finished his cocktail, but it did n appreciably relax the tensions within him. he were to order another and another, a many people he knew frequently did in time of distress, he had sense enough to know tha another would not relieve his troubles. Th buildings of the Place Vendôme, designed b architects for noblemen, of whose lives Will knew nothing save for a few facts from th pages of Nagel's Paris, were a greater consola tion than alcohol. Those façades reflected point of view that got through to Willis. They as sured him that the men who designed and thos who had lived behind those cornices had bee as aware as Napoleon that there was no such thing as perfect justice. Something alway went by the board. There was a real meetin of minds between Willis and the Place Ven dôme.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

TO GROWNUPS BEARING GIFTS

By MARION LINEAWEAVER

The children will have none of them.
They want their own.
The doll, defaced,
The rickety train,
That soiled, uncertain scrawl
Tacked on the nursery wall
Are not the outworn toys they seem—
Behold the beauty of the dream!

For how to dream, and yet possess?
By cautious care?
Careful caress?
The children know,
Inflicting year by year
On all they hold most dear
The scars of use that glorify,
Even as you and I.

I dreamed I was a designing woman

in my maidenform® bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette* in nylon taffeta, acetate satin, cotton broadcloth, dacron cotton batiste . . . from 2.00

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1955 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. COSTUME: ARNOLD SCAASI SATINS BY SKINNER



Meds tampons are so absorbent . . . so completely protective . . . and, what's more, so comfortable you never know you're using them. Meds are the modern form of sanitary protection—and Meds are the only tampons with the exclusive, disposable applicator that can't fall apart.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

"Sylvia," Willis said, "that was a very lovely idea of yours, getting us out of that dinner, and just across there near Morgan and Cie. in a jeweler's window is something I'm going to get you tomorrow just for thinking of it."

"Oh, Willis," Sylvia said. He could not see her face, and at first he thought she was laughing, but he was not exactly sure. "You don't have to say it with jewelry, darling. You know you only have to say it."

"That's a very sweet thing for you to say," Willis said. "Somehow you've always been kind of allergic to jewelry."

"Oh, darling," Sylvia said, and she sat down in the gold-and-rose armchair near him, "don't you see it's only an act? Don't you know I always love everything you give me?"

Willis turned toward her, but the dusk made it hard for him to see her face. "You don't have to be as kind to me as all that, sweetness," he said. "I'm dreadfully sorry about that scene this afternoon, and particularly that you should have been present."

She put her hand over his again. "There's nothing to be sorry about," Sylvia said. "If someone acts in a hysterical and unreasonable manner it isn't your fault, Willis."

"I know it, sweetness," Willis said, and he did not look at her when he spoke, but out across the square, "but a thing like that sort of pulls the rug out from under you. After what Bess said, I can't help sort of wondering if anything I've done has been worth while."

"Why, darling," Sylvia said, "you don't have to wonder anything like that because you've always been wonderful. No one knows better than I do how wonderful you've been."

Willis cleared his throat. Even though he liked what she said, it was a time to face facts. "That's very sweet of you to say so, honey," he said, "but occasionally it's seemed to me you've had a few reservations. God knows I've tried to do a lot of things the right way, and God knows I'm not perfect."

"Why, darling," Sylvia said, "no one's perfect. It's what I've been telling you, dear. No one knows how wonderful you are as well as I do. I'm an authority."

Willis heard what she said, but he was so involved in his own thoughts that he did not answer her directly.

"I've tried to be sincere, sweetness," he said. "I really have, in all my dealings, but sometimes it's a problem—how to be sincere."

"I know you've always tried, dear," Sylvia said. "Let's ring for the waiter and have some supper. We can think this all through tomorrow, Willis."

But Willis was very sure that the time to think of it was now. "Of course you were right, sweetness," he said. "I should have go to Boston and seen them personally at t time. I would have if I'd had the remotest id that Bess would react like this."

"Of course you would have, dear," Syl said, "but you were awfully busy right the if you remember."

Willis sighed and crossed his right kn over his left, and rotated his foot nervous "What hurts me especially," he said, "is th I don't think they've been very loyal to m They don't seem to look on both sides of t ledger. They forget the years I've worke They forget, sweetness, that I've worn m fingers to the bone for them. All they harp is my closing up that mill."

"I know," Sylvia said. "It isn't fair, b then I don't suppose anybody ever looks both sides of a ledger—even you or I—ar they'd always lived with the mill."

Willis turned his head toward her. "Yo don't mean," he said, "that you're takin their side in this? You can't be, Sylvia."

He knew the minute that he said it that was a petulant remark and he was sorry.

"I was just saying, dear," Sylvia sai "that none of us can see both sides of an thing. I'm on your side always, dear, but let not go on about it now. How would it be if rang for the waiter? And you have some eg and some of those *croissants* you love so muc and some chocolate, and then I'm going t give you a sleeping pill. You'll see everythin much more clearly after a good sleep."

"I'd like that," Willis said, "becaus frankly, I do feel tired, and I'm sorry t elaborate on this subject, precious. You hear her say, didn't you, that I always knew I wa going to close the mill? Maybe I'd better te you something frankly, darling, because you'v been very sweet to me, and I would like to b frank: Sweetness, I don't know whether sh was right about that or not. I honestly can remember."

"Why, darling," Sylvia said, "of course yo couldn't tell what you were going to do at future time, and you've always done every thing for the Harcourts, darling. Please don think about it any more." And then she kisse him on the back of the head again, just as sh had before. "Let's think about what we'r going to do tomorrow."

"That's right," Willis said. "You're dea right. Let's look forward, sweetness, and no back. You know, come to think of it, that exactly what I wrote to Bess."

"Darling," Sylvia said, "it's all right. I really is all right. Let's not worry about any more. And when you've had you pill I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll call u the children's camps and talk to them. It' funny. It's early afternoon back there." EN



"Look, we're late—yes, I like the pins the way you're wearing them—of course I'm not just saying it. Let's get going!"

La Marquise de Lèvis Mirepoix

one of the great beauties of France says,



Angel Face—the softest possible flattery for the Marquise's delicate complexion

"It's the loveliest make-up I've ever used!"

The young Marquise de Lèvis Mirepoix fairly sparkles. Her spontaneity, her clear amber eyes, her flawless complexion make her one of France's noted beauties. Like so many lovely women everywhere, the Marquise adores the sheer flattery of Pond's Angel Face. "I'm sure, after using Angel Face, I could never go back to other make-ups," she says. "Angel Face clings so much longer, is never 'artificial,' smooths on so easily. It's the *loveliest* make-up I've ever used."



No greasy fingers or wet sponge!



No spilly powder!



The Mirror Case, polished "ivory" with golden tracery! Perfect to use everywhere. With puff, mirror, choice of 8 skin tones, just $1*

The secret of this remarkable flattery

—*Vaporized Beauty Oils*

"The *one* perfect make-up!" This is how today's most attractive women feel about Angel Face by Pond's. So easy to use—it's powder and foundation *in one!* So kind to your skin—Angel Face is permeated through and through with *vaporized beauty oils* that have an affinity for your skin's own softeners.

You'll see, the moment you smooth it on, that Angel Face seems to become *one* with your skin! No chalky, "made-up" look. No greasy streaking. *Never drying* to your skin. Angel Face is *all* flattery!

No matter your skin type, no matter your age—in just 5 seconds Angel Face by Pond's can make you suddenly very pleased with the way you look! This is why recent surveys show, *more women use Angel Face than use any other make-up!*



For your dressing table—the blue-and-gold box, with puff, 89¢, 59¢*



For your handbag—the Mirror Case, $1*

*plus tax

Angel Face
by POND'S

, only ring the dard test.

WHICH WAY TODAY'S YOUTH?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

that represented workers. But in the Ruhr they were dismantling industries under the hands of the workers, reducing the industrial potential so Germany could never again make war. But how would the Germans and the millions more from the agricultural east earn their bread? Germany had had democracy once—democracy and hunger.

The country was divided. Your brothers were dead and your only sister lived in Leipzig—in a different country, a communist country, to which you could not go. *We partitioned Poland*, you thought, *and France, and now we are partitioned.*

The Americans were kind, especially to children, but many were drunk and disorderly, and others conducted a flourishing black market in the midst of misery. There was hardly an intact house in the city, whole families were living in one room, but the "occupation" had rooms to spare, and overflowing garbage cans. And did not the French say the Americans behaved like a super race? Had they not atomized two Japanese cities? If the Germans had discovered and used the atom bomb first, would it not have been a gigantic war crime?

What could one do? Well, one could work. Work, work, work. Rebuild. Never mind why. It wasn't race or blood and soil that had helped Germany survive before, but her industriousness and capacity for organization. Let us rebuild what we destroyed in Holland, Norway, France. The proposal awakened your enthusiasm and you volunteered. But it couldn't be allowed. Voluntary labor? It would interfere with the economic system.

Anyhow, you had to earn money. Your father had been "de-Nazified." Another had his job who had really been a Nazi! Everyone was denouncing everyone else. No loyalty, not even decency. Anyhow, it didn't matter much, for your father died.

The Allies, now, were falling out. They were looking for Germans to spy on each other—the Russians for spies against the Westerners, the Westerners for spies against the Russians. Well, you wouldn't do that, though there was money to be had. Why not? Because it was too risky? You shrugged to yourself: What's risk? What's *not* a risk? But something in you revolted, while affirming, "We did that too. And how we despised our tools!"

There was never going to be another German army. That's one thing the Allies agreed on, anyhow, and "re-education" had dinned it in. German militarism must never revive. Well, it was all right with you. Better no armies, none at all, and why not begin here? But what about the Russians, 200,000,000 of them, and 100,000,000 more of the satellites? What was needed, you heard, was to unite what was left of free Europe—no national armies at all, or national states, but reconciliation of old quarrels in a European Federation. That made sense, you thought—free trade, one currency, and a European army purely for mutual defense. You could belong, then, to a civilization—"Western civilization." But the Russians said if it happened Germany would never be united, and then, when your first enthusiasm had already abated, the French wouldn't have it either. The French wouldn't agree to anything. You shrugged your shoulders; maybe they were right—who knows?

The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, *one* baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself. *One* baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to. He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot. And there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection.

—MARK TWAIN

YOUR mother was dying—not yet sixty and from a long-lived family—exhausted by grief, anxiety, hunger, work and cold. She'd developed pleurisy during the two winters when the blasted windows were patched with paper and coal rationed by the shovelful; she'd barely survived pneumonia, but her heart was finished. You sat by her bedside, she looking as old as eternity, but somehow serene. "God bless you," she whispered, and bitterly you asked, "What is God?"

"*Gott ist die Liebe*," she mumbled. "God is Love. His mercy endureth forever," and that was the last word she spoke.

She had faith, you thought, as the coffin went down the stairs. But she was born in a different time. Her generation had something to pin to—to go back to, to remember—a golden age. Besides, she was a simple soul.

You have experienced everything, you German of thirty. Democrats and Fascists, Nazis and commissars, war and revolution, victory and defeat, disarmament and rearmament—everything but peace, justice, goodness.

Where is there any moral authority? In what can one possibly *believe?*

"I exist," you can say to yourself. "I exist, and out of purely biologic urges I want to survive, by hook or by crook, because it is better to be alive than dead. That's a reality—the only reality. I have no talent for being a criminal, but if I had I'd use it, for who could better survive in a criminal world than a criminal? I have four senses that give me pleasure and I indulge them. Eat, drink, fornicate, be merry, for tomorrow we die, no one knows how or for what purpose, but anyway one's life long time dead. Love? Love is what you feel for your family, a strictly private affair, necessary, I guess, as part of our biological nature that says life must go on, even if it is fated to end in wholesale slaughter. I repudiate everything—everything but the courage to live. But don't look for sense in this world. There isn't any. Nor in any other."

THAT is the attitude of nihilism. According to training and temperament it can be positively destructive, expressive of determination to co-operate with destruction, or it can be simply a passive and negative rejection of everything. One or the other nihilistic tendency characterizes much of the generation which reached maturity during the war and postwar years. If I have taken a young German as an illustration it is because no other youth passes through such a cycle of various and contradictory hopes and experiences, each culminating in disillusionment. It is the embodiment of the "anti" spirit.

But it is not confined to Germany. Maria Bohlen found it in Russia, and one can observe it in France, England, Italy, and certainly in America. One concomitant of it is the wave of juvenile crime of violence that afflicts all nations in varying degrees, including the Soviet Union.

But there is another, directly contradictory attitude. Our imaginary young German (or Frenchman, Englishman, Russian or American) may say, "Nothing that I see makes sense. I perceive in the behavior of states, and the leaders of states, no moral imperatives or intelligent reasons impelling their actions, yet I do see, even in this moral chaos, the operation of certain laws: that violence begets violence and evil begets evil, for instance. Therefore, the contrary must be true. There is certainly some order in the universe, as there is an observable order in nature, not created by us humans, though we are part of it, or I would not even have the *idea* of order. I must predicate the existence of a creative Mind whose purposes I can, to some extent, penetrate if my search be fervent and pure. And I shall make that search the central striving of my life, for I cannot endure a meaningless existence."

That is the turn toward religion. One should be careful not to associate it too closely with the statistics of growing church attendance, though they have significance. But many do not find what they search for in formalized religion, its rituals, rigid credos and "vain repetitions," and count the churches, also, among the institutions that have failed them in their quest. A single noble life, like that of Albert Schweitzer, may translate Christianity into reality as sermonizing does not. Youth searches for the meaning of existence in music and in art, in philosophy and science. And sometimes he finds the first clue in simple human love, embracing, as it does, possessiveness, protectiveness, joy, sacrifice, fulfillment, loyalty. Never, I think, have young men and women cared more for their homes and families than now—despite scandals, divorces and Kinsey reports.

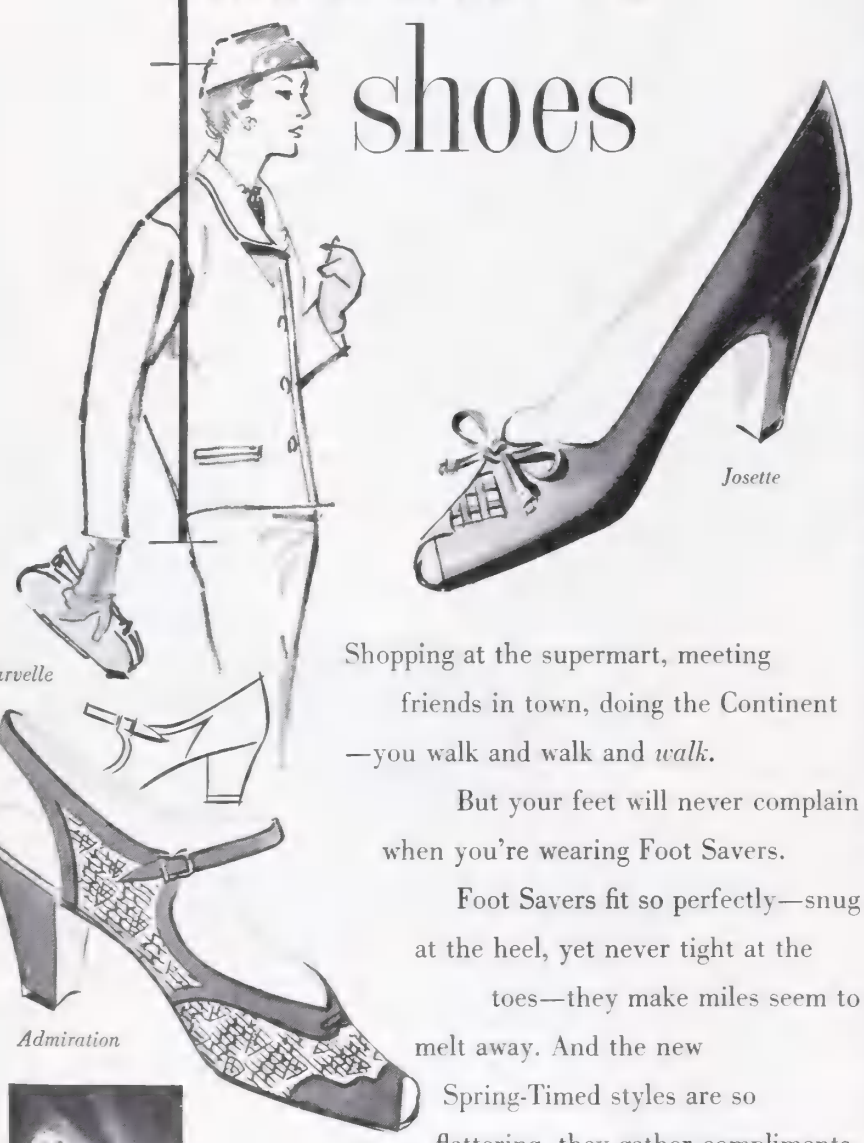
The two developments—cynical wantonness and personal responsibility, loyalty and love—exist alongside each other, each a symptom of rejection of the gods that have failed, each to a certain extent "escapist," neither of them "reformist" in the sense of the twenties, thirties and early forties of this century, but the latter directed to the creation of one loving community, however small, and to the reforming, if not of the world, at least of oneself.

Which of the two faces of this generation will eventually be remembered as the image of this age?

I do not know. But I believe, and pray. END

for every walking moment... comfortable, spring-timed

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Admiration

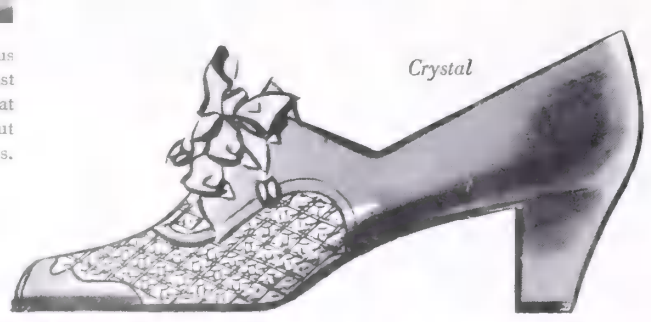
Shopping at the supermart, meeting friends in town, doing the Continent —you walk and walk and *walk*.

But your feet will never complain when you're wearing Foot Savers.

Foot Savers fit so perfectly—snug at the heel, yet never tight at the toes—they make miles seem to melt away. And the new Spring-Timed styles are so flattering, they gather compliments along the way. See them all at your Foot Saver dealer's—soon!



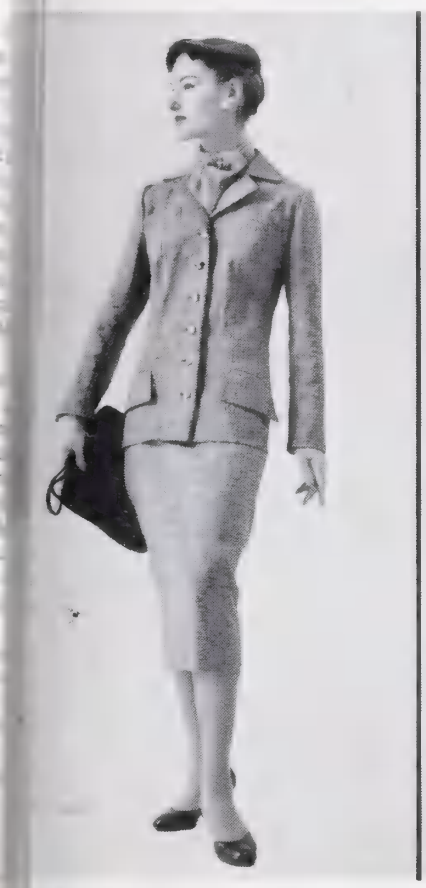
Foot Saver's famous Shortback® Last prevents looseness at heel without pinching toes.



Crystal

g style booklet and name of nearest Foot Saver dealer, write: & Kokenge Company, 254 South Front Street, Columbus 15, Ohio

t's spring! Turn his head by keeping yours . . .



S ts him to a "T"—spring's new l g line in the slim skirt, the jacket t t fits close but not too close. Ask f it in cotton tweed—it spans the s sons.



Suits him not at all—if it spans *you!* When fit is style, as it is here, shrinkage is Enemy No. 1. Save yourself needless doubts—look for the "Sanforized" label.



To a man's taste—the new look in blouses. Patterned after Paris, overblouses are lithe and lovely. Patterned after silk, cottons shine, sport foulard prints.



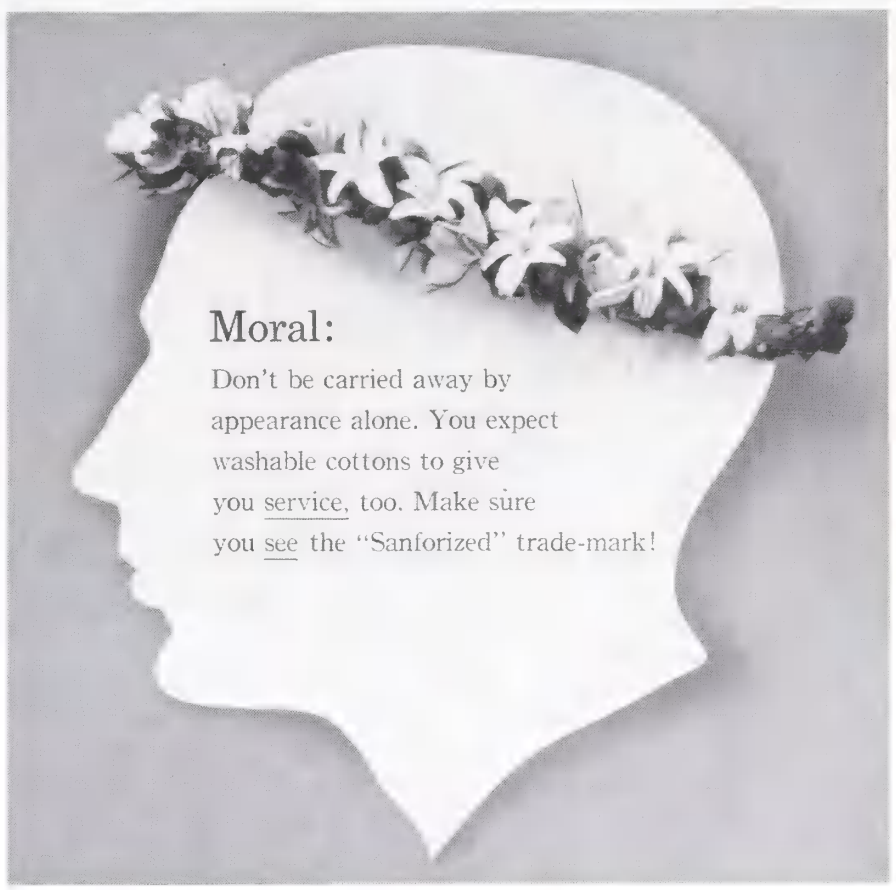
To a man's horror—the tight look in blouses. Stop struggling, honey. Listen: some cottons can shrink out of fit in a few washings—insist on seeing "Sanforized"!



He'll go for the poured-into-it effect his beltless charmer gives you. You'll ke it, too . . . and wear it two ways: as dress, as a lightweight coat.



He'll run from the spilled-over look caused by shrinkage. Don't take chances. Why even wonder? The "Sanforized" label says "permanent fit"!



Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.



These are Beth Anderson's hands. They were soaked in detergents. Her *right* hand alone was treated with Jergens Lotion. Look at the dramatic difference! ***This photograph is unretouched.***

Positive proof: "Detergent Hands" can be stopped

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Hands are a key to your personality. If your hands look as if they suffer from overwork, take heart – there's wonderful news for you!

Recently 447 women volunteers soaked both hands in household detergents, three times a day. Right after each soaking, Jergens Lotion was smoothed on their right hands. Left hands were untreated.

In 3 or 4 days, the untreated hands were in trouble. They were roughened and reddened – in some cases, even cracked and bleeding. The Jergens Lotion hands were soft, smooth, and lovely!

The women (and the scientists, too!) were frankly amazed to see the difference in their hands. *No other lotion tested proved as effective as Jergens Lotion* – and they all agreed it was delightful to use; not the least bit sticky or greasy.

The famous Jergens formula has been steadily perfected for 50 years. It never lets wind or weather disgrace your hands – and there's just *nothing like it* for stopping detergent damage. You can use it daily, it takes just seconds to apply.

The Jergens Lotion you buy today will delight you. It's a rich, creamier lotion with a pleasing new fragrance. You pay only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

*Notice *to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.*



Jergens Lotion ***positively stops "Detergent Hands"***

Mommy you look like a witch!



Frizzy hairdo, frowning heart, frumpy clothes. Here, Marcella does *resemble the Halloween heroine of broomstick fame.*



My husband said, "Honey, you look ten years younger!"
Michael said, "Mommy, that's *the look I like!"*
Everybody says, "Marcella, you look like a debutante!"

ROGER PRIGENT

Dear Mrs. Norman: This morning my little redhead, Michael, remarked, innocently, "Mommy, you look like the witch on my cereal box!" Well, I know I look a bit less than I did as of yore, but really! When the little ones—Michael, five, Jay, three, and Harvey, four months—were dined and put out in the fresh air, I took a look at Marcella—that's me. I'm just thirty years old, but I look as if life had washed me up on its shore.

Come to think of it, Johnny, my husband, *has* been eying attractive women recently. No wonder! Of late I've had the feeling in mixed company that I wasn't really *there*, if you know what I mean. Thinking back, I can't remember receiving a wholehearted compliment in the past several years. Sometimes I buy a lot of cosmetics and experiment, but the wherefores of application have escaped me of late. Styles in make-up and hairdos have changed, I'm afraid, while I wasn't looking.

I've seen the wonders you've done with other women. I'm sure you can work one more miracle if you will.

Please for me—and other "witch mothers."

MARCELLA LEVENDUSKY

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

HAPPILY, not all youngsters are quite so explicit in proclaiming the less-than-lovely vision they have of "mommy." We know one little girl who questions what she considers a dull choice of clothes her mother has made by asking, "Mommy, is *that* a pretty dress?" And still another tot, not quite two, who manages to shake her mother out of her unconsciously grim expressions by piping up, "Mommy's *mad!*"

Perhaps you are fortunate enough to appear ideal from where Junior stands. Through the busy years of marriage and motherhood you have kept a beauty eye on changing trends in hairdos and hemlines, knowing that keeping pace means keeping young and pretty. The only way you want to be "dated" is on your engagement pad. By *polishing* the qualities that made you attractive and lovable before the babies arrived, you continue to delight your husband, and at the same time provide the nourishment needed for building pride in the hearts of your children.

All mothers can be beauties in the eyes of their youthful beholders. If you have reason to suspect you are not, then Marcella's little miracle should give you hope and help.

"Mike meant it!" Marcella Levendusky exclaimed, telling us about the time her five-year-old cherub compared her to a witch. "It wasn't just an offhand remark. I was stunned and hurt.

"I used to be passably pretty," she went on wistfully, "but with a husband, three children and the never-ending household routine I've lost the *knack* of keeping up my appearance. I find myself buying somber clothes in women's departments. My own contemporaries talk to and about me as though I were a member of our parents' generation. I adore to dance—in fact, I was a dancing instructor before we were married—yet I can't remember the last time I've bothered humming a tune, much less dancing to it. With the children growing up, I'm anxious to take part in community and civic affairs. But I'm too ashamed of the way I look."

Marcella's miserable preoccupation with the *sum total* of her CONTINUED ON PAGE 133



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



BRECK CREME RINSE IS OFFERED I
COMBINATION WITH A BRECK SHAMPO

Breck Creme Rinse is used after the shampoo to add softness, lustre and manageability to your hai
It also makes combing and arranging easy. Breck Creme Rinse is helpful in the care of permaner
waves and in the prevention of dry, brittle hair. There are Three Breck Shampoos. One Brec
Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is fo
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

omings left no time to tackle the indi- problems that added up to it. When she l to single them out and cope with them a time, she was thrilled to discover each r of her beauty biography could have a ending. Here are the highlights:

Trouble: "As I grow older, my face thinner, sharper-featured."

Trick: Soften the effect with a more ng hairdo and make-up. Marcella's rangement boasts pixy bangs to flage a too-high ad. The ends curl d forward, bring- th them a youth- sion of roundness. crown is smooth he back ends just feather-turned. pkeep? Pin curls e ends two or three each week, a home nent twice a year. ight, freshly glow- ake-up gives Mar- a gentle-lady look she had never ged to achieve with arsh, dark lipsticks obvious-looking lations. First, the est film of a creamy e-up base tinted a hint of pink to ten the color of her color" skin. Next a of powder in a clear , and for her lips ght, pinky-red lip- Her pale blue- eyes—"I think I nice eyes, but no- seems to notice or ment"—needed e-up to accentuate color, make them larger. For special sions Marcella now hes mascara on the er lashes, smooths merest amount of shadow on her eye- She keeps her eye- s prettily arched and well defined by king away the stray hairs from under- h.

ractice will enable Marcella to do her ning make-up in less than five minutes, the effect will please the eyes and cheer the rts of every member of her family!

The Trouble: "I look solemn and long-faced, matter how I feel."

The Trick: Marcella's constant concern over appearance had tensed the expression in face, producing an almost habitual frown. ercoming this homely habit will take time conscious effort, on her part, to r-e-l-a-x, emember—even when she's alone—to turn corners of her mouth *up* instead of down. nning a day's work which is more than she can possibly manage is another tension builder. By fitting into a reasonable schedule of household chores a *specific* time (even if it's only five minutes in the afternoon) to stretch out and rest Marcella will acquire fresh strength as well as fresh beauty. *Practice* your smiles—it won't be long before you feel them.

The Trouble: "I'm 5′6½″ tall, weigh 115 pounds, waist 24″. But instead of looking chic and pretty in my clothes, I look like a scarecrow—or a witch, as Michael put it."

The Trick: Try perfecting your approach to food as well as your approach to fashion. No breakfast, a sketchy, grab-it-while-you-can lunch, and dinner eaten in exhaustion are responsible for Marcella's too-sharp expressions and her too-thin figure. It may take a little extra time to sit down, relax and enjoy three well-balanced, nourishing meals each day. But the rewards of improved health for Marcella and happiness for the whole family are more than worth it!

Marcella can put on five or ten pounds and still have the kind of fashion-model figure most girls would envy. A more flattering choice of clothes will round out the pretty picture. Leave the straight skirts and dark dresses to the fatties who have no other choice. Emphasize your tiny waist with full-skirted dresses chosen from the junior or misses' departments. Make yourself some gingham kitchen aprons to billow out from a grosgrain waistband. See that your simplest house dresses are in your most becoming colors—sunshine yellow, turquoise blue (to bring out the color of your eyes), pink-and-white checks or stripes. Tie back your hair with a matching ribbon. Be selective about your date dresses, looking for low necklines that are still high enough to hide bony shoulder blades. Or—with low necklines that *do* make known a prominent collarbone, wear strands and strands of pastel crystal beads in your prettiest shades of green or blue or mauve.

Add a sure and pretty touch to your clothes by having on hand some always-in-fashion accessories: immaculate, short white gloves; classic pumps (polished and heeled!); freshly pressed silk squares to tuck in a neckline, pocket or belt; a single strand of pearls; a stiffly starched petticoat that gives a party look to a full skirt.

SONNET

By MARY WRIGHT LAMB

I'm well aware that we are not
the first
to suffer rapture; she is not our
bride;
more saintly folk than we have
lain beside
her through the night—and
more accursed
have taken what small favors
she disbursed;
while bolder folk have feared her
smile, and tried
escaping, far more prudent men
have died
for her. She'd scarcely call us
best or worst.

Our fire will one day darken and
be dead;
our hearth will cool and, with
it, this poor clay.
But let us make for rapture
such a bed
that when, at last, she has
fulfilled her stay,
she'll think with pleasure on
this berth she fled—
and leave an indentation where
she lay.

BORN TO BE QUEEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

There was no doubt, however, that the queen l her best to give her daughter a most demo- tic upbringing. And when the princess did ything remotely resembling what other girls r age were doing, it was broadcast from one d of the Netherlands to the other. Princess liana was attending a girls' summer camp. incess Juliana was riding third-class on the lway.

Finally, the announcement that Princess liana would attend Leiden University created great stir, as heretofore Dutch princesses had ways been educated by private tutors behind lace walls. Many of Sophia Feith's friends new the princess as a student at Leiden, here she joined several campus organizations d begged to be called Jula. With three other udents the princess had lived in a small brick villa near the university with a lady in waiting and several palace chambermaids. The house next door was occupied by her secretary and his family. Everyone kept up the pretense that the princess was being treated just like everyone else. Like all the other students, she waited for her professors to leave their classrooms first. Then, carrying her own books, she sauntered out of the building, seemingly unaware of the curious stares upon her.

Sophia Feith was extremely curious to meet the man who had married the college-bred, bicycle-riding Dutch crown princess. Few people in the Netherlands had ever heard of Prince Bernhard zur Lippe-Biesterfeld before he came racing into The Hague one afternoon in the fall of 1936 in a gray Ford convertible with the top down. Princess Juliana was beside



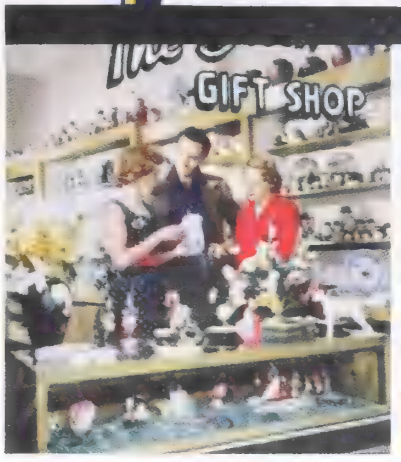
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him in the two-seater. The wind had whipped her blond hair out of its low bun and she kept pushing it back and laughing.

The young German prince in horn-rimmed glasses was wearing a sport shirt and looked gay as a schoolboy on a holiday, according to reports of those who saw him for the first time that day.

As soon as the crowds in the street recognized Princess Juliana they began yelling and cheering and pushing their way toward the car, but the princess didn't seem to mind. Prince Bernhard called to them good-naturedly to clear away until he managed to turn into the courtyard of Noordeinde Palace. There by the front entrance stood Queen Wilhelmina, a stout figure in a severely tailored gray suit.

At the sight of their monarch, the excited crowds cheered. Queen Wilhelmina offered her cheek to her daughter, her hand to the prince. She looked radiantly happy as she welcomed into her home for the first time her daughter's black-haired, debonair-looking beau.

Princess Juliana was twenty-seven when her engagement was announced on that September day in 1936. Many times before her name had been linked romantically with eligible royal bachelors, such as Prince Charles of Sweden, the Prince of Wales and his handsome brother, the Duke of Kent. She was a bridesmaid when the latter married Princess Marina of Greece.

"At least she's picked a young one," remarked a male patient with satisfaction as Miss Feith changed his bed the day Juliana's engagement was announced. The nurse blushed, tugging at a sheet. She was well aware that the thought of most Hollanders had already rushed past the marriage ceremony to motherhood. "Only two royal children in almost sixty years," grumbled the patient. "I'd say it was high time the House of Orange-Nassau got some new blood. Don't like the idea he's German, though. Too many Nazis here already."

"He's not a Nazi," put in another patient from another bed. "They say he left Germany because of Hitler. He's been earning his own living in Paris."

"What else do you know about him?" inquired the first patient.

"Well, he's twenty-five. He likes fast cars, the faster the better, and he wins prizes at horse shows. He likes to hunt and he's a pretty good skier—that's how he met Princess Juliana, at a skiing party."

"But what can he do?" growled the first Dutchman, who obviously put no great store in sporting accomplishments.

"He holds a degree in law from the University of Berlin."

"Well, now!" exclaimed the first patient, looking impressed for the first time. "Then maybe he can accomplish the almost impossible, being happily married to a queen."

Later that day Miss Feith heard Queen Wilhelmina discussing her daughter's engagement over the radio. "I cannot tell you how thankful I am that this engagement is one which is founded solely on mutual affection, the best guarantee for a happy future," she announced.

As she listened to her words, Miss Feith was thinking that Queen Wilhelmina had also married a member of the German nobility—the Duke of Mecklenburg. But that was back in 1901, when relations between Germany and Holland were exceedingly cordial. Now it was different. Each day new hordes of refugees poured over the borders to tell their tales of persecution and horror under the *Reichsführer*. In spite of their warnings, the anti-Semitic, antiliberal philosophy of the National Socialists was spreading even across Germany's borders.

Sophia Feith and her friends and family had watched in disbelief and apprehension as even some of their own countrymen boldly lifted the swastika flag and swaggeringly paraded past the quiet canals and flower carts of Amsterdam, the busy quays of Rotterdam, the exotic East Indian shops and tearooms of The Hague.

But on this engagement day all seemed sunny. "I fully approve my daughter's choice," continued Queen Wilhelmina, her voice unusually warm and vibrant, "and consider it a wise one, seeing the excellent qualities which my future son-in-law possesses."

She spoke with such sincerity that Miss Feith felt some of her own doubts dissolve. Prince Bernhard must be a person of unusual attainments to merit such praise from the outspoken monarch.

In contrast to the lovely formal cadences of her mother's speech, Princess Juliana's sounded colloquial and somewhat breathless. "How can I describe to you what a happy moment it is for me to introduce my fiancé?" Juliana was saying. "We met during winter sports in Austria and then here again in this country and little by little we found each other and have come to an understanding. I am very, very happy."

Then, to the surprise of the group gathered in her parents' home, Prince Bernhard stepped to the microphone. He spoke with a strong German accent, but Miss Feith was impressed to hear him use the Dutch tongue. "I understand that your wonderful reception was not for me, since I am of course a complete stranger to you," he told the listening Dutch people. "I am anxious to learn everything there is to know about my new fatherland, the Netherlands, and I will strive to help Juliana of Orange all my life. We hope to be married in two or three months."

Busy as she was with her nursing du Miss Feith managed to follow every deta the wedding preparations in the newspape three-month honeymoon was planned, fir a ski resort in Poland, run by the tenor Kiepura, then on to Vienna, Budapest, Tyrol, Rome, the South of France, and P The palace of Soestdijk, near Baarn, which been used as a summer palace by Prin Juliana's grandmother, Queen Emma, being completely done over for the ne weds. ("Why, that's only five miles down road, mother!" Miss Feith had excla when she heard about it.) As a wedding the nation planned to present the pair w

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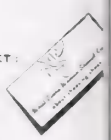


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yacht, as it was said that Prince Bern- was very fond of boating.

Now on this raw March evening, Sophia Fei , who had been pedaling steadily through the in, was almost at her destination. A nar- oat of water and a few strands of barbed wi were all that separated the actual palace grounds from the popular Soestdijk Park. No cars were in sight except for two uniformed sentries at the main palace gates facing the Amsterdam-Amersfoort highway.

Above the bars of the three-hundred-yard- long black iron fence which borders the front lawns, Miss Feith could see the lights of the mai low white palace. Approaching the sentry at the east gate, the young nurse told him that she had an appointment with Princess Juliana. He saluted and disappeared into the sentry box, where she could hear him telephoning. Presently he came out, saluted again, and waved her impressively on.

Visitors to Holland had often remarked to Miss Feith that Soestdijk does not look like a castle at all. It has no towers, no dungeons with their slit windows, no ancient cannon, no centuries-old ivy trailing up its walls. And of course, since the wooded countryside for miles around stretches flat as a plate, it does not dominate a hill.

The palace has the rough shape of a letter C, with two low symmetrical wings curving out from the four-storied main section. No adornment breaks the smooth white stone façade except for immense gray louvered shutters framing the big French windows. These were all dark except for those blazing in the west wing, where Miss Feith was expected.

Over near the west-wing steps she could see the handle bars of several bicycles protruding from behind the rhododendrons. Wheeling her own bicycle behind a bush, she was aware that a curtain moved slightly in a darkened basement window and for an instant a white face stared at her.

Disconcerted, the nurse regarded the curtained window uncertainly, then started up the long flight of gray stone steps lined with empty flowerpots. At the top she was surprised to find a plain black doorbell. After some hesitation, she pushed it. Presently a footman in Nassau-blue livery opened the door, bowed, and accepted her dripping coat and scarf. These he laid over an antique gold-and-red chair, handling them, she thought, as if they were silk and sable.

The nurse was standing in a long corridor carpeted in robin's-egg blue, the same color repeated in the carved ceiling with large pale gold stars. She was immediately conscious of the all-pervading warmth as in a hospital. Her clothes felt suddenly heavy. At home she was accustomed to the drafts circulated by icy stone walls and iron stoves or fireplaces and she had dressed accordingly.

THE footman in knee breeches was leading her down a long corridor. On the way they passed another footman padding silently along the thick blue carpet, leading a white-haired terrier on a leash. "You may wait in the Yellow Room," announced the first lackey, bowing her into a small chamber furnished in gilt French Empire pieces upholstered in mustard-yellow velvet.

Miss Feith sat stiffly on a velvet chair as a golden clock under a glass dome loudly ticked off the long minutes. Finally she arose and shuffled through the periodicals and papers on a small table. She selected an Amsterdam evening paper and had just begun to read about the civil war in Spain when the footman reappeared to announce that their Royal Highnesses were now ready to receive her.

Once more he led the way down the robin's-egg-blue corridor to a big corner room with picture windows and many bookcases. The furniture was a pleasant combination of modern pieces, in colorings of soft beige and green. All the armchairs and sofas were of the type designed for solid comfort and arranged in a casual group about the grate where a cheerful fire was burning.

The prince was standing with his back to the fire. He had a glass of whisky in his hand and looked at the visitor critically over a large cigar. Princess Juliana rose from her armchair and, putting her knitting on the floor, came forward with a slightly uncertain smile.

She looks different, Miss Feith thought. *What is it? Her hair is short, that's it, and she's pounds thinner.*

The nurse waited for the princess to speak.

"How do you do?" Her Royal Highness greeted the nurse in a very soft and lilting voice. "Did the chauffeur find your home without difficulty?"

The nurse was at a loss for an answer. Finally she said, "I'm afraid I don't know, Your Royal Highness. I came on my bicycle."

"Through all the rain?" asked the princess.

The prince smiled approvingly. "No wonder the Dutch are so healthy and live to such a ripe old age. So few ride automobiles."

The nurse laughed politely. Only recently, she knew, a sand truck had backed into the path of the prince's convertible as he sped down the Amsterdam highway, demolishing his car and almost finishing the prince.

The princess indicated with a small gesture of her hand that Miss Feith should sit on the sofa. She then returned to her seat by the fire.

She was wearing a plain wool dress of pastel blue-green which was most becoming to her fair skin and hair. About her wrist a small diamond bracelet rose and fell as she knitted a white baby sweater.

Miss Feith sat gazing about the warm inviting room, so different from the stiff formality she had expected to find in a royal palace. One table by the fireside was completely covered with autographed photographs of friends, including many family groups with small children. Bowls of early spring jonquils brought to the room a faint fragrance of the greenhouse; there was even a vase of purple heather.

"That is from Het Loo, my mother's summer place," the princess remarked in her lovely melodic voice. "I can remember so well picking it in the woods there as a child. It always seemed particularly lovely to me, although heather grows all about here, too, as you know."



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The prince swooped down and picked up his dog sleeping by the fire. He was wearing his usual fresh white carnation in the buttonhole of a checked tweed sports jacket. The blue silk ascot knotted about his throat made his eyes look very blue and brought out the deep tan of his skin. He was really quite handsome, the nurse decided—almost six feet tall, his frame hard and muscular without a spare ounce anywhere.

The prince stepped out into the hall and handed the terrier to a footman.

"You have no idea," he told Miss Feith upon returning, "how hard it is to train a dog in a palace. There are so many rooms and doors that they never learn which door leads outside."

He smiled at her as he spoke, inviting her to join in the joke. *He wants to put me at ease*, she thought, delighted. *He's telling me that living in a palace is not to be taken too seriously.*

"My husband is a great believer in children's having pets at a very early age, and making them take care of them. It helps build character, he thinks," remarked Juliana.

Prince Bernhard nodded. "Trix will get a dog as soon as she can walk, and when she is a little older she will be responsible for all its care. Jula agrees with me, don't you, my dear?"

The princess smiled and nodded as she sat quietly knitting. Bernhard seemed to be in perpetual motion. Now he was puffing on his cigar and pacing up and down in front of the fire.

"Cold in here, isn't it?" he remarked. "Think I'll turn up the thermostat."

"Please, Bernilo, no!" begged his wife, laughing. "You will roast us all."

"How about something to drink?" he proposed next, striding over to a corner buffet and busying himself with a great clinking of glasses and tinkling of ice. "What will it be for you, Jula?"

"Some *crème de cacao* would be fine," she responded.

"I'll have a highball, I think. That herring for dinner made me thirsty. And you, Freule?"

He used for the first time the customary Dutch term for unmarried female members of the nobility. His Dutch, the nurse noted, was fluent but still marked by a strong German accent.

"Sherry, Your Royal Highness, thank you," she replied. She stole a glance at Princess Juliana, apparently engrossed in her knitting, and decided that here was one princess who had not acquired the blank heavy-lidded stare of royalty. All Juliana's gentleness and shyness and sensitivity were revealed in her face.

A small silence fell, broken only by the steady clicking of the princess' knitting needles and the spitting of the fire.

Then, like a thunderbolt, "Our child will *not* be raised in tissue paper!" the princess announced suddenly in an imperious tone.

Miss Feith was so startled that she was afraid she would spill the small crystal glass of sherry the prince was handing her. She was gratified to see that her hand did not betray her. What on earth had she said or done to provoke such a rebuke? She felt like one of the helpless gardeners painting roses in Alice in Wonderland when the Queen of Hearts screamed, "Off with his head!"

Princess Juliana's eyes dropped to her knitting again and the nurse thought that she blushed. "You quite understand, do you not, Miss Feith? Dogs are difficult to raise in a palace, ah yes, but children much more so!"

The prince intervened suavely. "Here is your drink, my dear," he said, handing a liqueur glass to Juliana. "My wife and I believe that any child, whether royalty or not, suffers from a secluded upbringing," he interpreted his wife's unexpected outburst. "Both of us want Trix to rub elbows with all kinds of children and to have as normal a childhood as possible."

PRINCESS JULIANA nodded approvingly and once more spoke in her usual soft tone of voice. "While she is still small she is to be called Trix. By everyone, even the servants. We don't want her to even *hear* the word *princess*."

"I understand, Your Royal Highness," responded the nurse, remembering suddenly the small lonely girl hiding behind her muff. *Did this mean she was hired?*

The prince took a sip of his highball and remarked in a pleasant conversational tone to Miss Feith, "Did you hear about the ruckus over Trix's birthday souvenirs?"

The nurse shook her head. *He is really a master*, she thought, *of the awkward moment.*

"Why, all the souvenir manufacturers went to town on the occasion," he continued. "They made thousands and thousands of mugs and ash trays and plates and so forth to commemorate the baby's birthday. They printed January, 1938, on them and left blank spa for the baby's birthday and name. Trix w due about the middle of January, you member."

"We were all anxious, especially when t whole weeks dragged past after that, and baby," put in the mother. "But Bernilo s the souvenir manufacturers were desperate the baby arrived in February, all their sou nirs would be worthless, since they all s January."

"Princess Beatrix was born the very last d of January, wasn't she?" recalled Miss Fei

"Yes, on the thirty-first. Just under t wire!"

"WE had ninety-six newspaper reporte hanging about the gates for weeks," remark the prince, "and thousands of people nig and day, dropping papers and acting as if th were on a big party."

He shook his head wonderingly in recolle tion.

"There is no doubt about it. All Dutchm have Orange hearts."

He set down his highball and slouched fa ther into the big chair, chin cupped in his han regarding Miss Feit The cool intelligen of that gaze was di concerting until smiled, and then sh was charmed by th warmth kindled i his eyes and the a tractiveness of h smile. He aske about her nurse training and whe she was from, an upon hearing tha she was born in Gro ningen, remarke that the Dutch fro that farming pro ince on the Nort Sea were well know for their tenacity an stubbornness. Mis Feith wondered if h were perhaps delib erately conductin the interview to spar his wife the strai and to give her chance to make u her mind about th prospective nurse.


EPG

"I feel sorry for the next prince consort," Prince Henry said when Juliana was born.

"I have learned a great deal about the Nether lands since I arrived," he told her. Then ver seriously he added, "Every day I find mysel becoming more of a Dutchman."

"Well, you don't look like one," teased hi wife. "You should sit up straight and take your hands out of your pockets."

An amused and affectionate look passe between them. The royal couple struck Mis Feith as very much of a team, and much in love.

Princess Juliana soon began to speak of the baby Beatrix and how she was thriving on her mother's milk, how soundly she slept and hardly ever cried. She remarked that she had read several books on modern child psychology and asked Miss Feith if she had done the same. Miss Feith said that she had not.

"How, then, do you believe in raising babies?" asked Juliana.

"Just the natural way."

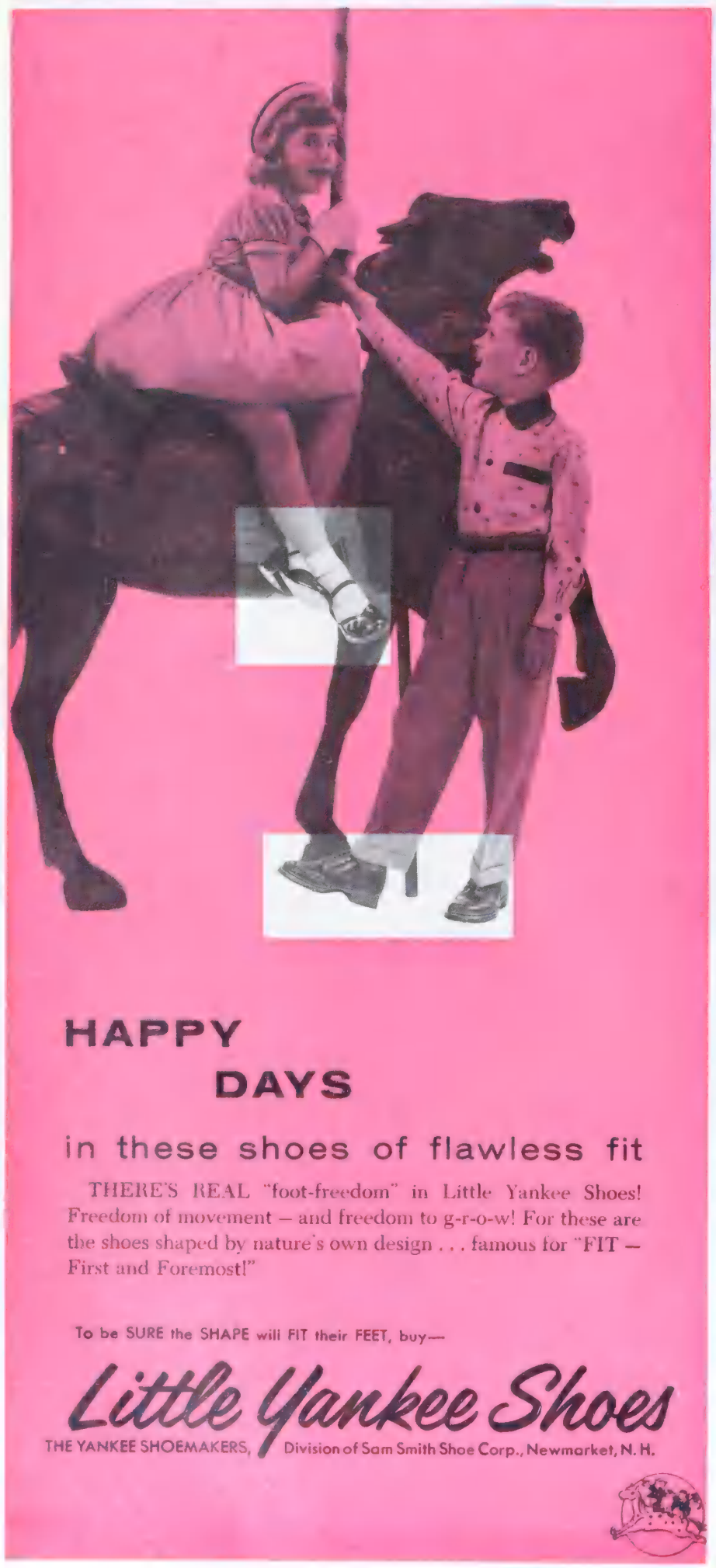
There was a small silence, during which the prince looked amused.

"At least you could come for a few weeks and we'll see how things work out," Juliana finally decided. "Since your home is only a few miles from here you can spend your free time with your family."

This was agreed upon and the nurse was told that she could have a day and a half free each week. Since she was used to working long hours at the hospital, she thought that this arrangement was most reasonable.

"And now I will show you the baby, and your room," announced Juliana.

The nurse bade the prince good night and waited for the princess to precede her. Instead, Juliana came up behind her and gave her a friendly prod in the shoulders. Somewhat abashed, the nurse went first through the door.



moved down the long robin's-egg-blue
or past several bowing footmen to a nar-
hite stairway at the far end. The princess
head to lead the way. "Part of my fa-
collection," she remarked, indicating the
er etchings of hunting scenes lining the
all.

he top of the stair they came to a large
ndicator which the nurse learned later
onnected with a weather vane on the
nd told the direction of the wind at a
. "My husband had this installed."

s Feith could not help being amused at
eflections of the tastes of the two prince
ts, the only prince consorts in Dutch history: Prince Henry, collector of German etchings; Prince Bernhard, lover of mechanical gadgets.

The princess turned to the left and led the way to the nursery in the west wing. A nurse in a navy-blue uniform and starched cap and apron rose from her chair as they entered.

The royal mother tiptoed over to a crib at one side of the large green-papered room and smilingly beckoned to Miss Feith.

"And here is Beatrix," she said. "The name means, 'She who brings happiness.'"

The plump little flaxen-haired princess was sleeping, her thumb doubled into her mouth. The crib in which she was cradled was fashioned of rosewood and bronze, ornately carved and obviously very old. High over the child's head soared a gilded lark with outstretched wings and a jewel in his beak. From the golden crown on which he rested fell thick folds of creamy white velvet.

"She is almost six weeks old," explained the mother proudly, "and she is smiling already. Your bedroom is here next to the nursery and your sitting room is down the hall. No doubt you can start soon?"

Sophia Feith hastily calculated all she had to do, including resigning from the hospital staff, and suggested diffidently, "Perhaps in a week?"

"Very well. Shall I call a car for you now?" the princess asked as they walked back down the hall together.

The nurse had a sudden uncomfortable picture of herself being saluted into a black palace Packard along with her dripping bicycle. She declined hastily. Princess Juliana took her elbow and guided her to the front door, chatting in an easy and friendly way. *We are almost the same height and age and coloring*, Miss Feith thought as they walked along. *And it's very hard to keep remembering that she is royalty.*

A footman held the nurse's coat while another bowed and opened the front door. The princess stood for a moment shaking the nurse's hand and saying good-by. Then once again Miss Feith found herself in the black and rainy night outside the palace walls.

Seven days later a chauffeur wearing a black uniform and black cap with a small crown above the visor drove up to the front of Miss Feith's Hilversum home. After he had carried out the nurse's suitcases, she waved good-by to her family and climbed into the back seat. It seemed as though dozens of towheaded children and curious adults were gaping at her from the sidewalk, and she tried not to notice the cook staring from the kitchen window.

THE chauffeur, separated from her by a glass partition, sat stiffly erect in the front seat as the big car turned away from her parents' home in the direction of Soestdijk Palace. She reminded herself that she would be back home for good in a few weeks or months, not knowing the unexpected and dramatic direction her life was soon to take.

Miss Feith arrived at the palace late in the afternoon. Their Royal Highnesses were dining out and were not expected home until time for Trix's ten-o'clock feeding. Sophia Feith was told that she would start her duties the following morning. She ate her supper on a tray in her room and retired early.

Her first day at the palace began at five A.M. when the six-week-old princess set up a lusty wailing. Miss Feith knew that the royal infant was to be kept precisely on a four-hour feeding schedule, commencing at six A.M. So Her Royal Highness had an hour to wait before she could be placed at her mother's breast.

Miss Feith rose and dressed quickly and went into the nursery. Baby Trix was quite purple with rage and frustration at being kept waiting. None of her rattles or Swiss music boxes served to distract her appetite. The nurse was vastly relieved when the clock's hands finally crawled to six and she could carry the freshly washed and dressed princess down the long upstairs corridors to Princess Juliana's bedroom.

After she had been fed, the little princess, warm and content, snuggled down to sleep in her ornate crib. Her mother had informed Miss Feith that Trix was not to be left unattended for a single moment, even when napping. So the nurse pulled a bell cord to summon a chambermaid to sit by the crib while she went down to breakfast. Only on Sundays, she was told, was breakfast served in the palace bedrooms.

Downstairs a footman directed her to the family dining room next to the library where she had first met the prince and princess. The dining room was a rather small room furnished very simply with a buffet of light-colored wood on which stood a small silver coffee service. Three places had been set at a matching oval table. A footman pulled out a chair and Miss Feith sat down.

Now for the first time she could see the rear grounds of the palace through the high French windows. Green lawns with informal flower beds, now bare under the March skies, sloped past gigantic beech trees to a small lake, bordered by wild reeds and rushes. As she watched, several mallards flew up crying from the water's surface. To the extreme right was an elaborate greenhouse which she supposed supplied the prince with his daily fresh carnation. In front of her a gravel bridle path led into the forest. She learned later that it led to the tennis courts and outdoor swimming pool and riding ring.

She turned in her chair and regarded a huge wall-hanging behind her, the only decoration in the room. It was made of bamboo-colored



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silk embroidered with a seventeenth-century Dutch trading galleon surrounded by whimsical figures of brightly colored fish, lizards, antelopes and tropical birds and flowers. Along the bottom were sewed in flowing script the words "Dutch Antilles" and then the names of Bernhard and Juliana and their wedding date, January 7, 1937.

As she was admiring the tapestry, a footman placed in front of her thick pieces of white bread, butter, thinly sliced pale yellow cheese and a teapot.

It was precisely the breakfast she was accustomed to eating at home. At Hilversum, however, the teacups were all bone china, while the cup before her was colorfully decorated pottery, like the rest of the service.

Princess Juliana arrived in the dining room a few moments later, accompanied by the prince. She was wearing a pale-blue wool dress with her light blond hair brushed casually back behind her ears, a blue bead necklace about her neck. The prince was in his riding habit which fitted his slender figure like a second skin.

The royal couple greeted Miss Feith warmly. The prince sat at the head of the table, like all Dutch papas, and the princess facing him. Her breakfast was tea and bread; the prince had bacon and eggs sunny side up.

"That's a most unusual-looking tapestry," remarked the nurse over a small silence.

"Isn't it?" agreed the princess, glancing at the wall. "You must look at it closely—the figures are made of strips of colored leather and beads and buttons and all sorts of fascinating things. It's very gay, we think. It's from the women of the Dutch Antilles—one of our favorite wedding presents."

Miss Feith, who had read about the truckloads of gold and silver and cut crystal which had poured in from all corners of the earth as wedding gifts, thought how discriminatingly simple were the tastes of the royal couple. She had seen nothing so far which could not be duplicated in any upper-middle-class hom Holland; even to the plain silver coffee se on the fruit-wood buffet.

"Someday I hope to visit our territori the Caribbean and the Indies, but first I to improve my Dutch," remarked the pr "For a German, that's not easy."

"So many words are spelled the same pronounced quite differently," agreed wife. "But you are making wonderful progr

"Did you realize that Dutch is probabl only language in the world with a special meaning 'father, mother and children'?" a the prince. "I learned that yesterday."

When his wife looked puzzled, he explai "In other languages the word 'family' mean all the relatives—aunts, uncles, gr parents and so forth. But when I use the D word *gezin* it means just you, me and T

Princess Juliana smiled radiantly at her band. "I never thought of that," she mu "Perhaps it's because the Dutch are such voted family people. We are, you know."

"Look here," the prince announced denly. "There's a spot on this spoon!"

He rang for a footman, and when he peared his highness remarked, "Surely t are enough of you to keep the spoons ished." He was smiling, but from the ton his voice it was evident that he was not jok

"Yes, Your Royal Highness." Holding offending spoon as if it were a bomb abo explode, the footman hurried from the ro

The prince seemed in no mood for fur conversation. The silence lengthened as princess sipped her tea. Finally the nurse marked, "Have you quite recovered from recent automobile accident?"

"Oh, quite," he replied carelessly. "It nothing."

"Oh, Bernilo," chided his wife, "and spent so many weeks in the hospital! At the muscles in his left eye were almost c pletely paralyzed," she told the nurse. "Th where he hit the windshield. He also br several ribs and had a fractured skull an brain concussion. It's a wonder he survive all."

"A bad penny always shows up," laug the prince, once more in good humor.

"That's what he told his friends after plane he was in crashed into a lake in G many," Juliana remarked. "They though had sunk with the plane, but a couple of fis men happened to be near and fished him He has more lives than a cat."

"Well, Jula," announced the prince, sta ing up, "it's only eight o'clock. I think I'l out that new jumper before going to office."

MISS FEITH knew that before his marr the prince had worked for the great Ger combine, I. G. Farben, in Paris. Now he commuting every day to the Netherlands T ing Building in Amsterdam to study the c plicated problems of Dutch world trade. captain in the Dutch army, he was also tak courses from the General Staff.

"Do you think you should?" the prin asked anxiously. "I heard you coughing night."

"Nonsense, I feel fine," he retorted, kis her lightly on the forehead.

"My husband had pleurisy during his dent days in Germany," the princess infor Miss Feith after he had left. "He had e pieces of rib removed and for weeks co take no nourishment except soup throug straw. You'll discover we never have sou Soestdijk, for that reason!" she laugh "Bernilo can't tolerate the stuff now. At rate, he keeps going at such a terrific rate he is apt to come down with bronchitis at time of year, so his mother told me. Still, one can slow him down," she sighed.

She pushed back her chair, remarking to nurse, "I always like to give Trix her bath possible. This morning I have a meeting, I'll try to be there before her ten-o'clock fe ing, if possible."

Miss Feith finished her tea alone and w back upstairs where an elderly chamberm was sitting by the sleeping infant.

"Would you mind telling me?" the nu began. "I am not familiar with the houseke ing schedule here and I do not like to bot Princess Juliana with such details, but I sho



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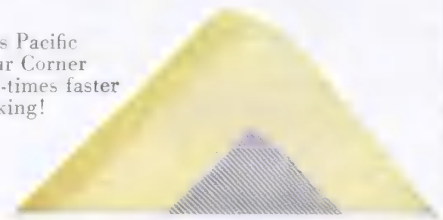
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know about the kitchen and laundry forth."

chambermaid informed her that she I send a footman at once to summon the butler.

If an hour later a dignified old gentleman ck appeared at the nursery door.

am sorry to keep you waiting," he told urse. "I have been busy with the prince rincess, checking the daily menu."

aving the chambermaid by the baby's Miss Feith followed him down the long irs corridor.

ur staff director is called the Master of Royal Households," he told her, "with offices in The Hague. However, although he has the final responsibility for keeping the other royal households running smoothly, Princess Juliana runs her own home. She regards Soestdijk as a home, you see, not a palace. Only yesterday she called me in to discuss the color of new towels for her bathroom and asked if I had noticed in the paper a special sale of soap."

As the butler was talking, he pushed a small elevator button and they slowly descended to the ground floor. Though a dignified silence characterized the upper floors of the palace where chambermaids and footmen padded softly about on the thick carpeting, down below presented a pleasant scene of bustling activity. A white-hatted chef supervising several maids peeling vegetables glanced up curiously as the blue-uniformed nurse entered the big sunny kitchen.

"The staff is not large," the butler was telling her. "There are one, sometimes two chefs, two kitchenmaids and three chambermaids and the same number of footmen. When Princess Juliana was a child we had sixty-eight of these footmen who rotated between the royal residences, but there are fewer now. They speak English as well as Dutch and can wait on table and carry luggage and run errands and so forth. They also walk the prince's dogs."

"I see," said Miss Feith.

"They bring in the coffee trays at eleven in the morning and the tea trays at four o'clock and chill the wine properly and are very clever at removing spots from things," went on her informant.

The nurse stole a look to see if he were joking, but his face was perfectly serious.

"Now, then, here is the laundry. This is where you will send Princess Beatrix's things for washing and ironing unless they need mending first, in which case you will tell the chambermaid."

He held up a hand-loomed white damask dinner napkin large enough to cover a bridge table but so fine that Miss Feith believed it could easily be drawn through a woman's ring. A beautiful floral white-on-white pattern had been woven through it; and in one corner she could read the date: 1601.

"Can you see the patch?" asked the butler. When he held the napkin against the light, she could see a small square darker than the rest, but when he lowered it again the patch became invisible. "All the mending is done by hand. I understand it takes as long as three hours to darn a hole as big as your thumbnail.

"NATURALLY this linen requires the most exacting kind of care, since most of it is three hundred years old and quite irreplaceable. Princess Juliana was quite concerned about sending it to a commercial laundry. Most of the cloths are banquet size and far too large for our washing facilities here. However, the commercial laundry uses no chemicals or bleaches of any kind. The princess has been quite pleased with the results.

"See here." He held up a scrap of white linen which had been patched and repatched until it looked like a crossword puzzle. "This napkin was perhaps wiping the faces of princes of Orange at the time of Erasmus. Now it wipes the palace dogs' feet. The princess insists that nothing be ever thrown away."

In the next room a footman was using scraps of the same fine linen to polish a large silver tea service.

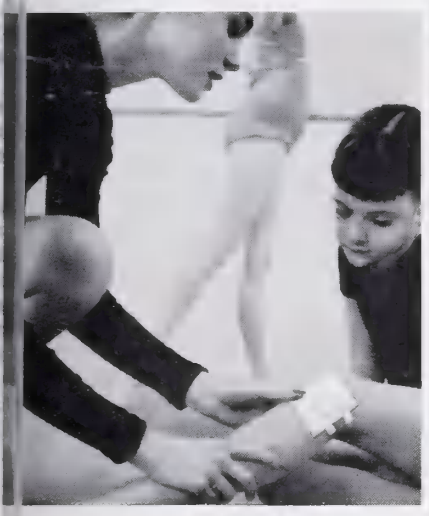
"I hope he is polishing the spoons, too," remarked the nurse impishly.

"Ah," remarked the head butler. "You heard about the trouble this morning, then. Most unfortunate. But it rarely happens that His Royal Highness finds fault with the silverware. If a piece of tableware will not take a perfect shine, it is replaced by another piece from the great silver room in The Hague. There are dozens and dozens of sets of sterling and gold plate there, some hundreds of years old, of every style and period. Quite a dazzling sight, I can tell you. It is all kept polished to perfection—and stacked in glass cases up to the ceiling of an immense steel vault. Some of the dinner sets are big enough to serve several hundred people."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

...at happens to the silverware that's re- ...from Soestdijk?" asked the nurse.

...ry tiniest scratch is filed off by a spe- ...rained footman. He buffs and polishes ...ece until it looks brand-new. Then it is ...ck here again. Come, I will show you ... of the service rooms."

...he corridor leading from the kitchens ...me suddenly upon a bright red mail- ... You can post your letters here," the ... informed the nurse. "The postman col- ... several times a day. And here is the ... operator"—he nodded at a woman ...t a large switchboard—"and oh, yes, I ... like you to meet Captain Sesink."

...ocky man with blond hair and obsti- ...set shoulders came out of a side room. ... the door closed behind him the nurse ... quick impression of two shadowy figures ...g out a curtained window. She recalled ...ly the face in the basement window ... had given her such an eerie feeling the ...me she visited Soestdijk.

... Sesink's face looked grim as he left his ...nions, but lit up jovially when he saw ...o standing in the corridor.

..."ood day, Freule," he greeted the nurse ...ntinued down the hall.

... nurse's eyebrows shot up in surprise. ... did he know me?"

..."r. Sesink is head of security at Soestdijk," ...ned the butler. "Queen Wilhelmina ...o him personally to accompany the prince ...d rincess on their honeymoon. He is re- ...ible for their personal safety, and Prin- ...eatrix's as well. Naturally he must screen ... member of the palace staff. Would you ...o know what he said about you?"

..."hy, yes," replied the nurse, disconcerted ... idea of having been investigated.

..."e said '*Zij heeft ze niet achter de elleboog.*' ...s got nothing under the elbows, that ..."

..."deed," said Miss Feith. "If you will ...e me now it is time for the baby's ..."

...ncess Juliana arrived at the nursery a ...before ten. "I'll be right back," she called ...the door. "One of the Red Cross Council ...bers who sat right next to me had the most frightful cold. I want to change my clothes and gargle my throat before coming near Trix."

The infant whose skin glowed with the clear pink-and-gold color of perfect health gurgled up at her nurse from her lark-crowned crib. Miss Feith adjusted her soft wool blanket, gently disengaged the busy fingers from the exquisite hand-drawn lace which edged the crib, and handed the baby a wooden rattle.

Soon the princess was back, wearing this time a brown tweed suit. She lifted her first-born from the crib and kissed her fat neck tenderly. "This was my crib as a child too," she told the nurse. "Mother always said the lark on top symbolized spring."

There was a knock on the door and the prince came in, still in his riding togs. He chucked his young daughter under the chin, strode a few times restlessly about the nursery and announced that he was off to Amsterdam.

"Very well, dear," said his wife affectionately. "Don't drive too fast."

She carried the baby into the bathroom where she had the nurse test the water in the tub with a thermometer to make sure it was precisely the right temperature. The baby dropped her rattle on the floor, but when the nurse went to hand it back, the princess—anxious like most new mothers to do everything just right—objected.

"Please, Miss Feith, clean it first."

The registered nurse smiled understandingly and thoroughly cleaned the toy with soapsuds.

When the princess had finished bathing and nursing her baby she remarked, "I shall not be home for luncheon, but of course I shall be back for the two-o'clock feeding. After that, I like to keep Trix by my desk in the study until teatime."

"Your Royal Highness," the nurse spoke up, "may I take the liberty of asking who takes my place in the nursery on my free days?"

"Why, I do," said the princess with some surprise. "Let's see, your free day is Thursday, isn't it? I believe I have a canal to open that day, and Friday there's a charity bazaar, and this weekend we have guests coming. Well, never mind, I'll look at my calendar and we'll arrange something."

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

DAUGHTER knitting: "If only men had the same size feet. Now before I get to the end of this foot I must decide which boy I like better!"

Many a woman finds it difficult to reconcile the fact that living with a romantic husband usually involves living with one who does the unexpected.

A wise woman says, "Experience has taught me that whenever anything is on the tip of my tongue I should keep it there."

It's the man who would freely shed his blood for a woman before marriage who practically needs a blood transfusion from her afterward if he even cuts his finger.

"I never worries," confesses the cleaning woman of our choice, "because long ago I found out it's impossible to worry at the right time; when you is worrying most that's when everything is fine, and when you 'laxes up that's when one of the children is out breaking a leg."

Thinking that boys and girls can be raised the same is like playing cards when you do not know a jack from a queen

Fathers always expect sons to pick up the tools exactly as they've never done.

A woman crying before a man is like a gambler betting on a horse: the animal must be known or all may be lost.

The reward for saving money is to be able to enjoy watching others spend it.

Boy, beginning his educational career, puts a direct question to his father: "Which would you like better, have me learn a lot or just enjoy school?"

"There's one thing wrong about her bringing up," commented a young girl to another. "She wasn't taught generosity."

When a woman has day help she shouldn't expect as much work done in eight hours as she herself does in sixteen.

One wife says, "I know beyond a doubt my husband loves me, even though on two mornings when I cried 'Help!' from the basement and kitchen he leisurely got out of bed and put on a dressing gown and slippers before coming to my rescue. At least he didn't stop to shave."



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In the afternoon the princess kept the baby close by her desk while she did some paper work, and Miss Feith rested and wrote letters in her room. At three o'clock the princess rang her on the house phone.

"It is such a lovely afternoon," Juliana greeted her. "Not a bit of rain. Do you think we could give Trix an airing in her pram?"

"Of course," said the nurse, glancing at the winter skies, "if we bundle her up well."

The princess pushed the carriage along the garden paths by the barren flower beds as Miss Feith strolled alongside. Occasionally through the giant trees she thought she saw arboreal arcades and baroque statues and crumbling stone fountains. There was even an Egyptian obelisk.

"At one time Soestdijk had very formal French gardens, like Versailles, I imagine," the princess told her. "That was when Napoleon's brother Louis was King of Holland."

"Is the palace very old, then?" asked the nurse.

"Seventeenth century. It was built for Stadholder William III, who later became King of England and married a Stuart." The princess paused by an ancient wooden bench under a great oak facing the Amsterdam highway. "This is where Queen Anna Paulowna used to sit and wait for the king to come home. He had to make his official rounds on horseback and by the end of the day he was so anxious to return to Soestdijk and to Anna that he jumped his horse over every toll barrier on the way. She was a Russian, the daughter of a czar.

"It's strange to think of a Russian princess becoming a Dutch queen, isn't it?" mused Juliana. "But no stranger than all the black-eyed and black-haired Dutchmen you see on the streets today because of the Spaniards here at the time of the Inquisition, not to mention the French Huguenots and all the other persecuted peoples throughout the centuries. I couldn't begin to count all the blood strains in Trix—French, lots of German, probably Roman, even Russian. What rot when Hitler speaks of a hundred-per-cent-pure Aryan race! We are all brothers and sisters under the skin."

I really believe she means that, thought the nurse, somewhat startled. Before coming to Soestdijk, she had often heard members of the nobility complaining about the "commoners" entertained by the prince and princess. She began to understand why the princess was so passionately concerned about the upbringing of her child, wanting her to be raised as a normal person and not as some exalted being. The nobility might grumble (*and there's no doubt that some of them are terrible snobs*, thought Freule Feith) but it was small wonder that the rank and file of the highly individualistic Dutch people applauded their democratic princess.

After tea by the fire, Princess Juliana rang for the palace intendant, an elderly baron, to show Miss Feith the main section of Soestdijk Palace. "I will keep the baby with me. See, she is sleeping. Be sure and show Miss Feith the portraits of Anna Paulowna," she called out as they left.

The intendant led the nurse down the corridor past the prince's and princess' downstairs studies toward the central part of the C-shaped palace. "Soestdijk still belongs to Queen Wilhelmina," he informed the nurse. "Everything in the central section is kept just the way Her Majesty wants it. She has her own sleeping rooms and kitchen and brings her own cook and maid whenever she visits Soestdijk, unless she is specifically invited as a guest of the prince and princess. In that case, she takes her meals with them in the west wing."

"And what about the east wing of the palace—what's over there?" asked Miss Feith.

"At the moment it is closed up," the intendant remarked. "The space is not needed. Soestdijk has about sixty rooms. The prince and princess live in about fifteen of them. Here we are," he added, swinging open a huge paneled door. "You will find it cold in here. The queen considers central heat unhealthy."

NETHERLAND INFORMATION SERVICE



Juliana with first child, Princess Beatrix.

STEPPING from the modern, oil-heated, thick-carpeted west wing of Soestdijk into the middle section was like returning to the days of the early nineteenth century when a French king ruled the Low Countries. Icy drafts swept down innumerable chimneys through huge bare white stone fireplaces and along white marble floors, rippling the silken walls and the gilded tassels on spindly satin-covered chairs. In the room in which they were standing a row of shoulder-high alabaster vases on marble plinths lined a fifty-foot wall.

"This was Queen Emma's summer dining room," explained the intendant. "Sometimes the prince and princess use it for large receptions, especially in warm weather when we can open the French doors to the terrace and gardens. At a party here recently one of the guests made the mistake of leaning against a vase. It toppled to the floor with a treme crash and broke to smithereens. I saw Bernhard look up and my heart turned

"What did he say?" asked the nurse.

"He said, 'Heaven be thanked! That less of those!' The prince and princess care for this style of furnishings, whic Second Empire, and—shall we say, a b ornate for their tastes," he went on. "Als prince is extremely fond of central heat

"And here is Queen Anna Paulowna said, indicating an oil portrait on the w the French painter David. "She was Pr Beatrix's great-great-grandmother. Her was a Russian czar."

MISS FEITH found herself gazing into th of a woman of surpassing beauty. R haired, with lustrous black eyes and sta white skin, the Russian princess looke witching in in a gown of flowing white ch caught up with pale blue satin ribbons her fashionably exposed young bosom.

"Queen Anna was the first Dutch que lend a woman's touch to Soestdijk," expl the intendant. "She brought priceless pie furniture with her from Russia, topp green malachite. She also brought fab jewels with h matched sets of monds and sapp and rubies and a of pearls as b grapes. Perhaps will see Princess ana wearing sometimes. But t the truth, she r does. She prefers tume jewelry, though not the which tries to in the real thing.

"After Q Anna," he contir "Juliana's gr mother, Queen Er used Soestdijk summer palace. it stood empty, l ing about as it d 1880, until the pr and princess m in last year. N rally, their apartm were done over modernized, but central section was left untouched.

"This is the Leuven Room," announce guide, and Miss Feith could see from its m baroque-framed paintings that it comme rated that famous Dutch victory. "And he something else of Anna Paulowna's." walked over to a round mahogany game t and, leaning over, released a catch underne A small square section of the top sprang o revealing a piece of petit point so exqu that the nurse caught her breath. "Q Anna made that," he announced proudly.

Miss Feith could just imagine the D queen in her lovely gown, her shiny black l piled high in Circe curls, bent over her w the picture of domestic tranquillity as stitched the petit point and waited for her k to come home.

"And here is the Waterloo Room," c mented the intendant, leading her rapidly "Makes you realize the Dutch were not alw so peace-loving, eh?"

He flung open the doors to a large rect gular reception hall which was flooded w light from fifteen-foot-high velvet-draped w dows. At the far end, a mural twenty feet l and almost as high portrayed a highly reali scene of dying men and speared horses on battlefield of Waterloo. Before a white mar fireplace were displayed two tattered brown-stained battle standards and a pair huge chased-silver swords. From the w opposite the windows several life-sized Prin of Orange gazed militantly down in blaz battle dress.

Sophia Feith recalled the leaning, batte homes of her birthplace, Groningen, still h boring in their ancient brick sides the musk balls of invaders. Since the time of Caesar, s thought, the Dutch had been resisting c quest, hurling back the greedy enemy like



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tides of the sea. And now once again
mble of arms across Europe.
ere's Queen Anna Paulowna's husband,
William II." He indicated a life-sized
t of a slender and handsome young
with fine-drawn features. "He used to
butterflies," he volunteered. "He also
defeat Napoleon at Waterloo. A musket
ruck him and shattered his shoulder
We have a few pieces of his shoulder
wrapped in a handkerchief, in the royal
es at The Hague."
od heavens!" laughed the nurse.
was a very popular king," commented
aron. "He's supposed to be buried in
At least, his grave is there, but to this
any people believe that he ended his life
ussian monastery.
incess Juliana's study is right through
oor at the end," remarked the intendant.
are back at the west wing."
e nurse thanked him for the tour and
d upstairs, where she found the princess
nursery with Trix. Juliana looked pale
gitated.
e just heard that Hitler has taken over
ia," she informed Miss Feith as she
ed. "He simply lined up all his soldiers
anks and marched right in. It's frightful."
Austria gone, the nurse thought. Thousands
oose-stepping Nazis with their blatant
ikas and brutal faces and shouts for
space marching into those radiantly
ful mountain valleys. She felt a profound
of shock.
at evening, when she hurried into the
y for cocktails after Trix's six-o'clock
ng ("Please be prompt! Bernhard likes
thing to run on the minute," the princess
warned her), Miss Feith found several
s already congregated there. The prince
dark pin-striped business suit was vigor-
expounding some point to a group by
replace. He broke off as the nurse entered
introduced her to one of his aides-de-
and his wife, the palace treasurer Jonk-
William Roell and his wife, and a Cabi-
minister. Then he continued, addressing
elf to the statesmen:
tell you this neutrality of the Western
s is national suicide! Hitler will pick off
country, one by one. After this, there
be no containing him."
he palace treasurer, who appeared to be
t the prince's own age, spoke up. "Look,
n see why Hitler wanted the Rhineland,
Austria, too, for that matter. They are
man countries anyway. Perhaps he will
be satisfied."
Why do you suppose he is building up such
rmy and air force?" retorted the prince.
wants all of Europe! According to him,
First Reich was the Roman Empire, the
ond Reich was Charlemagne's Holy Ro-
Empire of the West, now the Third
ch—Hitler's Empire! I tell you, we must
, and arm fast, or we'll all be swallowed up."
If everyone builds up armies like Ger-
ny's it's *sure* to lead to a general war," ob-
ed one of the others. "Perhaps Germany is
t to object to the terms of the Treaty of
sailles. We have the Hague Court here. We
st arbitrate."
Hitler doesn't stop to arbitrate," replied
prince. "He just grabs, and so far no one
lifted a finger to stop him."

THE Cabinet minister regarded the earnest
ng prince with a condescending smile. "For
undred years Holland has been a little
nd of peace, an asylum for the oppressed,"
said softly. "Thanks to the wise guidance of
great queen we did not become entangled
he last war. We shall not become involved
this one, *if there should be another war*.
sonally, I very much doubt it."
The prince shook his head grimly. "A hand-
of obsolete guns and planes. No tanks!
d help us if Hitler crosses the Maas."
All through dinner the talk of war contin-
d. Princess Juliana appeared pale and dis-
ught and tried to turn the talk to other
annels. The stories of Hitler's torture
ambers obviously quite sickened her. The
es reminded Miss Feith of some Druid
ics she had once seen in the dark forests
ar the Rhine, relics of ancient human
crificial rites. Looking at them, imagining the scenes of torture, she had felt the same shiver go down her spine.

Directly after dinner she excused herself to go back to the nursery.

The little princess was fast asleep, her thick fair lashes brushing her pink cheeks. A lamp threw the shadow of the gilded lark across her peaceful face.

All the strange and confused impressions of the day jumbled through the nurse's mind. Here, in the west wing, it was possible to imagine oneself a guest of a gracious and affectionate family which, although well to do, carefully avoided any show of wealth or influence which would set them apart from other people. She felt they wanted to be like other people.

But always, somehow, one was conscious of the obsequious footmen, the detectives in the basement, the priceless treasures from bygone years so carefully preserved, down to the last scrap of linen. And once through the great doors to the main section of the palace, all the glory of the past streamed in. All this seemed to build up a pressure until even the best-controlled nerves must occasionally feel it.

One cannot always be in a glass display box for posterity.

For a long time the nurse stood by the crib of the sleeping child. She thought of the first time she heard her father say, "That was our queen!" and the same note of pride and possessiveness in the intendant's voice as he remarked, "Queen Anna made that!"

Trix is the Netherlands, she thought, *this tiny inert bundle of life, barely out of her mother's womb. Both slave and monarch to her people, her life will never really be her own. And meanwhile*, she thought, *she is mine to guard from all possible harm, every hour of the day and night*. Sophia Feith felt as though the destiny of the five-hundred-year-old House of Orange lay in her hands.

(*To be Continued*)

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EATING FOR BETTER HEALTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

took a can of tomatoes and a can of Lima beans to an arithmetic class. Opening the cans, she dished out portions onto paper plates. The Limas cost 21 cents, she explained, provided three servings. "That's only seven cents a serving," she told the class. At ten cents a can, tomatoes provided three servings at three and one third cents each. "So you see," she concluded, "you can't afford *not* to have them." Especially, she reminded the children, when green vegetables—Limas included—help build up resistance to colds, tooth decay, earache, other infections. The vitamin C family, of which tomatoes are a member, build healthy gums, joints and blood vessels, she added.

Eighth-graders at Smith Mills sensed that something special was about to take place when Mrs. Vivian Wann entered the class carrying two small animal cages. Clustering around her, they squealed with delight when they saw four tiny rats. "Our new pets are going to teach us something about nutrition," she said. "Right now they're the same age, same weight—but we're going to feed them differently. Two will get whole-wheat bread and milk; the other two will have nothing but candy and soda pop. Then we'll see what happens." Taking turns, the children fed the rats each day, watching closely for signs of change. At the end of two weeks Mrs. Wann put the rats on a tiny scale—discovered that the two on bread and milk, now plump and lively, had increased in size and weight almost twice as much as the two fed soda pop and candy, that had become scrawny and nervous. "You can see for yourselves," she told the class, "how good food helps growth. It will do the same for you." All the children agreed they had learned something important *that* day.

Eddie Roberts could report one concrete result of the nutrition program—about herself. "Since I've been forcing myself to drink milk (which I've always hated) and sprinkling wheat germ on my cereal in the morning, I can go longer without getting tired." Several teachers, too, began to include in their own meals the basic foods—the cereals, vegetables, meats and fruits needed in a balanced diet. One popular teacher was amused when children began placing carrots and celery as well as apples on her desk.

In April, 1953, when the superintendent of schools announced that the program would be extended to all county schools in the fall, the county teachers' association put in a request for special formal training. Through the state board of health nutrition divisi Murray State College became interested in project and in August sent Dr. Tom Venabl staff member, to help Marjorie Murphy set three-week nutrition workshop. Doctor V able, anything but a professorial "type," his crew cut and large tweedy jacket, belie in the friendly, informal approach to teach "I really don't know many ways to get pe to eat breakfast," he confessed at the first sion. "Frankly, all I had this morning coffee. And I know it's going to be a hard getting *me* to change my habits."

Under Doctor Venable's leadership teachers—working for three credit hours regular tuition rates—viewed nutrition fil studied scientific booklets prepared by state nutritionist, experimented by feed plants, rats and chicks, finally discussed w to help children develop good eating hab

In fall when classes resumed, several tea ers began eating lunch in the school cafete with their pupils. Mrs. Vincent, for wanted to make sure her second-graders came good "eater-uppers," as she called even to the cottage cheese and coleslaw t sometimes left untouched. Miss Geo Jones at Spottsville planned an aftern "tea" party with milk and oatmeal cook First the children washed their hands, t set the table, as they would in their own hor and sat down together. Several children as for chocolate milk—and this was Miss G gia's cue to explain that white milk was essary for building good bones and te healthy skin, nerves and muscles.

A sixth-grade teacher, aware that her pu were beginning to develop a new social se worked her nutrition lesson into a discuss of complexion care and weight proble "That way they didn't realize they were ting nutrition all over again," she said.

Last summer Doctor Venable returne Henderson for a second workshop, which cluded other phases of health as well as nu tion. By this time, many schools were ser milk or fruit juice at recess, holding b candy and ice cream until after lunch.

"There's so much left undone," E Roberts sometimes frets. "We do need a education, a co-ordinated classroom-lu room program, a syllabus for teaching heal Then, shaking her fist to punctuate her wo "If you have money, you can do a lot of thi In Henderson, we don't have money, but w not using *that* as an excuse. We've found can get a lot done if people are willing to p in and work together."

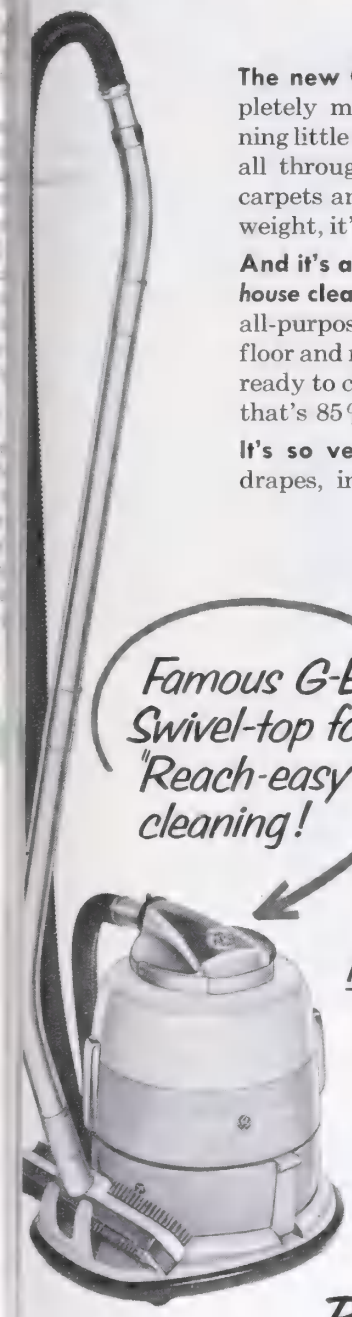


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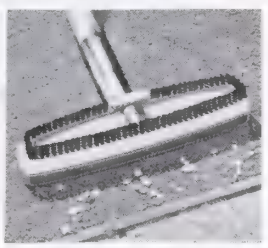
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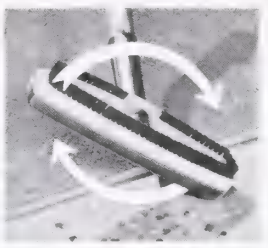
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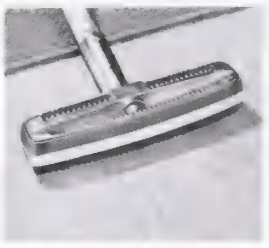
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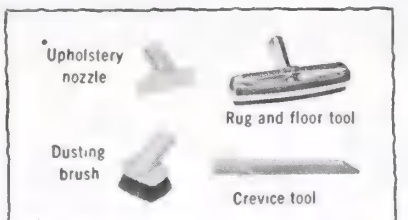

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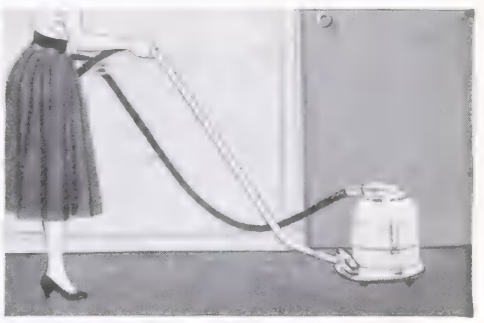
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California Casserole

Cook one 8-ounce package medium egg noodles in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain. Sauté ¾ cup chopped onion and ¾ cup chopped green pepper in ¼ cup shortening or salad oil in a large skillet. Add 1 pound ground beef and sauté until well browned. Add one 1-pound can cream-style corn, one 8-ounce can tomato sauce, one 10½-ounce can tomato soup, one 8-ounce can large pitted ripe olives, sliced, and one 4-ounce can pimientos, diced, to the meat mixture. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon chili powder, ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Layer cooked noodles and meat sauce in a 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle top with 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 minutes. 8 servings.



Elaine Healey

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA



Tuna Chowder

Add 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 1½ cups cubed raw potatoes and ½ teaspoon salt to 1½ cups boiling water. Cook until potatoes are tender, about 15 minutes. Add 1 can condensed cream-of-mushroom soup, 1 cup milk, one 12-ounce can whole-kernel corn, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine or bacon drippings, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, and one 7-ounce can tuna, drained and flaked. Add salt to taste. Heat through. When ready to serve, add 4 slices cooked bacon, crumbled. 4 servings.



Betty Niles Gray

WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY



Chili Special

Combine one 15½-ounce can chili con carne, one 1-pound can hominy, drained, ½ cup canned tomato sauce and 1 cup diced canned luncheon meat, or any cooked meat. Sauté ½ cup chopped onion in 1 tablespoon shortening or salad oil until tender, and add to meat mixture. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt and mix well. Bake, covered, in a 1½-quart greased casserole in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. 4–6 servings.



Marion M. Combs

MILWAUKIE, OREGON



Shrimp Fondue

Brown 3 cups bread cubes in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet. Thoroughly rinse and coarsely chop two 4½-ounce cans cleaned shrimp. Layer the toasted bread cubes and the chopped shrimp in a 1½-quart greased casserole with 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese. Beat well 3 eggs with ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 3 dashes Tabasco and ¾ teaspoon finely grated onion. Blend in 1½ cups scalded milk and pour over the shrimp and bread. Set casserole in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour. 4 servings.



Marjorie W Vansant

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA



Onion Pie

Toss 1 cup salted cracker crumbs with ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. Press against bottom and sides of a 10″ pie plate. Cook 1 quart thinly sliced onions over low heat in ¼ cup melted butter or margarine until tender. Spread over bottom of crumb crust. Slowly add 1½ cups milk to 4 slightly beaten eggs. Add 1½ teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper, and pour over onions. Sprinkle ½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese over top. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 25 minutes or until set. 4–6 servings.



Birge Ballaney
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA



Baked Eggs and Asparagus

Cook, drain and arrange 1 package frozen asparagus or 1 can asparagus, drained, in bottom of shallow baking dish. Peel and slice 4 hard-cooked eggs and lay over the top. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and Tabasco sauce. Add ½ cup light cream—or 6 tablespoons cream and 2 tablespoons sherry, if you like—to 1 can condensed cream-of-chicken soup. Pour over eggs and asparagus. Sprinkle with ½ cup crushed cheese crackers. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake 20–25 minutes, until bubbly, in a moderate oven, 350° F. Nice for a supper with sliced canned tongue or ham and a green salad. 4 servings.



Helen G. Irwin
DES MOINES, IOWA



Baked Corned Beef and Sauerkraut

Place one 1-pound-4-ounce can sauerkraut in bottom of 11″ x 7″ x 1½″ baking dish. Combine two 1-pound cans corned-beef hash, 1½ cups tomato juice, ⅓ cup finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon prepared horse-radish. Spread mixture over sauerkraut. Cut 2 strips bacon into ½″ lengths and arrange over top of hash. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 30 minutes. Serves 8.



Margaret Levy
WOODSIDE, NEW YORK



Party Squash

Thaw 2 packages frozen cooked squash in a greased casserole for an hour or so. When thawed, stir in 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, ¼ cup pecans, coarsely cut, ⅓ cup honey, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg. Sprinkle the top with ¼ cup more chopped pecans and dot with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 20 to 30 minutes. 6 servings.



Jeanne Edwards Rattray
EAST HAMPTON, NEW YORK



Baked Chicken Pork Chops

Season 4 loin pork chops with salt and pepper. Brown on both sides in hot skillet. Arrange chops in shallow baking dish and pour over them one 10½-ounce can chicken soup with rice. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 45 minutes until chops are tender. Turn chops once during baking and baste occasionally. 4 servings.



Molly Storck
NEW YORK, NEW YORK



Crab Rice Quickie

Sauté until tender ¾ cup finely chopped onion in 4 tablespoons butter or margarine. Then add 1 clove garlic, crushed, one 3-ounce can chopped mushrooms, ⅛ teaspoon thyme, ⅛ teaspoon basil, ½ bay leaf, crushed, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Into this mixture blend one 1-pound-3-ounce can tomatoes, ½ pound grated Cheddar cheese, one 6½-ounce can crab meat and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Cover and simmer over low heat until the flavors are blended and the cheese melted, about 10 to 15 minutes. Combine with 4 cups hot cooked seasoned rice. Heat if necessary. 6 servings.



Virginia L. Jansen
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

GOURMET TURNS WITH A CAN OPENER

For chicken curry in a hurry, open two 14-ounce cans chicken fricassee. Season to taste with curry powder, grated onion and lemon juice. Heat and serve with rice and chutney.

News for the hors-d'oeuvre tray. Spread packaged Melba rounds with mustard butter. Top with drained canned smoked oysters. Dress with a little bottled cocktail sauce and minced parsley.

Sunday-breakfast omelet repertoire becoming static? Thin canned smoked turkey pâté with cream to a sauce consistency. Add a spoonful of minced chives and some canned chopped mushrooms. Heat and spoon over the omelet before folding.

Swedish meat balls have added flavor excitement when canned onion soup is used in place of consommé or water in the making.

A lift for the fruit compote! Chop fine some canned candied orange peel. Add to a combination of 3 canned fruits—pears, pineapple and apricots, perhaps. Heat to bring out flavor. Chill.

Wave a wand over a canned ham by cutting it into ¼″ slices, arranging in a baking pan and barely covering it with cream to which a little maple sirup and grated orange rind have been added. Bake. The cream thickens to a lovely sauce.

Cheese soufflé, the aristocrat of the light but elegant luncheon, will win more ribbons if you add a small can of deviled ham and 1 teaspoon prepared mustard to the base before folding in the beaten egg yolks and whites.

Dessert charmer: Add ½ cup currant jelly to 1 cup puréed thawed frozen strawberries or raspberries. Ladle over drained canned grapefruit sections chilled to the icy point.

Ideal accompaniment for baked ham or roast beef: Drain two 15½-ounce cans small whole onions and two 6-ounce cans whole mushroom crowns. Combine with an 8-ounce jar ready-to-use cheese sauce. Thin with a little milk. Bake under a blanket of buttered crumbs in a moderate oven, 350° F., until hot and bubbly.

MEMORIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

by Mummum to join her and Uncle Sidney in Montreal to go on the stage. I had never known I was to go on the stage. I had thought I was going to be a great pianist, with fine dreams of Vienna and Leschetizky. But suddenly there was no money, no Arch Street Theatre, no house and I must earn my living. No one talked about it; no one talked about it at all, ever.

I was given a scene to learn in "The Rivals." It was a small scene in the first act, with Aunt Gladys, who was Lydia Languish, and it could be removed easily from the play the next night if I proved myself inadequate.

On the first night I had on more make-up than I have ever used in all the years since. Mummum looked at me and said, "What have you got on your face?"

I said, "Make-up."

She said, "Go and wash it all off."

So I did. I don't know where I had got the idea you had to put on a lot of make-up. Nobody had ever told me anything about it, and I had never seen anyone make up.

On the stage that first night before an audience I was naturally terrified. But when Aunt Gladys (who had never played the scene before) and I sat facing each other on a little sofa, and I saw that unforgettable glazed look on her face—a look only to be found on an actress' face when she hasn't the faintest idea of what her lines are—I found myself asking myself questions and answering them briskly in my best elementary-school manner. How absurd I must have been, and how awfully unlike "a young lady of fashion" by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

But there I was, on the stage with Mu and Uncle Sidney, and so began an a ticeship which was to last for more tha a century. I don't remember ever bein anything by anyone. Once when I d Mummum something about acting, she her eyebrows and said, "You should that without being told." It always see be taken for granted that I would know to do without being told. Of course I Luckily the parts given to me were tin didn't ruin anything.

After a few weeks in Montreal, Mur left for New York, turning me over uncle. Mrs. Rankin, Gladys's mother, a which meant different plays with no pa me. So, often, if there was a piano in t chestra pit, I played it between the ac enjoyed myself a lot.

And one unforgettable Saturday ni Saint John, New Brunswick, we stayed theater in the dark until after midnight. as it was Sunday, we strolled out and train for other parts. All our luggage hac left in the hotel and my trunk containi my worldly possessions—not many rea didn't see for years. I remember Aunt C leaving the theater that night looking proud and grand, also rather fat. She h five dresses.

After that we played a week in Halifa I remember it now, I received no sala suppose my uncle thought it would re pense me if my meager hotel bills were Being new to this kind of life, I traveled ar in a continual state of excitement. After fax we played Bar Harbor for one ni wasn't in the play, so between the acts I down in the orchestra and played the p Bar Harbor was full of people from Phi phia, and a lot of the girls I knew there up and talked to me.

After that tour closed I joined Mumm who had gone to live with my uncle, Drew, at the Sherman Square Hotel in York City.

There is a terribly trite word but I know any other to use to express happened then; suddenly I found mys pawn—a very unimportant thing that moved around a lot. I did nothing at al cause of my own planning or thinking. what I was told. Like the pawn, I was pi up from that Canadian tour, moved by with Uncle Sidney and Aunt Gladys dropped at the Sherman Square Hotel in York, and told to ask for my Uncle Ja apartment. There I went and found Mumm

She had a room and I was given a so room, the first Friar's Cell. It was a little room, the sort of room I had in my own apartment where Jack used to come and s At the Sherman Square Hotel I was in Friar's Cell, next to Mummum.

Of course I was a little bit bewildered. M mum had been the pivot of the entire fa and now something had happened and al values were different. There was no expl tion, and it would never have occurred to to ask for one.

Even today I cannot tell why all this c about. It is a characteristic of my family we never talked intimately to each other ab the important things—never. Today I th that this is rather tragic.

But at fifteen I did what I was told to do quite happily. The new surroundings, changes put me in a state of mind that was quite a daze—a sort of suspended animat

Mummum was still there, very reticen person of absolutely enormous dignity silences. She had a comfortable room and was Mrs. John Drew, Uncle Jack's moth But it was Uncle Jack's apartment, not house. He was then the prosperous membe the family, a leading man at Daly's.

Uncle Jack was reticent too—not so m as his mother except about personal thin which he never discussed at all. How can put into words impressions in those early d of someone known so well? I didn't, a child, sit back and say, "My, he is dist guished!" Of course he was.

The Sherman Square Hotel was an apa ment hotel, just a good, well-built hotel. Ev morning I used to leave it and go trudg from agency to agency, looking for a job.





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ways the answers were the same, "Nothoday!"—sometimes with a pleasant smile, etimes with a frown. Apparently belongo a well-known theater family is a handirather than a help. I have never known this is, but all my children have found it nd I certainly did.

his was during my fifteenth year. Although very grown-up, I was still terribly young, g by the standards of any era. Perhaps convent was partly responsible for this, more of it was due to the fact that in our ly children were not only supposed to be and not heard but to be practically idiotic. ay after day I kept on going to the agenand various offices and came home withthe faintest sign of an engagement or even pe of one. I never did get an engagement his way, although I went out early in the ning and spent the entire day sitting nd, waiting for nothing.

do not think I shall ever forget the offices Irs. Fernandez, and Simmons and Brown; ent so many hours waiting in them! No llest chance was offered me—not even a k engagement.

hus passed the time from September to uary, a time of continual searching and of t discouragement. The peculiar rumble of old cable cars seemed to sing of my daily ch for nothing, as time and again I rened home without a job and burning up embarrassment over the thought of living other people. I was not terrible to look at n, and certainly had youth in my favor and me, and yet I remained at large.

ichard Harding Davis and a group of his nds used to come to see Uncle Jack. Dana son was one of them and John Fox and by Russell and James Barnes and Arthur , who became Lord Lee and gave quers to be the residence of the British me Minister. (Long afterward all of them e ushers at Dick Davis's wedding to Cecil rk at which I was the only bridesmaid.)

SED to beg Dick Davis to talk about Lonbecause I had never gotten London out of system since I was six years old. I had ays wanted to go back.

Dick Davis thought I ought to have some ersion and meet people of my own age. It s Dick who persuaded Uncle Jack to let me to Dana Gibson's wedding to Irene Langne. Dick's sister, Nora, and I traveled to hmond in a drawing room. It was an enorus wedding at the Jefferson Hotel in Richnd. This was where I first knew Nancy nghorne. I thought then that she was a most ractive and brilliant girl, and I was not prised when, after she married Waldorf tor, she went on to the career that is history.

This was Uncle Jack's third year under the nagement of Charles Frohman, who had gun to institute the star system in the Amern theater with Uncle Jack his first star. aude Adams, then Uncle Jack's leading lady, came Mr. Frohman's second star three years er in "The Little Minister."

Uncle Jack finally arranged with Mr. Frohan that I should have some understudying ores and a little tray carrying in his company. What I did then and during all my three ars with Uncle Jack was done in order to t. I had not stopped hurting about not being pianist. I went on the stage because I did not ow how to do anything but act—and I did t know how to do that. I had not become an bitious actress. In fact I never have.

While I was carrying trays in Uncle Jack's ay, I went to a Yale prom with Cecil Clark's other, Bruce, and a girl named Ethel Gardr from Boston. I bought a ready-made black tin skirt and made my black chiffon waist yself. Fortunately I had been taught to sew the convent—not very well but needs must. ruce's mother, a perfectly delightful person, me on from Chicago to chaperon us.

Of course this was in the days when no ung girl ever went anywhere without an der woman as chaperon. There was no such ing as boys and girls going out together on dates"—in fact the word had not yet been vented. The only places where I saw young en were in my friends' houses, at dinners or other parties.

My going on such excursions as to the Yale rom did not disrupt the play, but there was always a mild protest from Uncle Jack before he gave me permission.

At the Lyceum Theatre where Sothern was playing Rudolf Rassendyll in "The Prisoner of Zenda" they had Thursday matinees, and as Uncle Jack played matinees on Wednesday, I could go almost every week to see Sothern. I had a crush on him; I bought his picture and dreamed about Rudolf Rassendyll just as romantically as any schoolgirl. I think that Dick Davis thought I ought to meet Sothern. At any rate, he arranged a lunch at Delmonico's at which I sat next to what I thought was a middle-aged gentleman—he was probably between thirty and thirty-five—who was very nice to me. He turned out to be Mr. Sothern, but he was *not* Rudolf Rassendyll, and I recovered from my crush.

When my cousin, Louise Drew, went abroad to go to school at Versailles, Aunt Dodo, her mother, went to live in Paris to be near her. They took Mummum with them and I left the Sherman Square Hotel and went to live in Mrs. Wilson's boardinghouse at 36th Street. It was one of a row of brownstone houses. On top of the newel post in the front hall was the statue of a Nubian slave holding up a shaded gas lamp that was always turned down very low when we came in from the theater at night.

I had a hall bedroom and three meals a day for $9 a week, so that even on the $30 a week that I was earning, I could pay for my clothes and hope to save against the lean and hungry summer and toward the realization of my dream of going back to London.

Maude Adams was living at Mrs. Wilson's with her mother and that is how Uncle Jack heard about it and knew it would be a nice place for me to stay. At that time I did not know Maude at all and we saw very little of her at the boardinghouse. Mrs. Wilson was a dressmaker and made the loveliest of clothes. She always made Maude's dresses, and later she was to make all my costumes for "Captain

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Jinks." There was no place in her house in which to receive a man caller or, for that matter, a caller of any kind, but sometimes she would let us use the front parlor where she did her fittings.

In those days no actor thought of playing a whole season in New York. It was the custom to play there for three months or so and for the rest of the season in other cities. Uncle Jack, like Irving, Terry, Bernhardt and Duse when they came to this country, followed this custom and so presently "The Bauble Shop," in which I had been carrying trays, was about to go on tour.

Elsie de Wolfe, who had been playing the part of Lady Kate Fennell, did not want to leave New York and, although I was barely sixteen and the author, Henry Arthur Jones, had described Lady Kate Fennell in the program as "a woman of the world, of 45," some maniac suggested that I be given a trial in the part. So one Wednesday afternoon, wearing Miss de Wolfe's beautiful Paquin clothes and feeling very terrified and perhaps a little ridiculous, I played the part. When they found that I didn't actually fall on my face they let me have the part when they went on tour.

THUS it was that I traveled with my uncle, receiving a very small salary, of course, and living in the cheapest of hotels and boarding-houses. Uncle Jack was very kind to me and I occasionally met some of his friends and they would often invite me out. As I remember, I enjoyed myself very much, although I never had any clothes to wear which I really liked.

In Chicago I remember that one notice referred to me as "an opalescent dream named Ethel Barrymore that came on and played Lady Kate." I hadn't the faintest idea what that word meant and had to ask Uncle Jack. I was delighted to find it meant something pleasant.

When we were in Chicago Mrs. Arthur Caton (later Mrs. Marshall Field) was giving a ball. Uncle Jack thought I was too young to go to a grown-up party, but Mrs. Caton and her niece and nephew, Katharine and Spencer Eddy, persuaded him to let me go. That was a sort of Chicago debut for me.

I was to have many friends there: Medill McCormick and his wife, Ruth Hanna; Florence and Minna Fields, whose mother married Thomas Nelson Page; Ru Carpenter; Nancy Coleman; and many, many others. Some of the earliest of those friendships were with the writers and artists like Peter Dunne, George Ade, John McCutcheon and others who were just beginning—or hadn't yet begun—to make their mark.

That first tour was the beginning of a lifetime of playing all the large cities in America and most of the little ones. In every one of them I found friends.

Audiences were—and are—always good in one-night towns where they are composed so largely of the people who really want to see the play and have only this one chance to see it. One of these audiences in Little Rock, Arkansas, was the best I ever played to. I remember it that way because they were so eager to be pleased. When an audience is like that, they help you so; you know they are with you and you don't have that extra drain on your energy to keep them from coughing or moving about in their seats. One-night stands are the best audiences in America. I never minded the physical effort of traveling, never even thought about it.

During these years I saw nothing of my father and almost nothing of Lionel and Jack. Jack was in school and Lionel was already on the stage. He played briefly with Mummum and Uncle Googan in "The Rivals" and then with McKee Rankin, Aunt Gladys's fath His part in Mr. Rankin's production "Magda" was the same one that Jack f played when, a little later, he also went on stage in Mr. Rankin's company.

It was the part of a young officer and Jac uniform inspired Amy Leslie, the drama cr of the Chicago News, to write: "Jack Ba more looked as if he had been dressed up a forgotten."

Jack always loved to tell this story.

It was during my first tour with Uncle J that I got to know Maude Adams a little. C night in Springfield, Massachusetts, we supper of crackers and milk together after theater, and sat and talked. I thought this e ning was wonderful. I remember how D Davis adored her, as all her friends did, a how later when we were playing New Hav we went to a tea given by an undergraduate his rooms and she delighted all the boys singing for them. For two or three years was perfectly charming and gay, and then began to be the original "I want to be alo woman. On long journeys all the way acr the country, she would never come out of berth, and it was very rarely that anybody s her off the stage. I never knew whether t was Mr. Frohman's idea or her own. I h always had a great feeling for her, althou I never knew her any better. She was a r spirit, and I am glad I touched her even ligh

As the earth has lasted at least a thousand million years, in a condition not very unlike the present, it will probably continue habitable for a future period of at least the same order of magnitude, possibly for very much longer. An acceptance of such a future is bound to affect human thought. It will be realized that the things which seem to us most stable, such as human nature and the facts of geography, are really not only changeable, but certain to change. On the other hand, it will be realized that remarkably little change can occur within a lifetime. —J. B. S. HALDANE: Possible Worlds (Harper and Brothers)

All the time I on tour with Un Jack I lived in cheapest boardi house rooms I co find, and I found th for myself. In ev theater a notice wo be posted on the board a day or t before we were move on to the n town listing the av able accommodati there, starting with most expensive h and going on do to the cheapest boa inghouses, which w the ones that int ested me.

Nobody paid a attention to me. C elders were helping those Barrymore children to the extent seeing that we ate. Except for that I didn't anything from Uncle Googan and when went on tour with Uncle Jack I had salary—though small—and was supposed live on it, and I did, without any adv or supervision from anybody. Even th the only clothes I had were my winter a summer convent uniforms. I bought a piece French-blue velvet and made a sort of col of it which I wore on my black serge sch dresses so they wouldn't look so uniformly was wearing it when I had my picture tak with Maude Adams in Springfield, Massach setts.

ONCE when we were in Boston I stayed the Langham Hotel where, instead of a h bedroom, I had a sitting room, bedroom a bath and three meals a day, all for $15 a wee This was when I was playing in "Rosemar and was finished after the second act so tha could leave at ten o'clock. I always walk home from the theater, and part of the way the hotel led through a very brightly light district where everybody was cheerful a friendly. Apparently after the first few nig they got to know my face, and they'd s "Hello, dearie, how are you tonight?"

I thought they were all perfectly charmin It was years later I discovered I had be walking through the red-light district, bu have never changed my mind about h friendly and nice they were.

After three years with Uncle Jack I had r first good part in "Rosemary," in which Mau Adams was the leading lady. There was a sm maid's part that was very effective and this f to me. The public was kind and the pape were even kinder, and I felt myself beginning at last!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

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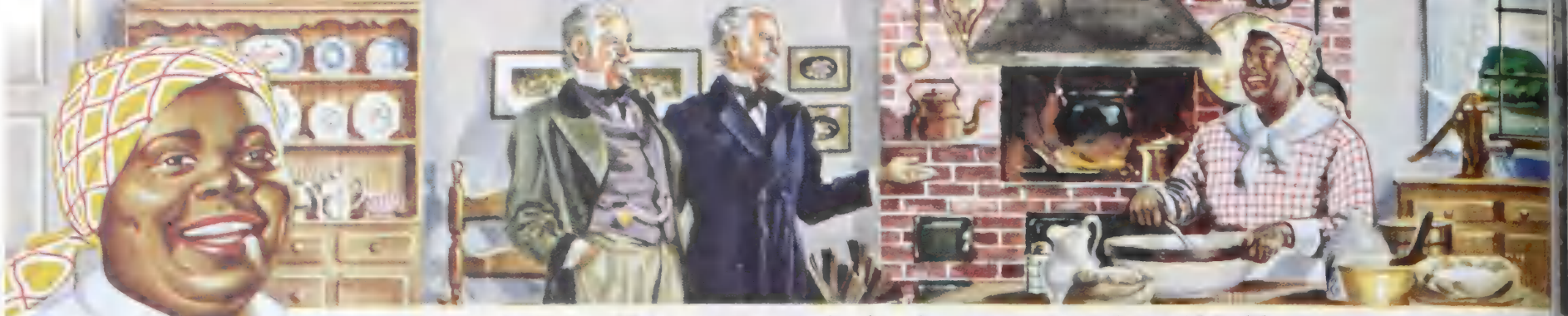


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

ut the great dream of my life was still to go ondon. I had always loved the thought of d had never been able to get it out of my d. I saw no hopes for many years of get- there but this did not weaken my deter- ation, someday, in some way, to get to don.

was very romantic at this time and had inee crushes. My crush was William Gil- , who was playing in "Secret Service." tunately for my young heart, he had mati- on the days we didn't, and thus I was able o every Thursday and rapturously admire . I had his photograph—which I had ght—and hoped that someday I would e the thrill of meeting him, feeling just as antic about him as I had felt long before ut Rudolf Rassendyll.

fter the New York run of "Rosemary," I t on tour with Uncle Jack. We had reached Louis and one night he called me to his sing room and said:

I have just had a most extraordinary tele- n from C. F. about you."

e handed it to me and I read:

ULD ETHEL LIKE TO GO TO LONDON WITH GILLETTE IN SECRET SERVICE? CHARLES OHMAN.

hy I didn't drop dead, I do not know. This t news was almost too much for me. My le was bewildered at my excitement and ked at me curiously.

Do you really want to go?" he asked.

said, "More than anything in the world."

ncle Jack said, "Very well, you can go if want to so much. We'll find someone to ace you."

s soon as they did, I on the train to New k and soon after that, a small bag that car- everything I owned, I given my ticket and to go to the boat for journey to wonderful ndon with wonderful ette.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.
—MENCIUS

y father, whom I had not seen for several rs, heard about my leaving and promised ome down to the dock to see me off. As he a great friend of Gillette, he said he would oduce me to him, but knowing his genius irresponsibility, I wasn't too disappointed n he didn't turn up.

s the boat drew away from the pier, I was ding on the deck with Harry Woodruff, a ng actor in the company whom I just w, when toward us walked the tall figure was the dream of my life at the moment. whispered to Harry, "I don't know him."

Oh," he said, "I'll introduce you."

illette bowed over my hand and I thought, h, no! This isn't what I meant at all!"

nd it wasn't.

etting off the train at Waterloo Station I mediately felt I'd come home. The wooden ements, wet with that lovely rain, smelled e heaven. I had no idea I'd been missing it much.

his was the summer of Queen Victoria's mond Jubilee, celebrating the sixtieth an- ersary of her coronation. I saw the parade m someone's house in Piccadilly. It was a ific spectacle, more magnificent, I think, n any of the coronation parades that fol- ed it. I shall never forget the Indian princes, pping from chin to waist with fabulous els, unbelievable strings of pearls, dia- nds and rubies.

FOUND lodgings in Chapel Street. I was ch too shy to present any of the letters en me to the Sidney Webbs and Bernard aw and many other Fabians, all of whom I t quite painlessly later on, but some of the ople to whom Dick Davis had written looked up and I began at once to go about with m and have good times.

As all the cast, except for me, had been in play in New York, there were only a few earsals before we opened. My part in ecret Service" was very small; I had been gaged primarily as an understudy. In those ys understudying was not taken seriously, r is it taken seriously today; it is more or less of a theory in the American theater that leading actors and actresses never get ill. And in reality we don't often miss a performance; it is a rare thing when a theater has to be closed because of illness.

But one night after the curtain had gone up and I was sitting on the stage in my nurse's costume, Odette Tyler, whom I was understudying in an ingénue part, fainted just before she was to make her entrance. The curtain had to come down and I heard shouts for me to come and play her part.

UNFORTUNATELY, I had never had a rehearsal, as understudies should have, and I was panic-stricken. "I can't," I said.

"You must!" they insisted.

I had seen the play over and over again because of my crush on Gillette, and I was perfectly familiar with it—at least, I thought I was. I rushed upstairs to Miss Tyler's room, tearing off my things as I went. Then I had immediately to put them on again when I found that Odette Tyler had been removed to the hospital—in her costume.

Dressed in my nurse's costume, I played the part as best I could. It was a great moment for me. The next day I got a dress and made an apparent success, so much so that I began receiving many letters and several of the critics came to see the play again and gave me real praise.

Miss Tyler continued ill and I continued in her part. I was sorry that she was ill and yet I was very happy that I was playing. It really looked as though everything had begun for me.

One morning I went to the theater for my mail and on the stage I saw some people rehearsing. They were rehearsing a new girl. They had cabled for her the day after Miss Tyler had been taken ill and, when she was ready the next day, I was sent to my old part of a few lines. It was my first heartbreak in the theater!

In spite of this disappointment, I kept saying to myself, "I am still in London, the place I want to be in more than anywhere else in the world." I determined that I would remain, no matter what happened. A great many of the people who had been kind to me about my performance in "Secret Service" were actor-managers of prominence. So I proceeded to go around among the admiring throng who had praised me, but I had no practical suggestions from them. In fact, I was not given a sign of encouragement of getting anything of any kind to do.

Then one afternoon a hansom cab brought me a note.

(And let me digress to point out that in those days when hansom cabs brought me my messages, I seemed to get them just as quickly as if there had been telephones. What a gracious life it was in those days of no telephones, no passports, no income taxes! Horse-and-buggy age? What was the matter with the horse and buggy? What was the matter with the hansom cab? Was there ever any lovelier way to travel, any lovelier sound than the clop-clop of the horse's hoofs on those wooden pavements in London? I feel so sorry for the people who know only enough about those days to laugh at them! My passion for hansom cabs came to be well known. Once coming home on a boat, I met Peter Dunne who told me that he had been in London. I said, "Why didn't you come to see me?" And he said, "I forgot the number of your cab!")

The note the cab brought me was from Cissie Loftus, saying that she was singing at an important house that night and her accompanist was ill and would I play for her? We didn't have to get there till half past ten and I would be finished at the theater by then, so I said, "I'd love to." Afterward, as I was trying to get through the crowd to leave, Creighton Webb, a friend of Uncle Jack's, grabbed me and said:

"Ethel, you must come with me. The Duke of York wants me to present you to him."

I said, "Oh, no! I couldn't."

He said, "You've got to."

I said, "What'll I do?"

He said, "Just curtsy. Come along. Behave yourself."

Suddenly I was looking at the bluest eyes I have ever seen and such a kindly smile, and he said: "Aren't you the little girl I saw in 'Secret Service'?"

And I gasped, "Yes, sir."

He said, "You know I saw it again and you weren't playing the part. Why? I liked you so much better than the present girl."

I said, "Thank you, sir," and fled, very happy and blushing from head to foot.

As I ran I got a pleasant smile from the Duchess of York, and I often thought of it in later life when I saw her pictures and heard stories of her when she became the great Queen Mary.

The people I saw most were "Uncle" Ben Webster, the actor; his wife, May Whitty, whom I called "Maisie Dreams"; Anthony Hope, the novelist; Didi and Alfred Littleton; and Etty and Willie Grenfell. These I saw most and loved most. As I look back on it now, they were very wonderful to me—so wonderful in every way that I didn't realize at the time my good fortune in being allowed to know them so well and so intimately. I was still fairly young and took these honors as a matter of course.

I was also great friends with quite a different group of people, Lady Lister-Kaye and Sir John and her sister the Duchess of Manchester





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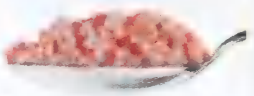
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and her beautiful young twin daughters and Kim, her son. Lady Lister-Kaye was very kind to me, and I would go very often to her house in Manchester Square.

I also knew Sir George and Lady Lewis, whose daughter Elsie became a friend of mine. Sir George was one of the great solicitors of England; it was said of him that he knew the secrets of every great family in England. I used to go to wonderful dinners at their house. That was where I occasionally saw Sir Henry Irving. And Edie Craig, Ellen Terry's daughter, had a flat in the same building where the Websters lived and she took me to see Miss Terry.

One night at a big ball someone came up to me and said, "Lord Kitchener wants to dance with you."

I will never forget how frightened I was! He was like a man carved out of teak with green, terrifying eyes. He never spoke a single word but just kept looking down at me. When the dance was over, I felt as if I had been released from chains. In those days Englishmen didn't dance very well. They just hopped around. When I went to a ball, I always hoped that Jack Carter, the second secretary at the embassy, would be there, and plenty of Hungarians and Austrians because they danced so well.

I had two dresses, one black and one white, which I found were quite enough for the highest and most exalted society. In London, somehow, people don't care who you are or what you have on; if they make up their minds they like you, they take you in and there you stay for all time.

I was really living in two worlds after "Secret Service" closed and I had no job. Unless I was asked out to dinner, I was often quite hungry, though I found that if I didn't have any dinner in the offing I could live on dried dates, cheap and filling. Finally I realized how hopeless it all was; nothing was coming and I scarcely had money left to pay for my lodgings. I had to go and confess ignominiously to Uncle Jack, who was in London and about to sail to America, that I had failed, and I asked him if I could go back with him. He took it quite calmly and said:

"Oh, of course, of course. We'll see to it."

I was to bring back two beautiful dresses for the leading lady in Uncle Jack's play, "A Marriage of Convenience." They were copies of authentic Louis XVI costumes, elaborate white satin and brocade. I was packing the dresses in the trunk that had been sent to my lodgings for the purpose and I was crying. I tried to keep any tears from falling on the dresses.

And a hansom cab stopped at the door with a note for me. It read: "Dear little Bullfinch: [That was the name Ellen Terry called me because she thought I looked like one.] I hear you're going back to America. Come down to the theatre tonight to say goodbye to Sir Henry and me. Ellen Terry."

So I washed my face and bathed my eyes and got into my black evening dress—I was going to a supper party at the Savoy, given by friends of Uncle Jack to say good-by to him—and went to the theater and up to Miss Terry's dressing room and she said:

"So, you're going back to America! Go in and say good-by to Sir Henry."

I was, of course, terrified at the mere thought of facing him. But it was extremely nice of him to let me say good-by, so I went to Sir Henry's dressing room and he said, "So you want to go back to America?"

"No, Sir Henry," I said, "I don't, but I can't find anything to do."

And he said, "How would you like to stay here and be our little leading lady?"

"Oh, Sir Henry!" I could not say another word—I could not think of anything else.

"Well," he said, "you could play Annette in 'The Bells' and there's a part in Laurence play that I am going to do about Peter the Great. Now don't cry. Just go downstairs. Mr. Loveday has a contract all ready for you to sign. Run along."

I have no remembrance of signing that contract. I only know that suddenly it was tucked away close to my fast-beating heart and I was at the Lyceum Theatre, floating on a cloud to my farewell supper party.

Besides my aunt and uncle and cousins many of the highlights of the English theatre were there, including Mrs. Patrick Campbell. They all knew I was brokenhearted about not being able to stay in London. They had been nice and kind, gentle and sympathetic, and even now, as I took my seat at the table, they were still nice and kind, gentle and sympathetic. I let them go on and didn't say a word, just keeping the contract where it was.

Finally Mrs. Campbell called down the table to me, "We are so sorry that you are sailing tomorrow."

Now was my time. "Oh, but I'm not," I said, as if it were the most casual announcement in the world.

Everybody at the table exclaimed and my uncle was the loudest of all. Uncle Jack said, "What-what-what-what?"

"I'm going to stay here," I said. "I have just signed a contract with Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry. I am going to be their leading lady."

I got the engagement with Irving in the late spring and it must have been sometime toward the approach of midsummer when I felt the sudden urge to go home and see Mummum before rehearsal for the new engagement began. But I had no money. I cabled to Dick Davis asking him to send me $100. He was off to the wars somewhere, and it was his father who sent me the money, though I didn't know this until I began paying it back to Dick. And that was the first he ever knew about it. Mr. Davis hadn't bothered to tell him about that kindness to a little girl who had obviously needed it.

Mummum was at the Bevan House in Larchmont, quite alone except for Jack. I was very disturbed about her. She used to sit on the porch hour after hour, day after day, looking out at nothing and I suppose remembering everything, occasionally reading little paper backed books that she brought down in quantities from her room on the third floor. I remember them so well, those paper-backed novels with blue covers. I used to wonder if she was really reading them or just passing the time, turning over the pages while she was thinking of her great and crowded past.

Mummum never talked about herself and it was hard to get her to talk about anything. I was sure, though, that she was pleased that I had come to see her.

I spent a week with her and then sailed back to my new and wonderful job. The day I was to start rehearsals the cable came, early in the morning. Mummum was dead.

There was much to be done, cables to be sent. Uncle Googan was in Australia. Uncle Jack was abroad. Lionel was on the road. At Larchmont there was only Jack, who at fourteen had to face what I had to face in California at the same age. Luckily my Great-aunt Hannah, the sister of my grandfather John Drew, came forward and attended to everything.

But I was late for my first rehearsal. The old commissionaire at the stage door said with terrifying solemnity, "Oh, missie, you're late!"

I flew onto the stage. There was all the company standing about and Sir Henry, sitting alone in the center of the stage looking at me under his eyebrows, very coldly.

I said, "Sir Henry, I'm dreadfully sorry to be late, but something terrible has happened.

HOME

By ELEANOR GRAHAM VANCE

After the fretful day, when peace descends
To spread a cover on the dreams we keep,
Safe in each other's trust like old, old friends,
We sleep.

l looking at me under his eyebrows he "What was it?"

I id, "I just got a cable that my grand- er has died."

d his face, that beautiful face, looked up. id, "Mrs. John Drew?" and I said, "Yes." I said, "Go home, my dear. No rehearsal ou today."

t was the first of his many kindnesses to

ad a letter from my grandmother a week she died, thanking me for having come to er. It nearly broke my heart.

on afterward we went on a long tour in ovinces. Suzanne Sheldon, another American girl, was in the company. Her mother was with her and together we lived in lodging houses on the road. Since I was getting the bigger salary, I paid for the sitting room which we all shared.

Sir Henry was very serious and everybody else around the theater was frightened to death of him, but for some reason I always amused him. Something about me always made him laugh or smile. Later on, I often met him at big dinners where there were other important people, and how he stood out! How he made them all look commonplace, ordinary! He had the most delicate, beautiful face and beautiful, long hands.

I had no part in "The Merchant of Venice" so that I had many chances to see him in it. He always made Shylock seem the only gentleman in the play. I've always been glad, too, that I could so often see Ellen Terry as Portia.

During the tour we rehearsed "Peter the Great" which was Laurence Irving's play. He had been tentatively marked for diplomatic service and had been sent to Russia as a sort of student guest of Tolstoy, who was a friend of his father. He was very Russian and very somber. I had never known anyone like that, so I was profoundly impressed and became Russian and somber too. We had many melancholy walks through towns like Hull and Sheffield, which are suicidal anyway, and exactly suited our mood.

Then back to London, and Suzanne and I took a flat together directly opposite the Websters' at 21 Bedford Street, Strand.

Laurence used to come to tea and gloom. He was a beautiful character; a little spasmodic and erratic but, underneath an assumed sinister manner, he was very gentle. I got his frame of mind and played nothing but Russian music of the most melancholy type. We floated together into a romance of Russian pessimism, of nervous depression. I decided that I was as sad as Laurence, and we thought we might just as well get married and be delightfully miserable together.

Laurence rushed off and announced our engagement to his father and mother, and there was a terrifying visit I had to make to Lady Irving. I don't remember ever meeting anyone as frightening. She and Sir Henry had been separated for years, and I felt so happy for him!

A CURIOUS thing about me at this time—and practically always—was that, in spite of the fact that I saw nothing of my father, or, shall I say, he saw nothing of me, I still had a strong urge to belong to someone, and there was now no one left but my father. So I cabled him at the Lambs' Club, the only address I knew, telling him of my engagement. I received an answer saying:

CONGRATULATIONS LOVE FATHER

But the awful thing was that Laurence now became an entirely changed man. He was happy and his happiness made him quite a different person, not the one whom I had agreed to marry and spend a long, lovely, gloomy, tragic life with. Of course it was all very young.

I was desolated, but I knew I couldn't go on with the marriage and I had to tell Laurence that I'd made a terrible mistake. It required an enormous amount of courage to come to this decision, because there I was at the Lyceum Theatre in Laurence's play, with his father, and every hand would be against me. That I was prepared for—and how right I was! No one thought that I would have the courage to break the engagement. However, I did.

Sir Henry was very kind and understanding about it, and later on, as the years went by, Laurence and I became the greatest friends. Also I was slightly comforted, after I had cabled my father that the engagement was broken, to receive a reply saying:

CONGRATULATIONS LOVE FATHER

A play came to London called "The Belle of New York." On the night of the dress rehearsal I was not in our play at the Lyceum, so I went to the rehearsal because Phyllis Rankin, Aunt Gladys's sister, was in it. I was sitting alone in the dark theater when I heard three managers, two Australians and an Englishman, telling Mr. Lederer, the producer:

"You can't open this play in London tomorrow night. The British audience wouldn't understand a word of it. It's too American."

Mr. Lederer walked out into the dark lobby and paced up and down looking very worried and I, being terribly young, had courage enough to go up to him and say, "Please don't believe them. I'm sure they'll love it just as it is."

He said, "Who on earth are you?"

And I said, "Oh, I'm not anybody, but I just *know*. Please, please don't change it!"

I must have been very fierce and eager, as usual. At any rate, he didn't change a word. It opened the next night and ran for years and years.

I gave a tea party, a big one, in our flat for "The Belle of New York" people. Jack, who had been sent to a school in England by my father, was at the flat, but he was too shy to come downstairs to the party. I said, "You've got to," but he wouldn't. He broke out into a cold sweat, and I didn't ask him any more.

This terror of people and gatherings left him at an early age.

He went back to school, but he managed to get away from it when he pleased—he had invented a major, supposed to be a friend of father's, who demanded Jack's presence quite often. Later he studied at the Slade School of Art, living at Aunt Eva Wace's.

FUDGY

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ackage (6-oz.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces
up (½ 15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
sh of salt
easpoon vanilla extract
up walnut meats, coarsely chopped

lt chocolate over hot, not boiling water. in Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed lk—the blend of pure milk and sugar t's *already* cooked to creamy smooth- s. Remove from heat. Stir in salt, vanilla, d walnut meats. Turn into well-greased 8"x2" pan. Bake in moderate oven 5°F.) 25 minutes. While brownies are rm, cut into bars: when cool, remove from n. Make this treat often . . . you can be e of perfect results every time with any of gle Brand's 70 magic recipes.



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FLORIDA Grapefruit

Mr. John Hay was now Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and every Thursday afternoon I would go to the embassy to help Helen and Alice (his daughters) pour tea and make myself useful in any way I could. I remember Helen saying to me, "Don't you find when you go out to dinner in London that you have to take with you everything you ever knew or ever read to be able to cope with the brilliant young men?"

And you did. You had to cope with really brilliant young men just out of Oxford or Cambridge and probably already in Parliament.

It was the fashion then to wear tiaras and of course I didn't have one. So instead I got some oak leaves and wore them in my hair. Somebody called me Daphne, and soon everybody was calling me that. I had always hated Ethel as a name—my father had called me that after Thackeray's Ethel Newcome—and I loved being called Daphne. One of those who always called me Daphne was Gerald du Maurier, who named his younger daughter Daphne after me.

I went out to lots of dinners and dances—sometimes two or three a night during the season. One evening I went to dinner at the Heinemanns'. There were only eight people there, but one of them was Whistler. He had one of his great evenings and no one else spoke. It was absolutely breath-taking for me. When I got home I had to wake Suzanne up to tell her all about it.

Life in London was very gay and very stimulating and very glamorous and yet, young though I was, I took it as a matter of course. It is curious, but the only place where I was never terribly shy was in England. Once in New York when Mr. Whitney was giving a ball for Dorothy, his youngest daughter, I got a lovely new dress at Bendels to wear. That night I drove up to the great Whitney house, but instead of going in, I said to my driver, "Go home." In London I could go to Buckingham Palace and think nothing of it. Doors opened without my knowing that they were ever closed and I just walked through them.

Youth today must be strong, unafraid, and a better taxpayer than its father. —HARRY V. WADE

No wonder I never wanted to leave it!

At the Websters' I had met Gerald du Maurier, who was so entirely different from Laurence Irving that I found him enchanting. He was tall and slight, not good-looking, but with great charm, gay, amusing, witty. He *swept* me and I thought "*This is it!*" So Gerald and I were engaged. (I didn't have to cable father this time, for he was in London and I went to see him for a minute.)

GERALD's mother was divine to me and so were his sisters. One of them, Sylvia, was very beautiful. Her father, George du Maurier, had often drawn her to illustrate his books; she looked exactly like the picture of the Duchess of Towers in "Peter Ibbetson." (Sylvia was married to Llewelyn Davies and they had four or five sons. It was for these children that Barrie really invented "Peter Pan"—the eldest one was named Peter.)

But in spite of all their kindness to me, when Mrs. du Maurier began to tell me how to take care of Gerald, what to make him wear in winter and so on, it alarmed me so that all I could think of was getting home to the four walls of my dressing room—any dressing room. I had just enough money for cheap passage back to America by Canada and for the night train to New York. Gerald saw me off at the train. I felt heartbroken. I was crying, tears pouring down my cheeks. Gerald was running along the platform. I almost jumped off the train. I was still in love with Gerald, but I knew I couldn't go through with the marriage.

It was not a very happy trip for me. I was leaving the city I loved; everything I cared about seemed to be concentrated there. I was going to something that didn't even exist, for, after all, that's what a position that you haven't really got is.

And so I arrived at the Grand Central Terminal with exactly one quarter, all that I had left. This I grandly gave the redcap who carried my bag to the hansom.

I had no idea where I was going or wh to happen to me, and out of a maze of derment a voice from the top of the cab through with, "Where to, miss?" For reason I said, "The Waldorf," at tha perhaps the world's most expensive ho

Penniless and with head very high, up to the desk of the Waldorf. I was abs staggered by four or five young clerks c forward and greeting me with enthusias a certain amount of ceremony.

"Miss Barrymore, we are so glad t you back with us again."

I said, "Oh," faintly, and then add just want to know if my uncle is here."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Drew is here. Will you a suite or ——"

"I'll have a room," I said.

THE porter brought me back to life "The cab is waiting."

I said, "Oh, yes," rather languidly an turned to one of the clerks: "Will you p cab, please?"

I followed the bellboy to my room the door closed and I was left alone something that I had not expected to sat down on a chair with the realization had come home, that this was my count land, and the words of welcome that from porters, cabmen and clerks was thing that made the life I had just left in don quite unreal. I felt that welcom warmth which can come only from you people. Here was where I belonged. come home.

Later I found out the reason for the whelming reception. The American ne pers, which I had no in London, had bee of me and of the pa had been going to. B the two real engage they had made up oth dukes and earls and ev Indian prince I had seen. Of course at th I knew nothing abou

Immediately I called Uncle Jack's ro

"Who on earth is this?" he asked sounds like Ethel."

"It is!" I said.

"But you're in England!" he insisted.

"No," I said, "I'm upstairs in the hot

After I had convinced him that I reall upstairs and not in London he told me to down and have breakfast with him.

So I did and while we were having th breakfast I had had for many a long day him that I had come home to try to g engagement. I asked if he would take see Mr. Frohman.

We went the next day. Mr. Frohma very nice to me, said I looked like my m who had played with him and of whom h always very fond, and he added, "Then part in Annie Russell's new play, 'Cathe It isn't much of a part ——"

I replied that I would be satisfied with thing. So I was told to be at rehearsal th day at the Garrick Theatre.

When I arrived there I found it was i a very small part, calling for two bea dresses but not much else! I had to pa them out of my salary of $35 a week. cost $100 apiece and it took me all seas pay for them.

One of the sad things about the thea that when you are beginning, trying to m very little money go a long way, you ha pay for your own clothes; when you're a relatively rich, they're provided for you.

I summoned courage to ask for an ad on my salary so I could get out of the Wa and move back to Mrs. Wilson's boar house where I had lived before.

When I walked onto the stage the first of that play, "Catherine," I got the mos mendous ovation, and I kept saying to m "This is awful. I have nothing to do—jus or three lines in this act and two or thr the next!"

I didn't realize that people over here been talking about me, not as an actres as a person, talking about me because I been moving around with the most exc people in England. I had been doing it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

ally—a young girl of seventeen having a very good time and thinking it was wonderful. I had no idea that anyone over here knew about it or bothered about me. I will never forget the agony of that big ovation with nothing in my part to warrant it, except those two pretty dresses.

One newspaper critic made the momentous discovery that I was "rather disappointing." But some yellow journal called me "that glamour girl." It was the first time I had ever seen or heard the word.

In "Catherine" Annie Russell played a part in which the master of a great house engaged her as governess to his daughters. At the end of the first act he asked her to play Chopin's Nocturne on the piano, which she was supposed to teach his daughters to play. But Annie Russell could not play the piano, so she sat at a dummy one and I played for her, off stage. I had very little to do in the play, so I used to sit in my dressing room and read until a boy would come and say "Music." Then I would dash up, play and go back to my book.

One night the boy didn't come. That was no excuse for me, of course. I should have been listening, but I had depended upon him for weeks. I didn't know what had happened until the curtain was down. I'll never forget the look Annie Russell gave me as our eyes met.

I could only gasp, "Oh, I am so sorry! It is terrible!" All she said was, "Yes, it is," and went to her room.

I felt as if an elevator had dropped from under me. I haven't got over it yet—I still wake up in the night and think of it. They didn't do anything to me, but they got someone else to play the piano.

Cecil Clark was about to marry Dick Davis, and while "Catherine" was playing in Chicago, we had our dresses for the wedding made at the same place. The marriage took place at Marion early in May. Dick had his brother Charles as his best man, and a lot of his friends for ushers, but I was the only bridesmaid.

Dick gave me a very handsome diamond brooch in the form of a buckle as my bridesmaid's present. And more than once, later on, when I came home penniless from a London summer, that brooch kept me alive until I was working again.

When "Catherine" ended its run, I had saved enough to go back to England in June, besides paying for those two dresses, which, because I had paid for them myself, I could take with me.

I got lodgings at 18-A Clifford Street and began at once to have good times with old friends and to make new ones. Among the new friends was Millie, the Duchess of Sutherland. I was often at Stafford House, the great town house on which the Sutherlands had a ninety-nine-year lease. I also stayed with Alfred and Didi Littleton, who had taken a small house in Scotland. Arthur Balfour was the only other person staying with them. They were all crazy about bridge, and I had to play with them although I didn't know how. It was agonizing but they were very kind.

Later I stayed with Herbert and Dolly Gladstone, who had rented a furnished house with a harmonium in it. I used to play it after dinner, and we would sing hymns.

By the end of summer my savings were gone once more and Mr. Frohman's London manager provided me with transportation home as he was to do after so many later summers.

EDWARD H. MARSH COLLECTION



"I put a velvet collar on my school uniform and wore it when I had my picture taken with Maude Adams." William W. Bellows thinks he took picture between 1890–1894, says "Miss Barrymore was a very pretty young lady."

In New York I went back to Mrs. W and my diamond buckle made its fi quaintance with Simpson's pawnshop. Frohman was putting on "His Excellen Governor" which I had seen in Londor was fired with ambition to play Iren brugh's part in it.

Although frightened to death, I mana muster up enough courage to see Mr. man and ask him about it. I remember to hold my hands together so that Mr. man would not see how I was tremblin said, "I hear you are going to do 'His lency, the Governor.' I want to play S

Mr. Frohman replied, "Do you, inde does Ellen Terry."

"Oh!" I gasped.

He seemed very much amused and "Well, I don't think you can play a pa that quite yet, but if you like you can s and rehearse it for me someday."

So they gave me the part and I stuc One morning I told him that I was rea the rehearsal he had promised me. Alth think he had forgotten all about his pr he very kindly and patiently went dow in the E Theatre a in the dark, auditorium I went on a dark stag there was one little the stage ager, wh holding the and giving lines, c scarcely see to attempt formance brilliant, kling co part almost dark, to an ence of on awful occ After it was Mr. Fro was very ni again told m I reminded very much mother—in that I was ingly like her. This naturally made me h

About two days after my rehearsal Mr. Frohman I read the announcement play's forthcoming production at the E and I need hardly say that I was not i cast. But later on in the season, when the was through its New York run and Mr. man was about to send it on the road, h me that he would let me play the par really thought I could. Of course I said was sure I could, and so we started off on

The part I was playing was that of a co adventuress. I was, of course, much too y for it, so I got myself a beautiful red wig a black spangled dress and thought m quite the real thing. It was a strenuous with a stretch of one-night stands eight in succession. But I thrived on it, since playing a role I loved. I was getting week. Mr. Frohman was pleased with notices; everywhere I went the critics we kind as they could be.

It was while I was playing in "His E lency" that I suddenly discovered that in of making a comedy point, I was throwi away—tossing it off—as if it meant not thus achieving much more successfully effect that I wanted. I had seen my mothe this when she came to Philadelphia in Senator" with William H. Crane, when I realized her wonderful naturalness and

Nobody in our family ever taught me thing about acting except by absorption in our family absorption was a good wa learn. I remembered my grandmother; membered, without having realized it till the naturalness of my mother's acting, twe five years ahead of her time. I had playe three years with Uncle Jack, who acte naturally that he never seemed to be actin

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

2 MAN-SIZED MEALS IN MINUTES

For the male appetite, the stew that's beef-rich and bountiful! To a hearty gravy made from fine-chopped beef, the Hormel folks add still *more* beef . . . this time in succulent chunks. No wonder Dinty Moore is America's favorite beef stew! The BIG meal in the BIG can . . .
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

naturally that he never let anyone see a wheel going around.

In "His Excellency" I began to understand the necessity of covering up those wheels, of never letting one of them show, no matter what the critics might say, no matter if some wheely actresses seemed to be successful.

During the run of "His Excellency, the Governor," I managed to save enough money for a holiday and so, at the end of the season, I went back to England to spend my summer vacation.

Jack was eighteen that summer and he came with me when I went to stay with Millie at Dunrobin, that wonderful place of the Sutherlands' on the sea. It was a very big house party. The Grenfells were there with their five children. Winston Churchill and Harry Percy were there too. I was always fascinated by Harry's name. It sounded so Shakespearean.

I remember Jack's delight the first night at dinner when the Earl of Mar and Kellie appeared in a gorgeous kilt. Just after we had been seated—there must have been forty of us at table—a most piercing shriek came from behind the duke's chair. Nobody paid any attention to it but went on talking—all except Jack and me. We glanced at each other with expressions of horror. Then we saw something move back of the duke's chair. It was the piper. He began to stalk majestically around the table, piping the most pitiful sounds. As no one paid any attention to him, Jack and I realized that it must be a well-known custom, not to be noticed.

We had splendid swimming up there. As a great many of the tenants were fishermen, and as it is a surprising fact that but very few fishermen can swim, Millie was anxious that they should all learn and had imported a magnificent Swede to act as their instructor. The Swede made a large diving float for us and we used to have wonderful exhibitions of diving by the Swede, Constance MacKenzie and Florence Chaplin (nieces of the duke). Constance was the most beautiful swimmer I have ever seen. Jack, incidentally, was very good. He had never dived from any great height before, but he could not bear to see two girls doing it, so off he went one day and made the best dive of anybody—a way Jack had.

He had a wonderful time at Dunrobin, and at the end of the summer he came back to America with me.

A highbrow is a man who has found something more interesting than women.

—EDGAR WALLACE

Clyde Fitch was becoming more and more popular and successful as a dramatist. Mr. Frohman told me about a new play of Mr. Fitch's he was going to produce, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," which had a wonderful part in it. But he was not sure that I could play it; nor was Mr. Fitch—particularly Mr. Fitch. However, Mr. Frohman decided to take a chance with me, and we began rehearsals. The role was that of Madame Trentoni, very taxing for so young and inexperienced an actress. There were comedy, pathos and dancing in it. I was more worried about the dancing than about anything else.

WE opened in Philadelphia, in the Walnut Street Theatre. The notices were amazingly bad—fairly bad for the play and very bad for me. One woman critic wrote: "If the young lady who plays Madame Trentoni had possessed beauty, charm or talent, this play might have been a success"—the only criticism I have ever been able to remember word for word.

I was crushed. All through the run in Philadelphia and the two weeks of one-night stands that followed I was feeling numb, hoping and praying that we would close permanently. I begged Mr. Frohman not to take the play to New York. But we opened at the Garrick Theatre on February 4, 1901. The advertisements announced: "For two weeks only. A play by Clyde Fitch called 'Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.'"

On the opening night I had for the first time the terrible sense of responsibility which, ever since, has made every first night a kind of little dying, an agony of terror that never failed make me physically sick. While I had b playing small parts, and even in "His Ex lency," I hadn't been important enough have that terrific feeling of responsibility was only on the opening night in New Y that I felt the full weight of it, and began suffer the sick terror that I have suffered every first night ever since. I think I h always managed to hide it from the audie but I don't know how I've lived through it

I kept saying to myself, as I have done every first night since, "Why am I doing th Why didn't I try to do something else? would have been glad of an earthquake some other great calamity that would s people from coming in or me from going

Years and years afterward on the first ni of "The Corn is Green," although I knew was a wonderful, beautiful play and that I all right in it, I was still hoping for an ear quake.

BUT the opening night of "Captain Jink in spite of my sick anguish of panic, was of those unexpected, sensational success My father came backstage after the pl There were crowds of people on the stage, he just kissed me and said, "It was wonderf darling," and faded away.

The next day the critics were even m enthusiastic than the audience had been.

I was still living at Mrs. Wilson's boardi house and Jack had come to live there too now moved from the hall bedroom to second floor front. A very grand move, deed, as I had an alcove to my bedroom a this made me think I had a sitting room. I v getting $125 a week a thought myself very for nate. The fact that seve other members of the co pany were getting mu bigger salaries did worry me.

Mrs. Wilson's house v on 36th Street and the G rick on 35th Street. I us to walk around to theater every night along Sixth Avenue. O evening Jack walked around the corner w me. As we approached the theater—I h been playing about a month—the lights in t front of the house looked different. I did r pay much attention to them as I was thinki about something else. But I sensed that the was a change somewhere and I glanced again and suddenly stood frozen to the sp

ETHEL BARRYMORE was up there lights.

Next day I went to see Mr. Frohman thank him. He waved his hand toward t people passing by in the street. "I didn't it," he said. "They did it."

The play ran for months. Every night t old-fashioned bouquet of gardenias that carried when I went on stage in my white dr in the last act came to me at the theater with card on which was written "*L'inconnu.*" It w years before I found out who it was who se them.

Later, when we were on tour, there was man who always bought two tickets in t front row, one for his hat and coat and one f himself. This started in Cleveland, but would suddenly appear in other cities. I wrote mad letters and kept sending me d mond pins and bracelets, and in sending the back I learned about registered mail.

It's curious how you dare to go on the sta knowing there's an eccentric in the audien who might shoot you. You have to think of but not too much or you wouldn't be ab to go on.

New York was very kind to me all th winter. I was young and healthy, so I was ab to combine work and play pretty well. A though I enjoyed going out very much, I st was just as happy at Mrs. Wilson's, havi crackers and milk after the theater and talki to my cousin, Georgie Drew Mendum.

After a while Arthur Brisbane gave Jack job, drawing a picture a week for the Ne York Journal. Brisbane thought so highly the drawings that he paid Jack $50 a week, an Jack left the boardinghouse and took room with a red-haired reporter from St. Louis wh

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162



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A teaspoonful does a dishpanful

Packed in a can as it should be—with a dripless spout

IT'S THE NEXT BEST THING TO A DISHWASHING MACHINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

was getting $35 a week on the World. His name was Herbert Bayard Swope.

In the spring we went on tour. What I remember about that tour is sitting on the back platform of the train and seeing little lambs and colts and dogwoods and blossoms—just spring. I don't think spring can be more beautiful anywhere in the world than in upper New York and Pennsylvania.

The play ran on into the summer—I remember that we played a Fourth of July matinee—and we didn't close long enough for me to go to England. Instead I went to stay at Marion with the Davises and at Beverly Farms with Mr. and Mrs. Sears and Eleanora. The Sears house in Beverly Farms was just down the street from Justice Holmes's. I was always thrilled to see him. I loved his loving detective stories; it was a great bond between us.

We reopened early and played and played and played all over the country. During the tour we went back to Philadelphia and for two weeks you couldn't get into the theater. We broke the record of the new Garrick Theatre in the same play and with the same cast that had met with such a cool reception two years before.

When one of the men of the company became suddenly ill, I telegraphed my brother Jack to come on and take his part. Jack had not been on the stage yet and took it all as a great joke. He had a very short part and was very funny in it. After the end of the second act, where I did the celebrated dance with a hysterical breaking down at the end of it, there were always a great many curtain calls, when I took the whole company on the stage with me. When the curtain went up at the first curtain call on the first night of Jack's appearance, much to my surprise Jack walked out from the crowd right to the footlights and bowed low—quite alone.

It was the silliest thing I have ever seen done, and, at the next curtain call, all of us were laughing hysterically at him. But he was not to be outdone; he graciously came forward, led me by the hand, bowed to me and then to the audience, as if he were introducing a shy debutante. It was not difficult then to realize that Jack would be a grand comedian.

When we closed in June, I was a star, with my name up in lights, but I was getting only $125 a week. Mr. Frohman said, "No matter what you get, Ethel, it'll go," and instead of a larger salary proposed that he give me a bonus, probably thinking that some of the bonus *wouldn't* go.

But instead of the bonus, I demanded that he give Lionel the part of the organ grinder in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" in which Uncle Jack was to open in September. It was a wonderful part and I knew Lio could play it superbly. Mr. Frohman had ready decided on someone else, but I sa "Well, that's all I want and I really thi Lionel should have it." And at last M Frohman promised to let him do it.

I had another lovely summer (in Englan staying with Millie Sutherland at Staffo House and with her sister Daisy at Warwi Castle and with Lady Randolph Churchi Winston Churchill's mother. I kept seei Winston there and everywhere, and the frien ship that began between us then has last ever since.

He was in the House of Commons, and and some other more or less unruly you members, Hugh Cecil, Lord Salisbury's so and Ian Malcolm and others, were known The Hooligans.

Winston and Henry James and Ha Rosslyn, Millie's brother, were at her cotta one weekend when I was there. At lun Millie made the mistake of saying to Her James, "Did you have a pleasant walk th morning?"

And he said "Yes" in two and a half pag of monologue with hardly a semicolon a never a period—a superb performance.

I saw Henry James quite often that summ and we got on tremendously well together loved to ask him questions and hear his lon rambling answers. My appearance alwa seemed to amuse him; he said I was rath Gothic and reminded him of a cornice on Gothic building.

After that summer in London I did not s Henry James again for several years. Then o day, as I was walking along Fifth Avenue hansom stopped near me and suddenly son one jumped out almost at my feet, sayin "Hello." It was Henry James.

"Peter Pan" was playing in London w Pauline Chase as Peter, and with Gerald Maurier as both Captain Hook and M Darling. I was in Mr. Frohman's office at t Savoy Hotel when he and Barrie were dec ing to take the play to Paris for one perfor ance. Barrie said, "Why not take little Eth along with us?"

And they did. It was the first time that I h ever been to Paris, but I paid almost no atte tion to it; I was too excited about being wi the company and seeing the play.

In London I saw "A Country Mouse," light satiric comedy which was to be my ne play. Then I went to Dunrobin in Augu stayed with Margot and Henry Asquith o my way down to London, and then can back to New York.

"The Mummy and the Humming Bird" ha opened and Lionel, as I had been sure would, was making an enormous impressi



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as the organ-grinder. Florence and John Magee asked me to go with them to see the play. They were taking an Italian count, a Roman, with them, and I asked Florence to put me next to him because I wanted to see what effect Lionel's performance—he didn't speak a word of English in the part—would have on a real Italian.

In the play Uncle Jack was supposed to be a gentleman expecting a lady to dinner in his rooms in London. There was a beautiful table ready for her but she was late and finally, when he realized that she wasn't coming, he angrily told his servant to go out to the street and bring in the first person that he saw, man or woman. The servant brought in Lionel with his organ and his monkey. With neither Uncle Jack nor Lionel supposed to speak or understand a word of the other's language, the scene between them was terrific and Lionel was simply superb in it.

After the first act I turned to the count and said, "What did you think of the Italian?"

He said indignantly, "He is *not* an Italian. He is a Sicilian."

Probably the best notice anyone ever got!

It was while I was playing in Washington in "A Country Mouse" that Theodore Roosevelt amazed me by his extraordinary memory. Alice Roosevelt was a friend of mine, and she had asked me to lunch at the White House, where I sat next to Mr. Roosevelt. He had seen the play the night before, and seemed to know it as well as I did. He quoted speech after speech from it, absolutely verbatim.

ALICE and I were going to the matinee at Keith's after lunch with Nick Longworth and Marguerite Cassini and when Alice went upstairs to put on her hat, I went with her. The White House elevator in those days was an old-fashioned, self-service one, operated by a rope. Quentin and Kermit, Alice's little half brothers, thought it would be funny to open the doors so the elevator couldn't move. They kept us between floors for over an hour while they roared with laughter. We could not make anybody hear us.

During all this time Nick was downstairs with Marguerite Cassini, one of the most attractive girls in Washington. Alice was not amused. Almost immediately afterward she and Nick were engaged. Alice was and is brilliant, attractive, arresting. Her marriage to Nick Longworth was the marriage of two of my very dearest friends.

Some years ago, about three presidential elections back, I was in Washington again and a newspaperman asked me who I was for in the election, Roosevelt or Dewey. I never had liked Mr. Dewey very much, and I said, "Roosevelt." So, for lack of news, I suppose, they printed it in the newspapers.

As I walked into my room, back at the hotel, the telephone was ringing. I went to it, picked up the receiver, and the voice said, "Traitor!"

I said, "Hello, Alice."

"How dare you!"

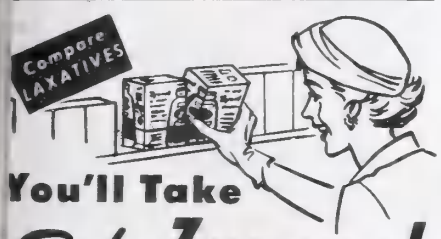
I said, "Come over here and don't be silly."

She was over there in about two minutes. The close friendship between us has always continued, in spite of some differences of opinion. Whenever I was playing in Washington I used to go with Alice practically every day and sit in the Senate gallery and listen to the debate.

The year that I played "A Country Mouse" in New York I lived in the first place I had ever been able to call my own. It was an apartment on West 59th Street, overlooking the park—a place I love to remember. There were eight rooms and the rent was $100 a month. Years later I had another apartment in the same building, on Central Park South, three doors down from the Plaza, with three rooms for $300 a month.

I remember that I had a wonderful time buying the furniture, especially the piano, which was the first of the series of Steinways I have owned and loved. Already I had a lot of books and a really considerable collection of music.

There was a music room opening off from the living room. I bought a "Winged Victory" and hung copies of my favorite paintings on the walls—"The Pearl Diver," which I had seen in the Louvre, and some of Whistler's.



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COPPER ON THE BOTTOM MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

The walls of the apartment were white and I had a dark red sofa. I remember wanting a gold-colored one because Mummum had had a dull gold brocade sofa in her house and my mother had had one in London, but I couldn't afford it or the kind of furniture to go with it.

In those days, as I began to be well known, girls of my own age or near it began dressing like me, imitating my hats and the way I wore my hair. This was a surprise to me; I had not been aware of it until reporters began writing that it had become a prevailing fashion. My hair was straight, so I wore it that way. It was brown, so I wore it brown, simply arranged—just as it is now except that it has been cut and then it was in a knot, low at the back.

During all those years when it had been necessary for me to count the pennies that I spent on clothes I had decided that the cheapest way to dress, both inexpensively and well, was to wear black or white or gray. So I wore black or white or gray, and kept on doing it more or less long after expense had ceased to be so important.

I HAD some other ideas about dress and still have them, the same ideas. I would say to an interviewer today very much the same things that I said to Gustav Kobbé when he came to interview me in that apartment on Central Park South. In the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for June, 1903, he quoted me—accurately—as saying:

"It is the way a dress is cut and made and worn that makes it pretty; the material doesn't matter much. Put good work into the most ordinary material and you have a pretty dress. I once had a dress made of hop sacking—just the rough, common kind. I had it well made and well cut, and it was as much admired as any dress I ever had. Take this red corduroy I have on now. I could just as well have had it of red velvet. It would have cost much more. But I preferred it of corduroy; first, because it cost less, and second, because I like to take an inexpensive material and make something pretty out of it."

I had to make my own clothes long enough to learn something about dressmaking, and when I could afford to have a dressmaker make them for me, I was able to tell her what I wanted and just how it was to be built. I had begun to design, not only my own dresses, but those I wore on the stage.

While I was furnishing the apartment I began rehearsing in "A Country Mouse" in which, for the first time, Bruce McRae was my leading man.

The play was a success in New York and on tour. When we were in Boston I got a letter saying, "Would it be possible to give me an hour or maybe two? I would like to do a drawing of you and I would be so honored to present you with the drawing afterward." The letter was signed John Singer Sargent.

Of course it was the most exciting thing. He was working on his "Prophets" for the Boston Public Library and was staying with the Montgomery Searses. Mrs. Sears had given him the whole top floor of her house for his studio, and that is where he made the sketch of me. I remember that he always had trouble with the self-working elevator. It would stop and go, stop and go, and finally get there.

He was delightful, humming around the room while he worked. He would sit down occasionally while in the midst of the drawing and play little snatches on the piano and then come back to his work again. He found it was very hard to draw my mouth. He would say, "I try to draw a delicate line and I produce a beam." He gave me the drawing, which he said later was his favorite charcoal. It is quite my most treasured possession.

It was during this season that I saw my father on the stage for the last time. I can remember having seen him in only two plays. Once, when I was quite small, I was taken to see him as Armand in "Camille" with Olga Nethersole. The only other play in which I can remember having seen him was the last one in which he appeared. He was superb as Rawdon Crawley in "Becky Sharpe" with Mrs. Fiske.

I have always regretted that I saw so litt him. I remember his superlative beauty how engaging and gay he was, but I hear the amusing anecdotes about him and stabbing wit only from other people. Ever though, it is good to remember them. On them that I like best is the story of the po ous man who kept saying, "I'm a self-m man, sir. Sir, absolutely self-made."

And my father said, "What interru you?"

Father wrote a dramatization of "Les sérables" and wanted to play Jean Valjea it. Someone said to him, "But, Berry, can get a New York manager to produce it?"

"Produce it?" father said. "I can't g New York manager to pronounce it!"

But in the best of all the stories about it is my mother who carried off the hon One Sunday morning as she was leaving house on her way to church, she met my ther on the doorstep just coming in. He still in evening clothes, top hat, white tie tails, buttonhole, very jaunty. He said, "W Georgie, where are you going?"

And she said, "I am going to Mass and can go to hell."

A really proper convert!

Father wrote a play called "Najezka" sent it to Sarah Bernhardt in Paris. Two ye later "Tosca" was produced and it was pr tically father's play even down to the cand Bernhardt dismissed his protests. He ne got over it. When he was dying, he still tal about it.

Father's friend Tyrone Power pla "Najezka" in Australia and it was also pla in London.

Sometimes when father was in Philadelp he would come to the c vent and take me out lunch, but he could ne take me to his hotel beca he always lived in terri ones. He had to, beca he always traveled with animals—a mongoose, raccoon and some monk and birds—and had to to some hotel that would take in his menage

How can you have friends if you don't let people impose upon you? —C. R. CALLIHAN

I shall always wish that I might have s him oftener and known him better.

In August I began rehearsing my new pl "Cousin Kate," a light comedy by Hub Henry Davies. What I remember best abo the tour of "Cousin Kate" was something t happened when we were playing in Bost Sir Henry Irving was there making his fi tour of America, by himself, without El Terry. He was playing Louis XI; I had ne seen it and I very much wanted to see him in it, so one night I dashed over to the st door of the Colonial Theatre, and they smu gled me in. I hid behind the black velvet c tains and watched Sir Henry die on a sto bench. The curtain stayed down as it alwa did when he died on the stage. And he look up under his eyebrows and said, "Is that t little Bullfinch there?"

I WENT over and sat on the bench with hi He said, "And so you're a great star now."

I said, "Oh, no, Sir Henry. That's the sy tem here."

"What's the matter?" he said. "Aren't y happy?"

"No, not very," I said.

"What do they say about you?" he said.

"Oh, they say I look all right and I ha this and that and the other, but that I a always Ethel Barrymore."

He put his long, delicate hand on mine a said, "See to it that they never say anythi else."

Those words have carried me through all t years. No notice ever made me miserab again.

The next summer when I went back London I took an apartment in Charles Stre in Berkeley Square and Jack spent part of t summer with me there.

Sommie Somerset, who was one of t "Three Gringos" in Dick Davis' book, w married to Lady Katherine Beauclerk, daug ter of the Duke of St. Albans, direct descen ant of Charles II and Nell Gwyn. Kitty thoug it would be fun if she and Sommie and Jac

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

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SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

l went off and took rooms at an inn here without any maids or valets. So ent to a small place on the river where all the rooms they had. When Som- ck and I went down to dinner, there Kitty and after we had waited a long r her, I went upstairs and found her before a dressing table crying. She said, t know how to put up my hair."

it up for her and we went downstairs. uelo Vanderbilt Balsan's book says tty resembled her Stuart ancestors, but she looked amazingly like some of the ts of Nell Gwyn.

e I was in England that summer I had funny experience, staying at Warwick with a large house party. I had been everal times before but this time I was huge, magnificent room, the kind of ou look at and say, "Queen Elizabeth ave slept here." I think Daisy gave it to ause there was a bathroom down the real bathroom. I had put on a dressing screwed my hair up tight on top of my nd, with a sponge in my hand, started the famous for the bath- Turning a cor- alked straight a group of can tourists stle was open public every ay, though I know it). Just as flying by, I a girl say, , mamma! was Ethel nore!" What a ing and star- xperience for who had ex- to see the of Queen Eliz- at least.

ther thing I re- er that year Anthony and Hope giving a r for Millie erland, for they had hired , very ancient They coached atiently to an- e "Her Grace, chess of Sutherland" but when the time he was tongue-tied, so Millie came in, ng, and announced herself.

as always trying to let myself get mar- There was a friend of many friends of named Harry Graham, a gay, brilliant re of great charm and attraction who ritten several books of verse. He liked o, and there I was again with a faint that this time was it.

family were extremely kind to me. They n the House of Lords end of the Houses liament. His father, Sir Henry Graham, ome legal position in the House of Lords. rst time I met him I saw him come hurry- rough the Gothic halls leading from the of Lords to his own domicile to be in or tea to meet Harry's young lady. He n a full-bottomed wig, slightly askew, flowing gown. Whenever I dined there, enry would go to the piano and sing songs, of which he had an enormous ory. Something about him always touched ry deeply.

PT on meeting Harry at the different ry houses where I stayed and also in on. When Barrie had a cricket week— s versus writers—Harry was there as an r, along with many others. Some of us d at Barrie's house and the overflow d at an inn. We all ate at the house—in rden, in the sitting room and in the din- om. There were a great many of us: Ed- Abbey in white flannels, rather fat, dash- ound catching cricket balls, or rather not ing them; and Maurice Hewlett, playing et rather romantically. And, of course, e himself. It was a wonderful party. After et when we came back to the house Barrie used to play croquet on the lawn. Little Michael Davies, the grandson of George du Maurier, never left Barrie's side. He was about four or five years old. Barrie, with his pipe in his mouth, holding a croquet mallet in one hand and the other clasping the little boy's hand, would walk quietly and silently all over the lawn.

One of Harry's cousins was the Duchess of Portland. She was very beautiful. She wore huge, pale pink carnations called "Malmaisons" that came from her greenhouses. The duke was Master of Horse for King Edward. We went to lunch there one day, and I was delighted and charmed by the tall, powdered-haired footmen in their scarlet coats. Apparently anyone connected with the royal household dressed their footmen in scarlet coats. Perhaps an English girl would have taken it as a matter of course, but it was rather like a fairy tale to me.

I had hoped that I would be able to bring myself to marry Harry Graham and so did all our friends. But although I really agonized about it because it was a fine and rare human being that I was hurting, I knew I might have hurt him more if I married him without being far surer of myself than I was. I will always be glad that we remained friends all our lives.

I want to make it quite clear that I have written about having been engaged to Harry and to Laurence Irving and Gerald du Maurier only because so much has been written, often so inaccurately, about these three engagements. Growing up, as I did, in a household where personal affairs were never spoken of—much less discussed—made this goldfish-bowl existence a horror for me. Of course there were no columnists then, but I hated people peering. I had practically two lives, side by side, the theater and the other, my private life, which doesn't exist any more but which I, for many years, clung to.

The goldfish bowl has been one of the hardest things I have had to cope with. It is growing, or the vulgarity of it seems to be growing, and it is not limited to the theater; it goes, apparently, with making a mark of any kind. Nowadays there are paid publicists; I gladly would have paid *not* to be written about.

Back home to America in September again for work. I was successful enough now to be sure that Mr. Frohman would always have a play waiting for me, and this year it was "Sunday."

I had to invent an accent for "Sunday." In the play I was a foundling who had been brought up by four miners, three of them old, one young, who all talked like Bret Harte characters, so I talked like that, too, with hard *r*'s and my own idea of a broad, frontier accent. Before my first entrance, when one of the miners called to me to know where something was, I answered from off stage, "It's on the bew-rah."

There was a very distinguished old critic, William Winter, who said I was particularly good in this play because it suited my form of speech!

In the second act, which took place in England, I read aloud to my English relatives a letter from the "boys" who had brought me up. I came to a part that I didn't want them to hear, and I stopped and my aunt said, "Go on, Sunday."

According to the script I just ran off the stage without answering, so at one of the early rehearsals I said to Mr. Frohman, who was

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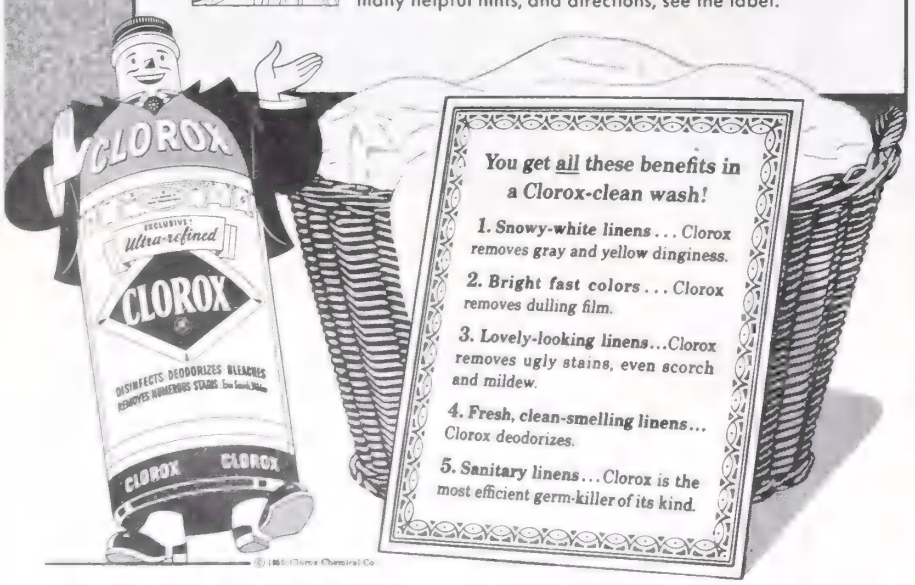
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sitting down in the orchestra, "It seems so rude just to run off without saying anything. I think I ought to say something to her."

He said rather testily, "Well, what do you want to say?"

I said, "Oh, maybe something like 'That's all there is. There isn't any more.'"

For some reason that line has been given an importance far beyond its merit or its meaning. I had forgotten all about its origin until one time when I had promised to do something in an Actors' Fund benefit and decided to do an imitation of Cissie Loftus and Elsie Janis imitating me. Cissie Loftus always imitated me reading the letter from "Sunday," and I went to Mr. Frohman's office, where the bound manuscripts of all the plays that he ever produced were on file, to copy the passage that I needed. But when Mr. Reilly, who was in charge, let me see the manuscript of "Sunday" that passage wasn't there. Then suddenly I remembered how I had made it up at that rehearsal. It had never been typed into the manuscript of the play!

It was while I was playing "Sunday" in Philadelphia that Alf Hayman came over to tell me that my father had died.

We closed the play for a few nights. Mr. Hayman brought me back to New York where I met Jack. He and I telegraphed Uncle Jack to ask if we might bury father in the Drew family plot in Philadelphia and he said we might. So we brought father back to Philadelphia, where only Jack and I and some old family retainers we hadn't seen for years were at the cemetery. This ended a chapter in my life that has always seemed tragically incomplete.

When we reopened the play Jack joined the company and played the young miner, Jacky, for the rest of the long tour. He was awfully good sometimes, when he wanted to be, but he was not taking the theater very seriously then.

On that tour we had quite a little trouble with Jack, and several times I had to telephone Mr. Frohman to telegraph Jack that he was fired. Then Jack, who hadn't been speaking to me for days, would come and say, "Here's a telegram from Charles Frohman. You've got to do something about it." And I would say, "You've got to pull yourself together," and he'd say, "I will." And here and there he did.

After the tour was over, someone persuaded me to do a matinee of "A Doll's House" in Boston. Jack was staying in Maine, but I got him down to play Doctor Rank. That was when I knew he was always going to be good, and more than good. This was even before he attempted the light-comedy parts in which he was so successful. People thought they discovered him when he played in "Justice," but I discovered him long before in "Sunday" and in "A Doll's House."

AT the end of the season of "Sunday" I went back to London. "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" was playing there with Ellen Terry taking the mother's part and Irene Vanbrugh in the part of the daughter. I went to see the play and a little one-act piece which preceded it—"Pantaloon," also by Barrie, and played by Gerald du Maurier. This one-act play so devastated me and made me cry so hard that I could not stay that night to see "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." I remember going to Gerald's dressing room and bawling on and on. I had to come back another time to see "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" without seeing "Pantaloon" first.

Of course Mr. Frohman had these pla
America and he wanted me to take the p
the daughter in "Alice," as I was then
twenty-one years of age. But Barrie in
that I play the part of the mother. I cou
understand why Mr. Barrie wanted me t
this part, so I asked him.

He said, "Because I see you playing
hear you saying all those things in the last

BARRIE said that I had "the mother t
and he had his way. I had white in my ha
wore long earrings and tried to believe
looked forty, but the other day I saw a p
graph of me in the part and I didn't look
I looked eight. Apparently, though, it w
right. The play was a success.

I remember how Barrie and Mr. Fro
used to sit together hour after hour in
Frohman's rooms in the Savoy Hotel in
don, sometimes talking and sometime
uttering a sound for, oh, spaces of time.
I would be with them and would wonder
they were thi
about, if anyth
Barrie eating his
pipe and Mr. F
man smoking
cigars, and not s
a word.

One day after B
had gone Mr. F
man said, "Wasn
wonderful? Wha
you suppose he
thinking about?"

I was still p
young and I sai
don't suppose he
thinking about
thing." Mr. Froh
didn't like that.

Jack had a pa
"Alice-Sit-by-
Fire" and also
peared with Lion
"Pantaloon," so
when we opened a
Criterion, all thre
us were at least ir
same theater, w
was the nearest
ever came to b
in the same
Lionel was superl
Pantaloon and so
Jack as Harlequin
would leap across
room and land cr
legged on a ta
although he had n
done it before.

It was during this season that Lionel g
nervous terror of the theater and became
most obsessed with the idea that he was go
to forget his lines. He never did forget th
but the fear was so strong in him that he ca
to me one day and said he must stop. He
stop acting for several years and went to
in Paris to study painting, but eventually, I
glad to say, he came back to the theater, wh
he belonged. He was only a fairly good ar
but a really great actor, so I was very ha
when he came back to his own field, in wh
I have always felt he was superb.

We were scheduled to end our tour in
spring with two weeks in Boston, but I
suddenly stricken with appendicitis and
Boston engagement had to be canceled. Th
I took a cottage at Cornish, New Hampsh
a place of beautiful gardens where many art
and authors lived. To me the most exciting
them was Saint-Gaudens'. He was then do
his wonderful Lincoln, and he used to let
watch him work. The head was finished, an
never could look at it without wanting to c
Saint-Gaudens was very ill that summer—
fact, he was dying. I have always felt it a gr
privilege to have known him at all.

My house belonged to the Harry Fulle
she being Lucia Fairchild who painted su
beautiful miniatures. It was a most charmi
place with a swimming pool in the garde
surrounded by a brick wall, and I had
enormous studio. Richard Harding Davis a
his wife came to stay with me, and also
friend, Mrs. Wolcott, from Buffalo.

NEXT MONTH

"I *won't* be mad," Linnea told herself, "I won't say nothing to Olaf—*he* can't help it!"

Linnea didn't mind—much—that Olaf's other wife was prettier, or even that she could make better dumplings. But when Sigrid's acid tongue and lifted eyebrows caused trouble for Linnea's angelic children, it was indeed enough to try the patience of a Latter-day Saint!

Church and state had declared against polygamy, but a man with two wives and two families did not wake up and find one family vanished just because of the Manifesto. All the problems, laughter, heartaches and happiness were still there—in duplicate. So, with amnesty granted to already established plural marriages, Olaf Ecklund tried honestly to divide his time, money and love evenly. Half he spent down home with Sigrid and their meek daughter: the other half belonged to Linnea and her rambunctious brood who lived

UP HOME

By ARDYTH KENNELLY

beginning in the April JOURNAL

Kenyon Cox made a painting of my head that summer for a figure of "Justice" which he was painting for the Newark, New Jersey, courthouse. I was fascinated by his enormous studio, and by his climbing up on ladders to do his huge canvases. I had never seen anyone doing a big mural before.

I went over to Dublin, New Hampshire, which is about fifty miles from Cornish, to visit Joseph Smith, the artist. They were having some kind of garden fete and I was to be a sprite coming up from a fountain. Mark Twain was one of the guests that night. It was the first time I had seen him in white evening clothes. I met him with Bob Collier at dinner in New York shortly afterward, and he was still in his white evening clothes. I saw him again at some big benefit at an opera house where there were booths. He was sitting in the bookstall, signing things, when I passed by. He called out, "Oh, there's the water sprite!"

I remember, too, Mrs. Winston Churchill, the wife of the American Winston Churchill, the novelist, asking me if I would drive her beautiful horses in the horse show. I had never driven at all, but I had seen a lot of horse shows and driven with good drivers. I knew how to hold the reins, so without thinking I said yes and won the blue ribbon. How extraordinarily cheeky I must have been!

That winter I went on tour with "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" and I think it was the following spring that Mr. Frohman took me to London to play in a piece by Hubert Henry Davies called "Cynthia." I remember being very terrified and wishing that I had not done it. The play was not a success.

That fall in New York I played in "The Silver Box," the first Galsworthy play to be produced in America.

I was living on West 40th Street. A friend of mine, Chloese Hatch, asked me to come out to Tuxedo for lunch on Sunday. I discovered that there was practically no way to get to Tuxedo except in a car, so I decided to hire one for the day.

On Saturday evening Chloese called me up and said a man was coming down for lunch, too, and his car had broken down. Would I stop for him and bring him down and back? So I did. After lunch he wandered off into the woods with a very pretty girl, and they came back engaged. Everybody was very pleased about it. I drove him back, deposited him at his door and went on my way.

He turned out to be George Baker, one of the richest men in the world. It always struck me as ridiculous that I should be the one who paid for the automobile.

In September I was to begin rehearsing in "Lady Frederick." Before going down to spend the weekend with Uncle Jack at East Hampton, I was having lunch at Sherry's with him, Aunt Dodo and Bee and two or three other people who were also coming down for the weekend. A young man strolled by the table and Uncle Jack said, "Hello, Hungry. Sit down."

So Russell Colt sat down. He was spending the weekend at East Hampton, too, and rode down on the train with us. After we got there he drifted away, but he came back to Uncle Jack's after dinner and after that, well, it just happened. That's all. Quickly. Very quickly. It didn't take long for me to discover that this was it. And this time there was no escape.

I don't remember that during the six months of our engagement I even tried to escape. Russell had tremendous humor and at first his lighthearted irresponsibility—he never really grew up—seemed only to add to his tremendous charm. It was a happy time for me, untroubled by any doubts.

Colonel Colt, Russell's father, however, was not quite so untroubled. This was just after what was artlessly considered in those days to be a panic and like many other men who had been very rich, Colonel Colt was for the time being feeling very poor. He asked me to come and see him at the old Holland House where he was living in one room, and when I met him there, in the huge parlor, two stories high and a thousand miles long, he said, "I can't understand why you want to marry my son. I have no money."

I said, "I don't want money."

He said, "How are you going to live?"

I said, "I make enough money, but I think it would be a good thing if Russell had some kind of job."

And Colonel Colt arranged with H. L. Horton and Co., a Wall Street firm in which he had an interest, that after we were married Russell was to be a junior partner.

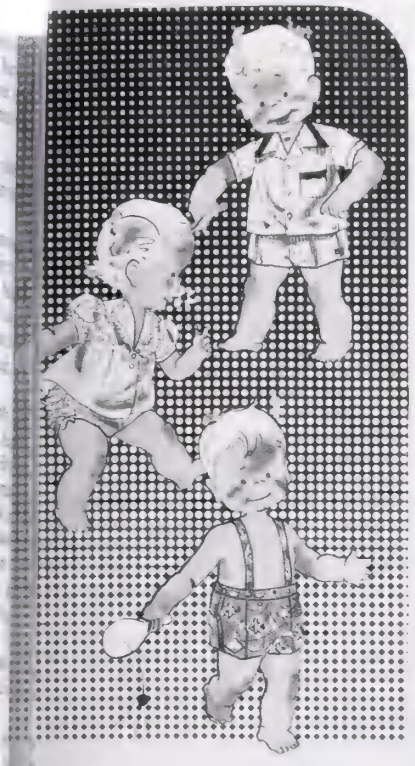
We decided to be married when "Lady Frederick" was playing in Boston, and I went to see Bishop O'Connell to arrange for a dispensation to marry a Protestant. The bishop—who was later to be cardinal—completely fascinated Russell when Russell went to see him to sign the necessary papers. When he came away, Russell said, "That's the most charming man I ever met. How do you get to be a Catholic?"

But he never did anything about it.

I had red dispatch boxes filled with letters from everybody I had ever known. I tore them all up. It seemed to be the thing to do, to make a clean break. I felt that all my energies must be devoted now to my new life which was going to be my married life, and to my work in the theater. I had those two things to do and they seemed to be enough.

Next Month: The difficulties and rewards of the double role of mother and famous star—making her first motion picture—her efforts to save her marriage.





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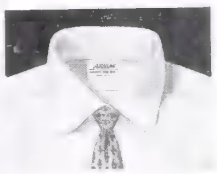
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1 can (or ½ lb.) sea food* • 1 box frozen peas, thawed • Cheese slices

Mix soup, water and salt in a saucepan. Bring to a boil over medium heat; stir occasionally. Pour about half into a greased 1½-quart casserole. Then, in layers, add Minute Rice (*right from box*), sea food, and peas. Add remaining soup, top with cheese, sprinkle with paprika. Cover. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 20 minutes. This Minute Rice masterpiece serves 4. (Note: For extra flavor, add ¼ cup finely chopped onion and 1 teaspoon lemon juice to soup mixture.)

Remember, for "easy days" *any* day, there's nothing like Minute Rice—it's *perfect rice without cooking*.

* *Sauté fresh or frozen sea food in butter about 3 minutes.*

"MY SONS LIVE ON MISERY STREET"

This is the story of a working mother, an unemployed father and three boys in a struggle to stay alive and grow up decently in poor surroundings.



Misery Street is real. The New York Times gives the name to East 101st Street between First and Second avenues in Manhattan. The Times calls it "an Atom Age anachronism, a dark and grimy stretch of rookeries." One Hundredth Street in this block is much the same—and so is 102nd. These streets are alive with sounds and smells and swarms of hungry-looking children of many races. Most of them are United States citizens from Puerto Rico. Almost any morning at the corner of East 102nd Street and First Avenue you can see multihued youngsters eating rotting vegetables from the gutter, heaped there by peddlers who have cleaned out their carts.

This is Misery Street—real, but also the symbol of misery streets everywhere. Misery Street in Manhattan ends where the prewar East River housing project begins, and the new George Washington Houses between Second and Third avenues from 97th to 104th Street are now almost completed. Eventually all the misery streets in this neighborhood will be razed and rebuilt, but many such

BY G. M. WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO



"No matter how I fix these rooms, they don't look nice." A tired, the 90-pound mother serves supper in shifts, scrubs the bathtub, beds her family on couches and in a black bedroom. T no sheets. Scarcely enough food. Never enough money to need a

streets in New York and other cities grow steadily worse. While misery streets remain, the families who inhabit them are a part of living America.

This is a report on one such family—an unemployed husband, a working wife, and their three sons, aged ten, twelve and fourteen years. The point of view of members of the family is reported in their actual words, in so far as it has been possible to record them.

Young
HOW AMERICA LIVES



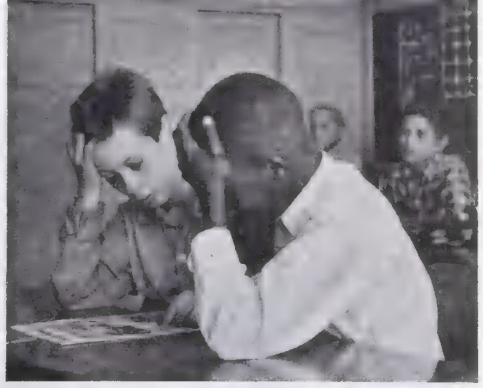
She janitors to get housing and $10 a month. The boys help shovel coal, scrub halls. Her unemployed husband does odd jobs, or sits at a window, blaming a world of enemies for his fate.

MOTHER SCHAEFER is a tiny wisp of Irish, weighing no more than ninety pounds. Illness and care have aged her far beyond her thirty-nine years. Her expression is most often harried or resigned, but a strong spirit is apparent in her eyes. They are intelligent eyes, faded-blue, deep-set but alert and expressive. A quick, unexpected glint of amusement comes into them occasionally; sometimes her redheaded temper rises, but flares only briefly. When she talks about her life and children, she speaks easily and well.

"Why do you want to know about me? Nobody wants to know about me. I thought you was interested in the boys. They're all that matter to me. Well, I'll tell you—you've caught me at a bad time. This tulip fever, they call it, on my hands and I don't know when I can get back to work—I pack bulbs in a florist's warehouse—and the new owner taking CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



Trash cans are the trees of Misery Street. To some, they gi To others, a place to climb or sit. In the life of the street th death and worse things. To keep alive: "Never squeal. Neve



Just living can get you in trouble on Misery Street. At school you try to get along with everybody and have a good excuse if you are absent. Fred can't say "no" when anyone urges him to play hooky.

The boys' only beacon is their mother's teaching: "Don't hate, don't steal, and don't take dope . . . tomorrow maybe things will be better."



Outside, the street is littered and dirty, crawling with shrill and hungry-looking children. Inside a bare storeroom, called a Social and Athletic Club, better-off men play cards. The boys are let in to watch TV. Crime shows are closer to the realities they know than home-life comedies.



Boys stay on the street to save their father's nerves, but have to be in by 10 P.M. "Wash up before bed," their mother reminds them. Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund gives boys their only taste of life outside the city.



"Flats Fixed" sign and a ball make a game. It's better than just standing around, waiting for something to happen. You wait a lot on Misery Street.



When street lights go on, talk to pals. But watch out for guys you don't know. Around here they carry switchblades, razors or zip guns and don't hesitate to use them.

No grass grows on Misery Street.
Cement and iron streets
are playgrounds of the poor.





"I'm sorry I'm not able to earn a living and take care of things. . . . Got no education, feet hurt—I answered them jobs . . . more than anything I want a job, something to do . . ."

You watch for nameless dangers.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172 over the building and all. And my husband getting that summons for disturbing the peace. Disturbing the peace! He has to go to the magistrate's for a hearing tomorrow. Well, you know about that. He says he won't go. He says he'll wrap an ash can around that welfare fellow's head. He don't mean it. He's a very nervous man. The slightest little thing upsets him—me, I forget it, just rolls off me like off a duck's back.

"I was born in San Francisco. I've never lived in anything but a furnished room or rented apartments. I'm not complaining. My mother died when I was six years old. I hardly remember her. My father died in 1928. Then my sister and I—she was much older than me, a nurse—came to New York City. She was like a mother to me. Then she died too. I had CONTINUED ON PAGE 224



"Mommy, you can't even make an honest living any more." Freddie paces under the el. Bill lone-wolfs it. Paulie stares at pet windows. Would crime pay better? "They're at a crossroads," says a minister. Or is it a one-way street?

The mother says: "Schools can't do it all, I always say. Parents have to do some. I used to go to P.T.A. meetings, but I don't have time now with the two jobs and all."

1955

Pream is also available in glass jars in some areas.



New easy thrifty way to "cream" your coffee!

PREAM

100% DAIRY PRODUCT IN INSTANT POWDERED FORM

Rich and delicious! Made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. Nothing added!

Never sours! Never "turns"! When opened for regular use, Pream stays fresh tasting to the last spoonful. Keep handy in cupboard or refrigerator.

So economical! Costs about ⅓ less per serving than coffee cream!

Less calories! Only about half as many calories as if you used coffee cream.

Instant dissolving! Put Pream on top of your cup of hot coffee or tea. Stir and enjoy!



The new way to "cream" it is to Pream® it!







"Makes gracious serving so easy," says SALLY ROSS, Pream Home Economist.

"This Knife-Server makes it *so easy* to slice cake and pie beautifully. Its wide blade is stainless steel with a serrated edge that *stays* sharp.

"I offer this wonder server at cost, so you'll try the new *dairy* wonder—Pream! Delicious for creaming hot beverages, it's marvelous for cooking, too. You'll discover just *how* marvelous when you read the new Pream Recipe Folder sent *free* with every Knife-Server."

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO:

SALLY ROSS, P. O. Box No. 1410, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me_____Cake and Pie Knife-Server(s) and the FREE new PREAM Recipe Folder. I enclose 35c in coin with the number copied from inside a PREAM can lid, or the label from a PREAM jar, for each Knife-Server ordered.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Can Lid No.(s)_____

THIS OFFER EXPIRES JUNE 30, 1955 Offer void in any state, or municipality where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted.

HURRY! SUPPLY LIMITED!

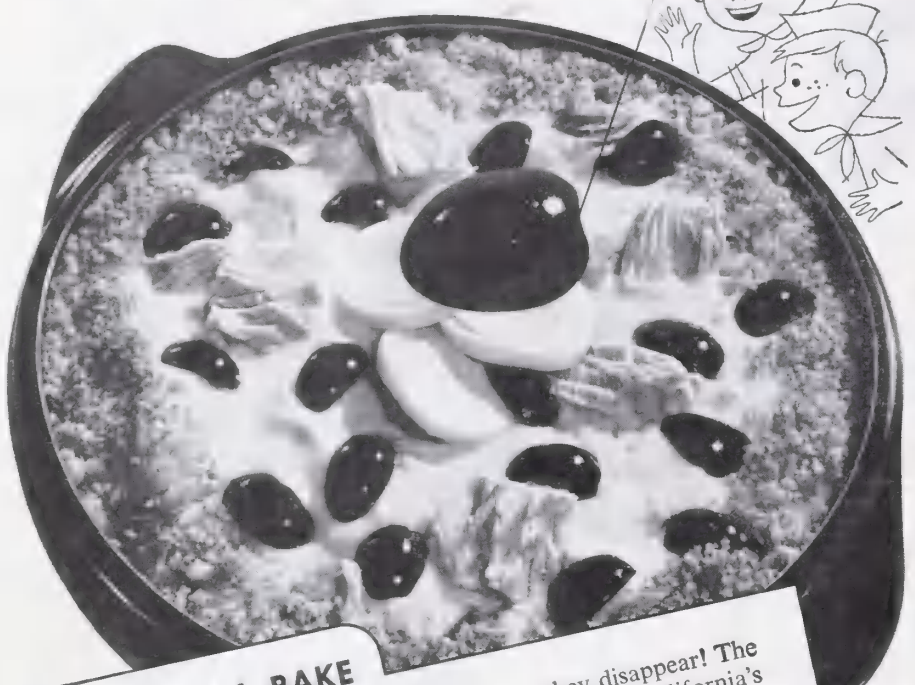
Pream is available also in the Dominion of Canada, Alaska and Hawaii.

© 1955, M & R Dietetic Laboratories, Inc., Columbus 16, Ohio

For Hearty Eating and Happy Eaters —

TIOGA TUNA BAKE

...singing with California Flavor



TIOGA TUNA BAKE

Serve heaping helpings—and watch how fast they disappear! The reason is the sunny, specially satisfying flavor that California's own ripe olives add. Taste it here—flavor you can easily give to *many* fish, cheese, and egg dishes.

1 cup ripe olives
2 hard-cooked eggs
1 (6½ or 7-ounce) can tuna
1 tsp. grated onion
1 tsp. prepared mustard
¼ cup milk
½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 (10½-ounce) can cream of mushroom soup
¼ cup diced pimiento
Buttered dry bread crumbs

Cut olives into large pieces. Dice eggs. Drain tuna and flake coarsely. Stir onion, mustard, milk and Worcestershire into soup. Blend in pimiento, olives, eggs and tuna. Spoon into baking shells or shallow baking dish and top with crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes, until thoroughly heated and browned on top. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Free Ripe Olive Recipe Booklet. Write today for your free copy of the beautifully illustrated 16-page booklet, "Elegant but Easy Recipes with California Ripe Olives." Address: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. D-56, 24 California Street, San Francisco 11, Calif.



For eating by hand, remember ripe olives are an easy appetizer before dinner ... an easy tasty "relish" at table. And when friends drop in, set out an inviting bowl of California flavor ... a "welcome bowl" of ripe olives.

ripe olives* make meals SING with California flavor

*RIPE, GREEN-RIPE ... WHOLE, PITTED, CHOPPED, SLICED

TROPICAL FLAVOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

¼ teaspoon tarragon, ⅛ teaspoon Tabasco, and 1 small clove garlic, crushed. Stir until sauce is smooth and seasonings are well blended. Makes 1½ cups of sauce. If you like lettuce cups better'n chiny or glass,why not?

I'll make good now on that chicken and you go ahead and fry or broil a fine chicken, and serve it with a Mexican sauce which is done this-a-way:

MEXICAN MOLE SAUCE

Put through a food grinder, using the coarse blade, these vegetables and nuts—that's the first thing: 2 green peppers, seeded and cut into strips; 2 peeled onions, cut into quarters; ½ cup blanched, shelled almonds; 2 peeled cloves garlic; 1 quart canned or stewed tomatoes (these may go through a sieve instead); ¼ cup coarse cracker crumbs; and one half of a 4-ounce can pimiento. Heat ¼ cup salad oil in a skillet. Add the ground mixture. Then add 1 cup stock made from 1 cup water and 2 bouillon cubes or 2 teaspoons beef concentrate. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon chili powder, a dash of pepper, ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon and ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves. Simmer slowly ½ hour, stirring occasionally as it cooks. Add more seasoning, to taste. At the end, ½ ounce unsweetened chocolate is added to make it authentic Mexican *mole* sauce. Also because it's a real guessing game in sauces, and good.

Saffron, listed with the herbs, is yellow. The flavor is subtle and every good cook has it on her herb-and-seasoning shelf. And one of the uses it's put to, when the tropical foods abound, is saffron-bewitched rice, which comes out an intriguing color. Here is your receipt for

SAFFRON RICE

It could be from any of the countries where rice is a staple—the Bahamas, West Indies, Bermuda and so forth, for instance. And what those folks have, we may have too. Cook 1½ cups rice in 6 tablespoons butter or margarine until light gold color. Stir as it cooks. Add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon saffron and 3 cups canned chicken broth. Mix well. Bring to a boil. Cover and cook over low heat until the rice is tender and all the broth has been absorbed. Place a clean towel between the pan and the lid for a few minutes before serving to help absorb any excess moisture. The rice will be yellow, just a beautiful yellow, and fluffy. Makes 6 servings.

Where the palm trees grow, and that's where it's warm and sunny, grow naturally the hearts of the palm. These look like pure white asparagus, although the stalks have no "tips." They taste like hearts of palm, nothing else. We get them in cans, and though they are a little costly, you will remember that when a pa gives up its heart it gives up its life. So y don't mind it if they do cost a little more th turnip greens and act accordingly. There ar number of things to do with these hearts, a one of the best is to introduce them to the otic avocado and serve as a salad on lettu Or fill the hollow halves of the pears with hearts cut into small pieces and serve wit sharp French or a Russian dressing.

It's nice to know that wherever you go— rather, wherever *I* go—I can find, ker-sma the ices and sherbets and ice creams tha guess everybody likes and looks for. A down in Florida they make a double-feat sherbet, which is a honey of a dessert to e and a picture of Susie in her christening r to look at. Now take notice of

TANGERINE SHERBET

Soften 1 package unflavored gelatin in cup cold water. Place over boiling water; a ¾ cup sugar; stir until dissolved. Pour in large bowl. Add a 6-ounce can frozen ta gerine-juice concentrate to gelatin; refill c three times with buttermilk (2¼ cups); a to juice mixture; stir well. Pour into 2 free ing trays and put in freezing compartment refrigerator. When mixture is partially froze remove to bowl and beat until smoot Return to trays and continue freezing un firm. Yield: 1¼ quarts.

FLORIDA SHERBET AMBROSIA

Cut 3 medium-sized grapefruit in half. Ca fully remove the sections and set them asid Remove all the membrane from each grap fruit half. Line the entire inside of the she with a layer of tangerine or orange sherb about ½" thick, leaving a small cavity in t center. Freeze until firm, then smooth ov the sherbet with a spatula to make it eve It takes about 1 quart sherbet to line grapefruit halves. When the sherbet an shells are thoroughly firm (about 2 hours fill the centers with a mixture of 2 cups grap fruit sections, 1 cup sliced strawberries an ⅓ cup shredded coconut. Top each grap fruit half with shaved Brazil nuts and ga nish with mint. Makes 6 servings.

Well, you see the ubiquitous chicken an hen and rooster get into the act no matt what land you journey to. The small fry mak the pickets and the next-door garden just usual. Hens in frantic disarray round up the broods and cackle their senseless gossip in th same old way. And where on earth doesn't th rooster strut his drum-major way in dust an heat and boss the roost as all male creature do—or *think* they do? It's the same every where. That's why we gave you chicken! Wit chocolate, no foolin', in the sauce.

Good-by now,
YOUR ANNIE.

TROY IN GREEN

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

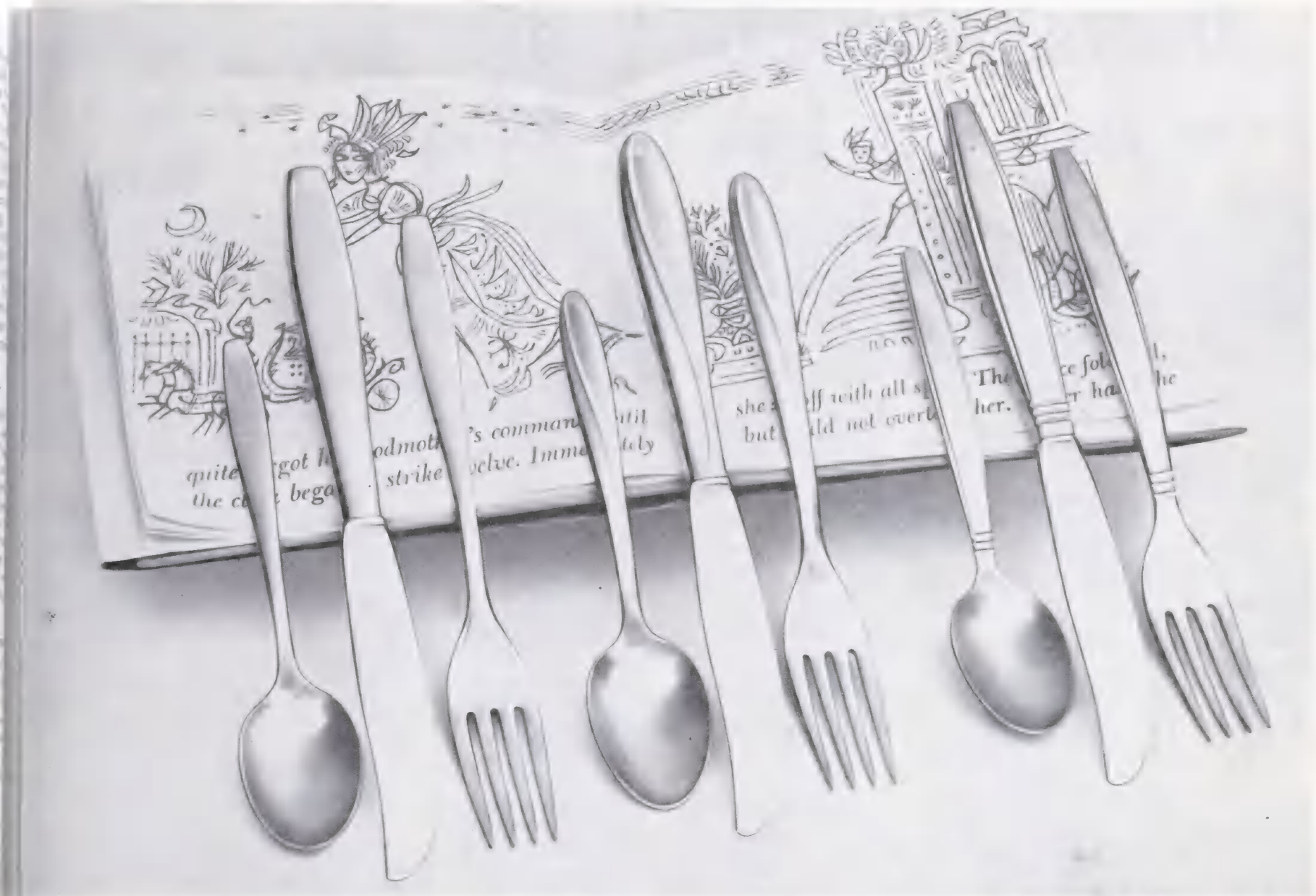
Old stone wall, old apple tree
Bearing wormed apples doomed to fall,
Chipmunks have the pick of the crop,
A child could jump the tumbled wall.

A wall that keeps no truant cows
Out of the corn, and no corn there,
The house, the people gone to earth,
Not even an old man left to care.

This is the tale of Troy in green,
The fall of a russet Babylon:
Heaped-up stones say, "Men were here";
Run-out fruit says, "Men are gone."
Life and the law are sorrowful;

Here a Helen of red clover
Stared one day in her kitchen glass
At a face which time had furrowed over

And knew that love a farm away
Was on the wrong side of the sea,
That ends of kingdoms and princes are
A broken wall and a wormy tree.



Smart new International patterns with lustrous velvet finish; (shown left to right) TODAY, CHRISTIANIA and STOCKHOLM. 5-piece place setting, $8.00.

It's a Cinderella story...

AND YOU LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.

ONCE upon a time stainless steel was a kitchen drudge. Today, transformed, these gleaming International Stainless patterns set the tables in the finest homes in the land!

This wonderful worksaving, timesaving tableware will not tarnish, rust or stain in normal use. The same element that imparts color to precious rubies gives International Stainless its incredible hardness and resistance to corrosion.

The patterns are pure grace, adaptable to any setting. Their rhythmic lines dramatize the brilliant beauty of the steel. The smooth contours of the crisp, contemporary designs emphasize the flawless craftsmanship.

International Stainless is made by the world's foremost *silversmiths* with the same skill and artistry that go into the making of the finest sterling. Each piece is hand-finished and polished to perfection—right down to the tines of the forks and the edges of the spoon bowls. The hollow-handle knives have forged steel blades.

Let every meal find your tableware clean and shining. Ask your dealer to show you International Stainless. There is a quality for every requirement...a pattern for every taste.

International Stainless

Mastercrafted in Steel by The International Silver Co.



NEW DAWN and SPRING LILY. 5-piece place setting, $6.00.



MASTERPIECE, AMERICAN FASHION, LORDSHIP. 5-pc. place setting, $4.00.

This is the quicker Wesson way to start your fish fry tonight...





SHRIMP



FISH



CROQUETTES

Quick start — you *pour* this light, sparkling salad oil. Wesson is *ready* to use; no digging out shortening, no melting. *Thrifty, too*—you pour just what you need.

Surer to be digestible — because you can fry with Wesson Oil at *far higher* temperatures than with costliest solid shortenings — and still Wesson will *not* smoke or burn. (Smoke can mean shortening is breaking down, becoming hard to digest and harsh in flavor.)

In all the world there's no oil or shortening with the same *fresh delicacy*, the same *sparkling lightness* as Wesson. Another big reason Wesson fried foods make mighty fine eating. See for yourself—*tonight!*



BREADED SHRIMP OR FISH

Dip shrimp or fish in mixture of 1 slightly beaten egg, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, and ½ teaspoon salt. Drain, then roll in crumbs. Dry for 5 minutes. Fry shrimp in deep Wesson Oil* heated to 375° F. for 2 to 3 minutes; fish at 350° F. for 5 to 8 minutes.

Fry Blue Plate Brand Frozen Breaded Shrimp, too, in delicate Wesson Oil.

TUNA SURPRISE CROQUETTES

2 cups cooked rice, cooled
1 can (6½- or 7-ounce) tuna, flaked
2 teaspoons minced parsley
½ teaspoon soy sauce
1 egg, separated
6 stuffed olives
2 tablespoons water
½ cup dry bread crumbs
Wesson Oil for frying

Combine rice, tuna, parsley, soy sauce, and egg yolk. Shape into fish-shaped croquettes, using a stuffed olive inside for a hidden surprise. Add water to egg white; beat slightly. Dip croquettes in this mixture, drain, and coat with bread crumbs. Let coating dry a few minutes. Fry in deep Wesson Oil* heated to 375° F. for 2½ to 3 minutes, until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Arrange on hot platter for serving. Garnish with a slice of stuffed olive for the eye, and a sprig of parsley for the tail. Makes 6.

**Frying kettle should be filled just ⅓ full of oil. Do not fry more than one layer at a time.*

Wesson Oil

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

for Frying, Salads, Chiffon Cakes, Stir-N-Roll Pie Crust and Biscuits

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

...campaign on the risers of subway steps. ...ry day . . . Each step of the way . . . For ...n and happiness . . . Here to stay . . . ...MATIV! Doctors say!" And then, always, "S...nativ MEANS Vitamins!"

I can remember when they put it to music for the first time. It's not really so long ago ..., it's just that everybody in the world has ...d it so many times, it's coming out of the... ears. Mother asked me if I was in any wa... responsible for it, and if so, to please find an... her job, but then mother didn't appreciate it ...all. She isn't the Snimativ type.

...jobs go, it was very interesting. The plant wa... nice and modern, and set in a park. It wa... far from my house in Northern New ...ey, which made it ...nvenient, but lots of pe...ple were glad to ...rel quite a way just to ...able to work there. The company made it fun... the whole place wa... air-conditioned, and the... was music piped int... every department. We had interoffice bri...e tournaments, and ba...ball and basketball an... bowling teams. The... were picnics and da...es, and really, your so...l life was practi-ca... taken care of. And be...use Mr. Kelcey pre-fer...d big healthy peo-ple... there were enough tal... men around too.

...fter a while, I dated or... Fred Donovan. He w... a chemist who wo...ked in the lab, and ve... nice too. He was ta... r than even daddy, ar... was Snimativ's star ce...er on the basketball te... I loved to watch ni... play; for all his si... he was really very gr...eful and good-look-in... I loved the idea that he... was a scientist—he w... doing research—and th...gh I don't under-st...d anything about it re...y, I honestly love the la...guage and atmos-ph...e around scientists. F... l, in his white smock, w... his thoughtful eyes, h... a kind of glamour. ...Well, I saw Fred all ti... time. He lived in E... Orange, and his folks were acquainted w... my folks, and while it wasn't a real en-g...ement, there was a sort of understanding.

...verything was going along just fine until S...nativ went into television. I had a wonder-fu... vacation that summer, and when I came b... the whole advertising department was in a ...erfect tizzy about the TV show. I hardly h... to tell you that it was Brogan Brown, b...ause I mean Brogan is such a household ti...ure these days, you can hardly remember w...n he wasn't around.

...ut it was all brand spang new about a year a... There were a million conferences, till th... decided on the name for the show: "...ogan Brown Doing the Town." Mr. Saun-d...s, who is head of the advertising depart-m...t, claims credit for the name, and I guess it... really his. He likes everything to rhyme, if ...ossible.

I didn't know much about Brogan Brown, e...ept that he was the critic and lecturer. But I ...appened to be relieving at the reception c...k when he paid his first visit to the plant. I w... proofreading some copy, and it was pleas-a... and quiet. Schubert's Serenade was com-i... over the public-address system, which was r... favorite piece of music, and I was absently l...f humming it.

"Do you like that sentimental twaddle?" a v...ce said suddenly, in icy-cold cultured tones.

I got up automatically, too jolted to answer, staring hard at what could only be described as a distinguished caller standing before the reception desk. I realized he was talking about the music.

"Sorry if I startled you." He smiled wryly. "Please tell Mr. Saunders that Mr. Brown is here."

I backed up to the inner office, still speechless, my wide-open eyes taking in every detail of his appearance. He was extremely slender, and it gave him a super-refined look, pure aristocrat. His mustache made him look quite a lot like Anthony Eden, and he wore a very dark suit with no shoulders, and a Homburg hat. He was definitely not the Snimativ type.

Mr. Saunders greeted him as though the trip from Manhattan was too much to expect from any civilized person.

"Wretched transportation," Brogan said accusingly.

"I know," Mr. Saunders said, all sympathy, accepting the blame as his own. They retired to his office, and the door closed.

I exhaled. I felt lightheaded. This man was a vision—never had I believed there existed such suave assurance, such polish.

I know it sounds silly, but in those few minutes I fell in love. Just like that.

We had afternoon coffee break at Snimativ, and I went down to the cafeteria, practically floating all the way. Fred was sitting at our regular table waiting for me.

"Hey-Nanny!" Fred greeted me. This was his special name for me—a weak joke, I'll admit, but it had charmed me. "I was thinking about you this afternoon. I heard the Schubert thing ——"

"Oh, *that* sentimental twaddle!" I broke in airily.

The words were out before I realized it. I didn't mean to repeat Brogan, I didn't mean to hurt Fred, but—well, there you are. Life is sometimes unpredictable.

Fred's eyebrows flew up. "What? I mean, you told me you *loved* it!"

"Love it one day, leave it the next," I giggled, feeling slightly mad.

"What's with you?"

How could I tell him I had just seen a dream man, that I had just fallen in love—and not with him? How?

"Got to get back to work," I gulped, and left him. I hoped to get another look at Brogan.

I needn't have worried. Brogan spent the rest of the day with Mr. Saunders, and they were still talking when they emerged from his office at four-thirty.

"We'll send the stuff over to your New York office," Mr. Saunders was saying.

"Thanks. It will save a good deal of time." Brogan Brown was clipped, crisp and elegant. The two men left, and I started to breathe again.

I have the most wonderful luck at times, really. I spent the rest of the day praying I would be the one to go to New York with Brogan's material, and all night I dreamed about Brogan and Snimativ. And the next morning, Mr. Saunders handed me a Manila envelope and Brogan's address. Since Mr. Kelcey insists that every little job at Snimativ have a title, there I was: TV Liaison.

BALLAD

By ELIZABETH MCFARLAND

"Oh who will wear my silver ring
And never sigh for gold?
Whose soft young eye can warm a tear,
Though other eyes grow cold?"

He sang upon an old guitar
In a springtime, tree-dim place,
And the sun threw down, like luxury,
Gold coins across his face.

He trimmed his balsam fire by night
Till the coals shone ruby-red;
She wore, when she stepped within their light,
His wreath upon her head.

Then their narrow feet, in deerskin shoes,
Danced to an antique measure.
Oh, he had not dreamed, who had dreamed alone,
She would marry him for his treasure!

For better professional laundering and dry cleaning

...look for and patronize the laundries and dry cleaners that use these processes...

Pennsalt's SPARKLING white PROCESS — Keeps Whites Whiter

Pennsalt's BRIGHT color PROCESS — Keeps Colors Brighter

Pennsalt's Controlled Power-Pak Dry Cleaning PROCESS — Freshens Fabrics

Pennsalt's textile SERVICE for PROCESS TESTING — Keeps Quality Up Fabrics Live Longer



Modern professional processing is your assurance of better laundering and dry cleaning.

Operators displaying the emblems seen here are customers of Pennsalt. They have available the services of Pennsalt's trained field technicians backed by Pennsalt's famous Whitemarsh Research Laboratories.

From fiber to fabric to cleaning—Pennsalt research provides better service and supplies for Textile Mills, and Professional Laundries and Dry Cleaners.

TEXTILE MAINTENANCE DEPARTMENT
1043 Widener Bldg., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Pennsalt

Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company

I congratulated myself on the foresight I had shown in wearing my new blue suit. It helped prop up my confidence, which was shaking nervously.

Brogan's office was the first floor of his house, a remodeled brownstone. A maid showed me in, and asked me to wait. I had never seen anything like that room, except in a magazine; and even there, not very often.

It was stark—that's the only word for it. There was a huge desk, actually hanging from the ceiling. It was an odd shape, and it was suspended from five brass rods going up to the ceiling. A long low sofa was built on one wall, and bookshelves lined another wall. There was one huge painting; it had four black lines and a blob of red paint, no more, no less.

It was stark, and austere. But it was also elegant in a superrefined sort of way, and it struck me immediately that it was just the kind of room for Brogan. I loved it.

When he walked in, I almost choked. He looked every bit as wonderful as I remembered him.

I cleared my throat tentatively. "I'm Miss Matthews, from Snimativ."

"Oh, yes." He smiled. "I remember you. Schubert's Serenade."

"I have the material here." I gave him the envelope, and hoped I hadn't blushed at his crack. He took it, and sat down at that enormous desk. I perched on the edge of a contour chair, and tried to keep my balance as he went through the papers.

"Well, Miss Matthews," he said, finally looking up, "this looks all right, as far as it goes. Have you seen any of it?"

"No sir, I haven't." I put on my brightest expression, and waited hopefully.

"Well ——" He riffled the papers with his well-manicured hands. I just happened to notice that they were manicured. I mean, it's not the kind of thing a girl looks for, and it was a surprise, in a small way. I couldn't imagine Fred with a manicure, in a million years. "Well, the format is outlined fairly well. But I'd like to get *your* opinion."

"Mine?" I asked as I almost fell off the contour chair.

"Yes," and he smiled warmly and encouragingly.

That smile did things to me that I can't possibly describe. I knew that he was only being pleasant and friendly and that's all. Still, it affected me so that I could hardly talk.

"You're a television fan, aren't you?" he went on. "What kind of programs do you enjoy, Miss Matthews? Oh, come now," he prompted, as I hesitated, "this isn't one of those ridiculous quiz shows. I just want to know what *you* think."

Well, I really *like* those "ridiculous quiz shows," up to a certain point. I think they're fun in a way, and build up quite a lot of suspense. But obviously he didn't like them. I told him I loved a good play, and I told him which comedians made me laugh, and why I couldn't stand mysteries, and that most interviews on television bored me.

"This program will be built around celebrity interviews," he cautioned, frowning a little. It made him look terribly distinguished.

"I don't mean *all* interviews, of course," I said hastily. "It's just the ones where the guests don't have anything to say. You know, like the Hollywood star who says she's just come East, and then they repeat the name of her new picture eighty-eight times, so you'll never forget it, and then she says she is just going to the 'theater! theater! theater!' while she's here, because she's mad about it ——"

Brogan laughed suddenly. "That's really superb," he said, still chuckling. "Excellent."

WELL, we went on from there. I sat with a pencil and notebook, and didn't write a line. I just answered all Brogan's questions. What about reviews of new plays and movies? Would book reviews have a place? Were theatrical people necessary for glamour? What about broadening out—inviting a psychiatrist? Anthropologist? Explorer? What about politics—should it be kept out entirely?

I talked a blue streak, I must admit. He was so *interested* in everything I said that it was really flattering. He lived in a superglamorous atmosphere, and yet there he was, hanging on practically every word I said.

"You've been a big help, Nancy," he said at last. By then, we were on a first-name basis. He looked at me for a minute. "Y'know," he speculated, "you really ought to do something with that splendid hair you have."

That special zingy feeling hit me in the pit of the stomach again. Nobody had ever called my hair splendid before. I mean, it's nice and shiny and brown, but not what you would really call splendid.

"What would you suggest?" I breath he had told me to shave it off, or braid i a queue, I would have, and willingly.

"Cut it off," he said decisively. "Most Get one of those supposedly casual cut are really art." There was no questionin authority. "And," he went on, looking new suit, "that medium blue is not your Maybe a very pale blue, once in a while you'll be better off with coppers and yello and black, of course."

FOR once I was speechless. I mean, never heard a man give a girl advice on and haircuts. I don't think Fred ever n what I was wearing. I know positively daddy didn't. Daddy doesn't even see a dress on mother till it's at least six month But Brogan saw everything. Here he was, a real *mind*, full of books and plays an portant people, and yet he had time to se You know, to really *look* at me.

He bowed me out in his own special c way, and I floated down Madison Av After knowing Brogan, and seeing his a ment, I knew elegance meant

Right after d that night, I st to make a li things I would for my new " Daddy was sn at the newspape way he always and mother working on he dle point. She doing the fifth pieces, to cove dining-room c

Fred cam about eight o'c He often did, ar would just sit ar and talk. You k nothing special

"Hey-Nanny about a soda?" greeted me.

"No," I promptly. "I'm ting too fat."

"Where?"

"All over."

He just smil me fondly.

"She's seri Fred," mother "She didn't hav sert tonight. It was chocolate pie, an Nancy that's a real sacrifice."

"You're nuts," he said to me succinct "I want to be thin."

"You're thin enough."

"No, *really* thin. Like a model, for inst You know, I've got a twenty-eight waist."

"I'm not impressed. You're a big girl sides, you're just not a model type."

Daddy snorted very loudly. "Models a thin. They're skinny."

"I should be skinny like that." I s smugly.

"Fred's got sense," daddy said, p down the paper. "More than I can sa you. You are *not* a model type."

"I know, I'm the healthy type, and I it." Suddenly I felt all choky and teary. sick and tired of being so darn healthy.

"For heaven's sakes," mother said. "W wrong with being healthy?"

She stared at me, and I stared right "Can't you embroider something be flowers and bowers?" I demanded, compl unreasonable.

Mother's eyebrows flew way up, an looked at her needlework. "What's the m with flowers?"

All I could think of was Brogan's clea apartment, and how he would loathe the c ful bouquets. But I couldn't tell her tha there was only one other thing to do. I sto up the stairs in tears.

I could hear them in the living room, didn't bother to listen. I made up a v bunch of lists of things I had to do to ch my type—which I was determined to do

1855 YWCA 1955

CENTENNIAL

One hundred years ago, two groups of young women met in London: one to pray for "princesses, domestic servants and factory girls," the other to found a home for nurses returning from the Crimean War. Today, with three million members in the United States and uncounted others in sixty-five nations abroad, the Young Women's Christian Association is the oldest and one of the largest women's organizations in the world.

You can help support the Y.W.C.A. program of health, education, recreation and faith by sending contributions to: Young Women's Christian Association of the U.S.A., 600 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, New York.

excelLENT MEAL with WAFFLE* APPEAL



DOWNYFLAKE SHRIMP NEW ORLEANS

Cook until tender ¼ cup chopped onion and ⅓ cup chopped green pepper in 2 tablespoons shortening. Add 1 can tomato soup, ¼ cup catsup, ⅓ cup water and dash of black pepper. Simmer over low heat for about five minutes, stirring occasionally. Add 1 pound cleaned, cooked shrimp (frozen or canned). Cook for five minutes more. Spoon shrimp and sauce over toasted DOWNYFLAKE Waffle. Cover with another DOWNYFLAKE Waffle and top with remaining shrimp and sauce. Serves four.

*the DOWNYFLAKE kind!
no batter, no bother
just pop into toaster 'n serve

Downyflake Waffles are much more than a hurry-up Lenten meal idea. Ordinary Lenten meals become extraordinary meals with crisp, golden-brown Downyflake Waffles as the star attraction. Plain dishes take on added eye appeal and flavor fascination. Plan your Lenten meals around Downyflake Waffles.

special Lenten recipes in every package of Downyflake Waffles



frozen Downyflake 1-minute WAFFLES

©Waffle Corp. of America

t wasn't too hard, really, when you come to
k of it. A lot happened to me in a few
eks. Pierre cut my hair. You've heard about
h: he wears only green clothes—green shirts
l ties and even suits—and they say his
ole apartment is green, every inch of it. In
eral, he is slightly wacky, but terribly chic,
d I decided he was the man for me.

don't want to bore you with the wisecracks
ple made when they saw the hairdo. No-
dy liked it at first, but everybody agreed it
s different.

t was three weeks before I was sent over to
gan's again, and by then I had got used to
haircut, and I had also lost almost ten pounds. My new black dress was still a little tight, but I hoped to diet off another ten pounds and fit into Size Twelves more readily.

"Nancy, it's hard to believe," Brogan marveled. "You look absolutely divine."

Fred said I looked like a scarecrow; daddy screamed I looked like an atrocity case. Who cared?

I smiled modestly. At that moment I was so hungry, I felt faint.

"Divine," Brogan repeated quietly, coming up close to me.

My heart turned over, whether from love or hunger I will never know. He looked straight into my eyes, and I knew something was about to happen, if I would let it. For some reason, I suddenly got cold feet.

"Lunch," I murmured feebly. It broke things up, and I offer it, free, as a tip to anybody that might need it. There's nothing like the mention of food to break a mood.

By this time, Brogan's program had been on the air for a week, and it had a sensational reception. All over America, people were taking their coffee cups into the living room, so they could finish dinner while listening to a half hour of the latest. That was Brogan's strong point—the latest. He talked about Scrabble before most of the rest of the world knew what it was. The ink on the books he mentioned was hardly dry. He discussed not only the big Broadway plays, but the little off-beat productions. You remember—Symphony of Sounds, the play where nobody said one single word. And Love Triumphant, where everybody in the play ended up divorced, and marriage appeared to be an invention for peasants only.

Daddy and mother watched Brogan, of course, partly because I did, and partly because everybody else did too. "He's cracked if he thinks he'll get me to spend good money on shows like that," daddy growled.

But Brogan's program was balanced. The night Doctor Wright was the guest, daddy beamed, because daddy is an enthusiastic gardener, and Doctor Wright's views on compost heaps were fine. The program had something for everybody; the fan mail was terrific.

At that point, I was spending practically all my time on the show, and was shuttling back and forth between the plant and Brogan's office daily. I began to attend rehearsals, and then the actual broadcasts. There was an awful lot of detail to attend to, and I willingly assumed the responsibilities.

At first that consisted mainly of checking the scripts and the cue cards. Cue cards are terribly important in a show like Brogan's. They remind him of all the points to be covered, and in what sequence. Usually they are flipped, one at a time, by a girl out of sight of the camera.

I became quite a big shot at the studio, and frankly, I loved it. I sat in the sponsor's booth during the show, and took notes, and gradually had more to worry about. I made the frenzied last-minute telephone calls and contacts that seem to be an inevitable part of a five-times-a-week show. I saw Brogan every day—and I loved it all.

I CAME up with my big inspiration about then, and if you want to shoot me for it, I give you permission, because, really, you suffered plenty with it. "Start to LIVE . . . with SNIMATIV!" Remember, to the tune of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony? It was awful, but it rhymed, and Mr. Saunders adored it. They pushed it like crazy, with thirty-second commercials day and night on radio and TV, both. It was a terrific success, and I got a bonus for it. I promptly went out and bought myself a pair of drop earrings—triangles so long they almost brushed my shoulders, but the salesman said only a tall girl could get away with them, so naturally I fell for them.

"Why don't you have your nose pierced?" daddy asked. "Then you could get a matching set."

"They're vulgar," mother said. She likes pearls and button things. "But," she went on considerингly, "maybe with that hair ——"

"I'll look vulgar all over," I prompted.

"I didn't say that," she protested.

"To think," daddy went on bitterly, "that you got a bonus—a *bonus*—for that horrible limerick! What a crime against the American people!"

"It sells," I said serenely.

"So will marijuana, if you let people buy it."

"Daddy!"

That was just his opinion, which was very strong, as usual. Around Snimativ I was quite the little white-haired girl. Mr. Saunders was proud of me, and I got a raise, and a little gold engraved sign on my desk: Miss Matthews. It looked quite chic, and Fred came up from the lab to admire it.

"Hello, Miss Celebrity!" No Hey-Nanny, and I noticed it. "Do you have time for lunch these days?"

"Hello, sweetie," I said in Brogan's best casual-friendly manner, knowing it would irritate Fred. The earrings made a big clanking noise. "Can't possibly. I'm off to New York on the twelve-fifty-seven."

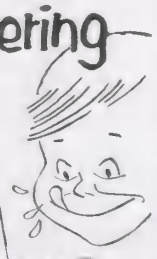
"Have an early lunch," he suggested agreeably.

"Oh, noon is such a *dismal* time to lunch, doll face."

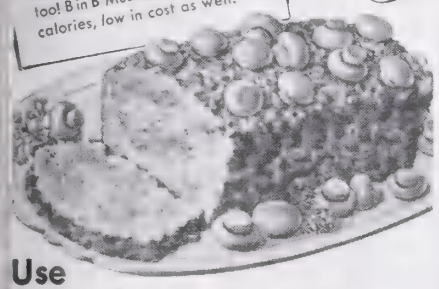
"The way you eat these days, it doesn't matter anyway. You could just as well have your celery hearts now."

"Sorry, darling." I shook my head in deepest regret, the earrings banging me solidly on the sides of my neck. It's a good thing I'm strong; I could never have supported them otherwise.

ow to give **MEAT LOAF** more **Mouth-Watering Flavor!"**



Top your favorite MEAT LOAF dish with B in B Mushrooms! It will taste better . . . look better, too! B in B Mushrooms are low in calories, low in cost as well.



Use **B in B Broiled in Butter MUSHROOMS**

hen you plan your next low-cost meal, see w B in B Mushrooms can add *new* taste peal! For B in B Mushrooms are hothouse own . . . broiled in butter to a golden brown . then packed in their own de- ious, savory broth. Thrifty, o—because there's no peel- g, no trimming, no waste!



3 Convenient Styles!

B in B Whole Crowns
B in B Sliced Mushrooms
B in B Chopped Mushrooms

EADY TO HEAT AND SERVE!

Brush a **RICH BROWN CRUST ON FISH**



with **KITCHEN Bouquet**

For a tempting broiled-brown crust, brush your fish with Kitchen Bouquet—and broil as usual. Recipes in the package for steaks, chops, hamburgers, poultry, roasts and gravy. Good cooks have used Kitchen Bouquet for over 75 years.



Costs So Little . . . Adds So Much!

"Here's why I use ***Roylprints*** *for all casual dining."*



says **MRS. MARIO BRAGGIOTTI,** *socialite* **of New York and Southampton**



"Except for those few special occasions, informal dining is the rule in my home. That's why I make it a rule to serve on *Roylprints Paper Place Mats.* The modern, colorful patterns give my table that smart, fresh touch . . . and I save a remarkable amount of time. Just think—no linens to fuss with, nothing to wash or put away. I just toss out the used Roylprints after each meal. The low cost is remarkable too:—Just about 5¢ for a setting of four." Available at Variety, Supermarkets and Department Stores everywhere.

Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., Brooklyn 1, N.Y. Manufacturer of Roylies Lace Paper Doylies, Royledge Shelf Lining Paper and Edging All-in-One. (A subsidiary of Eastern Corp.)



Roylprints Paper Place Mats

Roylies Lace Paper Doylies

DESIGNED FOR **Royal** LIVING EVERY DAY!

BUY-LINES
by Nancy Sasser



AN ADVERTISING COLUMN

IMAGINE getting heavy, luxurious Broadloom Rugs or wall-to-wall Carpeting . . . for about *half the price* you'd usually pay! Well, you can . . . thanks to the OLSON Rug Company's famous patented process of reclaiming the valuable seasoned wools and other materials in your discarded carpets, rugs, clothing, blankets, etc. . . . then blending with *choice New Wools* and weaving lovely, thick, deep-textured, two-sided Broadlooms any woman would be proud to own. Naturally you SAVE REAL MONEY because most of the material (and it doesn't matter about the colors!) in your beautiful new OLSON Rug is supplied by you. What's more, the OLSON people *guarantee* to please you . . . or *pay you* for your materials. But learn all about it . . . by sending for this:

FREE Booklet



FREE BOOK called *"Rug Magic"!* A 40-page full-color book that tells all and shows 44 new rug colors, designs and patterns in model rooms. I'll also send you a GIFT COUPON along with your FREE Book . . . so check OFFER #1 in box below and mail it to me *today!*

ARE YOU EMBARRASSED when your friends can't make your lovely table lighters light because they need fuel? Well, you can avoid that embarrassment . . . thanks to the exclusive new "Switch-Spout" on the RONSONOL can! You don't have to wait for your husband to fill your lighters . . . you can do it yourself easily in seconds! That's because the new RONSONOL "Switch-Spout" ends complicated, messy lighter filling . . . and there's no cutting or piercing, no little cap to worry about. You simply flip it open, flip it shut . . . and it's sealed air-tight. Best of all, RONSONOL is the finest, most famous lighter fuel made . . . it lights instantly, burns cleanly, smokelessly and lasts so much longer. It's pleasingly scented, too . . . and the price is still only 25c a can . . . so buy 2 at a time! And get RONSON *extra-length* flints to keep your lighters sparking brighter . . . for they're 40% longer than ordinary flints and give *500 more lights!*



NO FOOLING . . . there's *no folding* when your baby wears REDI-FOL* Gauze Diapers! That's because they're *pre-folded* . . . and my own experience proves this saves hours of work each week. Furthermore, they're *thin where they pin . . . padded where they protect!* And REDI-FOLS are made of top quality surgical-type gauze that's whisper-soft and are sized to fit any baby. REDI-FOLS wash in a wink, too, and always dry wrinkle-free . . . are really a joy for both *baby and you!* And let me remind you again that REDI-FOLS are made by a Johnson & Johnson Company . . . makers of famous Chix* Gauze Diapers, Chux* Disposable Diapers, Chix* Crib Sheets and Chix* Diaper Liners. So look for them at your Favorite Store in the familiar blue candy-striped box. And be sure to take advantage of this:



SPECIAL OFFER of a SAMPLE REDI-FOL Diaper to try . . . for only 35c! See OFFER #2 in box.

***Trademarks**

YOUR HAIR IS LIKE A CANDLE . . . for if it's bright and glowing, it draws people to you . . . but if it's dull and colorless, no one knows you're there. So keep *yours* shining brilliantly . . . by using MARCHAND'S Rinse after every shampoo! That's what I think every woman should do . . . because MARCHAND'S "lights" hair with color and brightness . . . makes it shine with such natural loveliness it's truly *magnetic.* There's a MARCHAND'S shade made just for you, too . . . in your choice of 12 safe, Government-approved colors with special tints for beautiful white hair. All are temporary, of course . . . they wash out easily with each shampoo and leave no tell-tale stains around the hair line. And how silky-soft and satin-smooth your hair is after a MARCHAND'S Rinse . . . what a perfect angel to manage. So remember that *color attracts* . . . and use the MARCHAND'S color Rinse that will do the most for you. 25c for 6 Rinses, 10c for 2.



SPRINGTIME IS CLEAN-UP TIME . . . when every woman wants her home to sparkle like the glorious days ahead. But remember . . . all the scrubbing and rubbing in the world won't clean the air of unpleasant odors. But GOOD-AIRE will . . . in fact, *nothing I've ever tried beats GOOD-AIRE* for making odors disappear! Easy-does-it, too . . . you just push the lever on the GOOD-AIRE can and *poof!* . . . odors from cooking, bathrooms, pets and the nursery, along with odors from stale air and tobacco smoke fade away. Sounds incredible, I know . . . but with a mere touch of the finger offensive odors are gone and the air is delightfully inviting! That's why *GOOD-AIRE is good etiquette* . . . and I hope you'll use it regularly as a courtesy to your family and guests. Costs 98c for the regular size, $1.89 for the large economy size at Drug, Grocery, Hardware and Dept. Stores. It's made by the makers of Bridgeport® Aer★A★Sol Bug Bomb and other Aer★A★Sol products.



Write Nancy Sasser, Dept. J-1, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. for:

☐ OFFER #1 . . . FREE BOOK . . . OLSON'S *"Rug Magic"* . . . and GIFT COUPON.

☐ OFFER #2 . . . SPECIAL SAMPLE of REDI-FOL Diaper. Please enclose 35c.

"Sure. I understand. You've no time to eat—you're too busy feeding lines to Brogan."

"Nobody has to feed Brogan lines. That's just silly."

"Is it?" He pointed to the sheaf of papers on my desk. "All his famous wit is right there, in black and white. I've watched that guy night after night. If he didn't have a road map, he couldn't make it from his office to the studio."

"Why, Fred!" I said in mock horror. "You're jealous!" I picked up my yellow coat, and shook my hair. Pierre said that was better than combing it.

"I honestly think you're nuts," Fred said. "Whoever heard of a short-sleeved winter coat? And I wish you'd let that crew cut grow out." Now he sounded wistful.

"Cheer up," I said, drawing on a fresh orange mouth. The lipstick was Pierre's too; it came in a bright green case.

To tell you the truth, Fred made me nervous. A lot of things made me nervous those days. I guess it was partly because I was always hungry, and partly because I was constantly crashing around like a lunatic, between my home and the plant and New York. And I suppose that I felt guilty about keeping Fred on a string, as it were. I had a lot on my mind.

The conferences with Brogan went well. At this point, I would just hand him an outline of the show, and he would proceed to fill in with the latest play, book, symphony and so on. Then we would go over it, and think up bright remarks, wherever possible. Lots of the so-called ad libs were figured out in advance.

I was flattered that Brogan accepted so many of my suggestions.

"You seem to understand the American mind, Nancy," he said quite seriously. "If any proof was needed, there's that commercial of yours. It's a natural—insistent, revolting, tasteless, and leaning on a classic."

I knew Brogan pretty well by then, and I knew he could be a mean critic, using very strong language just for dramatic emphasis. Still, I was miffed.

"Well, it's making money," I said, apologizing only slightly.

"Ah, the final word—money! How American!"

"Brogan, you sound like a foreigner."

"Sometimes I feel like one," he sighed, and we went back to program planning.

It was two-thirty before we got out to lunch, and by then I was no longer hungry, just faint. I noticed once again that he took a little white pill before he ate. Sometimes he took the trouble to do it surreptitiously, and sometimes not. I knew he took another pill after he ate. These were the little things I felt awfully tolerant about. I knew it was a studio joke that he sprayed his throat before each broadcast, a that he took pink lozenges every four hour it was a dry day, and yellow lozenges every f hours if it was humid. He was nicknamed P box Brogan, and word went around t Snimativ hired him to eat up all the surp samples.

Anyway, we finally went to lunch. The r taurant was dimly lit, even though it was s early afternoon. There were tons of silverw on the glistening cloth, and rows of drink glasses, and thick carpets and quiet music. sat side by side on a banquette, and I felt v happy.

"Let's talk about us, Nancy," Brogan s cozily. I guess he was under the same ma influence.

"M-m-m-m?" I said as invitingly as I cou

"I think we complement each other," said thoughtfully. "You have the drive, energy, the outgoing friendliness that is mi ing in me."

"Oh, Brogan," I protested modestly. And all honesty, I added, "You have so much never will begin to even know about."

He didn't bother to deny that. "But gether," he went on, "together, we make u well-rounded personality."

My heart flipped and started racing. I dizzy, and gnawed at a bread stick, trying keep my hands from shaking. I was way ahe of him, thinking, as silly girls do everywhe *Mrs. Brogan Brown. Nancy Matthews Bro Nancy Brown.* And so on.

He was talking about how we made a tea a unit, a complete entity, but I didn't hear ery single word. I just got the gist of it, sinc was lost in my own private dream world. I h learned long before that if you couldn't thi of a bright remark, a secret kind of smile wor wonderfully. I sat there, a dead ringer Mona Lisa.

He leaned very close to me, and I realiz that for a cold type of person, he was bei very emotional. He kissed me, lightly, tender meltingly, and the whole room rocked.

Our clam cocktail arrived at that mome and we both started squeezing lemon slices told you, there's nothing like food to break a mood, and nothing I could do brought back to that momentary tenderness.

My diet was a phenomenal success. I l twenty-two pounds in less than three mont To tell you the truth, after a while I really l my appetite. Part of it was tension abo Brogan, and then there were the responsib ties my job created. All my old clothes hu like rags, so the most natural thing in t world was that I should spend most of my no handsome salary on new clothes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184



"Your between-snack meal is on the table."

EVERY PIECE OF *Lenox* IS A COLLECTOR'S ITEM

FOR THE CAMBODIAN EMBASSY—PRECIOUS LENOX

Demi-tasse from the regal Lenox service made for the Cambodian Embassy. Another of the famous "Command Performances" created by Lenox.



FOR YOU—PRECIOUS *Pine*

Clear magic! Feathery boughs of pine with fine green needles fanning out from rich brown cones . . . fresh and delicate against the gleam of Lenox. Pine is the identical quality of china as in the brilliant Cambodian service, for Lenox makes only one china—*the finest!* Choose *your* Lenox pattern from the wide selection at the finest stores. In years to come, you'll appreciate more and more the timeless perfection of design *and* the amazing durability of Lenox!

Place setting consisting of dinner, salad, and butter plates, teacup and saucer . . . $18.95



FOR HELP IN CHOOSING YOUR FINE CHINA—send for the name of your nearest authorized Lenox Dealer. Write Lenox, Inc., Dept. C-74, Trenton, New Jersey. Enclose 25¢ if you wish "The Reference Book of Fine China" and full-color pattern and price leaflets.



COLONNADE—5-piece place setting, $16.95

CATTAIL—5-piece place setting, $18.95

Lenox China AMERICA'S WORLD-FAMOUS FINE CHINA



Gentle as a Mother's Kiss

...yet so Fast you need a stopwatch to time its Speed!

No other pain reliever can offer you Bayer Aspirin's *double proof* of gentleness and speed!

When you're in pain you need relief that's *gentle*—want relief that's *fast*. And *only* Bayer Aspirin offers you this double proof of *both:*

1 Bayer Aspirin's gentleness is proved not only by the fact that doctors prescribe it even for small children, but also by its record of safe use by millions of people—a record of safety that no other pain reliever can match.

2 And Bayer Aspirin's speed is proved by dropping a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. Almost instantly—so fast you need a stopwatch to time its speed—the tablet starts disintegrating. It does the same in your stomach. And that's one reason why Bayer Aspirin makes you feel better—fast.

So when you have an ordinary headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain, do as millions do—take Bayer Aspirin.

Get the best—get

BAYER ASPIRIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 182

"You seem determined to make yourself as angular as possible," mother sighed, as I modeled a new dress.

"Won't they sell you anything but black?" daddy complained.

"Black is classic," I explained patiently.

"For mourning, yes. Ye gods, you look like a model for Halloween, one of those skinny witches!"

You must admit that I got very little encouragement at home. And Fred was no better.

"You're getting so brittle-looking," he said. "Like you're wasting away with some awful disease. What kind of diet did you go on, anyway? Maybe you need some vitamins."

"Oh, no!" I really laughed at the thought. The worm would turn, and I would end up taking Snimativ myself.

"Wouldn't be a bad idea. You know, you can't do without food entirely." And he started on a semiscientific discourse on the relation of food to the body, and the place of the carbohydrate in the human diet.

As he spoke, I felt the cogs in my brain suddenly mesh. It was pure inspiration. "Snimativ Speaks!" had been born that very moment.

Mr. Saunders and Mr. Kelcey loved it at once.

"And to think I hired you myself," Mr. Kelcey purred, marveling at his perspicacity.

I was wearing the black dress, and the huge earrings, and eleven bracelets all on one arm. Both gentlemen beamed at me approvingly, and nobody suggested that I looked like a witch. I put on my best mysterious-type smile.

The Snimativ commercial spots had consisted mainly of a doctor type in a white coat, muttering mumbo-jumbo, and laboratory shots, showing boiling test tubes and exotic concoctions, and so on. I thought that instead we could have Brogan interview some of the people from the huge Snimativ family: maybe a truck driver, and a packer, and a technician, and a chemist—that's where Fred came in, and how I got the idea in the first place.

Well, if you think Mr. Saunders and Mr. Kelcey were enthusiastic, you should have heard Brogan.

"It will be a real thing," he exclaimed, positively glowing. "A real, real thing. Positively inspirational. Folksy." He looked at me admiringly. "You're a genius, you know. A natural type of genius. Folksy."

"Oh, come now," I protested mildly, pushing up the load of bracelets. They weighed a ton.

"Not that you *look* folksy, darling." He smiled approvingly. "Anything but."

At the sound of the "darling," I smiled hopefully, inviting more.

"You're really a remarkable girl. I told you before, I think we make quite a team. You supply the necessary warmth. Too much intellectuality isn't good."

Well, he started on the folksy commercials again, and nothing I could do would get the conversation back to my natural warmth.

NEED I tell you about "Snimativ Speaks!"? I'm sure you've seen quite a few of them. You know, the truck driver, who drives I-don't-know-how-many thousand miles annually for Snimativ; the pretty girl inspector, planning to get married in June; technicians, office personnel, cafeteria employees, and so on. Judging from the mail we got, they were a tremendous success.

It was my idea, and naturally it was up to me to line up the people who were to appear on the show. We had a five-minute spot, and it was treated as a guest interview, rather than a commercial. Of course only a certain number of jobs were glamorous, and they had to be spaced out to sustain interest. It was a couple of weeks before I talked to Fred about appearing.

"You leave me out of your clever program," he said testily. "One ham actor in your life should be enough."

"Why, Fred," and I ignored his nasty crack, "I thought you'd be pleased to do it." Everybody else had been thrilled to death, practically.

"If this Snimativ boy speaks, you'll be cut off the air."

"You're head of the lab," I protested. "I assumed ——"

"You've been assuming too much. I won't be made a monkey of, in front of millions of viewers." Honestly, he sounded just like daddy in one of his moods.

Of course when Mr. Saunders and Mr. Kelcey got after him, he broke down. He was reluctant, but he agreed to do it.

At that point, I lived, breathed and existed on "Doing the Town." Both Brogan and Mr. Saunders relied on me almost entirely for the million details involved in each program. I did most of the script, and a lot of the leg work. I prepared interviews, and rehearsed with guests; I tried to spare Brogan petty details as much as possible. When show time came,

Summer Blossoms "in the pink"



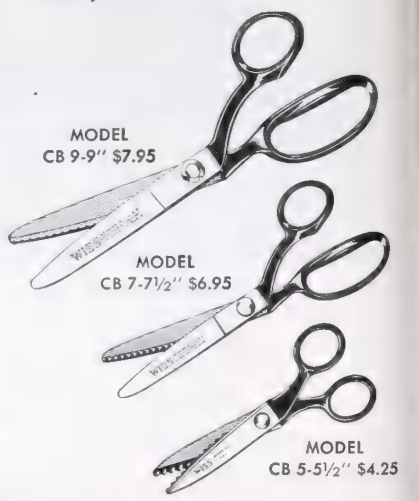
FLOWERS ARE THE FASHION — Gay, decorative and easy to make with bright felt and your Wiss Pinking Shears. Put them on a summer hat, bag or skirt—for fun as well as fashion.

SEND 25¢ to Wiss, Dept. K30 for **Pattern No. 124** for all flowers shown.

For that professional look use

WISS
PINKING SHEARS

The *quality* shears that guarantee a clean, ravel-resistant or decorative finish on all fabrics—single or several thicknesses. Choose the Wiss pinkers best for your needs. In 3 sizes: 5½" to 9". $4.25 to $8.95. At notions departments, better hardware and cutlery stores.



J. WISS & SONS CO., Newark 7, N. J.

Manufacturers of Shears, Scissors, Pinking Shears, Metal Cutting Snips and Garden Shears

pected everything to move like clockwork. was quite a job.

Fred and I conferred, and he made it clear at this was a business conference only. He's t clever about hiding his feelings, and I knew was sore. I didn't care. All I wanted was him the show—and I won.

With only five minutes, Fred felt he couldn't too much about what he actually did. We ally boiled it down to a few hundred words out Snimativ's impeccable standards of nufacture, and the unending research that nt on in the labs.

"You'll wear your white lab coat, of course," aid.

"Why? It's not a costume party, is it?" He s immediately belligerent.

"I think it will add a lot," I said firmly.

"O.K., boss. If I say no, you'll just get Mr. lcey after me again."

I smiled as sweetly as I could. He was right; at's just what I would have done.

The night Fred was to appear, I had a cold I uldn't shake, and all I wanted to do was awl into bed. But by the greatest effort of ll, I dragged myself to the studio. It's a good ing I did too.

First of all, the card girl—the one who flips e cue cards—was sick all of a sudden and ere was a big to-do about a substitute.

"I'll do it, for heaven's sakes," I volun- ered. I felt sure I was sicker than the girl who d gone home. It's really pretty simple; all u do is sit on a stool and turn over the cue rds one by one. I can't imagine why this is nsidered a glamorous job, but it is.

Well, there was a sigh of relief all around, d we had a quick run down on the show, th me flipping the cards. There were a few inor adjustments, as usual, and I penciled em in on the script, and rearranged the cards cordingly. Fred watched silently and I was nscious that he was observing everything refully.

We had a couple of minutes till air time, and ed lit a cigarette.

"No smoking," Brogan commanded im- riously. Fred shrugged and put it out. Where's my stuff, Nancy?"

By that he meant his pills and spray, which always used immediately before going on. ith a sinking feeling, I realized I had for- tten all about them.

"Aren't they there?" I asked as brightly as ssible.

"If they were, would I be imbecile enough to k?" He slammed his desk drawer shut im- atiently.

"Sixty seconds," one of the men called.

"I forgot," I said miserably, thinking that I eeded the stuff more than he did. I sneezed ightly.

"Don't come near me with that cold!" rogan yelled.

"Sorry." I had been helping him look, and rew away.

There wasn't time for any further searching. he introductory music started, I grabbed the t of cue cards, and we were on.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," rogan started in his fine, cultivated voice. He eared his throat, unnecessarily. He looked at he card I was holding, and his eyes betrayed im. The little disruption had upset him.

I suppose I was sicker than I knew. Brogan ill never believe that it was unintentional, ut somehow or other the cue cards got mixed p.

NE always started with "Around the own." But he began with the book review, nd when I glanced down to the card I was olding, I realized in horror it said "Luttinger look," which wasn't due for seventeen min- tes. He went bravely ahead, and I frantically ried to rearrange the cards.

When he looked for the next cue, his face ent perfectly blank for a couple of seconds. On a TV show, a couple of seconds is equiva- nt to a couple of hours anywhere else.

He started on the book all over again. I die when I even think about that awful moment. The card said "Book," but it referred to a new book acquired by the Metropolitan Museum, dating from the Middle Ages, and beautifully illuminated.

I suppose he was mixed up, and I certainly was. Everybody in the background was scurrying around like crazy, aware of the fluff. In desperation, I pulled "Commercial" out of the deck of cards. It was way too early, but I thought if he settled on the commercial for a minute, I'd have a chance to adjust the cards again.

"It is my great pleasure, ladies and gentlemen," Brogan said, with a nervous smile, "to introduce our guest for the evening."

I sat perfectly still, my jaw wide open in amazement. Poor Fred! Here Brogan had introduced him, never starting the commercial at all. He just dumped Fred in the audience's lap. Fred—with no experience—and Brogan in no condition to help out. I shivered, and thought the nicest thing that could happen to me would be for me to suddenly fall through the floor.

Everybody was shattered—except Fred. Unless you happened to see him that night, you'd never believe how calmly he took over.

"Advertising is a funny business," he started, smiling gently. He looked wonderful in his white coat. "We get involved with what they call 'hard sell.' We repeat our trade name, over and over, hoping you'll never be able to forget it. And we get hold of a few superficial facts, and repeat *them* over and over, hoping you'll be impressed." He paused, giving just the right dramatic emphasis.

"The curious truth is that the claims that are made are well founded. The scientist with the microscope, the chemist with the test tubes, the rows of guinea pigs—you've seen these over and over. But they're not figments of an advertising man's imagination. They exist." Fred smiled winningly. "I'm one of those scientists. All I do, day in and day out, is work on methods of making our products the best of their kind. This work involves microscopes, test tubes and guinea pigs, among other things. It's not just so much malarkey. Maybe sometimes you get fed up with the advertising, but the product is good ——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 187

new! deep magic

facial cleansing lotion by Toni



cleans your skin up to 3 times cleaner than soaps or creams

now you can have a clearer skin

because you can have a cleaner skin. New Deep Magic actually deep-cleans your skin as much as *three times cleaner* than soaps or creams—without soap drying, without cream greasiness!

It leaves your skin far cleaner, radiantly clear the *very first time* you use it. Lanolin-gentle Deep Magic actually replaces natural oils, leaving behind an invisible powder base.

Try Deep Magic today. See the wonderful magic it works on your complexion!

(60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, wherever cosmetics are sold.)

non-drying—contains no soaps, no detergents, no alcohol



No other cleansing method leaves your skin

So clear, So soft, So radiant

Tissue-Test proves it!

After you think your usual cleansing method has cleaned your skin, use a few drops of Deep Magic. Then look at your tissue. See all the clogging make-up that only Deep Magic can remove . . . Proof that Deep Magic cleans deep, deep down—where beauty begins!

NEW! PFAFF

the FIRST and only COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC sewing machine



NO DISCS TO CHANGE

Even Threads Itself!

The design of this new Pfaff Automatic zig zag sewing machine is sheer genius. There are no discs to change. No extra attachments are necessary. Everything is *built-in*—from the exclusive automatic needle threader to the exclusive automatic Dial-A-Stitch. No other sewing machine is as easy to use. You just push a lever to thread your needle. Just dial to sew anything from a simple straight stitch to hundreds of beautiful decorative stitches. The new Pfaff Automatic makes every other sewing machine old fashioned, because *no* other machine is so completely automatic.

The Pfaff makes beautiful sewing so simple, clothes never need have a home-made look! You can make these delightful, distinctive Easter outfits with the fabulous new Pfaff Automatic even if you've never tackled anything more complicated than an apron!

There is a Pfaff to suit every purse and purpose in a variety of beautiful cabinets and portables. See them now at your nearest Pfaff dealer and get a free Easter corsage pattern for your Easter outfit!

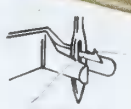
P. S. We pronounce our name Pfaff—as in fashion!

EXCLUSIVE PFAFF AUTOMATIC

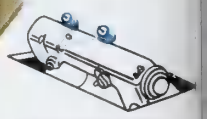
DIAL-A-STITCH

MAKES BEAUTIFUL SEWING SIMPLE . . . ENDS "HOME-MADE" LOOK!





Built-in Needle Threader
Only the Pfaff is so automatic it threads itself!



Fingertip Lift!
Lifts itself into sewing position at the touch of your finger!

PFAFF®

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...famous for quality the world over since 1862

ONLY WITH A PFAFF CAN YOU DIAL EVERY STITCH OF THESE SMART EASTER OUTFITS!



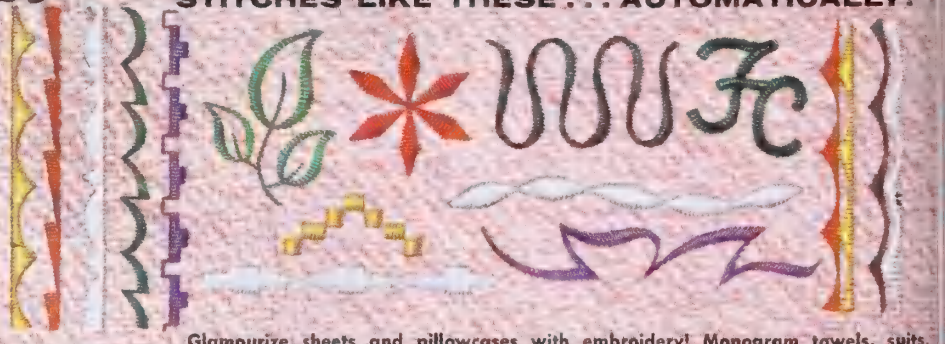
EMBROIDER YOUR EASTER CORSAGE
FREE! Get these and other free corsage patterns at your Pfaff dealer today.



MAKE PROFESSIONAL CORDED BUTTONHOLES
Essential on a well-tailored suit! Easy to make on a Pfaff!

plus

HUNDREDS OF OTHER FASHION STITCHES LIKE THESE . . . AUTOMATICALLY!



Glamourize sheets and pillowcases with embroidery! Monogram towels, suits, blouses! Make clothes original and distinctive with beautiful decorative stitching!

373 Fifth Avenue, New York
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Service guaranteed by over 2000 dealers in the United States and Canada.
Look in the classified telephone directory or write Pfaff for the dealer nearest you!
1142 S. San Julian St., Los Angeles
1015 St. Alexandre St., Montreal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 185

e went on and on, for almost ten minutes. It ok that long for Brogan to gather himself to her; the cameraman thoughtfully focused or red, and Brogan wasn't even visible on the sc n. It was Fred's program. Nobody had to pr mpt him—he talked easily and naturally, as th gh this was a thing he did every day in his li It was wonderful.

watched in open-mouthed amazement for a w minutes, and then threw down the cue ca s, and retired to the back of the studio, wh re I could watch on a monitor—a regular te ision set, that shows the picture as you see it your home.

rogan finally took over, of course. He sig- na d the cameraman, interrupted Fred sm othly, and went on fr n there. I've been told by others that the show w n't as terrible as I had th ught.



t last we heard the lo ly Snimativ music—B thoven's Fifth and " art to Live—with S MATIV!" The whole st io started to talk at o e, and three seconds la r all the phones there started ringing. ooking sullen and disgusted, Brogan was g ering up his papers. "Well!" he declared, ir gnation personified, as he saw me. "What- e possessed *you* tonight?"

was a rhetorical question, and I felt too li to answer, but I said tentatively, "I don't fe well."

That's the cheapest excuse in the business. Y u really fouled me up, you know. And th's a job any moron can handle!" It was in ulting, to put it mildly.

felt so tired, all at once. I was tired of be- i used, and tired of complementing his per- s ality, and tired of not feeling my natural s . I didn't even want to begin to defend my- s . I made a beeline for Fred.

Take me home," I pleaded.

To his everlasting credit, Fred asked no q stions. "Sure, honey," he answered right a ay. "Sure."

First, though, we had to talk to Mr. Kelcey on the phone. He was clamoring, and I thought—and so did Brogan, I'm sure—that we'd all be fired. But Mr. Kelcey was practically weeping for joy. "What a public-relations man! What a marvelous job! I want to see Fred first thing tomorrow morning!" And Mr. Saunders, and about a million others, all equally enthusiastic. Fred was a hit, all right. Solid.

All the way back home, in an extravagant taxicab, Fred patted my back while I cried and cried and cried. We were almost in East Orange before I had recovered enough to let him kiss me.

"I have a cold," I murmured.

"I'll take Snimativ's anticold tablets," he said, kissing me firmly on my mouth.

"I feel dizzy," I said, catching my breath at last.

"Well, thanks, darling. I'm the powerful Snimativ type."

I laughed softly. "Fred," I said, "I'm *so* hungry."

"Poor kid." He chuckled. "We'll have to feed you up," he told me.

By the time the cab pulled up in front of my house, I felt firmly and positively engaged.

I just want you to know that nothing is ever a complete waste. When I was shopping for my wedding dress, I got a phenomenal bargain in an imported Italian gown, just because I was five feet eleven inches tall, and weighed only one hundred and nineteen pounds. There probably wasn't another girl in the whole world who could wear it. Even the bargain price wasn't terribly low, but daddy didn't mind a bit, because he was so delighted with the thought of Fred for his son-in-law.

You know, daddy and Fred are quite a bit alike. I bet Dr. Sigmund Freud would have found some interesting things to say about me, because of that. You know, the father image, and all that stuff. Oh, well.

I couldn't begin to squeeze even half of me into that wedding dress today. END

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 82 & 83

Vogue Design No. 8501. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 8549. "Easy to Make" coat; 10 to 20, 28 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 8535. One-piece dress and reversible collar; 10 to 18, 28 to 36. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 8565. One-piece dress; 10 to 18, 28 to 36. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 8494. "Easy to Make" blouse; 12 to 40; 30 to 40. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 7694. Skirt, 24 to 32 waist measure. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 8560. One-piece dress with detachable collar; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 8479. "Easy to Make" suit; 12 to 42, 30 to 42. 75c.



8501 8549 8535 8565

8494 7694 8560 8479

Who has the Baby-Soft Skin?



BOTH HAVE!

Both use Cuticura—mildest of all leading soaps by actual laboratory tests

Is your complexion less than perfect? Then perhaps you have thought Cuticura Soap is just for guarding babies, healing blemishes or tending damaged skin. The fact is Cuticura Soap is valuable daily complexion care for all types of skin, all ages, all members of the family. Ask some young-looking grandmother her secret and chances are she'll tell you she has used Cuticura Soap every day since babyhood. Naturally, her own children and theirs too use Cuticura.

Actual laboratory tests prove Cuticura mildest of all leading soaps. Only Cuticura is superfatted to maintain the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of the skin. Cuticura may even be used safely on a just-born baby!

Does more for your skin. Emollient Cuticura Soap is also mildly medicated to protect, preserve. Exquisitely fragrant too—hard-milled, long-lasting, one of the finest soaps made!

See thrilling results in 7 days. Do as hundreds of doctors and thousands upon thousands of women recommend – lather-massage a full minute twice daily. If blackheads, externally caused pimples, flaky dryness, oily shine are a problem, use Cuticura Ointment too every night. See exciting new softness, new freshness, radiant new loveliness in just a few days! Do start Cuticura care today.



Available in Canada

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Cuticura

Proved Way to Lovelier Skin



Enchanting tops to wear under the jumper, as separate jackets. Ours, in embroidered organdy, gingham, Vogue Design No. 8541.



One wonderful jumper has many ways of looking. This pattern includes a simple blouse (we like it in a flannel-and-jersey combination). For evening wear without blouse, neckline filled with beads. Model was photographed one week before baby due.



For summer: A short version in linen or denim. Vogue Design No. 8540.

YEAR-ROUND MATERNITY CLOTHES

DESIGNED to look pretty, to be comfortable; your choice of fabric names the season. For those who like a one-piece costume, our jumper will serve many purposes; it's suitable for many fabrics—flannel, faille, linen, denim and many others. The prettiest fashion details are evident in all of them . . . a special favorite is the satin-ribbon bow detail on our two-piece dress (whose skirt, though slim in front, has two giant-size walking pleats in back). The most comfortable clothes are the most becoming, we think, for you never feel self-conscious in them.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal



Necklines should be flattering, changeable. This short jumper has two versions. One with short sleeves, a bias fold at the neckline. The other, sleeveless with a blouse underneath. Ours is corduroy. Vogue Design No. 8555.



For summer, make in rough cotton with striped chambray shirt, pearl button in back.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Patterns on page 194. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, Put... Conn., Greenwich, Conn., or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Some patterns slightly higher in Canada. (Conn... sales tax.) If you desire ... please include 5¢ ... for each pattern ordered.

The line of this two-piece dress is bound to be becoming to most figures. Gores fall from a yoke accented with satin bow. The skirt, a slim U cut in front, boasts two pleats in back—a reader request. Vogue Design No. 8550.

SHARLAND





For summer, in white piqué accented with ribbon. Be sure to build up underarm at least ½" for sleeves.



Keep hair shining bright for days

The shimmering highlights are *there* in your hair, so easy to bring out with Mary King Liquid Creme Shampoo—delicate, pure, concentrated—*so gentle* on your hair. Billows of lather in hard or soft water; leaves tired hair gloriously refreshed.

Use Mary King Hair Dream, a sensational new hair dressing that restores natural sparkle, keeps your hair bright and lustrous, easy to manage, silken-soft. Ever so delicately perfumed.

Welcome your Watkins Dealer, who brings these Mary King hair-care preparations directly to your home, along with other cosmetics and products of distinction.



You will like the Mary King Home Permanent, with instant Permarinse Neutralizer, for smooth, lasting curls. Tested and recommended for all types of hair by the Mary King Beauty Salon.

Watkins

SINCE 1868

THE SHOPPING CENTER THAT COMES TO YOUR HOME

J. R. WATKINS COMPANY...WINONA, MINNESOTA • NEWARK • MEMPHIS • OAKLAND • MONTREAL • WINNIPEG • AUSTRALIA • NEW ZEALAND • SOUTH AFRICA



MLLE. MALO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

every evidence of being a good copyist, might he then reasonably be allowed to do a radish, perhaps, from Nature." He also pored over treasures of Oriental art, which were just coming into vogue. In the portrait of Mlle. Malo, for example, Japanese prints taught him how to compose with the sitter placed off center, how to balance the design with the shower of yellow and white chrysanthemums on the left, and how to achieve a surface pattern with areas of light and dark.

Even his pleasures were closely connected with his studies. He loved the opera and the ballet, but he loved them for professional reasons. In their performance or rehearsal he found a kaleidoscope of shifting forms which stimulated his sense of design. The dancers tying their shoes, exercising at the bar, practicing their steps were an inexhaustible inspiration.

Mlle. Malo was a dancer, and with her he formed a close friendship. When he journeyed to New Orleans in 1872 to visit his uncle and brothers, who were in the cotton business, he corresponded with her. She puzzled him and he communicated his bewilderment to a mutual friend. "I thanked her warmly for all her goodness to me. Why does she wish me more calmness in my ideas? Am I then an unusually excitable person?" When he returned to Paris he continued to see her and at this time painted the portrait reproduced. One of his most distinguished works, it remained in his possession until he died.

Never practice what you preach. If you're going to practice it, why preach it? —LINCOLN STEFFENS: from The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens (Harcourt, Brace)

Was there more than friendship in Degas' feeling for Mlle. Malo? Probably not. He seems never to have been in love. "This heart of mine has something artificial," he wrote; "the dancers have sewn it into a bag of pink satin, pink satin lightly faded, like their dancing shoes." His affections belonged not to a single ballerina but to the whole *corps de ballet*, not to an individual but to all the performers at rest and at work.

Though Degas might deplore the artificiality of his heart, he could boast of the sincerity of his eye. And to the functioning of this organ, to its cold, analytical penetration, his personal life was sacrificed. From morning to night his single overwhelming passion was to record on paper or canvas what he had seen. And it was this lust of the eye which brought about its own tragedy. His vision had always been weak, and with incessant work he became almost blind. In the end he was a pathetic figure, wandering around Paris, unkempt and careworn, unable to draw even with pastel, which he had come to use instead of oil as his eyesight faded.

He once advised Vollard to marry. "You do not realize how terrible it is to be alone as you grow old," he said. But, as for himself, he couldn't marry. "I could never bring myself to do it. I would have been in mortal misery all my life for fear my wife might say, 'That's a pretty little thing,' after I had finished a picture."

Degas never painted a "pretty" picture. Austere, detached, aristocratic, his art re-embodies the high ideals of the Renaissance. He himself stood aloof from the fashions of his time. He believed "one should work for a few people, as for the others, it is quite immaterial." If in his blindness he was lonely, he was also proud. Like Yeats he had "cast a cold eye on life, on death"; and the record of his observations gave him a deep sense of accomplishment. He knew that his detached, analytical vision, while it lasted, had enabled him to change the course of art, to introduce as a new goal for painting the immediacy of the essential gesture. —JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.*

NEW!
DOCTOR'S
DEODORANT
DISCOVERY
SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!



PROVED IN UNDERARM COMPARISON TESTS MADE BY A DOCTOR

- Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours.
- New MUM *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

New MUM with M-3
won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture. New MUM won't dry out in the jar.

NEW MUM
cream deodorant
with long-lasting M-3
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

A FEELING OF RESPONSIBILITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

e kind of magazine which digests its l for its readers, and which can, by ick of apparent understatement, some me it plays with its dignified two- format, make the most extraordinary seem like straight reporting.

indicated this magazine with a wave and and said, "It's this thing about a at. Have you read it?"

nd not read it, he said. She found the or him and started to pass it over to e made no move to take it. "It isn't ry for me to read it, is it? Can't you ell me? You say it's about a cat?"

about how animals find their way to ney want to go," she began. Her voice d dramatically as she added, "and it is y horrible." She tapped the magazine. people moved from someplace in Cal- to someplace in Oklahoma. They eleven hundred miles. And before they lifornia, they gave their cat to the who had bought their house. A per- atural thing to do. Just what we did, we left our Plush with Tom and Joan e came here from Pennsylvania, and nted our farm from us. And that cat n California for two weeks." She re- him owlishly. Like a child frightening th a ghost story, he thought.

cat in the magazine, you mean, I take Plush?" He was trying for the light solving that as soon as he could de- change the subject he would suggest out to a movie somewhere.

weeks," she repeated emphatically. n that time the trail—whatever trail traveling in an automobile over main may be said to leave, for heaven's got cold. Or old. Or something. So fter the two weeks, the cat vanished s home in California. And, fourteen later, it appears in Oklahoma, purring and weaving itself around their ankles cats do, and they know absolutely that eir cat, because of a malformation in its hipbones." She shivered. "I hate said, in a low, frightened voice.

why get so upset?"

ause no cat ought to have to be that Extrasensory perception in cats—I ear it. I don't know how to say it the eel it, but it is above and beyond what reasonably to be expected of a cat. It ch a terrific responsibility on *people*." ked at her uncomprehendingly. She forward intently. "You don't see it at you, darling? Well, for one thing, *I* now what we'd do if Plush came to us Chicago."

sh? Here?"

one thing, we'd have to move." He t she was entirely serious. "And just as ad an air conditioner installed too! But tainly could not keep a cat here. They ven allow budgies!"

etimes, John Hill reflected, the most e women go completely haywire! "Plush a house cat," he said, choosing his with care. "What's more, Edith, he was a house cat. We not only could not im here, we could not keep him in any ent, anywhere. What's more, you never he cat very much, and neither did I. o you suddenly keep harping on Plush?"

"ause I have this feeling," she said. since I read that article, I have had this rdinary feeling."

his time he was breathing hard, but he ed to ask her what kind of feeling it was. id that it was a feeling of responsibility. l right. All right. What are you respon- *?"

n't shout! If a cat travels hundreds and ds of miles to get to us, do you think we live with ourselves if we didn't take it hat would you do? Board it at a vet's? it? You would not. You'd just be stuck he cat, that's all."

d you are the girl who laughed at the table tipping!"

said solemnly, "I wish I could laugh at don't want to go on for weeks and weeks looking over my shoulder to see if Plush has just turned up!"

"Look," he urged reasonably. "Plush was just a perfectly ordinary, plain, dumb cat that we had when we lived on a farm and had to have cats to catch rats. A *dumb cat!*" he repeated. "And if you think he could follow us to Chicago, you, my beloved, are dumb too. It is impossible. Now will you please forget all about it? How would you like to go to a movie somewhere?"

"I wouldn't," she said promptly. "But you may go. After all, we aren't Siamese twins."

"And what will you be doing?" he demanded.

"Oh—going on thinking this thing through. If I can. Trying to figure it out."

"Trying to figure what out?"

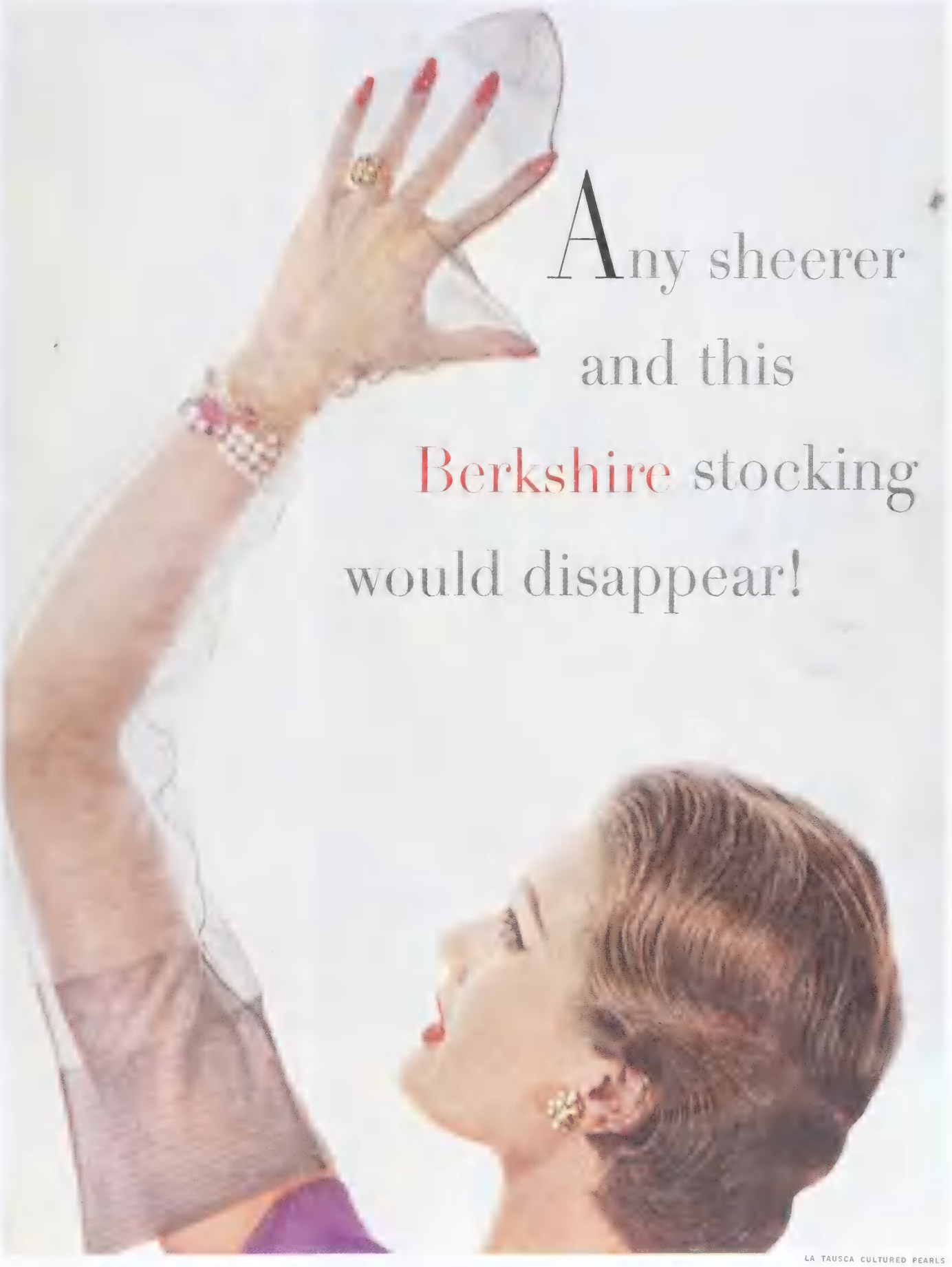
"What I ought to do. There is something I ought to do."

He clutched at his hair with both hands. "You are being so absurd."

She was meek, but stubborn. "I'm not, really. The article itself is all about animal instinct, how ants find their way back to anthills, and about bees, and about salmon and spawning—every bit of it is factual and really well written. And then, at the end, this piece about the cat ——"

"But, look here," he said rashly. "Let's not be bizarre about this. There are two perfectly good reasons why Plush will never track us down. In the first place—look at it rationally for a moment—how is he supposed to be coming? Remember how *we* came? We went out to Long Island first, visiting your sister for five days. Then we went over to New Jersey. Remember? We drove up through New York State, and into Canada. We stopped at the Falls."

"Please don't yell."



LA TAUSCA CULTURED PEARLS

These are full-fashioned 10 denier nylons, the sheerest stocking you can buy. And because Berkshire makes them, you'll find they offer you the same dependable Nylace Top and Toe-Ring protection against runs that start from top or toe, as the Berkshires you buy for every day. Proportion-knit, of course. sheer sheer **BERKSHIRE** STOCKINGS

The look is upper bracket,
the price is downright wonderful!
Two lovely new Ship'n Shore's
for the dress-up days of Spring,
done in definitely elegant fabrics.

3.98

Ship'n Shore®
BLOUSES

Left, lustrous pima cotton in foulard-type print, 3.98, sizes 30 to 40. Right, imported pure Irish linen, 3.98 (also in fine pique at 2.98), sizes 30 to 38. Girls' blouses in sizes 7-to-14, from $1.98



"I'm not yelling. Will he take all those interminable detours we hit? Or do you think he would rather come by the Turnpike?"

He went over to her, took her in his arms, gave her a little indignant shake and kissed her.

"What I mean is," he said, "we are discussing the silliest ——"

"I know it," she said. "But you asked me what was bothering me, and this is what is bothering me. I keep thinking how I never, as you said, really did like Plush much. And about that gruesome little tink-tink noise he used to make when we had put that bell on him to warn the birds, and he tried to keep it from ringing. I honestly don't know what we'd do if he came ——" She broke off abruptly. "But," she said, "you said you had two reasons—two perfectly good reasons why he would never track us down. What was the other one?"

"If he came to Chicago," John said, "he'd naturally go to where we lived first, wouldn't he? Up on the north side. Haven't we crossed him up by moving? We lived for all those months up at thirty-eight hundred north, before we moved down here to the near-north; and if he went anywhere, I should think he'd head for the old address. Unless," he added facetiously, "he is in touch with some cat detective agency here in town."

She looked at him unhappily. "I don't know," she said. "Maybe he is up there." Her eyes widened. "Maybe that is just where he is."

"Don't," he begged, "have this sudden attack of woman's intuition! Please! When I said that, I was only trying to be funny. I was only trying to make you see the complete and utter absurdity ——"

She said, "Oh." She said it in a small voice. She looked hopeless.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry I tried to be funny. Will you forgive me?" She said there was nothing to forgive, that she knew she was being stupid. He said, "Do you want to drive up to where we used to live, and look around? Would that help?"

She looked slightly less hopeless. "Would you mind doing that?" she asked.

"Not at all," he lied. "The air will do us good, and the car needs gas, and I'll buy some while we're out."

Edith looked at him broodingly. "Maybe this is exactly what I was supposed to do," she said.

HE caught a glimpse of the two of them in the mirror in the downstairs lobby as they went out a few minutes later, and he thought, *We look like perfectly rational people, as people go. We look as if we were going out for an evening's pleasure, and not as if we were hunting through the city for a cat we left behind about a year ago in Pennsylvania. Makes you feel as if you could believe anything about anybody!*

"We'll park," Edith planned almost cheerfully, "and really make a thorough search. We won't just stand out front and call. We'll go down around the back and through the alley ——"

"Call?" he yelped. "I draw the line at that. I'll drive you up there, and I'll wait, if you want to look around for a minute or so. But I am definitely not going to go around c kitty-kitty-kitty-kitty ——"

She said firmly, "Well, I am."

And she did. He sat in the car in front place where they had lived at first, lig cigarettes and disgustedly stubbing then and telling himself that this was just thing Edith had to get out of her system she called, patiently and a little bashful thought, in the alley between the two ment buildings.

"HERE, kitty-kitty-kitty-kitty," she cal the artificial voice one uses to call a cat. "Plush!" She went farther into the alley kept calling.

The stubborn little mule, he thought. *doesn't she give up? People should not let selves believe* —— And then, sudden could not hear her and he was out car and racing the alley, his hea his throat. "Edith called. "Are yo right? Edith!"

"Sh-h-h!" She out of a black sh her hand at her t "I didn't know i you—I just heard one running." Sh whispering. She shaking. "I'm so was *you*, John," sh him.

This, he though gone far enc "Look," he said. don't have to wh You aren't comm a crime. This is ish—but so far th no law against it. one who hears yo ing a cat will s think you have a call. But you hav don't you see? *haven't.*"

"I really don't I have," she said. just to be sure, I a ing to go down the the length of the

"I'll wait here,' said, elaborately p When she came he asked, "No

"Put it another she suggested. "S cat." She laughe feel like me again said. "It was . . . crazy, wasn't it? were . . . obsess something. But I much *better* now.

They were in th They were st home. "I must John commented, "that I am glad you do this sort of thing often. You've never this way before—irrational, hysterical His voice implied that it would be fine never acted this way again. "You mu allow yourself to believe that sort of thin said paternally.

She nodded. "I honestly don't know hit me. But you were wonderful. You d the right things." She added hesitantly, see, the California cat waited fourteen and reached the new place fourteen m later; we left the farm in June, Plush eleven days before he disappeared, an May now ——" She broke off. "You see said, "there sort of did seem to be a craz of perfect timing about it."

They parked, and started over toward apartment. Edith walked lightly, as one from care. John followed her more s *There is a crazy sort of perfect timing ab* he was thinking, and he started to say so wife.

But he never even got the words ou there, as if summoned by his belief, on doorstep, big, black and obviously waiti them, was . . . Plush.

TELEPHONE

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

My heart lurched at the warm
Hello—
And then it was not you.
So listlessly my gaze went forth
To seek the gentians' blue,
To find the mocker in his pine
(I heard his liquid call);
I let my voice go on and on
And did not hear at all.

Careless words, light and lilting,
But the violets are wilting!
"Will you come?"
"Yes; I will . . ."
But a shadow's on the sill!

How could I dare to hope, how dare
To dream that he was you?
How could my blood so flood with fire
When in my heart I knew
That you will never call again,
That you will never come
To fill my hands with violets,
My arms with strange wild plum?

Still the voice, keyed politely,
But the tears will tear me nightly!
"Then at eight?"
"Yes; good-by . . ."
Quick! I saw the mocker fly!

Make your dream of owning a Mink come true!

Lux Mink Contest



$150,000.00 IN MINK PRIZES

12 mink coats

72 mink stoles

320 mink scarves

STYLED BY NATIONALLY FAMOUS Annis Furs

4 Weekly Contests

You can win a fabulous mink, just like the one Susan Hayward is wearing here!

ENTER THE LUX CONTEST RIGHT AWAY!

There are four weekly contests. Every week—3 of these lovely mink coats, 18 mink cape-stoles, and 80 mink scarves will be given away.

And it's so easy to win! All you have to do—in twenty-five words or less—is complete this statement: "I like Lux Soap because . . . . . ."

Here are the kind of statements that could win. You might say, "I can *depend* on Lux—it's gentle, mild, really good to my complexion"... or..."I like Lux Soap because it's the finest complexion care I've ever had"... or... "I'm in good company—Lux is the soap of the Hollywood stars and it's mine, too!"

But use your own words. Give your own reasons. And remember, the prizes are well worth your entering right now.

Here's all you have to do to enter

1. In 25 additional words or less, complete the statement: "I like Lux Soap because . . ." Use plain paper or the entry blank below. Write or print plainly your name and address.

2. Mail entries to "Lux Contest," Box 145, New York 46.

3. There are four weekly contests ending March 12th, March 19th, March 26th and April 2nd, 1955.

4. Send as many entries as you wish in each of the weekly contests. But be sure to include with each entry, three wrappers from any size cake of Lux Toilet Soap.

5. The Lux contest is open to all residents of Continental United States, Alaska and Hawaii. (Detailed rules for the Lux Contest are available at most grocers.)

You don't have to be a movie star to have a movie star complexion

that's the beauty of LUX

Complete this statement in 25 additional words or less:
"I like Lux Soap because _____

_____

_____

_____"

MAIL TO **LUX CONTEST,** BOX 145, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

With each entry enclose three wrappers from any size Lux Toilet Soap

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at leading stores and shops or write us, we'll tell you where

#1826 in fine cotton with embroidered cotton inset, $2.50. Also #2426 in nylon, $3.50. Both in white and A, B, C cups

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MIDNIGHT OF A BRIDESMAID

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

doubtful that she could substitute a flow of ink for the tears that never seemed to stop, but presently she began to write:

My dearest love: This letter is not really for you. I will never send it. It was written only because tonight I cannot sleep. Today you were married and everyone said it was a beautiful wedding. Had I been the bride I would be the happiest woman alive, but I was a bridesmaid and the difference between a bride and a bridesmaid is sometimes the difference between ecstasy and despair. For me it was despair because I love you.

I realize now and I have realized for some time, of course, that you never loved me. I thought you did. Perhaps that was because I hadn't the will to think anything else. I kept telling myself that you loved me but that you weren't yet aware that you did. I kept telling myself that there was something real and solid building between us and that someday you would recognize that it was love. I kept waiting for you to show a sign of jealousy, a gesture of possessiveness, but it never came. On the occasions when you called and I said I was going here or there with Frank I hated the pleasant, careless way you'd say, "All right, honey. I'll call again. Have fun." If only once you'd shown disappointment or pique I would have walked on air. You never knew the hours I sat close to my phone praying for your call. You never knew the times I accepted a date with Frank only because I couldn't bear sitting alone all evening thinking of you. And, darling, you don't know the times when I made dates with Frank, then called him back and canceled them because you had called in the meantime with a casual, "Hello, honey, what are you doing tonight?"

I remember well every place you and I ever were together. The shows we saw, the places we ate, the parties we went to and the crazy night we had a picnic on the beach and danced in our bare feet like children. You remember, don't you? That night you said it was be with me and I treasured those w though they had been a passionate decl of love. I had so little to treasure, my I loved you and you didn't love me. Y thought I was fun to be with. You li way I looked, the way I dressed, the danced, and I was your favorite date w were waiting for love to come along.

I didn't know then that you were wai Barbi. Neither did you. I went on dr and buying clothes that I thought yo and I had my hair cut Italian because mired a stranger one night whose hair But you never noticed my haircut.

And I'm going to tell you a secret n about girls and how they dress an they do their hair. Men always think things are frivolous matters. Nothing c farther from the truth. The girl in t dress with the plunging neckline may b shopping for a washing machine as she so sensually upon the dance floor. S know very well that it takes this dress that fellow to let her wash his clothes washing machine he's going to buy wh are married. If the red dress is frivolou so is love, and life, and nature itself. intended to explain something abou darling, to explain why I was fun. I la and swam and danced and played tenni all in the world I wanted was to dire energy toward running a house for you. I a fireball. I'm not really fun. I'm very e and serious-minded. I like to read. You know that, did you? I like quiet evenin long-hair music, but with you I coul lived forever under neon with the S Finnegan orchestra playing us through

On the nights I went out with Frank I my breath for another round with you. and I would eat in a quiet place and j and talk. I never even danced with hi I was too tired. I'd just sit a little daze weary listening to his good conversatio

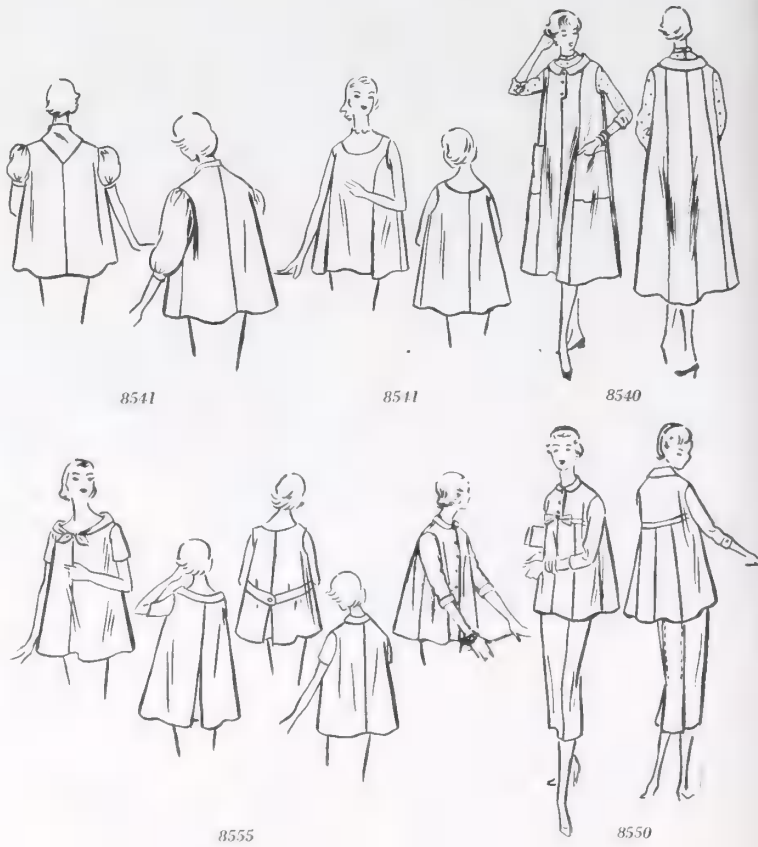
OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 188

Vogue Design No. 8541. "Easy to Make" maternity blouses; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 8540. "Easy to Make" maternity jumper dress, tunic and blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c. For contrasting neckband, ½ yd. 1″ bias piqué edging (buy by the yard).

Vogue Design No. 8555. Maternity tunic and blouse; 10 to 20, 28 to 38. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 8550. Maternity two-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c. The skirt has a U cut in front and two pleats in back.



ing up. And the next night—if I was ky—there I was being fun again, darling, ing around with you, loving it because I with you and trying, oh, so very hard, get that washing machine.

And then you discovered Barbi. Of course d known her all our lives. I can remember at my sixth birthday party. You were re too. And Frank, of course, and everyone who belonged to what I suppose could called our circle. You never paid any attenn to Barbi for years and years. Nobody did ept Frank, who's so kindhearted that he d to take her out in high-school days when had to be home at half past nine. Maybe u'd have noticed her sooner except that her ther—being a little out of step with the hes—made her dress in dear little quaint ngs with cap sleeves and anything else she ld think of that would keep Barbi looking e Alice in Wonderland. I think Barbi was led a drip in those days. No make-up, no chaperoned dancing—in short, no fun. But ngs change. So did Barbi, and in time you covered her. I think I knew the first time I v you two together that I could stop dream-g. I didn't admit it to myself, you under-nd. I kept saying that you had always ken other girls here and there, that your tes with Barbi had no special significance. t after a time I just had to notice that your lls were becoming less and less frequent. At st I wouldn't go out at all, but that paid off no direction and I got Frank to take me aces where I thought you might be. I was so raid, my darling, that you'd forget me com-etely if I were not around. And there is no ed to seek the logic in that statement, for ere is none. Only a woman in love might allow the stupid notion that a man who uld forget her could also be aflame at sight her. Nevertheless, Frank and I went where u might be and often you were there, my ve. You were there with Barbi. There would a crowd at your table the way there always and there would be laughter and we would ave and you would come to us and invite us er and sometimes you would dance with e. Oh, darling, it was so wonderful when you sked. I would wonder if you noticed how eautifully, how naturally I fitted into your rms and I would dance in silence knowing ell that if I spoke it would only be to plead ith you to call me, to make me your favorite ate once more. After the dance I would ask rank to take me home because I could not atch Barbi dance with you after you had eld me in your arms. And you would always bject to our leaving, you were so cordial, o friendly, so anxious for us to remain. I ould have stayed and tortured myself for I ould never say no to you, but Frank, who robably believed in the headache or the leepiness I always pleaded, would get me out f there.

AND then of course Barbi's parents an-nounced the engagement. I can't lie. I was sick about it. You don't know this, but it is almost an impossibility for a person to believe that a deep love is not returned. You feel stunned and for a while you're incapable of accepting the truth. You think that it can't be so, that you couldn't love a person that much without it affecting his feelings for you. And when you finally accept the truth, I want to tell you that it is far worse than the stunned feeling. Much worse. But you have to live. You go through the motions anyway. You eat and sleep and buy clothes and you go places. It's tough but it gets tougher. You're asked to be a bridesmaid and you accept with thanks. But that isn't enough. You're invited to a preview of the house that Barbi's parents have bought and furnished.

Frank took me to that. He was some kind of master of ceremonies, I suppose, being your best man. He showed the rest of the bridal party around while you and Barbi argued over where the barbecue should be installed.

So I saw the house, darling. I hope you both will be happy forever in it. It looks like you and Barbi. It doesn't look like me at all. I remember in the car going home I remarked to Frank that it looked like a happy house and he said, "Yes, but it's impractical for the future. The bedrooms all open on the patio and when there's a party going on it'll be awfully noisy for the children." I laughed because it was so silly for anyone to think you should have considered the children. When and if you and Barbi become parents your children will get along just fine. You'll be generous and amiable and of course fun, but if they expect to live in a quiet world they're going to get a terrible shock. Naturally, being your children and Barbi's, they won't want quiet. They'll adore you and they'll think comments like Frank's pretty stuffy, which perhaps is true, but I agree with him about the bedrooms just the same. I don't think people ought to design houses purely for party giving. I think houses ought to look more like homes. But I'd live there, darling, without complaint if I could live there with you. Barbi is a lucky girl. I hope she knows it.

AND as I write this it occurs to me that she probably does know it. I'm sure she loves you very dearly. I remember how she looked today when you were clowning with Debbie Smith. Barbi didn't think it was funny when you said to Debbie, "Oh, I'll still be seeing you. This was my wedding, you know, not my funeral." Only I noticed the expression in Barbi's eyes—a little frightened, a little hurt. You weren't serious, of course. How could you be serious about Debbie, especially on your wedding day? I know and naturally Barbi knows, too, that Debbie is only a flirt and a little fool besides, but Barbi loves you and she wasn't amused. She hasn't had time to realize you're truly hers forever and a day. She hasn't yet completely grasped the fact that the game is over and she's the winner. It may take her a couple of years to be absolutely sure of you. You know, darling, you're quite a prize for a girl to capture and it's no wonder if Barbi can't quite believe that out of this whole world she's the one with the lucky number. It may be that she'll never believe it, that she'll always wonder and worry about the Debbie Smiths who'll want to steal you from her. It will be a hard life for Barbi if she doesn't learn to trust you, for in time even Barbi will falter and will come to think well of a quiet evening and a stack of records to which nobody could possibly dance.

And I suppose I am searching very hard in my mind for reasons why I should not envy Barbi. Well, I do envy her, for she has you and I am sitting here alone with nothing but the love that you did not want. Darling, you cannot know the anguish that I feel, the emptiness of knowing that I have lost you. It will never again matter how I wear my hair or what dress I put on or what perfume I choose. The telephone has no further meaning because you will never again call my number. Nothing in the world will ever be ——

She put her pen down and listened. Not at this hour surely. It couldn't be the doorbell. There it was again. Yes, the doorbell. She moved cautiously into the foyer. A girl living alone couldn't be too careful. There were things in the newspapers all the time that were very alarming.

"Who's there?"

"It's I. Frank."

"Frank? What on earth ——" She opened the little brass interviewer and peered out through it. Her caller was indeed Frank. Reluctantly she opened the door. "I'm not dressed. I was just going to bed."

"Sorry. Hope you'll forgive me." He had the grace not to look at the dressing gown or the unpowdered face. "I had to see you."

"Well, all right. Come in." She led the way toward the sitting room and gestured toward the big easy chair. "Sit down. What's the matter?"

He smiled thinly but said nothing.

"I asked you what's the matter, Frank?"

"Nothing that need distress you. Really. I'm just a little distressed myself. I had to see you." He fell silent and she used the moment to gather together the pages upon which she had been writing. When she turned back to him he had risen and walked to the window.

"You said you had to see me. Why?"

He lighted a cigarette. "Give me a minute, will you? I wanted to talk, but now that I'm here it isn't so easy."

She watched him with puzzlement and impatience. "Now, look, I don't understand this



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at all. I let you in only because I thought something had happened. I wish you would explain and then leave. I ——"

He said, "Don't be cross. I know I shouldn't be here. I know this isn't your problem but I have no one else that I can ——"

"Then something has happened? I didn't mean to be cross, Frank. Do you need help? What is it?"

She went to him and touched his arm. After all, this was Frank. They had known each other always. What was all this silly, outraged propriety she was exhibiting? Frank was her friend. He had come to her because he needed her and here she was acting like Lady Vere de Vere out of a Victorian novel.

"What's the matter, Frank?"

"I saw your light was on. I didn't think you'd mind my coming. I couldn't sleep. I wanted to talk about it to someone."

"About what, Frank? You wanted to talk about what?"

"The wedding, of course," he told her. "The wedding."

"Oh."

She sat down suddenly in the chair she had offered him. She had thought that the pretending was all over. Now here it was again. She would have to go into her act once more. *Yes, indeed, the wedding. Wasn't everything just perfect? Did you ever see things run more smoothly? Everyone looked simply divine.* She hadn't expected anything like this from Frank. Good heavens, you'd think he was one of those fat old ladies who just love to talk about weddings and funerals. Who'd guess that Frank would take the job of being best man so seriously that he'd be unable to sleep and would have to discuss his part in the performance? Childish. Oh, well, it was easy to say, "You were just wonderful, my dear. You graced the wedding in spectacular fashion." Only a beast would tell him that no one even noticed him. But really, now, was Frank that much of a fool? Could he possibly be on the point of asking how he looked, how he performed his duties? No, it just couldn't be. Or could it?

"It was a beautiful wedding," she said.

"Was it?"

His tone was bitter and she thought, *Oh, dear, yes, he made some kind of trivial error and he thinks he ruined the whole wedding. What a baby even the biggest man can be. I wish I had a lollipop to give him in case he starts crying.*

"YES, it was a beautiful wedding, Frank. Why did you say 'Was it?' that way? Didn't it seem beautiful to you?"

"No, it didn't." He walked across the room to an ash tray and destroyed his cigarette. "It was the toughest assignment I ever had in my life."

"Being best man, Frank?"

"Yes, being best man at Barbi's wedding."

"Why, how could it possibly be any tougher because it was Barbi's wedding? After all, she ——" It took that long for his meaning to penetrate. "Frank! No, no. I misunderstood. Skip it."

"You didn't misunderstand. I saw Barbi get married today and, believe me, it was an experience I"—he turned from her and lighted another cigarette—"I never wanted anyone to know, but I can't take it all alone. I needed someone to talk to."

She was still staring at him in amazement. "You and Barbi!"

"Yes. Funny, isn't it?"

"No, my dear. I don't think it's funny at I'm so sorry for you. So sorry."

Why had it happened to him? He was kind, so decent. Why did he have to l Barbi? She wasn't for a quiet, though man like Frank. She'd tear him to pieces break his heart. And why did he want h Frank, who was so clever, so well-read and interested in things that really count.

"Frank, I'll be glad to listen if you want talk."

He said, "I guess I always loved Barbi started back before anyone else had covered how great she really was."

Great? Barbi? Oh, well.

"DO you remember the clothes she used wear? Little-girl things when the rest of glamour-pusses were all togged out like slin sirens?"

"I remember."

"I loved her then when not a fellow in bunch would date her. I dated her."

"I remember that too. I thought you w being kind."

"No. To me she was always the sweet the most wonderful girl alive. That sour gushy, doesn't it don't really care i does. It's the wa feel about Barbi, way I always felt.

She dropped eyes and did meet his gaze. Yes sounded gushy, only because wor were inadequa things. They cou give no hint of misery there was the business of l ing alone. The wor were symbols th represented certa emotions, certain a onies, and the sy bols could be re only by one w knew the shape pain.

She considere Frank as he stoo there with his hea ache. He was n smiling tonight, b she knew well th slow pleasant smi of his, the nice w he had of looking at a girl with interest a admiration, how he gave his whole attentio to what she said and respected her opinio enough to argue if he did not agree. What crime it had been to offer such riches Barbi—rather like handing a priceless fir edition to a friendly chimpanzee.

"Did you ever get to take her out once s was discovered by the other fellows?"

"Oh, yes; she was fond of me, I feel sur but not fond enough. I took her lots of place I was selfish about it. I never took her whe the gang goes. Isn't that a line from a song?

"Yes, something about sugar and tea."

"That's it. When I Take My Sugar to Te It was like that. Excitement and hope and dis appointment, but always the feeling that noth ing was as great as just being with her. You' never been in love, have you? You don't kno what ——"

"I have tea. Would you like some? Or coffe perhaps?"

"A little later maybe. I just want to tal now if you don't mind. Honestly, you don' know what this means to be able to tell some one. I tried to sleep. It was murder. I got u and dressed again. I thought of you and drove by. It was like the answer to a prayer t see your light still on."

"I'm glad to help if I can, Frank."

"Oh, you can. You have. Just to get it all of my chest is something. You don't realize wha this thing is like. You hear about love but you don't believe it." He fixed her with his steady blue gaze. "Honey, you don't know what it i to love someone who doesn't love you."

"I can imagine, Frank," she said.

"No, you can't. Not really."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

NEXT MONTH

"I thought I had lost you," she said. "I thought I'd lost everybody. Oh, Lawrence, I've done such a dreadful thing."

Thus Lawrence Hearne, whose whole life was dedicated to truth, found himself in a situation where he must live a lie. There was no real choice; he *had* to act as though Vera were not guilty of the crime he knew she had committed. And deception must always breed deception—that was the evil he was caught in.

UNJUDGING LOVE

By FRANK BAKER

Novel complete in the APRIL JOURNAL

s Dancing Highlights in Your Hair!

EW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS, UT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!



Billows of Fleecy Foam Leave Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has *any* shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy lanolin lather—lather that actually *polishes* hair clean. Only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic.

No old-fashioned "lazy-lather" shampoo can shine your hair like this—'til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

Try This Test

The radiance of hair lathered this new way will be instantly visible to everyone—but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. After you've dried your hair and brushed it take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll *see* how much more brilliance dances in your hair, thanks to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo.

This shampoo is so *good* for your hair . . . because there's *twice* the lanolin in it! It *can't* dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. No indeed! Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, soft . . . easier to manage after your shampoo than ever before.

Tangles slip away at a comb's touch . . . your waves ripple back into your hair deeper, firmer, more pliantly lovely than ever.

So let this sensational new shampoo formula bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in *your* hair! The vibrant, glowing tone. The natural softness. More manageability than ever before! Treat *your* hair to the richer lather of this amazing, gentler double-lanolin shampoo. Get Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo today—29¢, 59¢ and $1. On sale everywhere!

OCEANS OF LATHER EVEN IN HARD WATER!

An amazing *built-in water softener* in this Lanolin Lotion Shampoo gives you piles of lather that rinses quick, leaves hair bright—even in the *hardest* water!



...les Its Romantic Softness With Double Lanolin

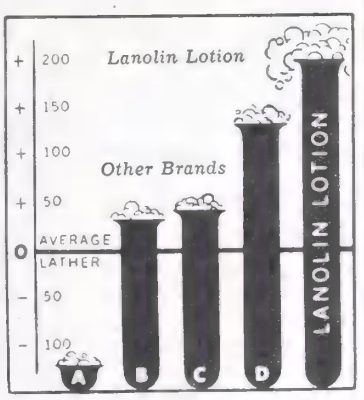
...so satiny after a rich Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can't always wear a satin ...ng dress for the man in your life—but now, with Lanolin ...n Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair *every* ...You'll find that never in your shampoo experience has ...hair had so much shimmer and softness!

...le Lanolin Is The Reason

...iches Your Hair With Beauty ...tead of Drying It!

...lin Lotion was pur...s...y formulated with ... as much lanolin as ...ary shampoos. That ...s double the lanolin ...ction against dryness ...uble the lanolin polish ...beauty for *your hair.* ...even problem hair — ...that's had its beauty ...ried away . . . washed ... . . . bleached away . . . ...its astonishingly from ...double-lanolin lather. ...t only *feels* twice as ...-it actually *is* twice as ... Don't confuse this ut- ... new Helene Curtis ...lin Lotion Shampoo ... any so-called "lotion" ... lanolin" shampoo ...e ever tried before.

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Rigidly scientific Cylinder Foam-Test shows Lanolin Lotion Shampoo led four other brands tested by actual volume of sudsiness.

Double-Lanolin Magic

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"With little children, tangled hair after shampoo can be a tearful problem. But now snarls slip away . . . my five daughters and I all like Lanolin Lotion Shampoo best of all!"



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Mrs. John Sternig, Glencoe, Illinois

"With my casual hair-do, it's important my hair falls easily into place and Lanolin Lotion Shampoo did the trick for me. I find this shampoo leaves my hair far shinier and far easier to manage right after a washing."



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Now break the painful grip of muscular

BACK ACHE!



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CONTAINS 3 DOCTOR'S-PRESCRIPTION INGREDIENTS . . . PLUS SOOTHING LANOLIN

When muscle strain or over-exercise leaves your back stiff, sore and aching . . . get deep-down relief with *new, greaseless* Minit-Rub!

New Minit-Rub combines 3 pain-relieving prescription ingredients with soothing lanolin —in a special *vanishing cream* base.

So its medication starts action faster—faster than greasy rubs, faster than pain tablets! And unlike harsh-irritant rubs, *new* Minit-Rub won't burn your skin—yet its penetrating heat sensation relieves pain even *deep-down*.

Use *new* Minit-Rub for muscular aches, pains, strains—and as a chest rub for cold miseries, too. All drug counters, 39¢ and 69¢.

Greaseless! Stainless! Applies like Vanishing Cream!



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 196

She said to herself that she wouldn't argue the point. He at least had been in a better position than she. He was a man. He could have fought for Barbi, swept her off her feet or done a dozen other things that were man's right. Women were laughed at when they stormed the castle and were repulsed. Nobody laughed at a man who plainly showed his devotion. Even if he failed in his endeavor, nobody laughed.

"Frank, did you ever ask Barbi to marry you?"

"No, I waited too long. I wanted to give her everything under the sun—a fine house, all the trimmings, you know. By the time I could do it, it was too late."

She glanced around her apartment. It was nice. A real cute apartment, people always said.

But I hate apartments. I want a house. I want to buy things for it—curtains and flowerpots and shelf paper and tool chests and bassinets and play pens. But I have no house. Everybody wanted to give Barbi a house. It isn't fair. It isn't fair. And now I'm so dreadfully sorry for myself that I'm forgetting Frank, who came to me for support and sympathy. What shall I tell him? That he's better off without Barbi? No. That isn't true. No one on earth is better off without love.

She said, "Frank, you've run into a rough one. I wish I knew a magic word to say that would help you. Believe me, I would say it no matter what it cost. Only there is no magic word. You love her and she doesn't love you. That's all there is to it. Nothing in the world will make you feel better tonight or tomorrow or next week. You'll get over feeling the way you do, but it will take time."

That was a lie, of course. There wasn't enough time to get over love. But why tell him that? Let him feel better tonight. Tell him anything so that he could sleep and forget for a little while that Barbi was lost to him for always.

"I keep remembering little things about her. Things she said, the way she looked at certain times. Silly things, I suppose, but ——"

"I know. You can't help remembering."

"You know something? I'm not going to be here when they get back. I haven't got what it takes to visit them in their house, to stand on the side lines and watch her being someone else's wife. I'm going to leave town."

"What?" She looked at him in astonishment. "You must be crazy. You mean that after working like a dog to get a big job in your company you're going to throw it all to the winds and start all over in a new town?"

"I guess that's what it amounts to. I can't help it. I can't go on here."

"Oh, Frank, you mustn't think that. You have to pull yourself together."

She was shocked by the thought that a man like Frank, a valuable man of tremendous capabilities, was willing to toss away a hard-earned position simply because Barbi had married someone else. Barbi who wasn't fit to shine his shoes. How could he possibly care so much for her? She was only a big-eyed doll. True, she had a sweet manner and good looks and abounding energy, but did this make a man of Frank's character blind to her shallowness? It evidently did.

"Let me go fix some coffee, Frank. I'll be back in a minute."

In the kitchenette she prepared the percolator, then peered disconsolately into the little refrigerator. Coffee it would be, and nothing more. There wasn't anything else worth offering to him. That was apartment living for you. *I used to bake cakes*, she thought, *when mamma was alive and we had the house. I used to fix all kinds of fancy sandwiches and salads for my friends. I'm ashamed that I've nothing to offer, but he won't notice. Not the way he feels tonight.*

When she walked back to the living room he was dreaming into space and did not notice her. She spoke to him and he was startled.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was just thinking about things, you know."

She nodded. "I understand."

"Well, it's nice of you to try, anyway."

When a man tries himself, the verdict is usually in his favor. —E. W. HOWE

By the time the coffee was poured a sat across from each other at the bridg she had made up her mind. Frank was Not really, of course. But in this Barbi He *thought* he was in love with Ba really wasn't. He couldn't be. There wa ing about Barbi that was right for hi was an infatuation, a madness that wou It made no difference that it had gone so long a period; it was still only a de something from which he would reco the meantime he must not do anythi would be harmful and irrevocable.

"Frank, I want to talk to you very seri

"About Barbi?" he asked eagerly.

"Naturally. What else could hol attention?"

He smiled ruefully.

"She's gone, Frank. You've lost h the world doesn't stop just because s you care for has gone out of your life.

"It's stopped for me, honey."

"No, it hasn't. You only think it ha

Be careful. You're getting awfully saying that he doesn't really lov her. D that. He wouldn't believe it tonight wi he's going through. Someday he'll reali he never did truly love her, but no on convince him of that tonight.

"Frank, don't quit. Don't leave tow

"I can't stay here and the job mean ing. I only wanted to get ahead for Barb it doesn't count any more."

"But it has to count, Frank, becau count. Don't you see that?"

He shook his head. "No, I don't. I d what I or anyone else would gain by m through the disma cedure of facing th every day from here a strange place a I ——"

"But you'd ha friends, no ——"

"I'm not going t any friends here eitl

"What do you me

"Well, I'd have to cut everybody ou you before I'm not going to put myself t the ordeal of seeing him and Barbi —

"Oh, Frank, you don't have to see

He stirred his coffee thoughtfully a not meet her eyes. "What shall I do Just work and sit alone at nights? If yo mind my saying so, I don't think yo upon the ideal formula for happiness know you tried. Thanks just the sam we talk about something else now? awfully good coffee."

"I wonder how much you'd enjoy poured a cupful over that thick skull o No, we won't talk about somethin Frank, you have to realize that you ment's a little wacky at a time like th have to believe other people, you have them. You have to take advice."

He nodded soberly. "You have eve to say that and every right to offer advi didn't come to me and just butt into fairs. I came to you. Now I'm sorry I

"Oh, thanks a lot."

"No, honestly, I should have had m restraint, more sense. It wasn't your p What could you do about it? You coul anything but offer a whole lot of tri gestions and worn-out words of c There simply wasn't anything else yo do. I don't know what I expected."

She was silent. There was no ansv course he was right. Suppose someo tried to ram down her throat that hea talk she'd given him? Pain will pass, s told him. The world keeps turning must work and watch for the bluebird ray of sunshine and the daffodils on the something like that. Well, maybe she actually said that, but the implicati been there. It occurred to her that he' it all mighty well, considering.

"I guess I wanted you to plan a nic prehensive program for me. A fine co tive working chart on how to carry a g torch. I think I'll go now. I'm sorry kept you awake."

He got up from the table and wal ward the door. Her eyes followed him

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

New lotion—scientifically years ahead

Actually heals chapping!

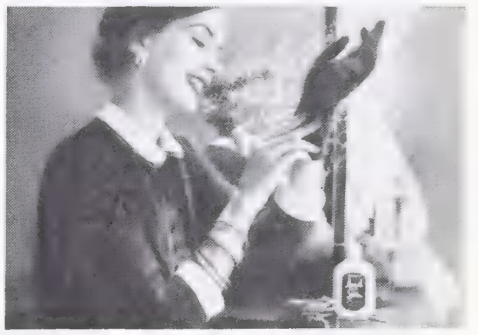


Skin's "protective cloak" damaged—important substances of skin's lubricants destroyed by cold, exposure, and the harsh alkali effect of detergents

Angel Skin's corrective softening—restores *instantly* certain substances important to the skin's "protective cloak." Angel Skin *heals* chapping!



Rough, puffy "detergent hands"—Angel Skin is the only leading lotion with this formula that *neutralizes* the harsh alkaline effect of today's detergents, helps prevent irritation



Never sticky! Unlike old-style lotions, new Angel Skin has no gummy "thickener." Angel Skin contains an ingredient that *speeds* penetration—goes into your skin *at once!*



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nstant "corrective" softening—— not just superficial smoothing!

his is a revolutionary *new kind* of lotion! or Angel Skin's remarkable new formula is medically-matched" to the skin's *own* oftening lubricants!

Doctors say that the skin is *constantly rebuilding* its softening protective cloak. But ften the skin *can't rebuild* fast enough to revent damage—cold weather "cracking," etergent dryness.

Softens instantly!

ngel Skin *instantly* restores certain impornt substances, known in medical terms as active hydrogen ions." This is why Angel kin's ingredients—"matched" to the skin's wn softeners—act more effectively to bring mooth, white hands.

Angel Skin's rich goodness *counteracts* at once the harsh alkaline effect of today's soaps and detergents—as no old-style hand lotion can! It *heals* chapping! It penetrates *at once*—softens deep down!

See its amazing effects on *your* skin. Get fragrant, creamy-pink Angel Skin today!

NEW DISCOVERIES show the skin's "protective cloak" normally has, in medical terms, a biologically-high concentration of hydrogen ions.* Harsh detergents *lower* the concentration of hydrogen ions. Chapping begins. Cold, wind further aggravate skin.

Angel Skin's exclusive softening lubricants contain *billions* of hydrogen ions—instantly restore the skin's normal concentration of hydrogen ions.

This is why Angel Skin *heals* chapping as no old-style lotion can.

*Concentration of hydrogen ions is measured scientifically in terms of pH. Angel Skin is the only leading hand lotion with a pH rating allied to the pH rating of human skin.

Angel Skin

by POND'S

Now! miracle formula in hand cream form

All the amazing benefits of Angel Skin lotion—now in this new hand cream! Light-cream texture—so *extra-soft*, so *near-fluid*—that its rich goodness sinks in *at once!*

See on your own hands how Angel Skin Hand Cream gives more wonderful results than any old-style hand cream can give! 49¢, 25¢, plus tax (Slightly higher in Canada)



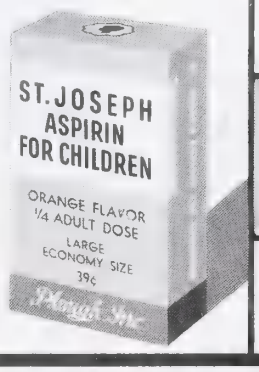
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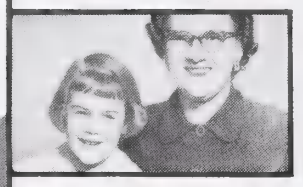
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198

thought how he was going out to walk with loneliness and heartbreak. He would fling aside all that he had worked for and take his chances among strangers in another town. This decent, worth-while man would ruin his life if someone didn't think of a way to help, and he had come to her.

"Frank, have another cup of coffee."

"No, I'd rather let you get some sleep."

"I'm not tired, really. Please stay awhile."

He came back to the table. "I'm sorry for being a bore," he said. "Let's pretend I just arrived. Have you been to a concert lately?"

"Yes," she said. "With you. Last week. Remember?"

"I remember."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Very much. Didn't you?"

"That doesn't matter. The point is that you enjoyed it, Frank. How was that possible? You knew then that Barbi was getting married. You knew then that you had lost her and yet you enjoyed the concert."

"So?"

"So doesn't that mean that you still have a capacity for getting something out of life? It's what I've been trying to tell you, Frank, you have to live even if ——"

He said, "To tell you the truth, I have no talent for solitude. I could not go alone to the concert and enjoy it. I must share things. I'm that kind of person. Your appreciation and understanding of the music made the concert enjoyable to me."

She stared at him, her brows raised, her eyes wide. "Well, *I* didn't get married, Frank. I can still go to concerts with you."

"That's sweet of you, but concerts do not really fill a person's life. And what shall I do on other evenings?"

"What would you do in a strange town?"

"Move about freely without fear of encountering Barbi and him. I need people, honey; or at least I need a person I can be with, someone whose life I won't ruin by taking up every free moment of it. Maybe I'll meet some such person somewhere. Certainly here there isn't a soul I could impose upon to that degree."

"Are you saying you wouldn't care to see me too often?"

"Oh, you're being very kind, but you know as well as I that ——"

"Listen, Frank, I'm offering you that nice comprehensive program you wanted, that constructive working chart. Here it is: Frank, if you'll stay in this town and stick to your job you need never be alone and you won't have to be with the crowd either."

"What'll I do? Join a bridge club?"

"I'll tell you something. I'm pretty sick of our crowd myself. I'd like a rest from them. You seemed to like my companionship. Let's make this apartment headquarters for a while. I have a phonograph, a TV set, a radio. Come every night. Call it home."

HE reached across the table and patted her hand. "That's the sweetest offer anybody ever made. But you know I couldn't take you up on it."

"Why not?"

"How could I tie up your time like that? How could I possibly expect you to give up dates and parties and why would you want to?"

"Because we're friends, Frank. You came to me for help and I think I have it to offer. We could do lots of things together. We could go places when you get tired of sitting around here. I know the hideaway places. So do you. Try it, Frank. It wouldn't be bad."

"You're a sweet kid, but it wouldn't work."

"Why wouldn't it? We've had lots of pleasant evenings together. Good heavens, people don't have to have romance between them to enjoy a ball game or a symphony, do they?"

"No."

"Well, then? Look, I want to save you from doing something you'd regret the rest of your life. Give it a whirl. Be my guest, as the saying goes. Be a hermit in my apartment till you can look at the thing squarely again."

His eyes met hers and he smiled gently. "I don't know what to say. You're a pal, and I mean it."

"You've been one, but you never knew it."

HE looked at her in puzzlement. "I've been a pal to you? When? What did I ever do?"

"Someday I'll tell you all about it, Frank. Right now we're talking about you. Look, this is the way I see it: You have your job, I have mine. We'll meet here in the evenings. Come for dinner and ——"

"I couldn't do that."

"Oh, do. I beg of you. If you knew how sick I am of cooking just for me. Of course you can invite me out sometimes too. I'll go willingly. We'll have nice evenings, Frank. You'll see. And as time passes you'll get to feeling better about Barbi and maybe you'll even meet someone who ——"

"I'm a one-woman man."

She shrugged. "Well, that's your business, but I'd like to feel I at least helped to keep you at your job. Kept you doing the things that you have to do to stay sane. Frank, I like you. I want good things to happen to you. Will you give my plan a chance?"

He did not answer immediately. She studied his expression and read that her plan appealed to him very little, that he thought it a foolish, girlish attempt to help.

He wishes he hadn't come, that he hadn't got himself tied up in this. She saw him sigh and make the effort to appear pleased with the prospect.

"Yes, I'll give it a chance, honey," he said.

Good. He's going to humor me. I'll save him despite himself.

"Fine. Frank, we'll get it rolling right away. Will you come for dinner tomorrow night?" She glanced at the clock. "Actually I mean tonight."

"Yes, I'll come for dinner."

"That's the spirit. We'll have broiled chicken. Do you like broccoli?"

"No."

"Asparagus?"

"Yes."

"O.K. I won't tell you about dessert. That'll be a surprise."

He said, "Are you finished with your coffee?"

She didn't answer, her brow was furrowed with thought. Maple flavor or orange? Which? He got up and cleared the table, carrying the cups very carefully. He remembered them from the old house where they had sat so smugly in the china closet and never seemed to have been touched by human hands.

She said, "Oh, you needn't do that, Frank. I'll wash them in the morning."

"Let's do them now. Then you won't have to face them at the crack of dawn."

"O.K."

He washed and she dried and he said, "Listen, I can't have you laying out dough for the meals every other night or so. What arrangements can we make?"

"Oh, just bring me something occasionally if it will make you feel better."

"You mean like flowers?"

"No, I mean like steak."

He laughed and fiddled with the faucet. "That needs a new washer," he said. "You'd better tell the superintendent."

"I did, but he seemed bored."

"I could fix it."

APRICOT IN A CITY COURTYARD

By VIRGINIA BRASIER

Four walls of windows look with love
And doting fondness from above
This small precocious tree in bloom,
Like four old relatives whose gloom
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Who brings the springtime to their room.

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"You mean if I play my cards right you will?"

"It's possible."

She looked at him from the corner of her eye. It occurred to her that he had responded a little already to companionship and sympathy. Certainly he was more like himself than he had been an hour earlier. And it occurred to her that this was what she had needed, too, something else to think about besides her own heartache. *I wanted something to do, something more important than dusting the apartment. Well, I got it. I got a man to save from his own stupidity.* And she thought that this was a worth-while task, for there weren't many men better than Frank.

She watched him as he carefully spread the dishcloth to dry and she smiled a little because the kitchenette looked awfully small with Frank in it.

"Well, I guess I'd better go now," he said. "It's pretty late."

"I know. Think you can sleep?"

He shook his head. "I don't know, honey. But it's something to know that someone's rooting for me and standing by."

"I'm doing that all right, Frank. Don't forget dinner, now, tomorrow night."

"It's awfully nice of you to go to so much trouble."

"What's a friend for?"

"You're not a friend. You're an angel. I'll bring some records over, and a couple of books I've liked recently."

"That'll be fine. Good night, Frank."

"Good night and thanks a thousand times," he said.

"Go straight home and try to read yourself to sleep. It helps sometimes."

"I'll try. Good night again."

He turned from her and she patted his arm encouragingly. It wasn't likely he'd be able to read with his mind so full of Barbi—Barbi who was on her honeymoon.

But when she looked down from her window and watched him walk toward his car she felt that she had helped considerably. It was a pleasure to observe that he was whistling and his step was that of a man who has experienced not heartbreak but the joy of accomplishment. His shoulders were squared, his manner confident. He walked for all the world like a man who is happy, whose prospects are bright.

Bless him, she thought, *I've helped him already. Poor dear, how could he have ever fallen for Barbi? She's such a featherbrain and Frank—well, I may be wrong, but I always thought Frank was so terribly clever.*

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

looking so oddly tropical in our damp chilly woods by the tumbling icy brooks; and for the first quiet dogtooth violets to poke up; and above all, for the golden smoke of willows—still I think the dark branches against that dark sky are breath-taking.

When I open the door and all the dogs fly out, the air has a special flavor—so fresh, so incredibly pure. There is still an edge of ice in it—and I may say "This feels heavenly" if I have just been over the stove for a time getting supper. I am as hot as a baked potato, and then I look out and the brave March wind tumbles my hair and it is wonderful!

My little chickadee with the bent wing takes a last nip of sunflower seeds in the window feeder, and I am glad he has stayed another winter with me, he is so cocky and quick and never minds that wing at all. I tell him any minute now the red-winged blackbirds will take over the whole yard, clacking and chittering and shaking the trees in their excitement. He will manage, he says, cocking his little head.

A windy star comes out over the barn. Jill puts another log on the fire and asks me if anything is burning. While I stand adreaming, I forget the parsnips—and parsnips are such quick things.

Sister and Jonquil and the Irish come booming back in, hungry again! But Hildegarde sits neatly by the fire, being a lady.

A wild month, a dark month, but an exciting month, says Especially Me! END

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers

"Why not sweets? I don't want to be a Scrooge to my children."

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

ONE of the people working on our staff at the Arsenal Health Center in Pittsburgh is Dr. Milton Nicholson, a forward-looking professor of dentistry who is intensely interested in preventive dentistry. He and I are always commiserating each other on our failure to convince any parents—as far as we can see—that it's better to keep candy, soda pop, cookies and such sweets away from children as long and as much as possible.

You can't keep sweets away forever, because children go to parties and they go to school past candy stores. Then, good parents, even though they limit sweets a lot, have to allow them sometimes, because they don't want to act like Old Scrooges.

What are Doctor Nicholson and I fussing about anyway? There is a great deal of evidence that refined sugar is the principal cause of caries or decay of the teeth. Researchers believe that the actual holes are dissolved out of the teeth by lactic acid. The lactic acid is manufactured by a species of bacteria that lives on sugar. Of course there is sugar in many of the foods we eat; not just the sugar that we add in cooking or at the table, but *natural* sugars that occur in all fruits and even vegetables. But there is evidence that these natural, unrefined sugars, as they are found in foods, do not favor the lactic-acid bacteria, perhaps because of the action of other substances mixed with them. It's the refined sugars like granulated sugar and the refined sirups that are used in candy making which are considered particularly harmful.

You can see why sweet cookies and cakes, which leave wads of sugary dough wedged into crevices of the teeth for hours after the meal, and repeated drinks of pop and pieces of candy, which keep the teeth bathed in sirup for hours between meals, provide a field day for the lactic-acid bacteria.

Most of us parents know these facts in a general way and yet most of us don't seem to pay much attention to them (in my family too). We aren't careless about our children's health in other respects. We call the doctor for illnesses, take our children for inoculations, give them expensive vitamins to grow strong bones, and would be willing to flee for hundreds of miles, if it would do any good, to avoid polio.

The best explanation I can figure out is that there's a very close connection in our minds and hearts between sweets and love. When we were children our parents often showed approval or affection for us with something sweet. "You ate all your vegetables, so you can have a big piece of cake." . . . "You were such a good boy while mother was downtown, you can have a piece of candy." . . . "Mother was proud of how brave you were at the doctor's [or even at the dentist's! . We'll stop at the soda fountain on the way home." The doctor, who of all people should set a good example, may reward the child who behaves well in his office with a lollipop.

So the feeling—that sweets mean love—is implanted in us early in childhood. It gets built into us deep and strong. Later, the young man gives his girl a heart-shaped box of candy on Valentine's Day. A grown woman feeling lonely and unappreciated may be able to comfort herself a great deal by buying herself and eating entirely a large box of chocolates. Two of our fondest endearments are "sweetie" and "honey."

When we come to have children of our own we can't easily brush this deeply ingrained attitude aside. We have an overpowering desire to show affection to them the way it was shown to us. We may hear in our ears the words when our dentist or doctor or an article explains that sweets harm teeth, but the words don't get through to what you might call the heart.

In other words Doctor Nicholson and I and all the other professional people who are trying to stem the sirupy tide are up against powerful forces. We are like hunters trying to stop elephants with air rifles.

Is it possible to be a kindly mother who humors her children's between-meal cravings and still doesn't sacrifice their teeth to the lactic-acid bacteria?

From infancy onward you can serve them desserts of stewed fruits that are not oversweetened, and raw fruits. You can keep them ignorant of cookies and cakes for a long time, and even after that you can avoid tempting them by simply not having such foods around the kitchen—*if* the adults don't demand them.

You can keep candy out of the house except on a few special occasions. I'd forbid my child to *regularly* buy candy or other sweets coming home from school (or any other time). Above all, you can avoid using candy or sweet desserts as a reward or bribe, which only increases the child's craving for them.

You can have ready for after-school snacks not only the nonsweet foods (such as whole-wheat crackers or bread) and milk, that most children like, but also naturally sweet drinks like real orange and grape juice and naturally sweet raw fruits. Then there are a lot of dried fruits, most of which children love to munch from their hands but which are seldom made available by parents: prunes, raisins, apricots, dates, figs.

All these foods are easy on the teeth; and besides, they have real food value.

There are other aspects of tooth decay that should be mentioned while we are on the subject. One is tooth brushing. The main job to be accomplished is not sweetening the breath or polishing the teeth to a high shine—however nice these results are. (In fact, that green or brown film that forms on some teeth has no connection with decay at all.) The main job is to get lumps and collections of food dislodged from the crevices of the teeth. Therefore the sensible time to use the toothbrush is after meals, three times a day if possible.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—*Ed.*

DI PIETRO



Dr. Spock says: "You don't have to have experience to do a wonderful job with a baby—all you need to start with is a friendly spirit."

CHILDREN IN TROUBLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

of months ago. That child had been in a family that had been on agency rolls ever since she was born—and by the time she was twelve she had had so much sex experience that it meant no more to her than shaking hands. She could work her way to California and back with no difficulty.

She was sent to training school, where it is doubtful she will do well, but if we had had her five or ten years ago, we could have done something for her. There are two younger children in that family that may be helped while there is still time.

MISS HICKEY: How do we reach such a little girl before she is completely lost?

MRS. WOODWARD: The agency worker has the right, when the agency grant is given, to determine whether the home is a suitable one. This is an enormous problem—you don't want the agency worker to decide on a superficial evaluation that this isn't a suitable home and get the children out. It may be suitable even though there may be some things about it that do not meet good standards. An expert, properly trained and well-supervised social worker is most important.

JUDGE SMYTH: Before the court can do very much there has to be some overt act or some demonstrated condition that measures up to our legal definitions of delinquency. It is very much the same with the protective agencies.

MRS. MEYER: Actually these families are not helped early enough because most agencies haven't got enough staff.

MRS. CHAPMAN: I think there is something more basic than just going into the home when a breakdown is evident. I think there has to be an education for parenthood, an educa for homemaking, which many young pe don't now receive. Some people, even if have difficulties, resent a social worker's c ing to their home. They don't want any side interference unless they get to the p where the judge or the sheriff says, "Th what must be done."

"He is Still My Father"

MRS. GOULD: There is something very po ant about the importance of the home— need of belonging, which is what the h supplies. Judge Smyth, what has been experience with children under foster car

JUDGE SMYTH: Well, when children have to be removed from their homes placed in foster homes or institutions are leased, usually when they are sixteen, invariably return home. There the real tie affection are, no matter how inadequate home may appear to you and me.

One little girl was brought in to us as a linquent. Our supervisor of case work lear that this little girl was running away from h to escape her father, who was having impr sex relations with her. The mother was in terror of the situation that she accused child of being delinquent. We brought daughter in as a neglected child, and in time brought the father before the grand and had him indicted and convicted. But little child came in to see me. She wante go to Sing Sing prison and see her fathe said:

"In spite of all that he has done to yo She answered, "Well, he is still my fath

MR. CLENDENEN: Recently a writer cam see me in Washington. In Washington have slums some two or three blocks from Capitol building. This writer said, "Isn really a matter of delinquent parents, Clendenen? If these children only had right kind of parents, wouldn't they all g up all right?"

I turned around and pointed out window—it happens to overlook a gro deteriorated Negro slum area—and I as him whether he thought that he co guarantee that his two children would become delinquent if they were liv there, in an overcrowded one- or two-ro apartment, where youngsters are posed to every form of adult corrupt and vice.

JUDGE SMYTH: Anyone who has lived New York City, as I did when I was a and a young man, can see the deteriorati areas that used to be some of the fine secti of the city. They have become tremend slum areas now, gang-infested.

There is nothing to offset all the evil t abounds in those neighborhoods. Th isn't any adequate recreation or charact building opportunity for the child there, none nearly adequate to offset the damage done by allowing them to in wretched conditions that hold so li of inspiration and hope for them.

MR. TABER: We have homes that are wh but where the tension is so rife that the ch sometimes becomes a pawn between pare A home in turmoil can be worse than a bro one.

MRS. GOULD: With the breakdown of neighborhood, the community group, living in a small home, the young mother day with two or three children carries a hea burden than in almost any other soci There is no room for grandmother now—s many of them are working! There is no to help the young wife. I think that is so many young mothers take jobs. They c not take the unremitting demands of moth hood. It seems to me that society must evo some safety valve for the very hard-pres young mother who has no one to help h Even when she is sick she often has no ass ance in her home.

MRS. BASS: Miss Hickey, I hope we going to explore the factor of work mothers. There is a large number of moth who are working with no very special pro sions made by the community, or by mother herself, to supervise her children.

MRS. GOULD: In our society so much pr tige and so much value are attached to a car

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that the prestige of the mother in the home taking care of her children has diminished. There may or may not be actual neglect of the child, but the emphasis on material things, on satisfactions outside the home, has damaged the entire structure of the home, it seems to me.

MRS. MEYER: The child that knows his mother is working to support him actually takes pride in her work and understands that she is making sacrifices for him. But I find that the upper-income-bracket child whose mother works because she wants more money, or because she considers it more "stimulating," often hates her with a frenzy that he doesn't understand because he feels that his mother prefers this thing called a job to him. The mother then gives him more money than he should have to compensate for her neglect.

When the teacher says, "You don't take care of Johnny," she says, "Well, look at all I do for him." And the teacher says, "But Johnny wants mother's love." Then the mother gets furious.

The point I want to make is that the child who is neglected by his mother when it isn't necessary in order to support him gets a deeper emotional upset than the poor child who understands that he is being helped by his mother's work outside the home.

JUDGE SMYTH: I think that may be very true, but in my experience a good mother is a good mother at all times. If she has to work, she somehow imparts to her children her own strength of character and manages to provide for their proper care while she is away,

"I don't like to use the words 'juvenile delinquency' because I have a very firm conviction that the term ought to be translated into parental failure. The problem is one of the most complex facing the nation, and is one filled with heartbreak."

—DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

whereas the weak mother, who would be a weak mother whether she was working or not, is just a weak mother.

MISS HICKEY: If the home breaks up because of illness, divorce, cruelty or neglect, Judge Smyth, what are the provisions for dependent children?

JUDGE SMYTH: Well, they can be handled by the voluntary action of the parents, if they are intelligent enough and willing to do it, in conjunction with the department of child welfare, but ordinarily the service of the court is required.

The first thing needed is a good children's court, I would say, and it must be a good children's court in contrast to the picture Mrs. Meyer has given us of what she has observed in her travels around the country, and we need ——

MRS. MEYER: May I interrupt? You know perfectly well that many of the institutions to which these children are committed are abominable. If the dependent child in an institution has no chance of adoption, at the age of sixteen, in many communities, he is sent to a training school just as though he were a young offender because at present they don't know what else to do with him; then he is marked as a criminal through no fault of his own.

MISS HICKEY: Granted that we have a good judge, what about the institutions to which the child can go? Do we have adequate institutions?

JUDGE SMYTH: May I say first that the good judge is important, but he is only part of it, and he has to have a thoroughly good staff, an intake service that knows what it is all about, and a probation service that is the ultimate in good social service.

You have your choice, in dealing with children, of putting them under the supervision of social workers or probation workers, or placing them. When you place them, you have to place them in either foster homes or institutions. On the whole, I agree with Mrs. Meyer that the situation across the country is rather deplorable. Our correctional institu-

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tions leave much to be desired, to put it mildly. Let Mrs. Meyer tell us about it.

MRS. MEYER: To begin with, we don't have enough good foster homes. The child is therefore sent to a home for dependent children which is crowded and where the children are under severe emotional strain.

I was in such an institution only a few months ago. One of the children sidled up to me, took my hand and said, "I want to whisper to you."

When I leaned down the child said, "Take me home, take me home!"

The inadequacy of our institutions and of our foster-home-care program is shocking. I think we could get more good foster homes if people realized what a tremendous contribution they could make to the future of these dependent children.

If the great importance of foster homes were recognized, we could appeal to the middle-aged woman of intelligence and training whose own children have grown up, and make her realize that she has an empty room and time on her hands, and that she could make a wonderful contribution to society if she would care for a dependent child. We are never going to get enough foster homes unless we dignify foster care as an important function in our society.

"I Can't Stand This Child Another Minute!"

MRS. WOODWARD: The child-placing agency has the tremendous responsibility of evaluating the situation—first in an attempt to keep the child in its own home by using some of these bolstering resources which we hope are available or, if that cannot be done, to work out a plan for the child's relief.

In some foster-home agencies I know about, it seems to me that sometimes the child is taken one day because the agency has some money and there is a foster-home vacancy. The next day a much-more-desperate case will be turned down because there isn't any money and there isn't any vacancy. There isn't any actual evaluation of which child needs placement most, for how long, or how the parent will stay in the picture. **Then you have the desperately bad situation of a child too hastily placed, moving into a poorly studied foster home, and not properly supervised. At six o'clock on Saturday evening the foster mother may phone and say, "I can't stand this child another minute." Then the child is placed in another equally unknown foster home. That child may be sent to fifteen or twenty different places before it finally lands in an institution. Then the institution superintendent says, "Why didn't you give him to me five placements ago when I could have helped him?"**

MRS. GOULD: Is that a rare experience?

MRS. WOODWARD: I wish it were, but it isn't. I would say that with the child-welfare load in Texas, the child who is in a foster home may have at least three or four placements during a year. Foster-care agencies recognize and are doing their best to remedy this, but it is still far too prevalent.

"Most children who get classified as delinquents come from homes that have failed. It is their parents who are delinquent—either too poor to care for the child, or mentally or morally deficient, or have criminal tendencies themselves. Parents fail by neglect, ignorance, and unwillingness or inability to direct their children. They don't want to, they don't know how, or they can't—because of poverty, hopelessness, or some other cause."

—1954 Annual Report,
St. Louis Police Department

MR. TABER: Would you amplify the importance of fitting the foster home to the child?

MRS. WOODWARD: It seems to me the placement of the child into a foster home has to be as carefully done as in adoption. If you put the right child in the right home, he will get the kind of care he needs, the kind of pushing he needs. If you don't do that, either nothing happens or you have a series of difficulties.

MRS. GOULD: On the whole, are you satisfied with the type of foster homes you get?

MRS. WOODWARD: At the moment, in my own small agency, I am tremendously impressed by the kind of people who through the Presbyterian Church are willing to give an entirely different type of home than I have ever worked with before—because they have been caught by the idea of giving service to children. We are getting for the first time in my experience the type of home Mrs. Meyer mentioned. A worker, in order to find the most helpful foster home for each child, needs foster parents with all kinds of personalities and cultural and social backgrounds, not just the low-income home upon which we have too largely depended.

MRS. GOULD: Three placements might be average for a child in a year, you say. What is the cause of that change? Is it that the child was already in trouble when he went into the home and is therefore difficult?

MRS. WOODWARD: All children separated from their parents are troubled children. The success of the placement depends on under-



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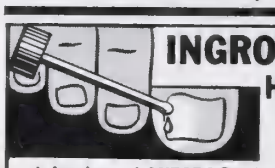


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the child and how he feels about the
n. It depends upon how he has been
for the separation and the place-
depends upon the kind of foster
is sent to. Then the social worker has
le to get in to help often enough to
e problems before they become in-
table.

GOULD: There are some people who
payment to foster-home mothers
e kept low so as not to give a money
. Mr. Clendenen, do you have any
out that?

CLENDENEN: Indeed I do. We have at
ent time in this nation about 175,000
in foster-family homes—that is, de-
and neglected children. As Mrs.
rd has indicated, it is common for
ldren to be moved again and again
n, and, as Judge Smyth, I am sure,
ear me out, eventually the youngster
a confirmed troublemaker before the
rt.

urse there are many reasons why we
uble in getting foster-family homes of
type. In some cities, under zoning
ster homes are classified as boarding-
nd therefore cannot operate in certain
hoods. But I think one grave fallacy,
comes to your specific question, is the
at people should take foster children
of their love for children—indeed,
inancial sacrifice to perform this serv-
ne, this is like saying that the psychia-
uld take that same child under treat-
hout pay and only because of his love

SMYTH: Problem children who can-
ust in foster homes often cannot get
en in some of our modern institutions
fess to be for the care and treatment of
ally disturbed children. They come
ck to the courts.

k that it is important for any judge to
hat in nine cases out of ten those chil-
in court without legal representation,
y can't get it. They have to be advised
rights, and the judge has to lean over
rd to see that they have protection, the
because very seldom can they afford
al from his decision.

GOULD: If you could have the best
on for placement you know, would
better than a foster home, Mr.
en? I would like Mrs. Meyer's and
oodward's opinion also.

CLENDENEN: My answer would be
might be much better than a poor
ome. On the other hand, a child who
nefit from a substitute family-type
n will be much better off in a foster-
home than in an institution. But some children have been so damaged in their human relationships that an institution is the only answer.

JUDGE SMYTH: Yes, it depends on the child's needs. Some children cannot identify with the foster-home parents, and they are better placed in institutions. Foster homes are needed for small children and babies.

MRS. MEYER: As a matter of fact, when you sum it up, the court has not enough probation officers to keep contact with the child, and there are not enough good foster homes or institutions of the right kind for the dependent child, the mild offender or for the serious offender.

Children in Cages

MRS. GOULD: What are the provisions for the temporary care of children?

MRS. MEYER: On the whole, children are sent into a receiving home and there they sit sometimes for thirty days, because the court is so overloaded that it cannot get around to the case—an innocent child, mind you, who simply has no home and has never offended in any way. For lack of space and staff this child is brought into contact with mild and serious offenders and even criminals. Again the need for legal advice for these children comes up, because if the child can afford a lawyer its case is brought before the court immediately.

JUDGE SMYTH: That is a disgraceful situation.

MRS. MEYER: You know it exists all over the country.

MRS. WOODWARD: May I go back to Mrs. Gould's question? I think it would be hard to say whether a poor institution or a poor foster home does more damage. I would hate to see a swing back to wholesale institutional care as a reaction against the poor foster home. What we would like to do is to improve both and use whichever one is better for a particular child.

For example, I am in the process of taking a family of four children from a mother who is seriously feeble-minded. I could use a cottage type of institution for those children, but I am deliberately putting them in good foster homes because I want them to have normal affectionate family relationships in a normal neighborhood and go to a public school. I wouldn't use an institution for those children, no matter how good the institution was.

MRS. CHAPMAN: The situation is different in every state and every community. I have seen some wonderful receiving homes. But in some places, children are kept in jail. We made a survey in one state and found one town where they were trying to keep the children separate from the hardened criminals—they had them in a cage in the basement of the jail!

I am on a board of a home for dependent boys. We have one boy there who had been in a jail for three years because that county had no other place to keep him!

Then, too, there are few juvenile courts in the country compared with the number of county judges. There are very few boys' courts or juvenile courts or family courts. These are only in the large cities and in not all of them.

MRS. WOODWARD: In this question of foster homes or institutions, we are not using all the knowledge that we have. For instance, we know that babies should not be placed in institutions, but there are still a great many babies who are in institutions.

MRS. MEYER: We are not using the knowledge we have in any area of child care. We know that we should have better co-ordination of public and private welfare agencies. We know exactly what we should do about the courts. We know what we should do about the institutions, but we just don't do it.

The apathy of the American people on this question is shocking. I think they don't know what is happening to children in their own communities, nor how important the solution

HOW AMERICA LIVES—

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● Mr. Mayeski and his family, of Baltimore, Maryland, are typically American—a handsome couple with five youngsters, who don't consider themselves "misfortune prone," but simply the victims of streaks of bad luck at inopportune moments. In the past ten years, they have had as much trouble as most families have in fifty. During World War II, Mr. Mayeski was in the Air Force in this country, Panama, and in Okinawa and the surrounding islands, and was injured in service. While he was overseas, the family had money troubles, sickness, a new baby, and everything that brings anxiety to a closely knit family.

The Mayeskis believed they had all the hard luck scheduled for them, but the last blow was Hurricane Hazel, which whipped through Maryland in October, swept through their home, ripping walls, shattering furniture, leaving them homeless.

Said Mr. Mayeski, an electrician at the Glenn L. Martin Company, "Have you ever been flooded out—everything you own a sloppy, soggy, muddy mess? The house was on the water and what Hazel didn't wreck, the water took care of. The Red Cross worker helped us get this new place, the furniture and clothes. We hardly had anything left that we could use."

Recalling the past ten years, he said, "I guess you could call us a Red Cross family because I don't know where we'd be without the help they've given us."

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of these problems is to the future of our country.

MRS. GOULD: And, Mrs. Meyer, they don't know where to get hold of it. We are trying to get our teeth into that.

MISS HICKEY: How can we discover and assist the potentially difficult or dangerous child when he becomes of school age, Mr. Taber?

MR. TABER: No agency occupies a more strategic position than do our schools. In the first place, we see all children, we see them daily, intimately, in the most formative years of their lives. The teacher who is oriented in mental health can be alert to the symptoms of deep-seated problems of children in the classroom. Good teaching in itself is good mental health.

MRS. MEYER: And a good teacher is the best guidance expert because she has so much experience with children. But I wonder whether you wouldn't agree that a child that goes from an overcrowded, broken home to an overcrowded school has very little chance to go straight.

MR. TABER: I would agree that such a child is in for double trouble. However, school counselors can help alleviate the problem. Teachers know children intimately, but they cannot be expected to have the specialized skill, the time and the knowledge of welfare agencies to give extensive individual help. Teachers and counselors, working as partners, can assure appropriate help at the strategic time. Truancy, for instance, is a forerunner of delinquency, and the attendance officer as well as the counselor can serve as the link between home and school.

The gap between home and school is far too great. It is essential that schools provide for periodic conferences between parent and teacher to discuss such questions as: "Where does my child stand? How can I help? If my child has a problem, is there anything I should do?"

MRS. GOULD: Once you have dete child who is in trouble and you ha formed the customary services of t this child's family situation to the a of certain agencies, suppose it is a that this child is doing more harm tha to his classmates; what can you th What is customarily done?

MR. TABER: If the child doesn't res specialized help such as that of a child-g clinic, we take the child into court and placement. But there are many thing before that. For instance, in Philadel have approximately ten thousand chi special classes for the slow learner, th cally handicapped and children in nee cial discipline. We should like to o classes for the emotionally disturbed ch is not delinquent but is in such a turm he doesn't fit into another group.

MRS. MEYER: One of the reasons w dangerous child is in the public sc that there is for that child really n that would have a constructive inf In many cases, a teacher may have classroom a child that has crimina encies and a court record, but the is not told about it because the secre rounding juvenile courts forbids it

MR. TABER: In Philadelphia we also Case Review Committee which the tendent of schools started six years meets every Friday morning for three with the superintendent chairing the m The director of medical services and th tor of special education and myself ar group. We go over the cases of what potentially dangerous children. We o priority at a child-guidance clinic, or a hearing at the court instead of the usua We accelerate placement in institutio agencies and institutions appreciate t committee is working with children s from acute behavior disorders and they prompt treatment.



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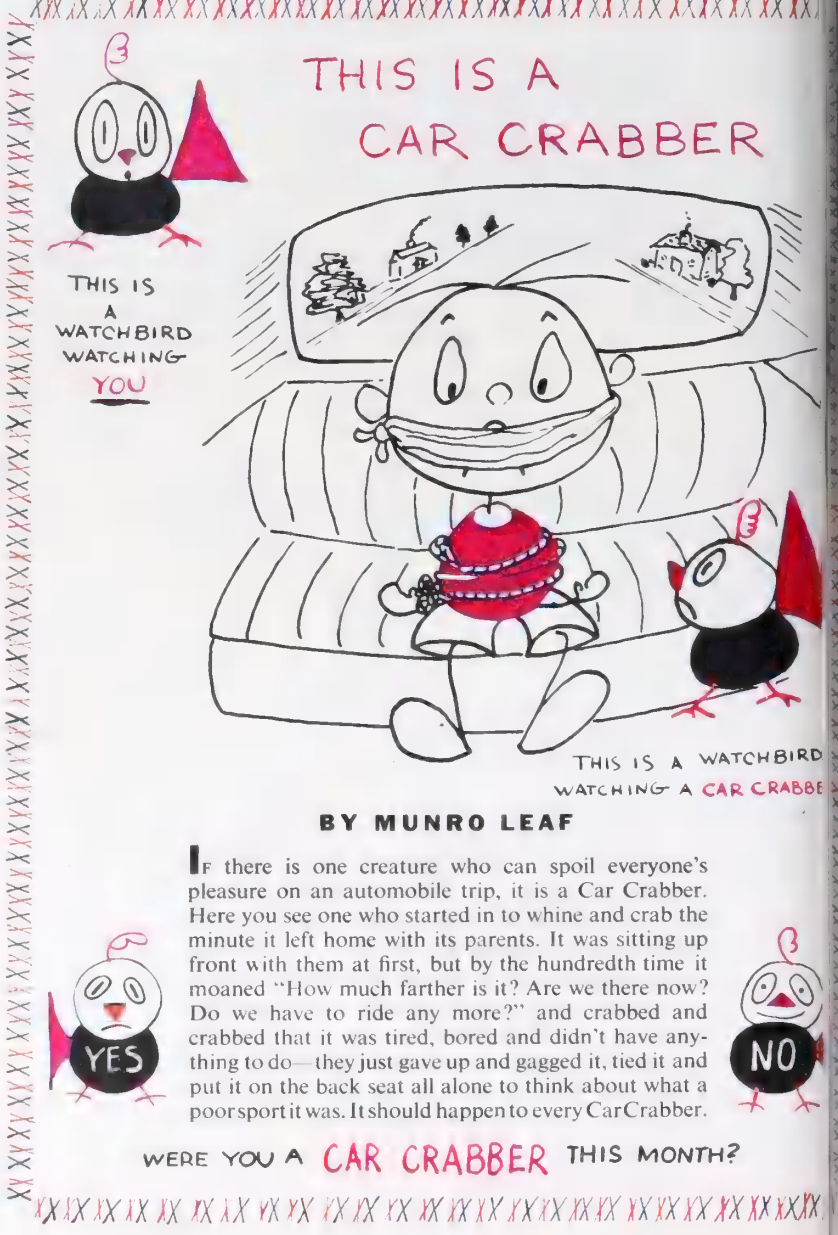
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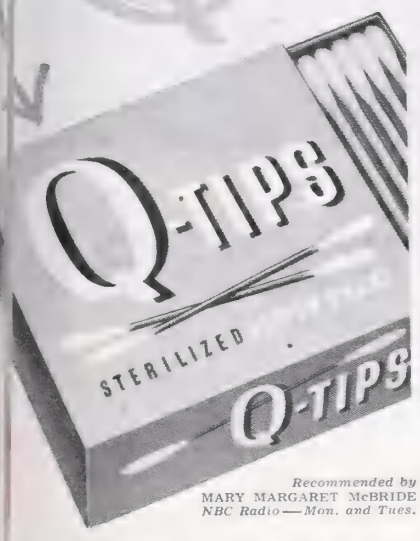
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MR. GOULD: This is a very rare thing, then, not generally done.

MRS. MEYER: But it is what should be done everywhere. The public schools are expected to take over all family and community responsibilities for children. It can't be done, but it is expected.

In one area where I was doing research work, the kids would go to the empty apartments when both parents were at work and have parties, consisting mostly of sexual delinquency. When the parents discovered what had happened in their home, they went to the principal and said, "You are not doing the right thing by those children—or this wouldn't have happened!" People ought to realize that good schools are as much a part of our civic, moral and military defense as a good army—but the schools can't do everything that needs to be done. They can never take the place of a good home.

MR. CLENDENEN: I certainly concur with Mr. Taber that the schools are the one agency in any community that has an opportunity not only to know the child but to know the parents and the family as well. Actually, of course, I think that there is no question that the school is falling grossly short of performing its potential role. It seems to me that schools have three relationships, so to speak, to the problem of juvenile delinquency:

(a) There are a few schools that are in a position to do something about the problem; (b) there are a number of schools that manage to contain the problem—that is, they find some way of living with the trouble of the youngster without actually aggravating his difficulties; and (c) there are many schools that are in the business of creating juvenile delinquency by denying youngsters an opportunity for success and in other ways. When a child brings to school a full measure of difficulty in his relationships to other people, a lack of feeling that he belongs to society, if the school aggravates any of these feelings, to that extent will the school actually be contributing to this youngster's emotional maladjustment and his subsequent delinquency.

MISS HICKEY: Judge Smyth, do you support the type of program Mr. Taber has talked about—this relationship of the schools and the court?

JUDGE SMYTH: Oh, yes. We have worked hard on that for years. In Westchester County, in fact, we were sort of pioneers there in bringing into the schools the kinds of things he was speaking about—the individual counseling with the children and with the parents, and the psychiatric clinics in the schools. We established the very closest relationship between the schools and the court. We actually have the principals and teachers confer with the judge, and we have the probation officers go to the schools and confer with the teachers and the principals.

"For every child who is in conflict with society, the right to be dealt with intelligently as society's charge, not society's outcast; with the home, the school, the church, the court and the institution, when needed, shaped to return him whenever possible to the normal stream of life."

Children's Charter, Article XIV

"We Need to Hold Children Accountable"

MISS HICKEY: Mr. Taber, do you think the schools coddle these boys and girls that the court is trying to straighten out?

MRS. GOULD: Yes, what about discipline in general?

MR. TABER: Perhaps I should say that this is spotty. By and large, we do not coddle. I believe in firm but constructive use of authority. In discipline, I feel we need to hold children accountable. We do a dis-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 211

Tam O'Shanter



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 209

ce to them otherwise. Marriage, job parenthood require accountability. hers should not make idle threats which do not carry out, and neither should nts. It is important to let children take in- ing responsibility as they demonstrate right to it, but we do have to let them their fingers at times. I feel in many cases scipline we have been vacillating. We have held children accountable as consistently e should, and I think this is important.

RS. MEYER: Very often parents object when teachers discipline a child, even with e justification. They come to school and "What are you doing to my Johnny? I see that you are not reappointed unless treat Johnny differently!"

R. CLENDENEN: But there is an assumption sometimes that the truly delinquent gster might have been straightened out ewhere along the line had a firm hand exerted. The average delinquent youngas not lacked punishment in his life. The al delinquent boy or girl who comes beour courts has been subjected to severe shment, usually repeatedly.

RS. GOULD: When we speak of discipline on't necessarily mean punishment. What mean is holding the child to certain lards and holding him responsible.

RS. MEYER: You get that kind of discipline in schools through interest, through concentration on the work being done the child wants to co-operate with the her and with the other children. That is cratic discipline. But you can't do it if have sixty children in a single class. Then eacher has to resort to the old militaristic ority, which is destructive.

R. TABER: It is primarily a matter of bal- There are the two extremes, overindulge on one hand and too much rigidity on ther. It is important that we balance these rs in a way that helps the child to mature be himself and live in harmony with oth- -and this is one of the greatest challenges educators have confronting them.

ISS HICKEY: Then there is the matter of influence in the school, and on the child rally. Mr. Clendenen, are gangs inev- e?

R. CLENDENEN: The influence of a gang be a tremendous factor in inducing delinbehavior, since a youngster who resides neighborhood controlled by a particular must become a member if for no other on than for his own self-protection. I think problem, however, is much broader. All of ve a drive for prestige and for acceptance ur fellows. This is a particularly strong in the years of adolescence when the is leaving the security he formerly found s family.

w, no youngster wants to chicken out. youngster wants to be thought of, in s of his contemporaries, as a youngster who doesn't have enough nerve. Actually, many youngsters get into serious trouble because of this need—this perfectly normal, human need—to go along and be accepted by one's associates.

MRS. MEYER: The gang is inevitable when so many children feel as isolated as they do today in our shattered society. They haven't a basic relationship with their parents, very often, or with the community. They are neglected in school, not because the school is indifferent but because it can't cope with a mass influx of students. They just instinctively gang up against the adult world because they feel the adult world is not giving them sufficient emotional support. They don't reason it out that way, but that is why it happens. They have to belong somewhere, and if they can't belong anywhere else, they are going to belong to a gang.

How Can We "Take Hold"?

MISS HICKEY: Well, there are certainly many other factors we could discuss in relation to the seeds of delinquency, the seeds of crime. What can we, as citizens and parents, do to correct some of these conditions? How can we "take hold" in a practical way, Mr. Clendenen?

MR. CLENDENEN: To me, the things that we can do, both in relation to our own children and in relation to other children, are really almost without number. Once upon a time when we lived in somewhat better-knit neighborhoods, we took a greater degree of responsibility for our neighbors' children. We need to take more now. I don't mean poking your nose into your neighbors' business. But I do mean that when you see a youngster who doesn't belong to you doing something you think is dangerous for that individual's welfare, you would do something about it rather than merely say, "This child doesn't belong to me. I'll just turn my head and walk along my way."

It is much easier to get people to give money to good causes than it is to get them to give of themselves. Yet there is no substitute for the help we can give by volunteering our services in Big Brother organizations, Big Sister organizations, PAL clubs, teen-age canteens. I think that our efforts to do something about juvenile delinquency so often are blocked because we think that we have to find something big and dramatic to do. Actually, the opportunities are innumerable in our daily living.

MRS. CHAPMAN: Well, of course we can't teach our children integrity when we're getting tickets fixed and evading income tax ourselves. I don't think you can isolate children's problems. They are tied up with every phase of the community—good health, slum clearance, sanitation. You can't say, "This is a children's problem. This is an adult problem." It's a total community effort that is going to get to the basic causes of juvenile delinquency. Our


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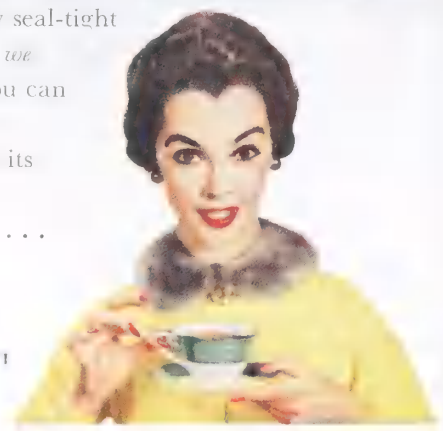
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communities differ, from the little crossroads to the great metropolitan areas. The opportunities are different; the needs are different. But I think that some group in every community should survey the needs of its particular community and proceed to meet them.

For instance, in Iuka, Mississippi, they have formed a community council and made a study of their town. They found that they needed many things. They went after them, and there were fifty-two different projects undertaken, all of which improved the community and made it a better place in which to bring up children.

JUDGE SMYTH: Delinquency is concentrated in the underprivileged areas or the areas of the disadvantaged family and child. One third of our children in trouble come from homes broken by death, desertion or divorce. The other two thirds come from insecure homes. They don't come from good, solid homes.

We in the courts are engaged in the correction of delinquency, and in that sense, in the prevention of crime. But no matter how much the courts do with those who have been guilty of overt action, you will have that army going through the courts to the end of time un you get at this on a preventive basis.

The comparison has been often made— it is just as true today as it ever was—that never controlled smallpox and cholera yellow fever until we got down to the sou of the infection.

And we will never control delinquency crime until we abolish these terrible conditi that we expose children to. It requires m action on a tremendous scale. In a city New York, I should think it would mea city-wide council, broken down into are and trying unitedly to see what could be do

MRS. CHAPMAN: When we began with community projects many years ago, we w all out for teen-age centers, for recreation, put great emphasis on recreation. We fou that though it is part of the problem it is all, and there is much guidance needed setting up recreation programs. Let me re you a letter I received recently on the subj of recreation. It says:

"We are a social studies class at Eve Junior High School in San Francisco. cently we have been discussing juvenile de quency. Here we offer our opinions to you:

COOKING IN RUSSIA

By Lady Kelly

COOKING as an art is not encouraged by the Soviet authorities, for it requires time and energy which are needed for the building up of the new industrial Russia. So every effort is made to have a uniform standard system varied only by differences in quality and variety according to the purse, which is now the only form of rationing. Many eat in canteens, leaving the young children in crèches; many eat in the restaurants, which are divided into four categories according to price. Those who eat at home are encouraged to live on the tinned foods of the Ministry of Food Production, which are among the few commodities advertised on hoardings.

But though the quality and variety of the food are rationed by the purse, all cooks are trained on a standard method; there are no private individual cooks as we understand them; most working families, when they do cook at home, boil their food on sticks or paraffin stoves, so the standard dish is soup which can be made with fish, eggs, turnips, potatoes or meat, again according to the purse. The best of all for those who can afford it is the famous borsch, which is either a mixture of beans, meat, bacon and all available vegetables, especially beet root, or a consommé laced with beet-root liquor and sour cream. The staple diet of the poor is, however, cabbage, dried fish, potatoes and bread, of which there is a great variety including one made with barley colored yellow by mustard. Except for apples, fruit is practically unavailable in the winter.

The well-to-do are encouraged to buy the Ministry's tinned food and tinned asparagus, champagne from the Crimea and sweet wines from Georgia, tinned sturgeon from the great rivers in the east, and of course caviar, which is the sturgeon's roe. There is the cheap caviar which is red, but the connoisseurs eat only the gray-black variety. At the first-class restaurants the knowing ones ask for cheese (copied from the Swiss) from Yaroslav or Uglich served with hock, and the Kievski cutlet which is the wing of a chicken rolled out flat, dipped in egg crumbs and filled before baking with fresh butter which spouts out in a fountain when cut, to the great discomfort of unwarned visitors. The caviar is made as I saw in Astrakhan by a woman stirring the sturgeon's roe with her arm in a barrel round a pillar of salt; the chemical reaction produces the delicious, filmy, gray-black caviar which is well known as Molossol outside Russia. All this is for the rich, but the picture would not be complete without it.

Although cookery as an art is considered frivolous and time-wasting, the Soviet citizen, whether in the smartest national restaurants like the Aragvi and the Moskva Hotel roof garden or in a many-storied block of workmen's dwellings, is desired to behave culturally at table. A food manual published in 1952 condemns picking your teeth with a fork, recommends chewing your food, and urges parents to teach their children by example not to play with the tablecloth nor to put their knives in their mouths.

The national wines are too expensive for the majority, who drink beer or vodka, especially the latter, which is often drunk even before breakfast instead of tea, the national beverage drunk milkless. Nevertheless, wine is drunk for parties and a just reward for hard work, as well as a boost to the state-owned wine enterprises. As Stalin once put on record, champagne is a sign of material prosperity, that prosperity and high standard of living some workers enjoy in the Soviet Union. The best comes from the Crimea, and was laid down in the nineteenth century and goes by the name of Abrow-Durso. Cognac from the Caucasus, curious hocks called "type" Riesling, sweet and cool Georgian wines that don't bear transporting; these are but a few, available at very high prices.

All who knew Czarist Russia agree that there is less drunkenness, at least in public: the abuse of vodka is discouraged by both official pressure and a high price; though the occasional popping up of the old Adam is shown by the existence of an admirable institution called "Sobering-up House," where those who fall by the wayside are brought round by vigorous nurses and sent on their way next morning by the militiamen, as the police are called. Russians love cold soups in the summer, the best of which is the *okroshka*, of which here is the recipe:

Chop some green onions and pickles. Hard-boil some eggs. Peel and halve. Chop up cold veal or cold fish, black olives and capers and a good quantity of fresh cucumber. Mix all together and pile into soup plates, adding a spoonful of sour cream on top. Boil some very red beet root and cool red liquid, removing beet. Mix this with bottle of chilled *kvas* or beer and pour into plates. Ice can be floated in the *okroshka* too.

Winter and summer, ice-cream venders plod the streets and sell their wafer-contained ices to children, who adore them. Milk is hardly ever bottled or pasteurized; butter is excellent and beef home-grown. Fish in a landlocked country is difficult to keep. In the summer grapes and watermelons are sold in the streets off great government baskets; mushrooms are very popular: dried and strung on long cords, they are sold on the Kolkhoz markets winter and summer alike. Eggs are relatively cheap and the favorite manner of cooking them is in oil baked in a round tin, three at a time. They are eaten off the dish with black bread.

Somehow very little home baking seems to be done, as flour is distributed only twice a year, but at Easter two traditional foods are prepared: one the "*kulich*," a large bun covered with pink icing which is blessed in Greek Orthodox churches, and the other the "*paska*," a very sweet mixture of groundnuts, raisins and cottage cheese.

…ted time is one of the juve-…blems of today. Jobs should …e available to all who desire …Community centers could … as agencies for jobs for stu-… We also would like to sug-…e free use of newspaper …ds for students to advertise …k that they can do.

"R…reation centers pose another ob…n. The older teen-agers receive …cognition at centers, and they tu…run out the younger teen-agers. …terest groups should be estab-…or the various age groups with …s that are interesting and de-…

"S…dents should have more to say …hat the programs should be. …irectors should be hired to pro-…unger groups from delinquent …ers that roam the parks. These …irectors would help enliven the …on program. This would also …ovide evening recreation.

"L…uor control is definitely inade-…and more enforcement of the … laws is necessary.

"W… feel that these are a few points …ould help the teen-agers. To …t small investment now would …llars in the future."

A… then it is signed by all the …rs of the class.

…le for Dating, Drinking

M… TABER: Could I give three spe-…amples of community action?

…a pamphlet entitled "We Can …" A hundred and fifty thousand …e have been distributed in Phil-…ia and suburbs. It is a code of …or for young people developed … children themselves in collabo-… with parents and teachers. It … with dating, hours of coming … drinking, driving and other …ge problems. Adhering to this …rees the child of that strain be-…loyalty to parents and loyalty to …up. You know, they play one … the other, saying, "Susie's … lets her stay out until two …k. Why can't I?" This set of … rules avoids needless mis-…standings.

…ondly, in Lincoln High School, …theast Philadelphia, the student …l and the Home and School As-…ion got together and organized a …n at that high school. Six to …undred youngsters are dancing …every Saturday night. The kids …e jukeboxes. They pay twenty-…nts admission. It is under super-… of parents and teachers who …teer. We are missing a great bet …we don't consider the hundreds …llions of dollars of educational …ngs that could be opened at … if the community would foot the …

…hird practical example is the re-… formed Association for Re-… Children. It has shown the im-…hat parents who have had no … heretofore can have. For in-…, as a result of their program, we …ave state legislation in Pennsyl-… which enables local school dis-… to set up classes for children with … between twenty-five and fifty, …special reimbursement. We have … six classes in Philadelphia for … trainable children.

MR. CLENDENEN: To return to the … agencies, I feel that in some in-…es, after setting up these agencies, …ve not given them the kind of …ort it takes to make them work … For example, our aid-to-depend-…ildren program is designed to …e a mother to stay at home and …or her children when the family …rived of its breadwinner. **Yet in …tate I know of the grant for a …er and child is the magnifi-**

cent sum of $25 per month. We defeat the entire aim of the program when we offer that kind of niggardly support.

There can be no question of the value of marital-counseling services, of mental-health clinics, and child-guidance clinics. But to make them function we have to staff them and pay the costs.

MRS. MEYER: The way to create order in any community is through a community council. It can be divided into subcouncils, one on education, one on health, one on welfare, but all should be a part of the central council which is trying to weigh effectiveness and lack of effectiveness of local agencies—in other words, a clearinghouse.

MRS. GOULD: Do you think the greatest pressure to bring that about is the awareness of the local community?

MRS. MEYER: Yes. Almost every American community has an array of welfare agencies that are wasting a lot of money while human misery remains unalleviated. Our whole welfare setup—and by that I mean health, children and family agencies—has grown up higgledy-piggledy and it has to be corrected on a community basis first. It is a matter not so much of additional money, to start with, as it is a matter of better co-ordination and better administration.

MRS. WOODWARD: Could you clarify the difference between the kind of councils you are talking about and the existing council of social agencies?

MRS. MEYER: The councils of social agencies are not free to act as they should. I have been

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JUBILEE JUMBLES

1/2 cup soft shortening
1 cup brown sugar (packed)
1/2 cup white sugar — 2 eggs
1 cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk
1 tsp. vanilla
2 3/4 cups sifted Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour
*1/2 tsp. soda — *1 tsp. salt
1 cup cut-up Diamond Walnuts

Mix thoroughly shortening, sugars, eggs. Stir in Carnation Evaporated Milk, vanilla. Sift together flour, soda, salt and stir in. Blend in nuts. Chill 1 hour. Heat oven to 375° (quick moderate). Drop rounded tablespoonfuls 2" apart on greased baking sheet. Bake *about 10 minutes*, until delicately browned. While warm, frost with Burnt Butter Glaze (recipe below). Garnish with Diamond Walnut halves. Makes *about 4 dozen.*

BURNT BUTTER GLAZE . . . Heat 2 tbsp. butter until golden brown. Beat in until smooth 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar and 1/4 cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk.

Variations: 1 cup moist shredded coconut or finely cut dates or seedless raisins or 6-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces may be added to this recipe.

**If you use GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour, omit soda and salt.*





on many councils of social agencies, and they scratch one another's backs. You have to have a lay council and lay leadership, that can step out and tell the community where its weak spots are. The professional worker can't do that. She is apt to lose her job.

MR. TABER: In my experience, councils of social agencies play a vital role in co-ordinating services. I have served on the council in Philadelphia, and have seen studies made and new services developed to meet changing needs. Duplication has often been eliminated by a merging of agencies. Most councils, to my knowledge, are made up of courageous lay citizens as well as professionals.

MISS HICKEY: Mrs. Gould suggested at the Herald Tribune forum the idea of a National Commission for Children like the National Citizens' Commission on Education, composed of lay leaders who would go about this idea of getting local action.

MRS. GOULD: Or beginning with the state action. It seems to me that sometimes there is value in a national group—a widely representative national group—which can help to crystallize needs and objectives, which would, in turn, be of assistance to a local or state committee.

MRS. MEYER: I think that would come of its own accord if there were a real awareness in the community of the urgency of this problem.

MR. TABER: Why can't we organize at state and Federal as well as local levels, and work in concert? Many problems defy local solution and require state action, such as legislation safeguarding adoptions. The Governor's Committee on Children and Youth in Pennsylvania found a dramatic way of arousing citizen interest by holding twelve regional hearings. Over two hundred civic leaders, parents and professional workers testified as to the needs. The hearings generated a real head of steam.

MRS. MEYER: Of course you have state councils in several of the states, and they can be of tremendous help in leadership, but this problem can be solved only by local community groups and dedicated individual leadership.

MRS. WOODWARD: I think one of the big general problems is that of recruitment of people into the understanding and helping professions—that would include teachers, psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers and others. I should think the kind of people who read the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL would be challenged by the notion of being foster parents if they knew the service they could render to the child, to society and to themselves. Many of our children's institutions are supported by church groups or fraternal organizations. Members of these groups ought to keep their institutions moving in a progressive direction: away from long-time institutional care for children and away from any institutional care for infants, adding to their programs other services, such as foster-home care and adoption of older children and families of children. The Lutherans, for example, are leading the way in children's programs.

Square Dancing in Church

MRS. GOULD: I wonder if Judge Smyth will speak about the importance of religion in the home?

JUDGE SMYTH: The absence of true religious conviction and practice in the home is very marked in the cases we see in court. Where there is a true religious belief and a faithful adherence to it, where the parents rely upon the church as a cornerstone on which their home rests and teach their children the elementary truths of the commandments and the Golden Rule—that kind of home doesn't usually produce delinquency.

MR. TABER: The churches have been criticized—and I think unfortunately—for promoting social activities and athletics for youth. Some say it is a part of recruitment. To be sure, it is, but justifiably so. I know my children get a great deal out of their square dances and other social activities under church auspices. The church needs to reach out to children through special programs.

JUDGE SMYTH: I have not checked the figures lately, but I know a few years ago it was authoritatively stated that there were over twenty million children in the United States who had no church or Sunday-school affiliation. I believe that is true today, perhaps in even greater numbers.

When children are brought into the court, we always try to bring them in touch with their pastors, if any, with more or less success. We try to encourage children to go to the church and Sunday school of their faith, but we never make it a condition of probation.

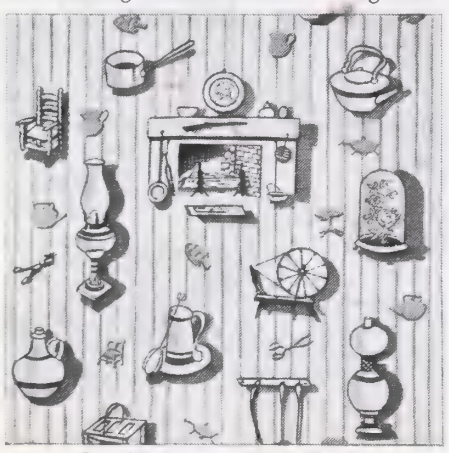
MR. TABER: On the question of how to help children, I would recommend the school-work program. In 1912, when children were dropping out of school wholesale, we set up a school-work program in Philadelphia permitting children over fourteen to work a half day and go to school a half day. We have three thousand at the present time on that basis. We have seen remarkable changes as the result of this program. Boys and girls who were previously absent from school for long stretches attended regularly and took a new interest in their academic work. When they saw the demands of the workaday world, they realized the importance of completing their education. As the economic situation changes, and there are fewer jobs for youngsters, it seems to me we ought to

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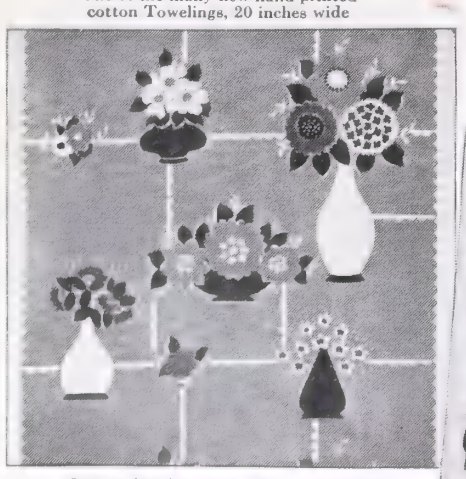
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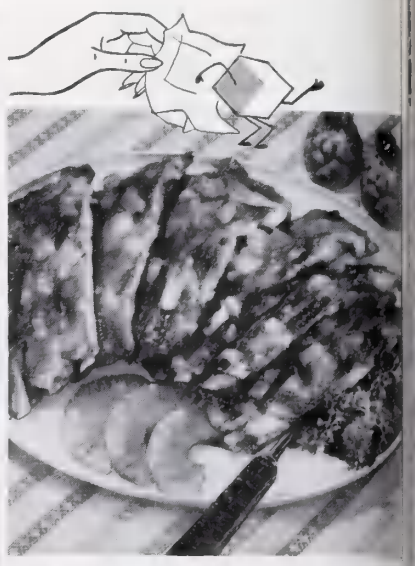
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e work camps for teen-agers. All of us e to leave the protective home and the tering arm of our parents and to find our- es and fend for ourselves. What children d is a period of separation from their par- s, and this would achieve it.

MRS. GOULD: Especially if the work could long the lines of some form of conserva- nal public service, where the utility of the k was immediately apparent, even though it s on a simple scale. I mean work in public ks, recreational centers, community cleanup beautification. Girls could assist as hospital es, in child care and so forth. I am very much rested in that idea, Mr. Taber.

MR. TABER: Another thing schools can do—could do, given the personnel and facili—is to reach out and make the community boratory. The school-work program is one m of that. We also have youngsters going the city planning commission and under- ing projects to clean up vacant lots and k yards. We have youngsters who give usands of hours as volunteer aides, nurses' es in hospitals and recreation centers. All of s helps them to develop a sense of com- nity responsibility.

UDGE SMYTH: Of course, we have been dis- sing a two-pronged attack on delinquency.

High school students polled by Fairleigh Dickinson College gave these reasons for delinquency:

"Don't want to be chicken."

"Desire for new experiences—aren't getting any new experiences unless they go out and get them."

"Confident they will not get caught" and if they do "the law is lenient."

"When children see and hear of police taking grafts, parents fixing tickets, friends smuggling perfume across the border, they feel they too can do something and get away with it."

"Desire to get nice things other people have."

"Parents do not pay enough attention to their children's activities."

e is community organization for the pre- ntion of delinquency, and the other is the engthening of our juvenile courts and pro- tion services and social services and institu- nal services.

I would like to speak a little further on the ed of strong children's courts in each and ery community and the appalling extent to hich they are absent. Where the courts do ist, they very often exist in name only. ey do not have the necessary probation rvices. Let me again stress the fact that e courts have just two recourses. One is obation and the other is commitment. e couldn't commit all the children that me before us if we wanted to. We uldn't build institutions fast enough to ld them, and we don't want to because is an economic and human waste. Right w I have a child who is in an immediate isis and needs care, and I can't find a place r him. There isn't a place.

MR. GOULD: This is true throughout the untry, Judge Smyth?

JUDGE SMYTH: It is true throughout the untry in a greater degree than it is right re in New York State because New York advanced in this effort—and even here con- tions are deplorable. I have children that an't possibly place. I have children that have to leave in the community and in e public-school system where they don't long and give them the best supervision e can through our probational workers nd social workers and school service. We now that we are not meeting their needs. I ave boys and girls I have actually to send to rrectional schools where they are very kely to retrogress rather than make progress. am dealing with ten-year-old boys now ho just will not fit into the school com- unity. I have been trying for at least six onths to find out what I can do for them, and I work in a privileged community. I often ask myself, if conditions are that difficult in wealthy Westchester County, what must they be in other parts of the country?

What Women Can Do

MRS. CHAPMAN: I think most of the long-range answers to the judge's problems are preventive measures. My whole emphasis would be on prevention. I envision many things that people can do. The most important and the most intangible, and perhaps the most difficult of all, is that we change the basic philosophy that adults pass on to children.

Somehow, in building up our great country, our great economy, we have lost a sense of values. How do we evaluate success? How do we evaluate achievement? Mostly by economic gain. We lack nurses, we lack doctors, and teachers, we lack psychiatric workers, and ministers. We lack in all those professions where there is a personal reward or an intrinsic reward rather than a monetary reward. And so many children have come to believe the thing to strive for is money—instead of spiritual or personal satisfaction.

I think this spiritual guidance must come not only from the church. The church, of course, is the instrument for it. But it must be in the home that a child is taught the difference between right and wrong and given a stubborn conscience.

Women have a great deal to do with local government—that is, where they live—and we must inspire them to become more active. They can elect the kind of judges they want. They have got to support able and honest people in public office. They can support the passage of bond issues for good schools, for example, and for public parks and for many other things related to the better upbringing of their children. And there are many things within the church that women can do—direct-

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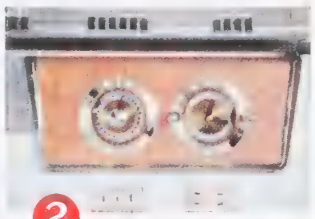
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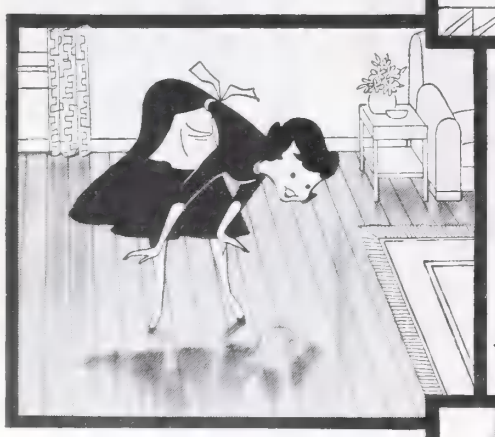


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ing youth choirs and youth-activity programs in addition to the athletic program.

The first thing that a woman who is newly inspired to do something by this piece can do is go to her group, whatever it is—the P.T.A., a club, League of Women Voters or a church group—and make the members realize their responsibility. If it is just a group of, let us say, seventeen women who think they can't be effective in their community, she still can go to the mayor and enlist his help, or to the judge or some other prominent official or citizen to gain prestige for her project and assistance with its accomplishment.

Then there is the matter of getting all the groups together. The first step is to organize a community council and set up advisory committees—an advisory committee to the school, for example. It isn't so much that the lay people are going to *advise* the school as that the lay people are going to *learn* what is going on in the schools. The same way with the courts.

MRS. GOULD: I hope especially to leave with our readers some of the practical things we as citizens can do to aid children in trouble and all children in our own communities *now*. First, through our churches, women's clubs, League of Women Voters and neighborhood councils we can acquaint ourselves with the problem, and the needs. We can take inventory of the resources in our community and urge effective action. Secondly, we can act—we *can* do something about it. The following check list, which grew out of our discussion today, will give you a clue as to where you may help:

Does my community have a need for and provide:

1. Well-baby clinics where attention is given to emotional and physical symptoms of poor health?

2. A municipal agency that offers counsel, medical and psychiatric, as well as financial assistance to families in distress?

3. Pleasant temporary quarters for children who have been removed from unsuitable homes and are awaiting placement by the court?

4. Enough good foster homes and cottage-type institutions so that a dependent child may be placed according to his special needs?

5. A detention home—not a jail—used exclusively for children awaiting a hearing before the court?

6. A juvenile court free of politics presided over by a judge who observes legal rules of evidence and understands children? Enough probation officers to permit adequate supervision of children on probation?

7. Correctional schools which train and rehabilitate young offenders rather than merely "keep them off the streets"?

8. Child-guidance clinics with psychiatrists and professionally trained social workers to treat emotionally disturbed children? School counseling?

9. Parks and playgrounds with a varied recreational program for children of all ages? (Are school buildings being used for recreation after school hours?)

10. A Health and Welfare Council, or similar co-ordinating organization, truly alert to children's needs?

WHO ARE THE KILLERS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

In May, 1953, he was charged with "common assault" for beating his mother. She said that she had slapped him because he refused to turn down the volume on their television. Then "Billy grabbed me by the upper arms and shook me so hard my teeth rattled. I had to bite him to make him let go of me." He beat her with a curtain rod and fled. He was apprehended and his parole revoked, but he escaped custody.

Next, Billy stole an automobile in Wichita and robbed a service station in Nevada, Missouri, using a small .22 pistol concealed in a shoulder holster under his shirt. He was joined at this time by a boy he met in reform school, Lloyd Edward Shepherd, sixteen, of Springfield, Missouri. Shepherd had been with him

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he stole the car, and he himself had a le record starting at the age of ten, in- g theft, shoplifting, burglary, car theft scape from the Missouri training school. S rtly before the shooting the boys were g along in their stolen car when the car down and they hitched a ride with a amed B. C. Pippin. Pippin became sus- s of their actions; he let them out of his a service station and called the state ay patrol.

ooper Johnny Whittle, father of two chil- answered the call in a patrol car and d the boys up for questioning. He al- them to ride unmanacled in the front eside him. When they pulled up in front state-police headquarters, Billy drew his aled pistol and fired twice at Whittle. f the bullets hit Whittle in the chest, kill- m almost instantly.

lly was captured two hours later and ed with murder. At his trial, defense at- ys stressed his poverty-stricken child- . His mother testified she had to work hours after her separation from her hus- and said she had been able to devote time to her son. The state asked the death ty. A jury of six men and six women d Billy guilty, but reduced the charge to egree manslaughter. District Judge A. P. leter, making no mention of Billy's back- d, sentenced him to sixty-five years in homa State Prison at McAlester. Such is odern saga of Billy the Kid.

o other youths were tried recently on degree-murder indictments in Belleville, is, and were found guilty and sentenced fe imprisonment. They were Edward erson, eighteen, and Robert Soldier, teen, who first met in the Illinois reform- at Fort Sheridan, where both were ng sentences for auto theft. They teamed st July, a few months after their release prison, to commit a series of holdups in St. Louis, Illinois. One night they held up iet neighborhood tavern. One of the bar ons was slow getting out his wallet and ier shoved him, knocking him to the . Another patron, fifty-seven-year-old ge Cain, a resident of the neighborhood, ed to help the man off the floor. Anderson a shot through Cain's heart.

e boys were arrested the following night police were tipped off by one of their girl ds. They confessed their parts in the kill- o the police. Interviewed by reporters at t. Clair County jail, they talked freely and little remorse. "If my folks had never divorced, I wouldn't be here today," erson excused his actions.

is mother got custody of the children— ard and a younger sister and brother—but couldn't support them and they became ds of the court and were sent to the St. r County detention home. There they re- ed with other orphans and juvenile delin- nts for four years until their mother mar- again.

dward's father also remarried, but he r saw much of him. When he went home is mother and new stepfather, he already a chip on his shoulder. People referred to "record" in the juvenile home: "There s Anderson. You know he's been in the rm school." He had not actually been in form school, but in his county at the time underprivileged and the juvenile delin- nts were housed under the same roof.

y the time he was fourteen, Edward says, as "the usual story." He played hooky a His mother warned him and school au- rities warned him. One night he helped an- r boy steal a car. They got caught the e night and Edward was sentenced to ee years. "I learned a lot in reform school," said. "See these scars on my face? I learned re was a lot of other kids in there tougher'n When I got out this last time, I couldn't get b—because of my record, I guess. I hon- y tried and things would have been differ- if I could have earned—oh, maybe sixty- dollars a week. I just started bumming und and drinking a lot. I don't know what pened to me. Things got going pretty fast re at the end."

Soldier's parents were divorced in 1950. th remarried, and his mother since has been divorced a second time. He says he thinks his biggest mistake was quitting school over his mother's violent objections. He stole a car, was caught and sent to the reformatory at St. Charles. Paroled after fifteen months, he stole another car and was sent to Fort Sheridan as a parole violator. "I just wanted to bum around—pool halls and places like that. I didn't like it at home and they were always arguing. Sometimes I wanted to beat the old man up, but he was bigger than me, so I'd just go out and bum around."

Murder is rarely the first offense of a young criminal. Repeated minor offenses usually foreshadow more serious crimes—although it often is difficult to see them as warnings at the time.

On a Saturday night in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sixteen-year-old John Schulz took a .410-gauge shotgun from an attic closet and blasted the life from his mother and his younger brother and sister. He did it in a fit of pique because his mother would not let him take the family car to a high-school basketball game. When the deed was done, he took the car, attended the basketball game, had a snack with friends, then returned to his home, bathed, shaved and left town. Troopers picked him up near Kirkwood, Missouri, only because they were curious as to why one so young should be so far from home in a car. The triple murder was not discovered until his father returned from a business trip the next day.

On the train ride from Kirkwood to Milwaukee he asked detectives if he could see the newspaper account of his capture. "I just wanted to see how my picture came out on the front page," he told them.

John was arraigned on three counts of first-degree murder and tried in the Municipal Court of Judge Herbert J. Steffes. He had intended to plead innocent by reason of insanity, but a three-man panel of psychiatrists examined him and declared him sane. He was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 219



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 217

nced to life for the murder of his mother ourteen to twenty-five years each, con- nt terms, for the murder of his brother ister.

John's case there was some forewarning e seething within him, but very little. He not seemed a great deal different from verage sixteen-year-old high-school boy e day of his crimes. He had been caught ew more scrapes than most, but the prin- difference seemed to be that he got nt. His grades were better than average he was a member of the student council. ather was away from home a good bit of ime in his job as a business agent for a union, and thus he may have lacked this vision. However, when the father was he always paid a lot of attention to the took him on hunting trips, and even on casional business trip. John often served by sitter for the other children.

ter the triple murder, Dr. Sarah C. r, director of the county guidance clinic, he boy's history showed the thread of a nt pattern: "He was feeling a deep hos- toward his parents, toward society, to- everything that tried to curb him. It was dangerous because it came late in his ood, and because he tried to keep a of friendly behavior while continuing ve with his frustrations. He couldn't ose, so he came to his breaking point."

l cases such as John's the cause clearly s to be psychiatric in its basic origin. This of difficulty can be rooted out only by a ty taking the time and trouble to detect elp these troubled children in time, be- their troubles loom so large they are n to explode outside the individual in destructive act.

owever, while in some cases neither the gsters' records nor their behavior at or at school, nor the conditions of their life and general environment, give any ation of their capability of committing us crimes, in the majority of cases the nts are there, and at an extremely early The home conditions of many are so bad he surprise lies not in any crime that re- but that any good can possibly survive. re is the case of a seventeen-year-old hern Ohio boy committed to the Boys' strial School in Lancaster for beating and g a middle-aged woman, the culmination long record of incorrigibility that first to the Juvenile Court's attention when he was ten years old. He was the illegitimate son of an immigrant father and a woman whose present address is unknown, who lived together out of wedlock for about five years until the boy's mother married another man and moved from Ohio.

His father subsequently married a Kentucky woman who had lived with him for a year and borne him a child.

The boy's mother had a long history of sexual promiscuity and there was some doubt of her mental stability. She never cared for her children and finally deserted them. The boy's stepmother was diagnosed as a schizophrenic and once was committed to a Southern Ohio mental institution from which she managed to escape, and is still free. The boy's father never did have much interest in or control over his son, and he has none now. The boy has been a complete failure as a probationary case, although he is not considered psychotic. At present it is felt that the resources of the court and the community have been exhausted. He is confined now; eventually, however, he must be released.

There are many like this boy, irresponsible outcasts of society, who are allowed to drift until possibly they bring death to themselves or to others.

From every section of the nation, almost daily, come these accounts of crimes of violence by youth. In Springfield, Massachusetts, a mild-mannered eighteen-year-old is awaiting trial for stabbing a baby sitter and her small charge to death in the house next door to his. In Chicago, fifteen-year-old Jimmie, a youth of superior intelligence (I.Q. 126), waylaid a young man and beat him to death with a club.

Last fall in New York City four youths, all under eighteen, confessed to an orgy of beating, torture and murder that police said was unmatched in their records for wanton brutality. Their crimes included beating and torturing and eventually drowning of Willard Menter, whom they found sitting in a public park. They admitted to a whole series of brutal assaults—beating and kicking a man to death, wrapping the leg of another victim in gasoline-soaked rags and setting it afire, horsewhipping young women they waylaid in the park. Another seventeen-year-old New Yorker, Thomas Wysokowski, was convicted of first-degree manslaughter in the "stomp" killing of Thomas A. Condon, a businessman and the father of four children, last July. Wysokowski and another youth were accused of "beating, kicking and stomping Condon to death" because he stared at them and his humming was annoying.

Philadelphia also has its shocking quota of young slayers, most of them without an immediate, direct motive. Especially notorious among recent youth killings is the rampage of the Green Street Counts, a street gang that has been involved in two murders in the past two years.

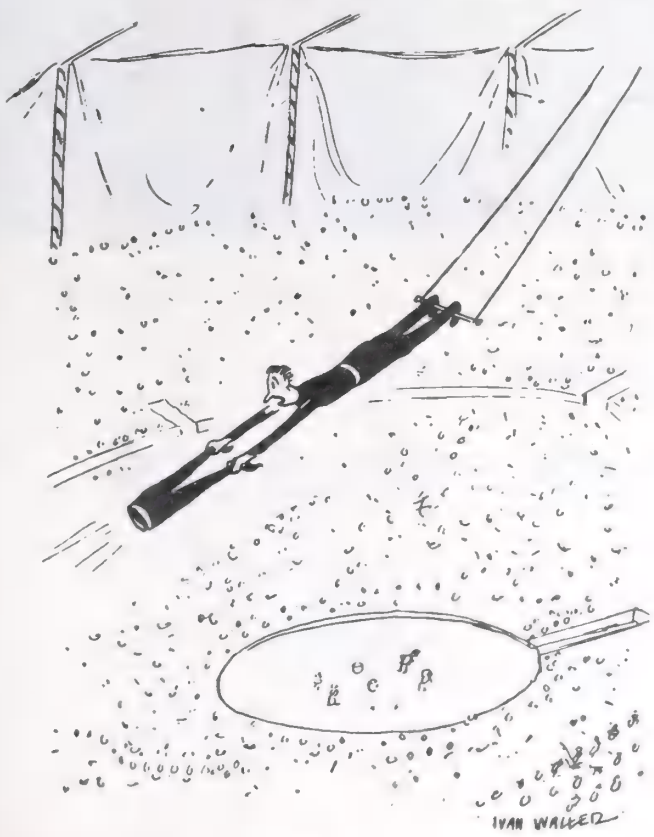
Among the many instances of vicious assault by youth on police records in Detroit, Michigan, a typical one is that of a fifteen-year-old Negro. The boy's father is dead and his mother's second husband has left home and is believed to be living in Chicago. The mother works and the family receives aid from Social Security. The family owns a car, which the boy is permitted to use.

This fifteen-year-old took a nail-studded club and attacked another boy he had heard was out to "get him." The victim was treated at Detroit's Receiving Hospital and later released. So was his attacker. He was already on probation on a charge of breaking and entering a home at night.

"There's hundreds of these cases," one police officer said. "We can't throw them all in jail or it would be bustin' at the seams."

END

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By FRANK D'AMELIO

My Son Joe



JOSEPH DI PIETRO

"Joe is just by three months old and a real little doll with a mixture of bruiser. And what a talker! Naturally I talk back to him."

A little baby—boy or girl—is such a fine thing, you can see it in the way they smile or laugh, the clearness of their eyes. And when you see it, feel it, hear it—well—it's enough to make a guy shiver.

IT so happened I was changing my boy's pants for him when Tom, Mike and Smitty, three of my friends from the defense plant where I work nights, happened in on the scene. Because as usual our door was open, they just walked in. I didn't hear them. My son Joe was making a lot of chatter. He is just by three months old and a real little doll with a mixture of bruiser. He is getting that doll look from his mother, who is beautiful, and the latter from me who has been everything from a prize fighter, barroom bouncer, landscape gardener, and now defense worker. But what a talker Joe is! Naturally, whenever I am changing his pants, I am also talking back to him. Sometimes from talk, like all babies, he goes into the big weeps and then I or whoever is around must comfort him. (Sometimes the one who comforts is his big three-year-old sister. She sings a song to him that goes like this: Brother is a sweetie, brother is a sweetie, so stop that crying now.)

This particular day that I was changing the kid's pants, he went from the coo, eee, ah, suddenly, to the weeps. "There, my little sweetheart," I said to him, "you're all dry now and now pop's going to give you a bottle." I kissed him and picked him up and kissed him some more and he forgot to cry. He started laughing and making those cooing noises again. He is a real happy baby. I turn around then and there are my three friends. They are all standing there grinning at me and my son.

"Did you ever see anything like this big hunk of ham?" says Mike to the others.

"Nope," says Tom, "never did."

Smitty says, "You're going to spoil that kid, Frank."

"Don't bother me," I said to them and I broke through their line and marched me and my baby boy into the kitchen. My friends follow and I can see that they are not going to let us alone.

Tom says, "Where's your old lady? You shouldn't change the kid's diapers, Frank. That's work for a woman."

"My wife is at work," I said. "And what do you want me to do—leave the poor little guy wet and dirty until she gets home? I got to give him his bath yet."

"Boy"—Mike slaps me on the back—"what a man!" And they all make some smart remarks and I said nothing, except I talked to Joe when I was feeding him when he wanted me to talk to him. The guys helped themselves to some beer out of our icebox and went right on saying foolish things. I just laughed with them when it was supposed to be funny. I only said once, "The trouble with the way you guys operate with your kids is pretty obvious. You think one day you are going to look down and see a ten-year-old boy there holding on to your hand real, real trustful-like. And then you think you are going to say, 'Son, let's go play baseball.' And out of all his friends, you think he is going to be bowled over with joy to have pop on his team, or even to play catch ball with him."

"Sure my kid'll play ball with me!" And Mike swatted his hands together hard. And I said, "Maybe." That was all I said because I had to give Joe his bath and dress him and I hardly paid any attention to my friends. They were saying that mothers should bring up the boys until they were about bike-riding age, five or six, and then the daddies could take over now and then and give the kids a real fast whirl, like to the beaches, or to playlands or the movies, or just for a ride.

"That way," Smitty said, "it gives the mothers a break too. They can get their housework done and go yack-yack with their girl friends."

Later that night at the plant I was still thinking about it, especially when once again I had to take a lot of ribbing CONTINUED ON PAGE 223

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MAZOLA NO-ROLL PASTRY SHELL

(Single 8 or 9-inch crust)

- 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1½ teaspoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup MAZOLA Oil
- 2 tablespoons cold milk

Sift dry ingredients into pie pan. Combine Mazola and milk in measuring cup. Whip with fork and pour all at once over flour mixture. Mix with fork until flour is completely dampened.

Press evenly and firmly with fingers to line bottom of pan; then press dough up to line sides and partly cover rim. Be sure dough is pressed to uniform thickness.

To flute, pinch dough lightly with fingers. *Do not use a high fluted edge.*

For baked shell: Prick entire surface; bake in hot oven (425°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Cool; fill as desired.

For unbaked shell: Fill as desired and bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes; then reduce to moderate (350°F.) and bake until filling tests done.



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Crumble Crust 8 or 9-inch Pie: Combine as for Ma No-Roll Pastry Shell, using 2 cups flour, 2 teasp sugar, 1¼ teaspoons salt, ⅔ cup Mazola and 3 ta spoons milk. Set aside about ⅓ dough for topp Press remaining dough into pan as for single c Fill with desired filling. Crumble dough for top into small bits and sprinkle over filling. Bake in oven (400°F.) 15 minutes; reduce to moderate (350 and bake 30 to 40 minutes longer; until crust browned and filling is done. *Always prepare fi before making pastry.*

MAZOLA...FOR BAKING...FRYING...SALA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 221

my kissing my baby boy—slobbering im, they called it. I am not much of a so I let them talk.

ems that, for their money, it is all right ther to kiss and cuddle his infant daughthink it is definitely all wrong to kiss and an infant son. For *my* money, this is sex into the act far too early. Babies bies, and all babies share something in on with women, I think. They need to ed a lot—kissed, I mean, cuddled, fondll that stuff. And babies need it from ld man too. *I* think *especially* boy babies o know their pops this way. Then they eal early, when they should learn it so e knowing will stick with them all their hat it is very right, very manly and natice for daddies to hold them, to hug kiss them. Otherwise, how are they to grow up to be husbands? They are to think, "I shouldn't kiss anyone. It nanly. Only women kiss." They maybe think it out loud to themselves, but the t will be there inside, the attitude. And s that, they never do learn then about n needing love when it has nothing to h sex, as well as when it does have to do ex. It keeps right on too. These same s have baby boys and *their* baby boys e same send-off. To 's about the saddest I know of going on world, when there enough love anyway. ebody might ask how know so well that my on is going to take me his best pal. Well, I know that he will. e his godfather, Eddie ay, who is very smart with kids and also , will get first base. But I'll bet dollars to ns I'll be on the team. I know because of t was with my own father. I am never ed to say that I loved my father a lot, as as I loved my mother. I am not afraid e words, any more than I am afraid of tself. Even though I didn't know them ng, they taught me that much. They died I was about seven. My father went first. him go. It was in Alaska and he was by wolves. He wasn't teaching me how y baseball. He was teaching me how to apping and we were good pals. I can reber it as if it all happened yesterday and ay I felt especially I can remember.

mother was a nurse on an Indian reserin up there and my father had learned how a trapper. They went to Alaska from the after they came to the United States Naples. They couldn't get work because didn't know much English and my mother ed that they needed nurses up there in a for the Indians. It wouldn't matter so that they didn't know English, so my er volunteered and they went up there. 's how it was. I can remember so much my father, as well as my mother, loved don't know how early in my life it was, know that he used to bathe me. I must been little. He used fish oil on my skin. It e you warmer for the climate up there t kept the skin good. I can remember he to rock me in his arms, making like a e of his arms, yes, the way a woman does, he way a real man can too. And he would to me, I can almost hear the song.

was sure a different life, I guess, than my pop or mother expected, but they r wanted to shove me off away from them n I was little. Just like it is with my wife me and our two babies. When we have a day, we want them in on it too. Where we hey go. We're a family. Naturally, little being only three months old, I haven't had ance to take him out, except in his car-e. But believe me, he knows me. He knows around. That's how I want it. That's how as with my own pop and me.

he day he died, we went hunting and it was biggest thrill of my life. Pop and me. We e going off together. I was only seven then, I can remember thinking, "If I get scared, won't mind. He'll take care of me." Poor . He did. He got me up a tree when the ves came, but he couldn't make it himself. And he couldn't get to his gun in time. He'd put it down while he looked at the trap and then I guess it was a case of first getting me in a safe place, and then getting the gun . . . but he wasn't fast enough. I stayed up there in that tree until a rescue party came out. They found a pretty sick kid, a kid so scared he never got over some of it, maybe. Then pop was dead. There was nothing left of him, except the way I knew him before.

A FEW months later, my mother died. It was shock, they said. When I grew up and married my wife, I understood for the first time what killed my mother. Her heart was broken. But she was brave. The night he died, right away she got me talking to her about pop and what I remembered that was good. It must have hurt her awfully, but she knew what she was doing. I remembered the way he rocked me, the way he sang, the way he kissed me and fondled me and called me *bambino*.

Of course you have to be careful with babies. Pop knew that. They grow up so fast. Suddenly a baby is a real little boy or girl. And that's the time you don't kiss them unless they let you know they want it. For instance, it's slow death for a boy, anyway, to be kissed in front of his pals—by either of his parents. Mothers often don't understand this.

It is the dull man who is always sure, and the sure man who is always dull.

—H. L. MENCKEN

As babies grow into being boys or girls I think that a boy needs his dad and a girl needs her mother for those special secret things of boyhood (or girlhood) that we all remember inside. I'll have to tell my wife, "Hands off," when our little slugger wants to collect snakes or mess it up with the other guys. Why, she'd break up a good fight. She hates them like she hates snakes. And me—I'd never have the patience to let our little daughter "help" with the dishes, if my wife didn't remind me that with all the mess she makes, our three-year-old is learning how to be a woman.

It's a funny thing, I feel sorry for my friends Mike, Tom and Smitty, just as they felt sorry for me. They seemed to think I was being "put upon" because I was taking care of my baby boy. Actually, I think they've missed something in life because they're afraid that showing love is just a woman's trick. They've missed the fun of having a baby, of being a father. I don't understand how a man can keep away from his kids any free time that he has, and shoving them off and away all the time to someone else's care is my idea of a subzero pop. After all, God Himself *wants* His children to come to Him. Since, at best, we mortal pops are just following in His footsteps, it seems to me the only rightful position for a father to maintain is one where his arms and heart and soul are wide open all the time. And to be that best friend to your boy, you have to start early. All the experts in the magazines and books tell us that the baby years are important to the later man. The church says so too.

I've talked about my little son, but don't think for a minute I would leave my little daughter out of my life. She is three and has me wrapped around her little finger where I belong. She is Consuelo de Rosina D'Amelio, and she is just as beautiful as her name and most of the time as good. Sometimes I don't understand her, but I try to see her point of view. I have talked about my son because it seems right to me for fathers to be best friends to their boys, and so easy, too, when there's all the loving first, and caring for, and changing diapers. And besides all that, it's just fun, it's just nice, it's just good all the way through when you do it. It's sharing the best in life together.

God is so close to a little baby—boy or girl—it's such a fine thing, you can see it in the way they smile and laugh, the clearness of their eyes. You can even hear it in their cry—il la, il la, it goes. So few of us are really good enough to ever make heaven, we might as well cotton up to the little taste of it that's sent us with a baby. And when you see it, feel it, hear it—well, it's enough to make a guy shiver, as if he were in the presence of our Lord.

END

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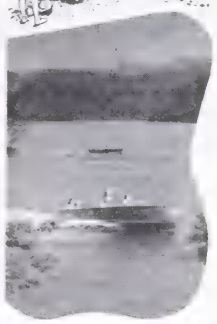
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"MY BOYS LIVE ON MISERY STREET"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

quit school in the seventh grade and I went to work for a private family. I didn't like it but I had to do it after my sister died.

"I met Mr. Schaefer when he was superintendent of the building where I had a room. I had a waitress job then. We went together about a year, I guess. We were married at City Hall in 1939. The job he had then was delivering rugs. We first lived in a two-room apartment on West 102nd. I think that was the best place we had.

"Well, then in November of 1940, Billy was born—am I giving you all this too fast? He was a real good baby—never cried or fussed. He still don't talk much, Bill doesn't. He's very nervous, though—keeps it inside him. Then we had to get out of that place—I forget just why now. My husband got a super's job at a place on 109th and Columbus—three rooms below the street.

"Fred was born in 1941. He was a real sickly baby, something wrong the valve in his heart. They didn't expect him to live—he was in the hospital most of five years after he was born. You see how he's littler than Bill, just a year's difference? He's supposed to take it easy but he's the most rambunctious of the three. His lips get purple if he runs a few blocks or plays too hard. But he won't be still. Freddy's the one plays hooky. It's funny how he likes to wander off. Someday you'll meet him in Philadelphia! I used to worry about him but no more, he always comes back.

"The city health department made us move out of that basement apartment. They took a measuring tape and said it was too far below the street, so we had to move out. But I don't know why, people are still living in them right over here even on 77th and all around. Then we went to two and a half rooms on 108th, I think, and Paul was born. Then we came east to 99th Street.

"Paulie was a seven-months baby and weighed only slightly over five pounds. The board-of-health nurse came for nine months and she never expected to keep him alive. After about a year he snapped out of it, though. Now they say he's the strongest one of the bunch. Paulie's my baby. I feel close to all of them, but he hangs around me mostly. It doesn't make any difference to me—I feel sorry for all of them. I know they don't have exactly what they should have in the line of clothing, enjoyment and all. Paul's not like Fred. He's serious like Bill.

"You know what my Freddy done, a year ago? Him and another boy started out on a hike and after a while, Freddy told me, 'My stomach was talking to me, mommy.' So they went in a restaurant and ordered some food and when no one was looking they just walked out. They walked ten or twelve blocks and came to another restaurant and went in there and ordered hamburgers and milk and they were just finishing them when they heard the cashier's bell and their guilty consciences got them! They thought it was the cashier calling the manager about them and they took off. I just found out about it a little while ago. You see why I worry?

"Why was I born?

Perhaps to write the music of wind blowing through grass.

Perhaps to describe the mysteries of high peaks or faraway places which few people have a chance to know.

Perhaps to understand the pleas of every man—whatever his race, creed, color or political faith—for equal justice under the law.

Perhaps to be the engineer who by inventive genius takes loads off men's backs.

Certainly not to live apart from the world and its problems; certainly not to spend the years attending to physical needs. —W. O. DOUGLAS

"Well, that's when we were living down on First Avenue between 100th and 101st, before we came here. Mr. Schaefer was out of work again. The man that had the rug company just sold out and went to Florida. Then on December fifth—1953, this was, right before Christmas—they cut us off welfare. We didn't have a penny and we had to move out. We were paying eighteen dollars a month rent there and we didn't have it. The reason they cut us off was they said my husband didn't go to see about the jobs they sent him to. But he did go after some of them, I know, but he didn't get hired. He's very nervous and got all riled up about it, so they cut us off welfare. I thought it was awful, right before Christmas. They could have cut off the allowance for me and him, but why take it out on the children?

"Well, for three or four weeks there we about didn't eat. The Police Athletic League gave us a ham and some fruit for Christmas dinner, and that's what we had. That was a year ago. We haven't been on welfare for a year. Now this summons he gets for what he said to the man last week. Two police cars brought it and the tenants here don't like that sort of thing. He says he won't go. He's very nervous—the boys make him nervous.

"But what was I saying? Oh, last year, this was, when our allowance was stopped, we didn't have no money and nothing to eat and nowhere to go. I got so desperate I finally went to the main welfare office and asked for emergency food money for the children. They sent me back to the East 68th Street office with a slip for emergency relief and the me this super's job we got here but didn' us no allowance. We get this apartment- can see what it is—and ten dollars a mon doing all the cleaning and firing and suc collecting the rents."

The building in which the Schaefer f now lives is in far better condition than a the buildings in their old neighborhood. entranceway is clean and unmarked. In th hallway, a penciled sign reads: PLEAS d WASTE HOT WATER, PLEAS do FILL TUB TO HEAT ROOMS. *Apartn in this building rent for $30 to $42 a m The new owner plans to improve the plun and heating and increase rents—and Mr Mrs. Schaefer fear he might bring in new takers.*

The superintendent's apartment on the se floor consists of three narrow rooms in a The front room has two windows overloo the street. There are no other windows or other means of ventilation. Two single be battered easy chair, a table and televisio nearly fill the front room. In the tiny kitch a small bathtub mounted on a platform ne the sink. It is used both for laundry and pers bathing. The back bedroom, dark and air also holds two single beds, a shallow clos this room encloses toilet.

This is home for people, the best p they have had for ye Mrs. Schaefer k the apartment c and tidy. She and share a single be the back room. Fre sleeps in the other Mr. Schaefer and I use the two beds in front room. During summer months, w it is too hot in the b bedroom to breathe five sleep on mattre in the front room. T have no sheets.

Mr. Schaefer i big man, slightly c six feet tall and wei ing about two h dred pounds. He is ways immaculat clean-shaven and neat, his brown hair v trimmed and slicked back, his dark-brown lo ers shined to a high gloss, his clothes spotless. was deafened when a snowball hit his left twenty-nine years ago; he speaks loudly—a louder still when he talks about the city w fare department, which has contributed to support of his family, off and on, for seven eight years. Mr. Schaefer was born in Fran furt, Germany, and came to the United Sta when he was fourteen. As a youngster duri World War I, he experienced the bombi and hardships of a defeated nation. His fami of which he and his mother are the only su viving members, settled at Avenue A and 8 in the German Yorkville section of Manhatta He had "two, three years of school" in th country and in Germany. He can do little mo than read signs and write his name—a seve handicap in holding a job. When employ it is usually as a laborer or truck driver, but has done only odd jobs of short duration f several years. Among the reasons he gives f his continued unemployment: inability to rea or write well, deafness, a broken hand ar painful feet—"just sittin' here, they're burnin me up"—but he insists he wants a job bad and has just not been able to connect wi any of those the welfare department has se him to. "They expect me to walk all the wa to Yonkers for a job," he complains.

The boys get very quiet when he shouts them—except Paulie, the youngest, who ha much of his mother's spunk. When M Schaefer said he was forty-six years old, Pau spoke audibly from his deaf side, "Huh- you're seventy-two!"

He feels very bitter toward one agent of th city welfare department who was responsib for lodging the summons against him for di turbing the peace. "This character, he drov



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curb. I'm standing outside. 'Hey, come on over here!' he yells at me. What am I? A dog? I am a man. human, I think. Oughta bashed his ght there. If I could write, boy, I'd tory. I could write you things you believe—*nobody* would believe. Why, plenty today. That man—can he lie! a this world. Wasn't for the poor wouldn't have a job. Why don't he arlem and do what he done to me? they'd slice him, that's why. He'd k carrying his head under his arm, e—never see mambo no more."

I he would go to jail rather than ap- ore a magistrate in answer to the . "But when I get out, brother, I p. I'll keep right on goin'. I'll get hat locked me up if it's the last thing don my impression."

e of the boys spend as little time in ment as possible. "The neighbors n know I have three boys," Mrs. says. "They're always out some- hen my husband starts talking too o out too. When he stops I come 's just plain nervous, that's all."

mily never sits down to a meal to- here isn't room at the table. The boys ne late after school, eat in relays, and the streets until bedtime. Like Paul. red appear pale and undernourished, eartily of anything that is set before Don't eat too much," Mr. Schaefer Paul. "You'll get fat like me." Paul, h full, did not reply. The boys talk when their father is present.

ever laid a hand on any of the boys— d a hand on 'em. That's one thing I " Mr. Schaefer said, holding up a d. "But when I yell, they scoot."

r Schaefer says she sometimes whips with Paul's old belt she keeps in a the kitchen cabinet. "Paul and Bill h," according to their father. "But owls. He cries before you even touch s an actor, that guy!"

Billy was eating his dinner, his father lecture on the importance of doing hool. "When you ain't got no educa- other, and you want a job you're of luck. Learning to read and write ost important thing in the world, un- want to be a truck loader like me. w, I don't think we got the teaching o have in these schools ——"

n't blame it all on the teachers," Mrs. said. "I think the parents have some bility too."

, you see, at this school"—Bill spoke bites—"every hour we have a differ- her ——"

smokes!" said his father. "No wonder 't get nowhere."

teachers teach different things."

's what I mean—get your mind all p and twisted. Holy smackerel, when school one teacher we had, that was onkey business. One teacher. What's otta different teachers?"

is junior high school."

win! I give up. I give up like hell— my impression."

CHAEFER switched his lecture to the art defense. "Stay away from strangers proach you on the street," he advised on't look at no address card. Fellow the delicatessen got his teeth knocked lookin' at an address a fellow showed ep your distance. Keep away. That's guy across the street got murdered: put up a fight—for what? For forty- ars. Bingo! he's dead. No cops. Used lot of cops around here. Now you d a cop between here and Forty-second Oh, now, yes—after the murder. After ly is gone, they come around."

family was robbed three times in one hen they lived on the ground floor at ld location near 101st Street. "They ur sheets and pillowcases for a swag Mrs. Schaefer said. "That's the way . Walk out with it over their shoulder. like laundry."

noticed that Paul was gone and re- l about it. "Where is he?" Mr. Schaefer "Isn't he on the street? . . . The damned kids around here—pardon my impression," he went on, "always standin' around dirtyin' up the vestibule, throwin' junk in there all the time. When I step out this door, they run like hell in all directions. They must smell me or something. Cop on the corner booted one in the pants and bashed one in the head. That's what these kids need."

Paul had been morose because his mother had given a puppy he had brought home to the man in a nearby pet store. "He wasn't housebroken," she explained, "and he made my husband nervous."

"The puppy was O.K.," Paul insisted. "Every place he went he was happy."

"He thinks fast, he's got all the answers."

Paul also collects stray cats and gives them to a woman who he says keeps twenty-five cats in her apartment. (His father snorted, "Bad enough humans—but cats!")

Mother Schaefer said that Paul wanted to be a veterinarian. "Ever since he was a baby. He loves animals, he loves to feed the pigeons. Bill would like to work in a department store as a salesman. He'd like to have his own business. He'd be good too. He can have a dollar and stretch the daylights out of it. Freddy hasn't made up his mind yet. One time he wants to be a carpenter, one time a cab driver—he doesn't know."

"He's a hobo, that one," his father said proudly. "A hobo."

Bill remarked that he had been doing some electrical work in shop class and he had been thinking lately he would like to be an electrician.

"An electrician," guffawed his father. "One of these days you'll get a fuse right up your alley! Then you'll lay down. You're too dumb to be an electrician."

Bill had finished his dinner and was sitting alone at the table, staring at the empty plate. Abruptly he got up and put on his old khaki jacket, which he had conveniently draped over the back of his chair. He tried

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unsuccessfully to zip it; the zipper was broken beyond repair. "I'm going out for a while," he said.

His father teased him about the jacket. "Go down to a nice department store," he told him, "and look around till you see a jacket you like. Then just take it and put yours on the hanger."

"You do," his mother said, "and I'll conk you over the head. He's too smart for that."

"You can't be honest these days," Mr. Schaefer stated. Mrs. Schaefer frowned and he added, "He knows I'm just kidding."

"Yes, but I'm afraid it might happen. I wish he could have a new one. But then, I wish a lot of things, I guess. I wish these rooms looked nice, but no matter how I fix them they don't look nice."

Freddy had slipped away a few minutes before, and now Bill edged quickly out the door. In the hallway and down the stairs he could hear his father's voice mounting louder as once again he railed at the city welfare department and its personnel—"all liars! Outta this world!"

His hearing before the magistrate for having threatened violence to one of the welfare agents was scheduled for ten o'clock the next day.

What do boys do at night on city streets? Freddy says they just stand around. They do. They do an unbelievable amount of standing around, watching. There is much to see—and many to talk to. Misery Street is, after all, not lonely. There are noise and scuffling and laughter. There are bonfires in the rubble on vacant lots; there are not-so-bright lights and not-too-sweet music. Misery Street has a lot of comfort for those who belong here after dark—and even beauty. From the corner of Second Avenue and 100th Street, the great illuminated spans of the Triborough Bridge across the East River appear to be suspended in space, fragile and soaring.

The boys think it is a good place, with many interesting things going on. So appealing is it to them they walk blocks to spend their time here, where they grew up, rather than with the gang on the better-lighted corner where they now live. One of the boys' favorite loafing spots is in front of a store-front window on Misery Street labeled: "Phy-Culs S. and A. C." An odd place. The two front rooms have sky-blue wallpaper with large tan splotches. There are tables, rented by the hour for card playing, and a television set. Soft drinks are sold. In the back room is an old, soft punching bag, from which a spider has stretched its web. Men gather there—the place has no other visible purpose. The boys are sometimes permitted to sit in the club and play cards or Monopoly. The young son of the proprietor is one of their good friends.

In the summertime, after dark, Bill and Fred often fish for eels in the East River. Both boys swim, as often as they can afford it, at Jefferson Pool at 113th and First Avenue. Some time—very little—they spend under the supervision of the Rev. Norman Eddy, of the Harlem Protestant Mission Church. He and the ministers of four other churches sponsor various youth activities in the neighborhood. Bill and Fred have also recently joined the Kips Bay Boys Club at 301 East 52nd Street, but have used its facilities very little. Why? "Oh—the other kids are always buying things to eat." Little Paul sometimes goes to the Rhinelander Children's Center, operated by the Children's Aid Society on 88th Street since 1891.

Of course there are street gangs, but the Schaefer boys say they do not belong to any.

NEXT MONTH

"Fathers always seemed like lumps behind newspapers—and definitely not wonderful the way Bob is."

■ Valerie Valaas started life as a city girl and changed to farmer's wife. On an apple ranch in Wenatchee, Washington, with husband Bob in the orchard in a cluster of five children, with deer and pheasant for company, and games for the crew at evening, family life is a day-long reward. And Bob gains big returns, too, on a $23,000 ranch with a partner who started shakily but ended triumphantly with

TIME FOR LIVING
By JAN WEYL

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES in the April JOURNAL

"Every block has got a gang," Bill says. "... ain't no block without a gang. The kids around, they get together, they give them a name—you've got a gang." He and F... around together most of the time for ... protection, to avoid having to belong to a ... Bill says he does not like the gangs be... "These guys that belong to gangs think t... tough, always looking for trouble. One ... me and some other boys was jumped fr... hind by a gang. One of them reached arou... cut my hand with a razor."

Fred also has a special reason for s... away from gangs. Last year he and anoth... his age were picked up by police and ta... Youth House, a juvenile correction cent... allegedly stealing eighty cents from a st... the way to school. His mother said it was ... friend who stole the money and he was ... cated only because he accepted forty cen... the boy owed him. Both boys were relea... probation to their parents with a warning.

ON the day of his hearing, Mr. Schaef... in bed at three o'clock in the afternoo... had been there since noon. "He was up ... this morning, getting ready to go," ... Schaefer whis... "I don't know ... happened. ... wouldn't talk ... he came home. ... he gets too ner... he goes to bed ... better that way.

"Yes, I ... about the bo... worry about ... getting into tr... all the time be... you don't ... what's going to ... pen. I worry ... them having no ... to go, nothing ... Freddy is the ... nervous of the ... He's the one ... causes me the ... trouble.

"Like this m... he lost his s... lunch pass ... couldn't get hi... lunch for a ... When I had ... money I gave ... him; otherwis... went without eating, or came home ... didn't go back in the afternoon. He ... go back so many afternoons the truant o... got after me. I know one time he p... hooky for three weeks. I'm always caref... call up when they stay home sick. I don't ... that truant officer calling again. Freddy ... care. They could close up the schools f... Paulie cares too. But Bill really likes sc... He'd like to get a job after school.

"Freddy's Japanese friend, a carpe... made him a little shoeshine stand and he... shining shoes on the street. But the p... won't let them do that. They pull ther... Freddy said, 'Mommy, you can't even ma... honest living any more!' Both boys work ... run errands for people when they can. Th... nothing much they can do yet to earn m...

"One time Freddy—he and another b... took a cab all the way to Pelham Manor. ... bought steaks to eat, even treated a coup... bums, went horseback riding and bough... expensive camera. This boy, he had st... they say, two hundred and fifty dollars ... his father. They did it several times befor... boy's father missed the money. Did he ... terrible strapping!

"About three years ago, Freddy and ... other boy decided they were tired of ... around here and they were leaving h... Freddy talked me into letting him stay ... this other boy who lived next door—... about three in the morning this boy can ... our door. Said he wanted to say good-b... Bill! Well, I suspected something right ... and I got the story out of him. I had my n... gown on and threw just my coat over ... ran next door—oh, it was raining cats ... dogs—and Freddy, if you can imagine it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 228

ins FIRST PRIZE in Pillsbury's Sixth Grand National



"OPEN SESAME" PIE

1 envelope Knox Gelatin
¼ c. cold water
1 c. milk — 2 egg yolks
¼ c. sugar — ¼ tsp. salt
1 c. pitted dates, cut very fine
¾ c. heavy cream, whipped
1 tsp. French's Vanilla
2 egg whites — 2 tbs. sugar
French's Nutmeg
1 baked "Sesame" pie shell

Soften gelatin in cold water. Beat together milk, egg yolks, sugar, salt in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water, stirring until mixture coats metal spoon. Add softened gelatin; stir until dissolved. Chill until almost set, stirring occasionally. Fold in whipped cream, vanilla, dates. Beat egg whites until slight mounds form. Add sugar gradually, beating after each addition. Fold stiff meringue into date mixture. Heap into cooled pie shell. Chill until firm; sprinkle with nutmeg before serving.

"Sesame" Pie Shell—Toast 2 to 4 tbs. French's Sesame Seeds in piepan at 325° F. 8-10 mins. until light golden brown. Remove seeds. Sift together 1 c. sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour and ½ tsp. salt. Add sesame seeds. Cut in ⅓ c. Crisco until particles are size of small peas. Gradually sprinkle 3 to 4 tbs. cold water over mixture, tossing and stirring lightly with fork. Form into ball; roll out. Fit loosely into 9" piepan; flute edges. Prick with fork. Bake at 450°F. 10-12 mins. until golden brown.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 226

out their back door and up on the roof. I went after him, but he ran over the roof and cut back through. For three hours I looked for him on rooftops, in cellars. Finally a neighbor came to me after I'd come back to our place and said Freddy was downstairs, he was afraid to come back. He wasn't afraid of his father—he was afraid of me, that's what he told her. I had to promise not to give him a beating, but I was so angry I could have batted him. But he was so cold and wet. He came in soaked to the skin—so was I. That Freddy! He has such a way of talking to you. Everything in life to him is just a joke. He said he was disgusted with school and city life and he and this other boy were going to live in the country.

"He did go to the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Camp one summer, but last summer I couldn't send him. He didn't have no clothes to wear. The Herald Tribune Fresh Air Camp is wonderful, but I won't send him unless I have decent clothes for him to wear. Paulie went to stay with a family in Hornell, New York, last summer. He'd like to go back—he likes the country. But I wouldn't like it so much—not like here. I like the bustle, all the people around. New York's much better than San Francisco. There's more opportunity.

"But I do worry sometimes about the boys on the streets, and the gangs and all—and I'm glad Bill and Freddy don't hang around with them much. You should see them! Take those Yorkville Dukes—about a hundred boys and girls. They like to wear jackets and the big thing is to mess up each other's jackets and the girls are just as bad as the boys. A few weeks ago they came down the street here—about fifteen boys and four or five girls, spoiling for trouble, carrying clubs and iron bars. The police broke them up.

"A few months ago there was a couple of hundred kids in a gang fight between the Enchanters and the Harlem Blades, they call themselves. They fight with anything they can find—sticks, bricks, zip guns, switch-blade knives. They do more damage than the grown people, you know, those kids.

"Everything happens on these streets. One time Paulie came in and said, 'Hey, mommy, I just saw a man get stabbed in the stomach out front!' Then one day a bull came in the place where I work to get a cardboard box to put the charred body of a baby some boys had found in an ash can. That same day we had a terrible thing and everybody was excited. A fellow choked his girl and she fainted right in an entranceway. He thought she was dead, I guess, and went up to the roof and jumped off. His body was layin' there on the street for hours, with everybody comin' and goin' around it. Then not long ago there was that murder at the delicatessen across t that my husband mentioned. He wa young man with twin boys and a nic wife, a lovely person. Now she runs t by herself, I think.

"I try to teach the boys, impress the stealing, taking what don't belong t They see older people robbing peo they don't see anything wrong with them that if they catch you and yo record, you can't get a decent job th your life. They have never taken an know of. I explained what dope loo One day Bill came home and said so had found some dope—at least they fou white powders in a paper and they was dope. And down there on 100t they see it. They see people in the l giving themselves the needle.

"I told them if they ever took it, it w come a habit and they'd never get o habit—they have an idea what happen them when people get the habit the kinds of things, steal to get it, commit suffer pains when they can't get the

"I think the most important thing a child is to do the right thing, and if yo have what you want, maybe you will tomorrow. Each person is alike, there's or color, we're all human beings. I tea that if a person treats you nice, you tre nice; if they don't treat you nice, y stay away from them.

"I believe if you're poor, make the it and don't cry about it. I tell the you're poor maybe later you can go t and have the things you don't have no

"My husband don't think I'm strict with them. He thinks you tell them son a couple of times, that's enough, they know. They annoy him, but he loves t much as I do, probably. I can take a and be happy, but he gets very excit nervous. The thing I think holds a marr gether is don't pull apart over things yo do anything about."

The apartment was growing dar Mother Schaefer snapped on the kitche Mr. Schaefer had awakened and was in his easy chair staring into space. So asked him what had happened at the h "What happened?" he shouted. "I happened! The judge asked me what I say and I said, 'Judge, this man is a lia outta this world!' The judge just sort of and some detectives took me in a roo asked a lot of questions. I told them stuff about me not takin' a job was just a of lies. That's all it is—just a bunch They didn't say nothin'—just wrote son down and I came home."

FREEDOM YET DISCIPLINE

By GEORGE W. SMYTH

Judge of the Children's Court, Westchester County, New York

I would wish for a child from the moment of its birth:

1. Regular hours of rest and sleep, plenty of fresh air and sunshine, good ventilation and wholesome food.

2. A mother with a good knowledge of sound habit training; one who is consistent in her handling of the child; who is loving yet firm; who will take the time to explain; who is willing and anxious to make the child her first and most important responsibility.

3. A home in which religion is the cornerstone, not merely lip service.

4. Parents who truly love each other and live together in mutual respect.

5. A father who feels his responsibility to participate in the training of the child—not just the one who supplies the cash, and leaves all the responsibility to the mother.

6. Parents who are themselves well disciplined. No greater mistake can be made than to try to discipline children in temper, yelling and screaming at them or pushing them around.

7. Parents who actually set the example through their own personal conduct of the standards they profess to want for their children—not parents who preach one thing and do another.

8. Parents who are interested in their children's activities; who try to find out what their natural interests and activities are; who try to help them to find opportunities for developing those aptitudes; who encourage the children to discuss their problems with them.

9. Parents who will encourage children to accept responsibility and allow them to share in family planning with the family group.



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Looks natural, feels natural and actually

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You're right in refusing to wear ordinary "cover-up" makeups that may hide lines and blemishes, but may also *mistreat* your skin. We agree with you . . . a makeup that dries your skin, clogs your pores . . . feels heavy and looks masky . . . is worse than wearing no makeup at all!

That's why you'll love 'Touch-and-Glow'. It's wonderfully *different* . . . blended with LANOLITE, our own ingredient that's *better for your* *than lanolin itself!* And it's good for *all* skin types . . . dry, oily or norm So easy to apply! Smooth on a few drops with your fingertips. *Insta* your skin looks softer, younger, glowing with color! Beauty-treat y skin with 'Touch-and-Glow' today!

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JOURNAL

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THE MAGAZINE
WOMEN
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WOMEN NEED NO LONGER DIE FROM NO. 1 CANCER

HOME BY ARDYTH KENNELLY **NOVEL OF A TWO-WIFE MORMON . . . HOLD**

Continuing the story of **PRINCESS BEATRIX**—Holland's next Queen

DR. SPOCK—**FATHER'S PART IN DISCIPLINE**

a NEW KIND of deodorant!



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More effective than creams! Easier to apply than sprays!*

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Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

Journal

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April, 1955

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Journalities

ARDYTH KENNELLY's Mormon grandfather was Norwegian and had two wives, just as Olaf in *Up Home*, the sparkling new serial beginning on page 50. "Mother tells delicious stories, like Linnea. So to save me I can't say whether the novel's more true or more made up." Miss Kennelly is married to Dr. Egon V. Ullman. She is the author of *The Peaceable Kingdom* and *Good Morning, Young Lady*, but began writing much earlier than that. At twelve, she answered lonely-hearts notes in a magazine, representing herself as a handsome cowboy with a large ranch. "Every one of the ladies answered, and I've struck up some warm friendships," says Miss Kennelly. She got scared when one of them wanted to come to see her, and bade them all farewell, saying she had married a girl who looked like Clara Bow and was leaving immediately for Alaska.



Ardyth Kennelly

Youngest in a family of fourteen children, JEAN RITCHIE (*Yonder Comes My Beau*, page 54) was born in Viper, Kentucky, a small village walled in by the Cumberlands. To all the Ritchies, singing was as important as speaking, and the songs they sang were mostly ballads dating all the way back to the Elizabethan era. After working her way through the University of Kentucky with honors, Jean went to New York to do social work. Instead, her songs and her dulcimer brought a different career. She has sung in Town Hall in New York and the Royal Albert in London, appeared on radio and TV, and is the author of two books: The Swapping Song Book and The Singing Family of the Cumberlands.



Jean Ritchie

GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE (*The Ugliest Woman in Town*, page 62) insists that, except for travel in Europe, Africa, China and Mexico, he has led a dull life. "The most unusual thing in it was my service record in World War II. On Monday I was a rejected private. On Thursday of the same week I had the rank of a two-star general as Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury. I regard this as an outstanding accomplishment for a man who can't keep his checkbook straight." The Albees live in a 200-year-old stone cottage in the Catskills in summer, and spend the winters in Cuba.



George Sumner Albee

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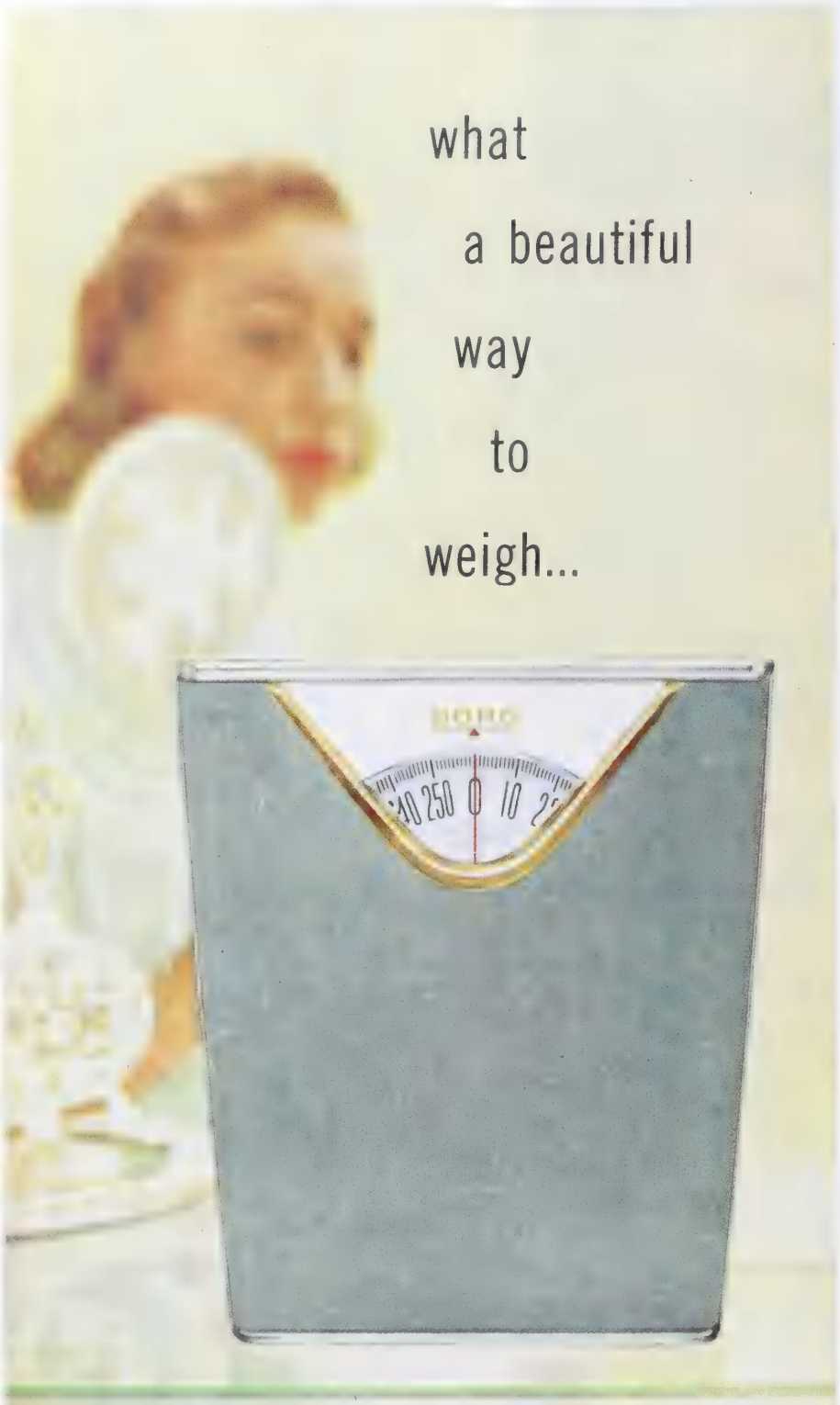
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Our readers write us

Her Own Right

Merion, Pennsylvania

Dear Editor: I was thrilled with the colorful article written by Mrs. Hutheesing about her brother Nehru and her sister, Mme. Pandit.

Mrs. Hutheesing is a wonderful person in her own right. Do readers know she founded the so-called "cottage industries" in India, comprising all sorts of leather, metal and wood work, embroidery, and so on? She combines the production of these crafts with her work in rehabilitation of juvenile delinquents. She gives six days a week to teaching illiterates, prevention of begging, supervising sewing and cooking instructions. Her only reward—letters from youths afterward who gratefully acknowledge what she has done to improve their lives.

Sincerely,
HILDA GAENSLER

Tempered Discipline

Beaufort, South Carolina

Dear Editors: I'd like to say Dorothy Thompson's article, Respect for Law Begins at Home, is the most sensible opinion on our great juvenile-delinquency problem I've ever heard or read.

We parents of small children have come to dread the arrival of the teen-age years as an almost inevitable time of delinquency problems. So much has been written to make parents feel guilty about punishing children. I hope this is the beginning of a trend back toward real discipline in the home, tempered always, of course, by love and understanding. Sincerely,
MRS. C. M. AKEY

Your Friend Betty

Burton, Washington

Dear Journal Editors: As any reader of any of Betty MacDonald's books has gathered, she has a genuine kinship with all young folks. A while ago, several island youngsters published their own newspaper, earning a sizable sum. With their earnings they purchased books for the Burton branch library. Betty MacDonald took time out from her busy schedule to appear at the library. She posed with the boys and girls for a picture. A Seattle reporter pointed out there were too many in the picture for a two-column spread and had three children step out of the range of the camera.

Mrs. MacDonald called the three youngsters back and *firmly instructed the photographer to take a second picture.* She personally saw to it that the Vashon Island News Record printed a picture of all six of the young people who had worked so hard. *She even went to the extra trouble of writing a personal note of apology to the three young reporters whose pictures did not appear in the Seattle paper.* Not many people would have bothered. Betty MacDonald did.

We thought you might be interested in Betty as we know her.

Yours truly,
GARLAND NORIN

Do Our Laws Create Black-Market Babies?

Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: We came to this country about fifteen years ago, met and married here, became American citizens.

My husband served in the armed forces. For nine years we tried unsuccessfully to adopt a child. Finally, three years ago we were told of an opportunity for American couples to adopt orphans from Austria. After a year of a great amount of red tape and a last-minute air trip we became parents, not only of one child but two.

While I do not wish to go into the details of our dealings with adoption agencies, I can only say my last encounter almost caused me to have a nervous breakdown. Possibly we have been more unfortunate than others, but the social workers whom we encountered treated us with such coldness, arrogance and overbearing that only our great desire for children kept us going from one agency to another. We were told variously that I was either too emotional or too unfeeling, that I only wanted children to keep me busy (!) and that my parents' divorce would make it difficult for me to be a well-balanced, happy mother.

We resisted a black-market baby. However, I can understand the many parents who fall. Sincerely,
(Name Withheld)

Profitable Career!

Los Gatos, California

Dear Sirs: I was surprised to notice in a recent issue a family very similar to my own laboring under financial difficulties.

I am twenty-three, the mother of one two-year-old boy, and am expecting another in February. My husband earns just over $5000 a year. In the three years we have been married we have purchased a $3000 auto, $2000 worth of furniture, at the present time have $1500

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

NORMAN EDSON STUDIOS



As they know her.

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Safest possible soap for baby's things...for yours, too



For everything you wash with special care

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LINGERIE

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At leading stores everywhere. For the name of the store nearest you, write today and receive **FREE FASHION FOLIO**

Shelton CASUALS, DEPT. L4, 1350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

invested in our home, plus having a small bank account. The first eighteen months we were married my husband Len was a reserve recall in the USN so our salary was cut in half.

We have found the answer to getting ahead financially is not the amount you earn so much as the manner in which you manage your earnings.

By doing my own housework, making all the clothes I possibly can, canning in summer, plus (and this is very important) very carefully managing my food allowance, I am able to save Len far more than if I went out to work. I look at my job as housewife as one of the most promising, interesting and profitable careers that any woman could ask for, and my part as mother a wonderful added attraction.

For the many hours of enjoyable reading and the many useful hints for household economy, I wish to send you my thanks.

Yours truly,
BARBARA GRADY

▶ *Young Gradys, after three years of marriage, showed more than half their total earnings in tangible assets. Can anyone top this? ED.*

Problem Easter Pets

Galion, Ohio

Dear Editors: Just once, I would like to meet the promoter who dreams up these schemes of selling or giving away living things to children at Eastertime. This past week a feed store advertised ten baby chickens to every family—free. My children went crazy! My older son came bursting in at noon with ten, then the other one went immediately to the feed store and without bothering to say our family had ten, came home with another ten. Both had to go back and buy chicken feed.

Last year we had a white bunny. White bunnies are lovely and, I had always thought, gentle. Ours was a



New pet meets old.

fighter! Our black cocker bounced up to sniff and say hello. The white rabbit hissed and jumped at her. She hid in the house for two days and wouldn't go out unless one of us went with her. The rabbit decided to make himself at home, and not only took over our yard but the neighbor's garden. He sat complacently all day long, just eating. Because of the complaints we had to take him to the country to a farmer who raised rabbits.

Personally, I can still remember when a few colored eggs at Eastertime made us supremely happy, and were only incidental to the great day of the Resurrection when we all went to church.

I have so enjoyed writing to you.

Sincerely yours,
SARAH HUBBARD

Political Coming of Age?

Bend, Oregon

Dear Journal Editors: I think the JOURNAL'S particular most important contribution—and one that sets it aside from other magazines—is the development of initiative and a sense of responsibility in a whole generation of American women. Your fine articles in the Political Pilgrim's Progress series, on education, public reform and many other subjects have made indifference as passé as "twenty-three skiddoo."

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Safely stops odor 24 hours a day!



PROVED IN UNDERARM COMPARISON TESTS MADE BY A DOCTOR

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3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
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New Revlon Liquid Makeup

Beauty-treats Your Skin *as you wear it!*

Softens And Protects Your Skin With Revlon's Own Skin-softener, Lanolite!



NEW! 'Touch-and-Glow' Face Powder *in the new glamorous golden box 1.25* In 8 complexion colors to harmonize with 'Touch-and-Glow' liquid makeup.*

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'

Looks natural, feels natural and actually

Beauty-treats your skin **because it's made with Lanolite**

ou're right in refusing to wear ordinary "cover-up" makeups that may de lines and blemishes, but may also *mistreat* your skin. We agree ith you . . . a makeup that dries your skin, clogs your pores . . . feels heavy nd looks masky . . . is worse than wearing no makeup at all!

hat's why you'll love 'Touch-and-Glow'. It's wonderfully *different* . . . blended with LANOLITE, our own ingredient that's *better for your skin than lanolin itself!* And it's good for *all* skin types . . . dry, oily or normal. Just smooth on a few drops. *Instantly* your skin looks softer, younger, glowing with color! Beauty-treat *your* skin with 'Touch-and-Glow' liquid makeup today! 1.25* and 1.75*

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HAT: JOHN FREDERICS *PLUS TAX



THE STARTLING **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL** STORY IS NOW ON THE SCREEN!

M-G-M presents its thrilling film of teen-age terror in the big-city schools!

Blackboard Jungle

This is the story—written by a teacher—about the fang-and-claw kids who bring their jungle code into the classroom! The provocative best-seller and magazine story ***becomes a powerful motion picture!***



STARRING
GLENN FORD
ANNE FRANCIS · LOUIS CALHERN · WITH MARGARET HAYES
SCREEN PLAY BY RICHARD BROOKS · BASED ON THE NOVEL BY EVAN HUNTER · DIRECTED BY RICHARD BROOKS · PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN
AN M-G-M PICTURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

The women got the vote a long time ago, but the JOURNAL, as much as any group or institution, has made mature, alert, well-informed and *interested* individuals who refute the "little woman" attitude without seeming officious, bossy, or annoying. Sincerely,

M. B.

In Good Hands

Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: It's about time we rescued the expectant father from the cartoon role that he has so long occupied in American folklore. This is old stuff to me. Thanks to a sympathetic doctor, my husband and I were among the lucky few who were not separated by the "hospital curtain" in our first experience with parenthood. My husband, who had kept a close watch on me throughout my pregnancy, arrived home from work just in time for the beginning of my labor. He went to the hospital with me. All night



. . . and baby makes three.

long he was by my side, holding my hand, helping me to relax, adding immeasurably to my feeling of security.

He was there to see our daughter born—his privilege as her father—and to share with me the exciting moment of her first cry. He was able to hold her in his arms the first day of her life—and every day ever since. In the months that have followed her birth, his calm, practical mind has provided original solutions to many little problems. It's nice to know your child is in good hands. And whose better than daddy's?

Sincerely,
JEANINE BLAIR

▶ *For "fatherly" advice this month from Dr. Spock, see page 83.—ED.*

Risks Sounding "Pollyannish"

Norfolk, Virginia

Dear Editors: When my first 5½-pound boy came the shock was so great my mother took him home with her when he was four weeks old and kept him a month. That was when I started reading *every word* in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and I learned that other women were having their troubles too. I pulled myself together and learned to cook, to wash and iron and to take care of my own baby! Sixteen months later the JOURNAL and I went to the hospital to wait for my second 5½-pound boy. Nine months ago I greeted my third 5½-pound boy and since then I've lost my maid (part-time), lost my savings account, lost my sanity, resigned from doing "good works" and have acquired a female German-shepherd puppy and a male English shepherd.

At the risk of sounding "Pollyannish" I am happier now doing *all* my own work than I was as a child in Pittsburgh attending Miss ——'s School for Girls and being cared for by governesses. My daddy was one of an old family there and I look back on that part of my life as a dream. (To some women this part would seem a nightmare, but not to me!) Who wants more than a devoted, wonderful husband and three healthy children?

Sincerely,
GERTRUDE CARTER

A message of special interest to wives of scientists and engineers . . .

Scientific attainment in the proper environment is a matter of primary importance to your husband's career. Similarly, the right home environment for your family is a matter of primary importance to you.

At Lockheed Missile Systems Division in Southern California, scientists and engineers who are unusually qualified can make significant contributions to important work—in association with men in the very forefront of their profession.

And since this Research and Engineering Staff is located in the San Fernando Valley, you can live in a pleasant environment and climate which favor family life.

May we suggest that you write for detailed literature? Simply address:

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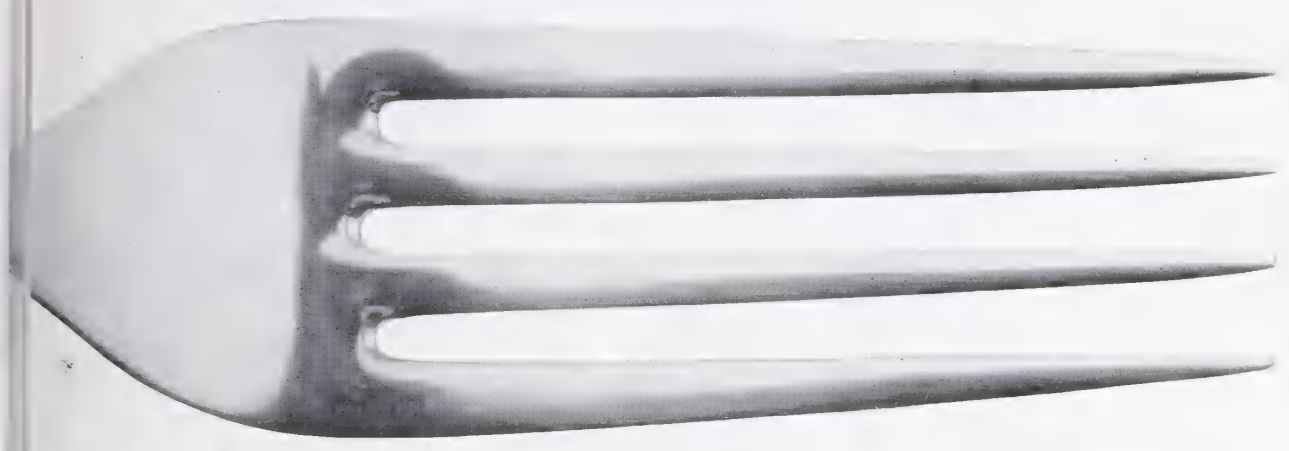
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The Tōwle Touch

In every piece of Towle Sterling... evidence of the extra care and skill... the conscious pride of true sterling craftsmanship.





A JEWELER CAN TELL A TOWLE FORK AT A GLANCE... and so can you! Just look for such details as these: center tine space set back for added design symmetry ... a tiny notch between tines for easier washing... extra hand-polishing on all inside surfaces and tine points for utmost cleanliness.



'HE TOWLE TOUCH IN)ESIGN. Towle designs each iece in every pattern from 'tip-to-toe"— iot just from iere to here.

'n these Towle serving ieces you can see the dis- inction Towle "tip-to-toe" lesign achieves. Notice the inusual geometric perfora- ion on Towle's Craftsman ierced tablespoon. See how he slender symmetry of Towle's Silver Flutes pat- ern is preserved in the handsome pie server illus- rated... how the gently flared tines of the Towle Rose Solitaire cold meat fork carry out the rosebud motif of the pattern.

THERE ARE NO "SHORT CUTS" in the making of a Towle knife. This knife is Towle's King Richard—like all Towle knives, not only is it designed to give a balanced, satisfying "feel" in your hand, it must also lie flat and even on your table. Towle uses only solid metal—never cement or rosin—to seal blade and handle permanently together.

You'll hear no strange rattles in a Towle handle—be annoyed by no loose blade—nor can water leak in!

THE TOWLE TOUCH IS THE STERLING TOUCH... sterling silver at its unmistakable finest... created by men whose hands work with no lesser metals... who believe there are those who will appreciate patterns that are a little more elegant... craftsmanship a little more painstaking... yet at prices no higher than regular sterling brands. See for yourself the lovely array of Towle patterns soon, at conveniently located stores across the country.

When in New England... you are invited to see the Towle Craftsmen at work... just 35 miles north of Boston. *Towle of Newburyport, Massachusetts.*

Wonderful what a figure can do for a dress

THOSE are mighty handsome creations they're showing in today's finest dress shop windows and in the stunning pages of our current fashion magazines.

But what fashion editor or window trimmer would even dream of showing them on anything but the typically slender figures of today?

Wonderful what a figure can do for a dress! But just as wonderful what the modern trend to lighter food and drink is doing for the modern figure.

That is the trend with which Pepsi-Cola has kept pace. Reduced in calories, today's Pepsi is never heavy, never too sweet.

It is the modern, the light refreshment. Refresh without filling. Have a Pepsi.



Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Bruce Gould

Beatrice Blackmar Gould

Editors

Are we scaring ourselves to death?



"Six's Bridge." Signed and dated "Rembrandt, 1645." According to a tradition, this landscape was etched at Jan Six's country estate against a wager that Rembrandt would not complete it before the return of a servant sent to fetch some mustard from a neighboring village.

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

One hardly picks up a magazine these days without finding an article warning of the increase of fell diseases. We are told that one out of seven deaths will be from cancer, and one out of six from coronary disease; and that one in twenty of us is doomed to spend months or years, or the rest of his life, in a mental hospital. The incidence of all these diseases is, we are informed, rising, and the writers are usually free with advice about how to spot symptoms and what to give up. If you smoke cigarettes, we are told, you are greatly increasing your likelihood of dying of lung cancer; if you don't count your calories you are scheduled for the mortuary from one or another form of heart failure. As for mental disease, we are all, it would seem, suffering from "neuroses," and an appalling proportion of our population from insanity. And something should be done about it.

Precisely because of these many articles by journalists who specialize in popular medical reporting, a great deal has been, and is being, "done about it." Thirty to fifty years ago a large group of deadly diseases baffled the medical profession. For years alleviations, controls or cures for these diseases were sought (and often found) by individual scientists or physicians working on their own. The public, however, was not particularly health-conscious. Though people were dying at a faster rate than now, they tended to accept disease and death as "the will of God." But as life insurance, and, later, various forms of sickness insurance, increased, along with the wealth of communities, the companies that issued these types of insurance became interested, for very practical reasons, in diminishing the operations of divine providence, and investigating and instructing their millions of clients in how to prolong their lives in good health.

When popular writers took up the crusade, the public became impatient of waiting for individual geniuses to find the answers to health problems and demanded that scientific research be speeded up in a more organized way, by groups of chemists and physicians working together in extended laboratories. The great foundations increased medical research, to the tune of many millions of dollars. Voluntary societies were formed to fight tuberculosis, cancer, heart diseases, diabetes, polio, and so on.

These societies required a great deal of money from the public for their entirely laudable purposes. To get the money they had to keep popular consciousness and interest, and the obvious way to do so was to publicize the dire statistics, and, in short, to create what might be called a philosophy of fear. The effectiveness of the fund-raising campaigns depended on scaring contributions out of checkbooks.

Now I do not wish to discourage anyone from contributing to medical research. We need ever more of it. But I wonder whether a different sort of appeal might be quite as effective from a fund-raising viewpoint, and have a better influence on the public health and sanity. That is to advertise what research has already done to increase your health and mine and prolong our lives. For since it has already performed wonders in once-baffling fields, there is every reason to anticipate that, given continued support, it will perform new ones.

Let's stop scaring ourselves to death, and consider a few encouraging facts.

In 1920 the average American could count on living to be 54 and a fraction years old. In 1950 he could anticipate living to be 67½. Average life had been prolonged by 13½ years—an unparalleled accomplishment for one generation!

Let us happily consider what *might* have killed us thirty or fifty years ago, and what we run a much smaller risk of dying from today.

In 1915, upon drawing our first breath, we had a 10 per cent chance of expiring as infants. Today we have more than three times as good a prospect of living to start with.

As late as 1930, 7 out of every 1000 women who gave birth to living children died in childbed. In 1950, only 1 in 1000 died.

As we began to grow up, we might have been stricken with diphtheria. In 1920, 1 out of every 139 deaths was from this cause, a painful disease accompanied by raging fever and ending in strangulation. In 1947, forty large American cities reported not a single case of diphtheria, and fifteen of these none for five years. Today no properly immunized person has diphtheria, and in 1953 there were only 160 deaths from this cause in the whole United States.

We might, as children or adults, have died of one or another form of meningitis, which, in my childhood, was called "brain fever," and very inaccurately diagnosed. Under "meningitis" was undoubtedly included tuberculosis of the brain, as well as the true meningococcus meningitis.

The true meningitis is caused by a specific germ, and, once that germ is isolated, can be cured. Previously there was no cure. Sufferers were considered nursing-care cases, with recovery depending wholly on the patient's resistance. Meningitis is infectious over a period of two weeks from contact. If, in a community of 1000, three persons had it, they were each a center of infection. Today the

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lightest-weight duty cleaner!..

So light, it follows finger-tip pressure! So efficient, it even seals the dirt in a throw-away bag—automatically! So economical, it can be yours for a low, low $69.75!

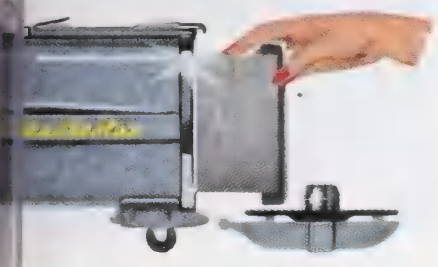
ensational new lightweight Electrolux® Cleaner, with amaz- *ivel action*, almost seems to anticipate your slightest move- Yet for all its marvelous lightness, this wonderful new olux has so much power it actually outcleans far bigger and r machines! And that's not all!

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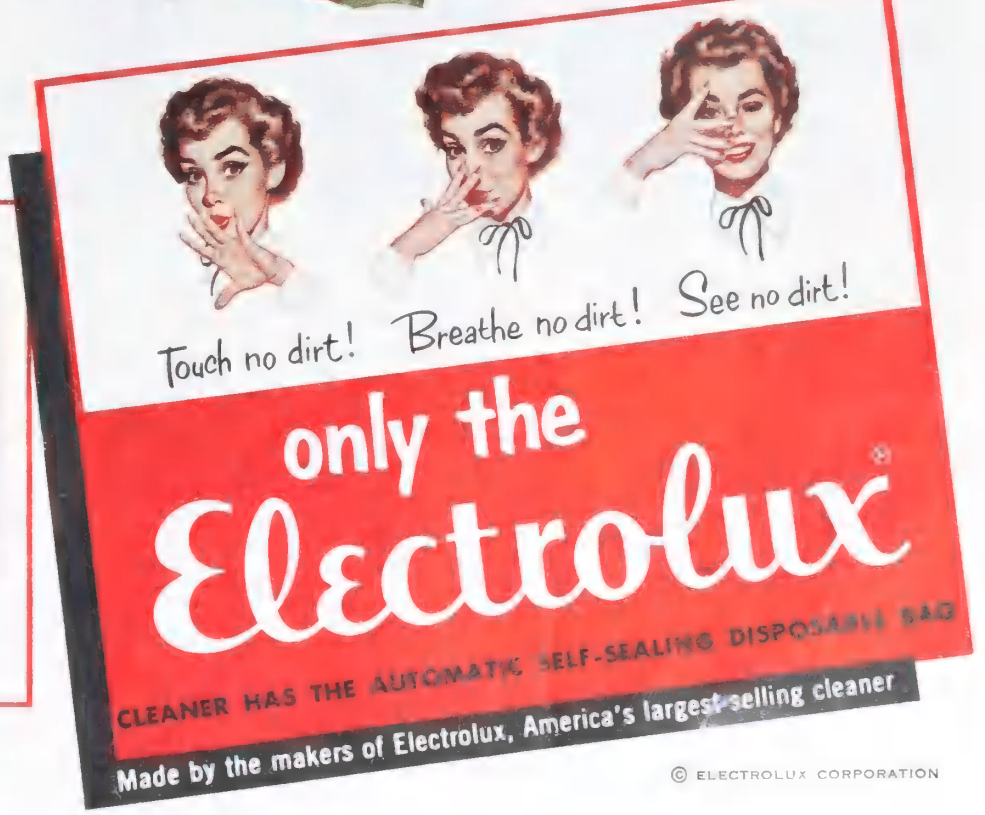
THE WORK OF FIVE!





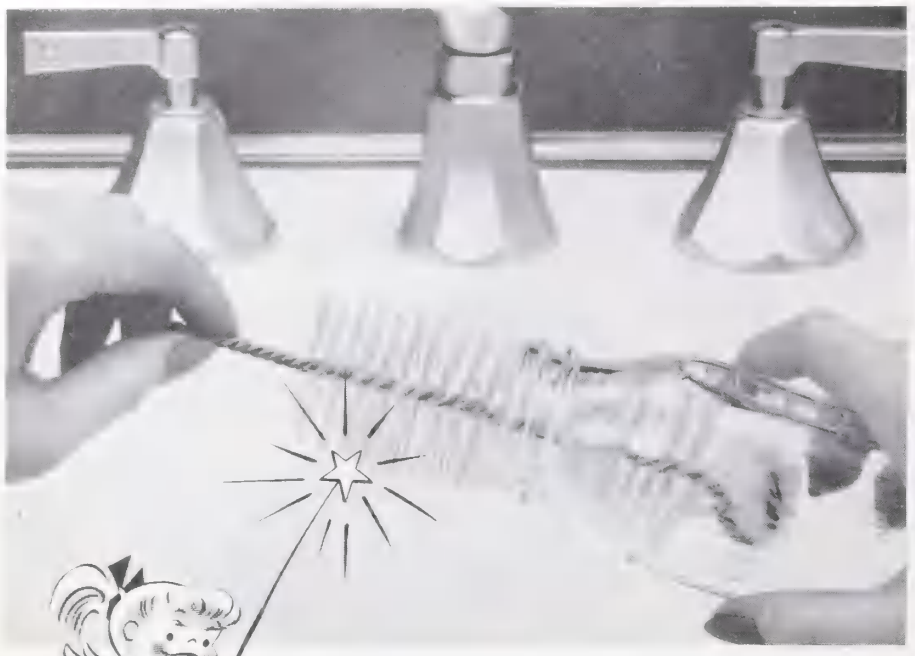


l attachment, as a rug tool (3), glides under low furniture, picks up even air with ease. Reversed (4), it's a rful floor brush that cleans up dust fast, even from difficult cracks and corners. With same connection (5), it makes light work of cleaning dirt, dust, cobwebs from wall and ceiling areas.



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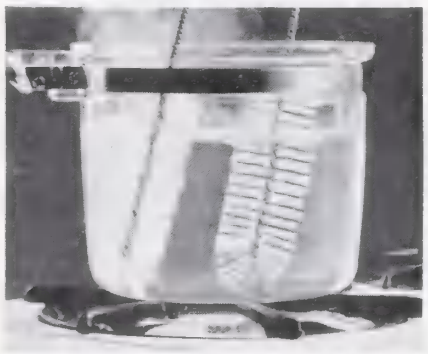
Stay-lively bristles of DuPont TYNEX® nylon speed cleaning...last longer



1. Lint whisks off like a breeze when you use this fine clothes brush. Its "Tynex" nylon bristles stay springy and sparkling for years.



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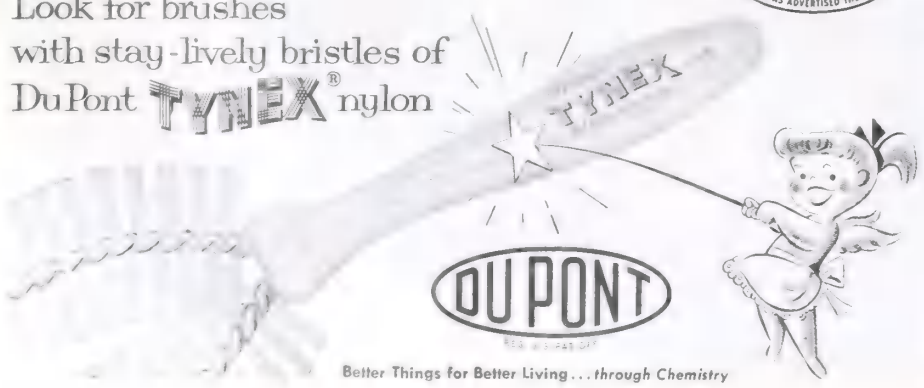


4. A lovelier you . . . beauty care's so easy with personal brushes bristled with "Tynex." They clean with just a rinse and a shake. It *pays* to ask for "Tynex."

"Tynex" is the registered trade-mark for genuine Du Pont nylon bristles

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Look for brushes with stay-lively bristles of DuPont TYNEX® nylon



Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

diagnosis is made in forty-eight hours and infection destroyed by antibiotics, as is the disease itself. The chances of one's dying from it have greatly decreased.

In 1920, 10 per cent of deaths were from pneumonia. It was a dangerous killer, striking down normally healthy men, women and children. Again there was no known cure except nursing care. As late as 1930, if you developed pneumonia you had *three* chances in *ten* of dying from it. Then science began screening the various types of pneumonia, and the finding of specific serums for various types reduced mortality by around 50 per cent. With the advent of antibiotics, pneumonia is no longer in the forefront of dangerous diseases. It caused less than 3 per cent of deaths in 1953. Most people survive it unless debilitated by something else.

Fifty years ago tuberculosis was a dreadful scourge. In 1900, 1 death in 9 was from t.b.; in 1953, 1 out of 76. We have nearly nine times as good a chance *not* to die of t.b. as did our fairly immediate ancestors.

Antibiotics are not specifics for tuberculosis, as they are for pneumonia, meningitis, gonorrhea and syphilis, the last of which was also once a hideous killer, transferred congenitally to another generation, and often ending in insanity or paralysis. But a new drug, Isoniazid, though it does not specifically eliminate the disease process of tuberculosis, does halt its development. The radical decline in the disease and death rate from the "white plague," or "consumption,"

Things endure in human affairs when they are made not of pride and power, but of humility and the love of truth. —WALTER LIPPMANN
Shining Lines.

is attributable partly to this drug but primarily to improved diet, better living conditions, care programs, means to prevent spreading infection, and surgery—collapsing of the lungs, and removal of infected parts.

Typhoid fever was common until thirty years ago. Today one can be inoculated and completely immunized against it, as travelers in parts of the world where Western sanitary conditions do not exist invariably are. In North America today, relatively few people even take the trouble to immunize themselves against typhoid, yellow fever or typhus because sanitation has practically banished them—sanitized sewage disposal, control of water and milk supplies and of handlers of food as measures against typhoid; the banishment of the specific mosquito carrier of yellow fever, and the lice that spread typhus. In 1953 there were only 20 deaths from typhoid in America. The last yellow-fever epidemic was in New Orleans in 1905, and there have been no cases in many years. Typhus is extremely infrequent. If you're not satisfied with these facts, get yourself immunized.

Mastoiditis is another disease all but banished by antibiotics. One New York hospital that used to operate a case every day has not had one in the past five years. Today antibiotics cure the initial sore throats before they spread to the mastoid sinus.

Fifty years ago you might have died or been disfigured for life by smallpox. As late as 1920 there were 109,000 cases in the United States. In 1948 there were 56 cases, with 5 deaths, and they needn't have happened either.

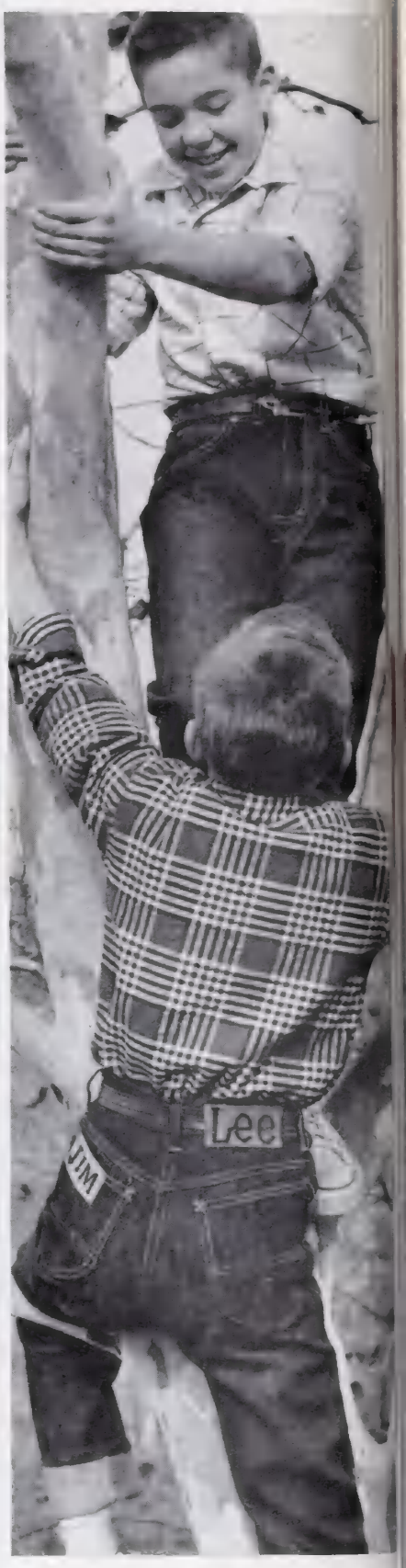
Is it not cheerful to think about these unhappy possibilities you have escaped, and the diseases that your children are unlikely ever to contract?

Of course we are all going to die eventually of something or other. As schoolboys used to declaim:

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Clothes Wreckers



Dress 'em in rugged

Lee Riders

and let 'em romp!

Blue jeans are a busy Mother's salvation. And Lee Riders are the toughest "best buy" jeans of all. You buy them to fit *exactly* because they're Sanforized—*for permanent fit.* Inexpensive, easy to wash, need no ironing. Bartacked at stress points for longer wear. Kids love their authentic cowboy style. None genuine without the branded leather Lee label. At Lee Dealers' everywhere. COPYRIGHT 1955

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The H. D. LEE CO., Kansas City 8, Mo.

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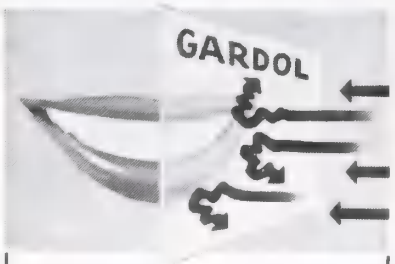


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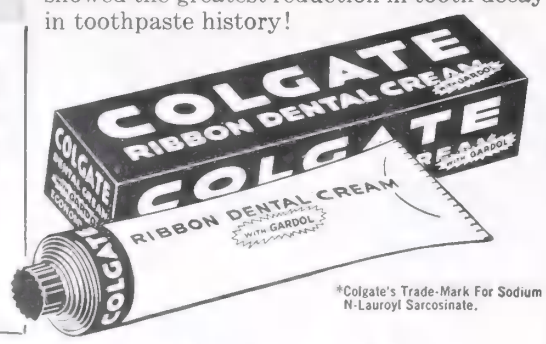


Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate Dental Cream —Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains GARDOL* To Stop Bad Breath Instantly—Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!



Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. That's why Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol fights tooth decay 12 hours or more!

BRUSH AS OFTEN AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU! But remember! Even if that's only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

Every Time You Use It . . . New Colgate Dental Cream CLEANS YOUR BREATH *WHILE IT* GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

If Latin don't kill you,
Geometry must.

The longer we live, the nearer we are to the end. But this was not always so. Many of the diseases now under all-but-complete control carried off children, young people, and men and women in the prime of life. The diseases that are on the increase are precisely the so-called "degenerative" diseases that afflict people past middle age—or past what, fifty years ago, was, actuarially speaking, old age. The child who died of diphtheria, the young mother who did not survive childbirth, the victim of smallpox or typhoid, the otherwise hale and hearty man who succumbed to pneumonia never showed up as a cancer or coronary-thrombosis statistic. The increased incidence of cancer and various circulatory and heart diseases is a natural accompaniment of longevity. This is the chief reason that cancer is "on the increase." More people live to get it.

But there is also another reason for the statistical increase: improved knowledge and diagnosis. Leukemia (cancer of the blood) was killing people from the beginning of time, but differential diagnosis of its many types goes back only some forty years. Undoubtedly many people who died of lung cancer (before the days of X rays and tests made on small bits of infected tissue surgically removed) were put down as dying from "congestion of the lungs"—as many deaths from appendicitis and other abdominal diseases were blanketed under "inflammation of the bowels."

Common sense bows to the inevitable and makes use of it. It does not ask an impossible chessboard, but takes the one before it, and plays the best game. —WENDELL PHILLIPS

Nevertheless, it is unhappily true that the longer you live, the more likely you are to develop cancer, and there are four times as many Americans sixty-five years and over as there were in 1900.

Few people over the age of fifty are ever "perfectly well" in the sense that they were ebullient with health in their youth. Physical functions do not *improve* with age, yet all of us, despite stronger and stronger glasses, fewer and fewer teeth (but better and better bridges) and the recognition that we can no longer digest nails or engage in vigorous competitive exercise, want to live in *reasonable* health as long as possible, taking comfort in the thought that the organ that we think with, and that makes us most distinctively human, the brain, often reaches full maturity only when the rest of the body has been running down for quite a long time—which is one very good reason for our wanting to prolong our lives. For as long as we can appreciate, discern, discriminate, analyze—in short, *think*—we know that we are in the most important sense fully alive. We recognize mental health to be the most valuable of all health.

But, you may say, mental diseases are also on the increase. "About one in every twenty persons spends part of his life in an institution for mental patients."

Whether mental disease is *proportionately* more current now than it was fifty years ago is hard to assess statistically. There are vastly more cases because the population is growing at the rate of 20,000,000 every decade. And an immeasurably larger proportion of deranged people are spotted as such and institutionalized. In my childhood, in the small towns where I lived, I remember a number of "queer" people, harmlessly "goofy," who lived and were cared for by relatives and never showed up in statistics.

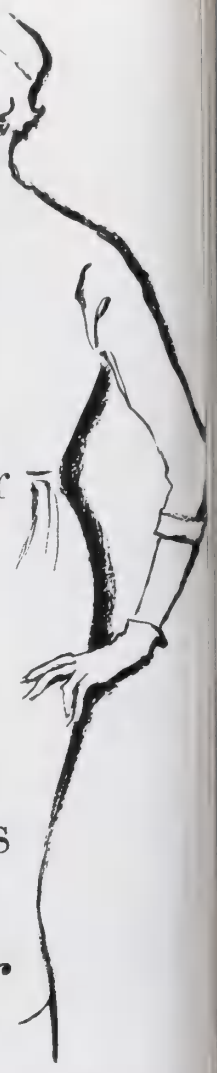
During World War II the nation was astonished and alarmed to learn that the largest number of rejected recruits were neuropsychological cases.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Leading stylists say:

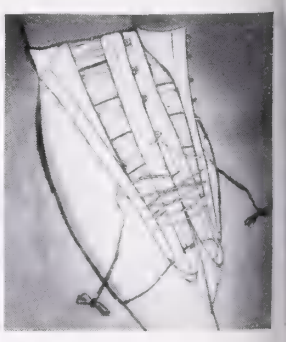
Look inches slimmer and wear today's slender fashions with a

P.N. Practical Front



Here's the easy way to look inches smaller! P.N. Practical Front controls those unwanted inches—tucks you in with firmness and comfort! And thanks to its front lacing, you have a perfect fitting every time you wear it.

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Mom! Your Easter hunt ends here!





Three bright ideas for Easter time in Arrow Sport Shirts. Left, a cotton chambray tailored for fine fit and long wear. Center, fine cotton-oxford cloth in smart, colorfast tones. Right, smart styling in a nubby-weave fabric. Completely *washable*. All shirts "Sanforized"-labeled in long and short sleeves. *Juniors*, sizes 4-12, $2.95 up. *Grads*, sizes 12-20, $3.50 up.



Sport knits that really fit are a springtime "must." Left, Continental influence in a comfortable knit for *Juniors*. Sizes 4-12, $2.95. Right, a new polo model in light plaids for *Grads*. Sizes 12-20, $3.50. Both smartly styled. Both *washable*.



Perfect-fitting Arrow Shirts. Left, Arrow Par for *Juniors* and *Grads*. A neat, soft, spread collar $3.50 and $3.65. Right, a Radnor-E—soft, rounded collar with eyelets. French and regular cuffs for *Juniors* and *Grads*, $3.50 and $3.95. Both "Sanforized"-labeled . . . both Mitoga® cut for good fit . . . in exact collar sizes and sleeve lengths, of course.



Bow 'n Arrow gift set. For *Juniors*. A fine-fitting Arrow Shirt, harmonizing tie and cuff-link ensemble. Shown—a Sussex: soft, spread collar with French cuffs. It's the perfect Easter gift for *every Junior*. $3.95



Give your boy a complete Arrow boy's wardrobe for perfect fit and wonderful looks. And when wash-day rolls around, you'll be specially glad you bought *Arrow*. They wash so easily, iron up to perfection. Best of all, they'll stand the rugged wear boys give their shirts.

For the Easter-parade look every day—put your lads in Arrow Shirts.

ARROW

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The difference between this... →



and this... ↘



is often this... →



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

But at the end of the last century there was also a war—the Spanish-American. We don't know how many recruits might have been rejected had the Army had a department of neuropsychology. But it didn't. Nor were there, fifty years ago, any child psychologists to spot psychic derangements in children.

Increased longevity contributes to the mental statistics also. The young and middle-aged don't suffer from senile arteriosclerosis, which creates a mental condition.

Yet there is general belief among experts that various forms of psychosis are on the increase, absolutely and relatively, due to the strains and stresses of our increasingly complicated lives—strains and stresses that also contribute to the increase of heart diseases.

I am convinced that this is true; though, again, the longer you live, the more likely it is that your heart will give out in one way or another. But I was recently in the Detroit area and noticed reports of a number of deaths of industrial executives in the early or middle fifties. A physician (himself a heart specialist) commented when I remarked upon it, "I think a large number of these deaths are really war casualties. During the war they worked under terrific strains, assuming abnormal responsibilities. Now, ten years later, these strains are taking their toll."

Now we know that mental and emotional stresses do immensely influence bodily conditions; and, indeed, the most fascinating and promising research now being done is in the field of "psychosomatics," and on the influence of mental and emotional stress on physical health. Emotional stress we now know may be a prime contributory to all diseases, including the degenerative ones.

A man should pass part of his time with the laughers.
—SAMUEL JOHNSON

Popular parlance has always recognized this. We say "blind with rage," "sick with grief," "pale with fear," "blush for shame," "faint at the sight of blood," and so on, each phrase describing physical reactions to emotions or to mental images. But only very recently has science demonstrated the extent to which the interrelation exists and traced the anatomical processes which it involves.

At the base of the brain, and a portion of it, is the hypothalamus gland. It is by way of this gland that sense impressions are communicated and we apperceive emotions. The pituitary gland, an anatomical outgrowth of the hypothalamus, receives these apperceptions and impressions from its neighbor, and there is a physiological connection, or axis, between the pituitary and the adrenal cortex, a little cap on the top of each kidney.

Now, the adrenal cortex produces some twenty-odd important chemicals called "steroid hormones." The functions of all of these are not yet known. But ACTH, produced by the pituitary, stimulates the adrenal cortex to produce these steroids which have a tremendous physical effect on the body. One of these steroids is the powerful cortisone, now being used as a treatment for rheumatoid arthritis. The production of these steroid hormones is necessary to the control of the delicate chemical structure of the body; but produced in excess, as the result of exceptional mental or emotional stress, or prolonged acute anxiety, they are poisons that can interrupt the intestinal processes, affect the circulation and probably the cells. In fact, it is not merely a manner of speaking when we say "scared" or "worried to death." Fear and worry do produce, temporarily, poisons that can start a process of physiological deterioration. Men facing a firing squad have been known to lose all control of their bladders and bowels even when their outward mien was of calm fortitude. Fear and shock *do* raise the blood pressure. Bad

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21









— **and first choice** for the youngsters, too. Many a parent, brought up on Ace Hard Rubber Combs, knows they just can't scratch scalp or tear hair because every edge and end is polished satiny-smooth. Moderately priced . . . individually packaged. Sizes for all the family — at home or away.

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ABOUT CLOTHES AND CARS

You're going to Church

It's a day of devotion . . . quiet and relaxing.

You'll wear your Sunday best–a beautifully simple dress.

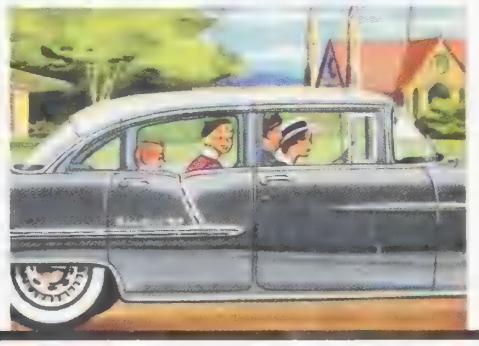
Ride in fashionable serenity in a glamorous Motoramic Chevrolet

Bel Air four-door. *Here's why . . .*

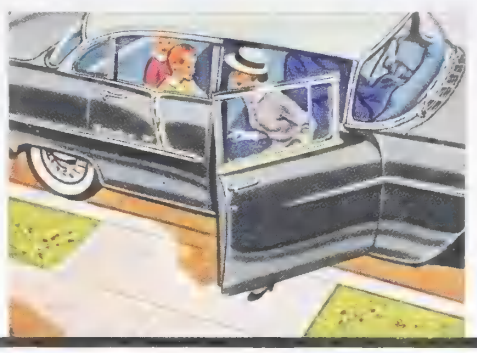
It's so inviting! Kitten-soft foam-rubber cushions . . . lavish fabrics and trim . . . exciting colors . . . rich thick-pile carpeting. And lots more room for hats, hips and shoulders.



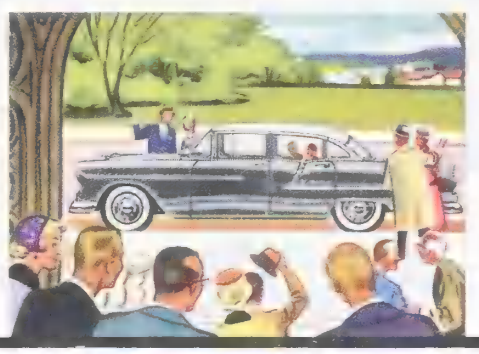
At ease. You ride in velvety comfort with new Glide-Ride Suspension—serene in your knowledge that it will cushion all road shocks, take you safely, smoothly, on your way.



Sweep in and out in ladylike fashion. The spacious and beautiful Body by Fisher is designed for graceful entrance and exit—seats are low . . . doors swing wide.



You'll be proud of the long, low, luxurious look of it. This sleek beauty makes fashion sense. It's the low-priced car with the high-priced look—the car most women love most!



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NEW GE Roll-around Cleaner



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The new G-E Roll-around Cleaner is mounted on smooth-running wheels. You can roll it effortlessly all through the house. And it's light in weight—easy to take up and down stairs.

It's always ready for action! With its new 2-in-1 floor and rug cleaning unit attached, you're ready to clean rugs, carpets and floors (and that's 85% of the cleaning you do)! And it's so versatile! There's an attachment for every cleaning purpose.

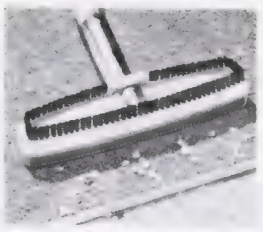
See the new Roll-around Cleaner at your G-E dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



1. Stores easily—this new cleaner fits compactly into any corner or closet. Completely assembled—it's ready for action. Just roll it out . . .

Famous G-E Swivel-top for "Reach-easy" cleaning!

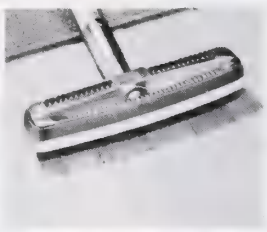
You can do two cleaning jobs easily with one attachment!



IT CLEANS RUGS!



LIFT, IT TURNS ITSELF OVER!



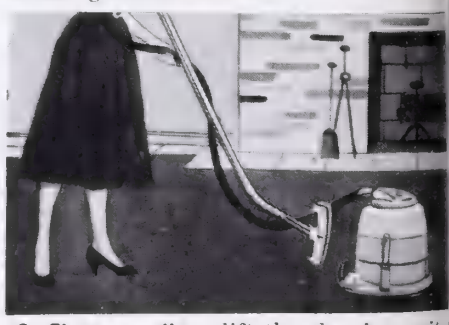
IT CLEANS FLOORS!

You clean your rugs with a powerful tool that gets up even "deep-below-the-nap" dirt. Then, lift the lightweight wand . . . the attachment turns itself over and . . . you clean your floors with a powerful tool that gets up even "deep-in-the-cracks" dirt! Only General Electric has it!

It's the most beautiful cleaner in the world . . . color styled by Freda Diamond.



2. Rolls easily—glides from room to room, over scatter rugs and door sills. Cleaning wand acts as a convenient steering handle. And it . . .



3. Cleans easily—lift the cleaning unit from the built-in carrying cradle—clean rugs, carpets and floors without even changing attachments.

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ALMOND MOCHA TORTE

UTATIONS ARE WON WITH CAKE LIKE . Ground almonds give this Mocha te extra flavor. Whole (or chopped) al- ds top it with perfection, like the finest es in your baker's window. Make it way:

ggs	½ tsp. vanilla
p sugar	1 level tsp. baking powder
sp. melted butter	½ tsp. salt
p ground almonds	½ cup flour

arate eggs and add sugar to yolks, beat- until creamy. Beat in butter and add r sifted with baking powder and va- a, and salt. Beat the whites of eggs, n add the ground almonds stirring into first mixture. Bake in 2 layers (9 in. s) for 15 minutes in 350° oven.

FILLING

pt. cream	1 tbsp. powdered sugar
tbsp. powdered coffee	Toasted almonds

at cream until stiff and add coffee and ar. Put filling between and on top of ers and top with whole (or chopped) nonds, using blanched or natural meats, ntly toasted. Let cake stand overnight ore serving.

Almonds glorify 'most any dish

r topping ice cream, cookies, cakes, or enriching salads and entrees, toast tural (unblanched) kernels 20 minutes in 0° oven, using teaspoon butter per cup. e some for cooking, salt the rest. M-m-m.

Buy Blue Diamond almonds shelled or in shell, or try Blue Diamond Buttered Almonds, ready-roasted-and diced.



California Almond Growers Exchange, Sacramento, Cal.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

news *can* cause a contraction of the circulatory system of the brain, depriving it of blood, so that the recipient of the news "faints dead away."

One of the difficulties of using cortisone as a medicine is that prolonged administration of it, though it sensationally clears up arthritis, can have other less happy effects, one of them being psychosis—or insanity. Yet our bodies produce it, and it helps to keep us well unless too much is let loose.

These researches throw light on the anatomy of certain crimes committed during "temporary insanity." Now we know that intense emotional stress, loosing these powerful chemicals, can drive a person "out of his mind," into a condition where he really does not know what he is doing.

The ancient Greeks, whose ideal was a sane mind in a sound body, perceived the connection between them. Physicians without precise scientific warrant have observed that extroverted types—people who are more interested in others than in themselves—usually are physically healthier than those who are continually contemplating their own symptoms.

Alcoholism, which also contributes to mental and nervous breakdowns, is undoubtedly psychologically conditioned. People do "drown their sorrows in drink," especially their sorrows about themselves—

Only the pure in heart can make a good soup. —BEETHOVEN

their feelings of inadequacy or inferiority, their inability to meet the various challenges of life.

Walt Whitman, who wrote that everything a child saw, heard or received through his senses became part of him forever, was evidently writing truer than he knew. The established connection between emotions produced by sense impressions and physical health leads us to inquire whether exciting films and comics depicting tension and acts of violence may not be affecting our children's digestions, blood pressures and sanity, as well as their morals.

Not all are equally sensitive to sense impressions and emotional stimulation, but in general the higher the intelligence, the more susceptible they are. And this might lead us to inquire why artists and intellectuals, as a group, and in general, smoke more than manual workers do, and why, if they give up smoking, they are inclined to overeat. Does smoking really take away the appetite, or is it a substitute sedative? For both smoking and eating are sedatives to overactive minds and emotions. The old "funeral meats" of which mourners plentifully partook were a recognition that eating does somewhat assuage grief. And if you compensate for smoking by voracious eating, you will certainly increase the load on your heart. So before it is definitely proved that tobacco contributes to lung cancer—and the statistical studies are, as I write, inconclusive and controversial—those who find comfort and relaxation in smoking may ponder whether the habit does not actually provide a necessary sedation, and whether tortured fear of cancer or anything else may not actually contribute to inducing disease.

Research into the pathology of strain will, it is anticipated, lead to the discovery of ways to check these overactive steroids and redress the chemical balance of the body.

But meanwhile, to cultivate confidence rather than fear, belief rather than doubt, to look for good rather than evil, to love rather than hate, to forgive rather than cherish resentments, to concentrate on peace rather than war, will certainly make us all happier; and, according to these latest findings, keep us healthier, too, and prolong our lives.

Jesus of Nazareth taught His followers this a long time ago. And He was a great healer of the bodies and minds of men. END



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FLINT-WARE

Makes All Other Cookware Old Fashioned!

The Only Cookware with the invisible

Radiant Heat Core

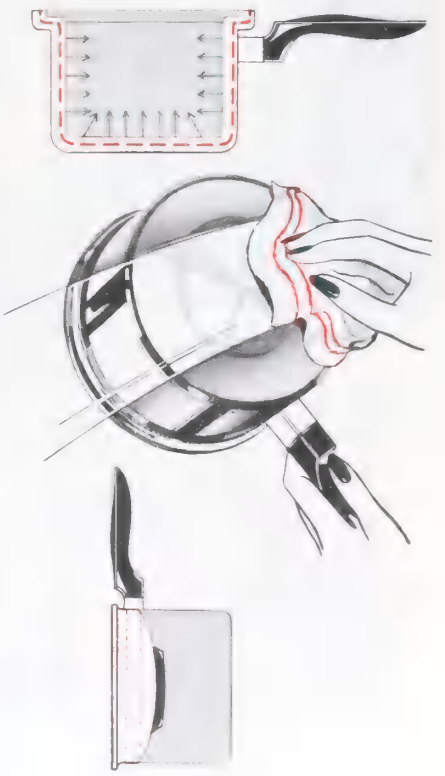
Flint-Ware is triple-layer steel – and its middle layer is an amazing Radiant Heat Core that spreads heat not just across the bottom, but up and around the sides, too. Cooks everything faster and more evenly!

Vanadium Stainless Steel . . . Washes Clean Easy as Dishes

Flint-Ware's wonderful Radiant Heat Core is sandwiched between two layers of vanadium stainless steel that cleans with no scouring . . . gleams with no polishing! Flint-Ware skillets and saucepans are as easy to wash as a dish!

"Store-Away" Covers!

One of many new convenient Flint-Ware features! Just flip covers over and store right in your Flint-Ware! See the complete Flint-Ware line wherever fine housewares are sold in the United States and Canada. See for yourself why *Flint-Ware is the only cookware so good it's guaranteed for 15 years!*



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For modern design...for features...for value—the **BEAUTIFUL BUY** *is Hamilto*

Club Projects Abroad

By MARGARET HICKEY

How families of members of our armed forces stationed abroad help each other and build good will for our country was the theme of the fourteenth biannual American Women's Activities Conference in Europe. From nine European countries 564 women came as delegates of their various overseas clubs to Berchtesgaden to exchange do's and don'ts for meeting their family needs—whether in an isolated foreign community or in a crowded compound near an Army base. Their discussions included suggestions, also, for meeting the need for understanding and friendly living with their German neighbors.

Just as it is at home, the women's club overseas has become the haven to which wives come for friendship, interesting activity and mutual help. It is especially important to women who turn to it during their lonely first days in a foreign country when, in the struggle with language, customs and currencies, they most miss their home town. Through language, sewing, home nursing and other classes held by the club, newcomers learn to adjust to their surroundings. And they soon discover ways to help German neighbors in a nearby community meet needs of their own—without creating impressions that might produce anti-American feeling.

The Friendly Hand Project, launched by the conference two years ago, brings together both German and American women's clubs. Through this project, 900 West Berlin children vacationed from four to six weeks in American homes in Germany last summer. Encouraged from the beginning by the enthusiasm of German families, who wished to send their children, and of American families, who offered to welcome them, German women's clubs selected the youngsters, and their American counterparts screened the applications. For children whose parents could not afford it, the city of Berlin paid transportation. Clutching lunches packed by American women, the children boarded buses headed in all directions—Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Bremerhaven, Heidelberg, to join families who would introduce them to American customs and ways of life.

There were a few minor problems at first. Klaus, of Neukoelln, aged five, didn't like corn on the cob with butter sauce; nor did Kara, of Berlin, like rice flakes in milk. But both soon developed a real taste for milk shakes. Nine-year-old Maria lacked English, but her little hostess from the United States was enchanted. "It's just grand. Each of us rattles away in our own language," she said, "and we understand first class." German children noted how American parents and children played games together and they, too, joined in. Three-to-nine-year-olds seemed to enjoy the visits more than older children, who found it harder to understand their American playmates. But at vacation's end, nearly everyone returned home beaming, rested, weighing more, and bearing bicycles, electric toys, cowboy suits and invitations for Christmas—some even to the United States.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Recreation center for a California town

. . . What community co-operation can do

On a Saturday morning in March, 1952, a line of cars, trucks and bulldozers rumbled along Franklin Avenue in suburban Santa Rosa, California, past Franklin Park and its playground. Children left their swings, slides and ball games to watch. At the north end of the park the procession came to a halt in front of a sprawling, abandoned sawmill. Men in work clothes piled out, then one of the heavy trucks was brought up and hooked onto a supporting beam at one corner of the dilapidated building. Moments later the truck roared into action. Wheels spun. The ancient building swayed, creaked, sagged. Then most of it came tumbling to the ground in a cloud of dust and a crash of splintering timbers.

The workers cheered. Children rushed forward clamoring eager offers of help. All offers met a firm chorus of adult no's. It was too dangerous, and danger was a thing this project was planned to eliminate. For years the old sawmill had been a source of fear to parents of the district. "You just couldn't keep the children from playing there," explains pretty Charlotte Daniels, who looks too young to be the mother of four. "Luckily, all injuries had been minor, but every mother in the neighborhood had nightmares thinking of what *could* happen."

"We used to hold our breath when we saw the children sliding on those tumble-down beams," another mother agrees. "So we just kept at our men until they did something about it. Once started, there was no stopping them."

That was how, in place of the sawmill, Santa Rosa got a $20,000 recreation center—at no cost to the city.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

HANSEL MIETH-OTTO HAGEL



Doing things together has become a habit in Santa Rosa, California. On a do-it-yourselves basis, citizens built a much-needed recreation center. Parents and children together enjoy evening singing and relaxing by the fireside.

New!

Weight watchers dessert

...only 12 calories a serving!





Delightful D-Zerta Gelatin. Specially made for you who love sweets, but don't feel you should indulge in them! Wonderful, light-as-a-daisy desserts! So good you'll want to try all *six* flavors... strawberry, raspberry, cherry, orange, lemon and lime!

And...wonder of wonders...you get *all* of the flavor...*none* of the sugar! D-Zerta's delightfully sweetened with saccharin. CONTAINS ONLY 12 CALORIES PER SERVING! Costs about 4 pennies a serving, too! Pick up some D-Zerta Gelatin in your grocery store tomorrow!



All of the flavor... none of the sugar!

D-ZERTA

Made by the makers of JELL-O desserts... for those who must watch their sugar intake.

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The center was built by the Franklin Park Association—150 members, most of them parents of young children. All labor, equipment, materials and money that went into the building were donated. It was the modern do-it-yourself trend on a community level. Or perhaps it was a revival of the old frontier-days group spirit that could raise a new house, school or church in a day—and then hold a box supper and dance afterward. Of it, Santa Rosa's mayor, Lawrence Zuur, says, "We point to Franklin Park as an outstanding example of what community cooperation can do. These people showed us that they could—and would—help themselves."

All day Saturday the work of razing the mill went on. More volunteers showed up on Sunday. People who came to watch stayed to work. The children were allowed to watch, too, from a safe distance. "You never saw a more fascinated bunch of side-line superintendents," one FPA member says. The neighborhood postman—himself an FPA-er—grins and adds, "Even the dogs turned out on the job. I recognized every familiar bark along my mail route."

At nightfall on Sunday, weary workers gathered for mutual congratulations over cups of steaming coffee. The old mill was a heap of rubble. All usable scrap was salvaged. Bulldozers and a six-ton crane were dealing with the building's huge concrete foundation blocks. What couldn't be salvaged was being burned. (To the delight of the children, the city sent an old fire engine—top speed in transit, fourteen miles an hour—to stand by as a safety measure. FPA member J. D. Howard took a short course in fire prevention and was made fire chief for a day.)

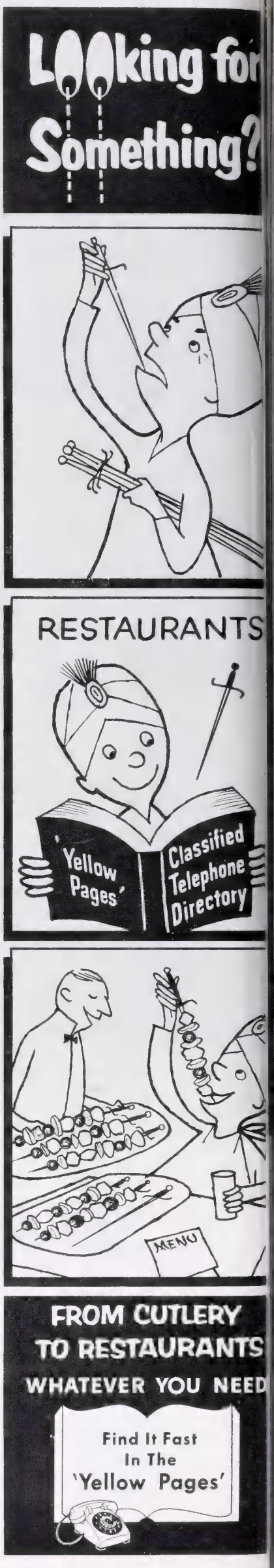
The reason so few reach the top is because no successful method has yet been devised by which a person may sit down and slide uphill.

—TONY WONS SCRAPBOOK
(The Reilly & Lee Co.)

A number of people, including members of the city government, had thought the job too big for a group of neighborhood volunteers. Santa Rosa's Park and Recreation Commission had reminded the FPA that the city had recently invested $10,000 in land to expand Franklin Park itself, could not immediately stretch its budget to cover the estimated $1500-to-$2000 cost of razing the sawmill. FPA-ers countered with their "We'll do it ourselves" proposal. This, they pointed out, would save the city and the taxpayers money all around. There were legal and technical obstacles to this proposal. What would happen if a volunteer worker got hurt on the job? With no payroll, how could they manage the insurance? Could amateur workmen handle problems that were bound to arise in such an ambitious undertaking? FPA-ers replied that at least two of their members—Charles Haun and Kenneth Caven—were licensed contractors. Lawyers volunteered their services and a community license covering the contractual part of the work was properly drawn up under Mr. Haun's regular contractor's license. Plans for the building were contributed by architect J. Clarence Felciano.

Comparing notes that Sunday night, FPA-ers found that a lot of hands—doctors', lawyers', teachers', office workers'—wore unaccustomed blisters. "There was quite a local boom in liniment sales too," one member recalls ruefully. A worker had scratched his forearm on a nail. The project's only casualty, this was treated immediately by a doctor who downed pick and shovel to apply first aid. "You see," FPA president Fred Daniels says (with suspicious solemnity), "we were ready for anything on this job. We even had a psychiatrist handy. While we never had to avail ourselves of his professional services, he was a mighty good man with a hammer and saw.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26





Illustrated, 8 of Gorham's 23 timeless patterns: (A) "Theme"* (B) "Willow"* (C) "Strasbourg"* (D) "Rondo"* (E) "Lily of the Valley"* (F) "Greenbrier"* (G) "Melrose"* (H) "King Edward"*

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For instance, that deeper glow you see in Gorham erling grows more beautiful through the years. Because Gorham's deeper glow begins with the fineness the sterling itself. (All the sterling Gorham uses finer than the government standard for sterling.)

And the deeper cut! This Gorham mark of great craftsmanship insures all the pretty detail of your pattern against erasure even with the hardest daily use.

And the great strength that Gorham builds into all its sterling: you see it in the seamless, one-piece knife handle that never rattles, resists dents. Only Gorham makes knives this way.

And no matter how your tastes may change as you grow older, you'll still find pleasure in your Gorham Sterling because the patterns themselves are timeless in their beauty of design. Gorham wouldn't make any other kind, and there are twenty-three of these timeless Gorham patterns to choose from!

So why don't you make a dream come true and pick your Gorham pattern today? Prices for a single Gorham place-setting of six pieces start at $27.50, Fed. Tax included. Ask your dealer about budget payment plans.

Gorham
STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831.

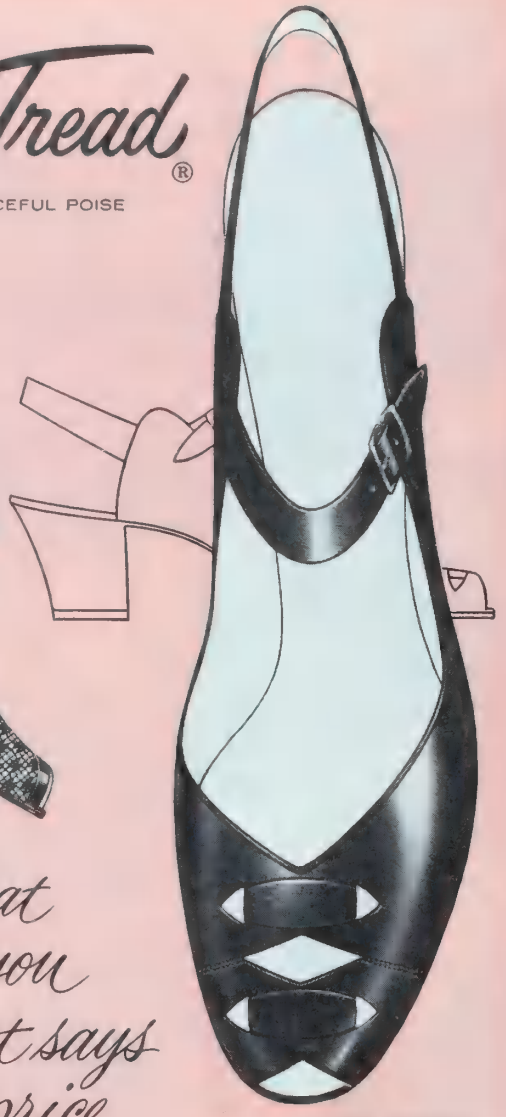
*TRADE MARKS © 1955 BY THE GORHAM CO. PROVIDENCE R.I.

Miracle-Tread®

SMART SHOES FOR GRACEFUL POISE



THE THRILLER
Flight Blue or White smooth leather—or Black Patent—with matching Cleopatra Nylonaire Mesh.



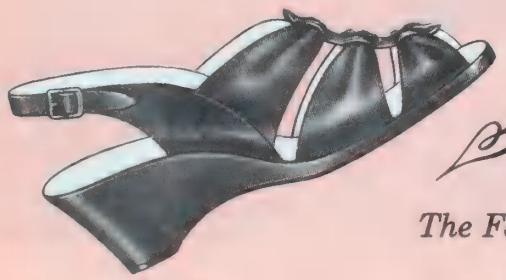
THE CADENCE
Basque Red, Black, Flight Blue or White smooth leather; also in Black Patent.

that made-for-you look that says twice the price

When you step into a pair, don't let their wonderful fit and beautiful quality deceive you. They DO cost only

$8.95 and $9.95

Casuals $7.95 and $8.95
Distant Points Slightly Higher



THE PINUP
In Avocado Green, White or Panama Kid.

The Fashion points Miracle-Tread's Vane to Festival Values of Fashion

MARCH 28 - APRIL 9



THE ELGIN
Cherry Red, Flight Blue, Benedictine Tan, White Bark, Black or White smooth leather.

Write for Name of Nearest Dealer

MIRACLE-TREAD DIVISION *Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation, Lynchburg, Virginia*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

"Another obstacle we had to overcome," Mr. Daniels points out, "wasn't so much legal or technical as it was just human. A lot of people thought that our enthusiasm might wear out before the job was done—that the city might be left with a half-finished building on its hands. But enthusiasm went right on growing. People were afraid to stay away because they might miss the fun."

On March 27, dedication services were held in Franklin Park when Mr. and Mrs. Albert Clapp gave five Norway-spruce trees in memory of their son.

During April, the FPA held a membership drive. Those who paid their fee—$1 plus whatever additional amount they wanted to give—were told frankly, "Your membership entitles you to no privileges whatever—except the feeling of contributing to a worthwhile project."

In June, with $973.38 in the treasury (proceeds from the membership drive, donations from a P.T.A. group and a Camp Fire group) the FPA announced ground-breaking ceremonies and a money-raising carnival. Folk dancing, horseshoe pitching, peewee golf, a pie-eating contest, gaudy entertaining clowns, game booths and food sales netted $240 for the building fund. Then-mayor Alex McCluskey turned the first shovelful of ground for the new clubhouse, praised the association's efforts and assured them, "The city of Santa Rosa is behind you one hundred per cent."

A man who does not fool himself seldom cares much about fooling others. But the man who claims to have seen a ghost wants everybody else to believe in ghosts.

—E. W. HOWE.

In 35 working Sundays the FPA built its redwood clubhouse. As called for in the plans, it has a main meeting room 24′ x 48′, a convenient kitchen with pass-through and serving counter, an office with room for storage, two rest rooms accessible from clubhouse or playground. The beams are of Douglas fir, the high ceiling of redwood. One whole end of the meeting room is taken up by a big field-stone fireplace. Clerestory windows light the long south wall. The north wall (opening on a terrace) has both clerestory and long windows.

Three of the project's most active sponsors are brisk, red-haired Ruth Eades; slim, attractive Jean Caven, FPA secretary; and quiet Jean Taylor, whose soft voice can speak with real force about something she believes in—such as a safe place for children to play. "Around City Hall they began calling the three of us 'the Wolf Girls,'" she smiles. (Once owned by Mr. Paul Wolf, Franklin Park was originally known as "the Wolf tract.") "I guess you can't blame them. We haunted council meetings with petitions, and when we weren't actually asking for something we were underfoot just to remind them."

Members speak admiringly of Jean Caven's tact, her "refusal to be discouraged by anything!" and all the coffee and hot lunches she provided for the Sunday workers. The mimeographed FPA Newsletter often carried her appeal as head of the food committee: "Do you have a casserole you think men will like? Please call Jean Caven."

Ruth Eades, "a real organizer," tells how work plans were drawn up. "Friday nights we'd meet at one of the members' homes and decide what work to do on the following Sunday. Then we'd make out a list of the construction materials we needed. The men divided up the list and took it around to Santa Rosa supply firms. 'We need these things,' they'd say. 'What can *you* give us?'"

"And we were never turned down," Fred Daniels puts in. "When people understood the project was to benefit the kids, they just said, 'Sure, we'll help. Put us down for so many sacks of cement, so many feet of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

Sportswear Buyer reports:

"Tweed goes with everything!"



Tweed is the one fragrance above all others to wear anytime, anywhere.

TWEED Perfume from **2.25**
Mist **2.25** Bouquet **1.50**
prices plus tax

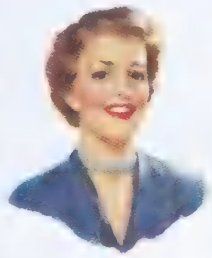
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NEW YORK PARIS LONDON





TWA'S SUPER-G CONSTELLATION is the newest, most luxurious airliner in the skies! It is the only airliner that combines speed with the luxury that makes you think it was designed for women, and women alone.

"What every woman wants ... sheer luxury!" says *Mary Gordon* of TWA



There never, no never, was travel luxury like this . . . not even on a magic flying carpet!

Step aboard TWA's new Super-G Constellation and you are in a dream come true . . . a dream of beauty, speed, comfort, spaciousness.

Sink into a comfortable chair in one of the four compartments. Each is as roomy, as relaxing, as beautiful as the proudest living room! Or sleep away the miles in a full-length, dream-inviting berth.

Sleeping, relaxing or visiting is so pleasant in these new cabins where special soundproofing quiets the four mighty engines to a soothing hum.

Scores of other luxurious features make this the finest non-stop service between major cities coast to coast. You will be served delicious full-course, gourmet meals. You can enjoy your favorite drink with tasty canapés, rare cheese or fresh fruit in the friendly lounge . . . glare-free picture windows give you a better view of the world below . . . adjustable lights make reading a joy.

It sounds almost like a fairy tale . . . this tale of a new, luxurious way to travel. But it's true! Be one of the first to fly the finest, most luxurious airliners in the world. For reservations see your favorite travel agent, local TWA office or write Mary Gordon of Trans World Airlines, Dept. J, 380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Coast to coast with nothing but luxury in between! That's the way you'll feel when you fly the only air sleeper service between New York and California. In the morning you can even have a piping-hot breakfast served in bed.

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The golfer's club whips through the air, and a sharp smack sends the ball streaking down the fairway—135 m.p.h! That's *speed you can see*—just as you can see the disintegrating speed of a Bayer Aspirin tablet when you drop it in a glass of water. It starts to disintegrate *so fast you need a stopwatch to time its speed!* Since the same thing happens in your stomach, this is one reason Bayer Aspirin gives you

Amazingly fast relief from

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NEURITIC PAIN
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Bayer Aspirin's ability to relieve almost any kind of pain is well known to the medical profession. It is used by millions for fast relief —not only from headaches and pains of neuritis and neuralgia—but from muscular pains, discomforts of colds, and as a gargle for throat irritations. Bayer Aspirin is also used by many people who want to sleep at night, but are unable to because of some minor physical discomfort.

Get the BEST! Bayer Aspirin—the original aspirin—is not a "bargain" medicine. It's the best that science can make. It's the best that money can buy!



Feel Better Fast_ Use

BAYER ASPIRIN

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



E. J. EISENMEIER, F.P.G.

"I love coffee, I love tea" . . . one of the oldest games in the world.

WITH the pale new leaves coming out on the park trees; with flower carts, pulled by horses, rolling brightly across the city streets; the photographer taking pictures of pink babies in immaculate carriages; and the donkey out again for rides on Second Avenue, spring has come again to New York. Little girls are down on the sidewalks jumping rope.

"I love coffee,
I love tea,
I love the boys
And the boys love me.
A . . . B . . . C . . ."

There's a tidy little pamphlet called **JUMP ROPE RHYTHMS**, by ***Patricia Evans***, that has all the rhymes you ever knew and brings back with frightful clarity the days when you were ten. It also makes the point that jumping rope is not just a hit-or-miss diversion of the young, but one of the oldest games in the world, and always connected with spring. Long ago when farmers had finished planting their crops, they gathered together and jumped rope. They believed that their crops would grow high as they themselves could ju (Porpoise Bookshop, 628 Montgon St., San Francisco, California. 25c.)

●

It's also good, in spring, to walk. good at any time to walk. And if you do the benefits of walking, I recommen book called **THIS PACE IS *NOT* KILL US**, by ***J. I. Rodale***. (Rodale Pr Emmaus, Pa.) Being a walker, and one who squirms under some of feather-bed comforts of our modern istence, I subscribe heartily to nearly ery one of its somewhat radical notic The book is 63 pages long, costs a dol and I believe might easily add years our lives!

Rodale's chief contention is t our sedentary life with its steam h gadgets, cars is unhealthy. Man, believes, is being dangerously c dled, and he bolsters up his argum with passages from innumera doctors.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31



"I never write to anybody. No sense in making extra work for some poor joker."



You feel so very sure of yourself... after a WHITE RAIN *Shampoo!*

You're confident you look your loveliest . . . your hair soft as a cloud . . . sunshine bright . . . every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feeling you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

Use New WHITE RAIN *Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*



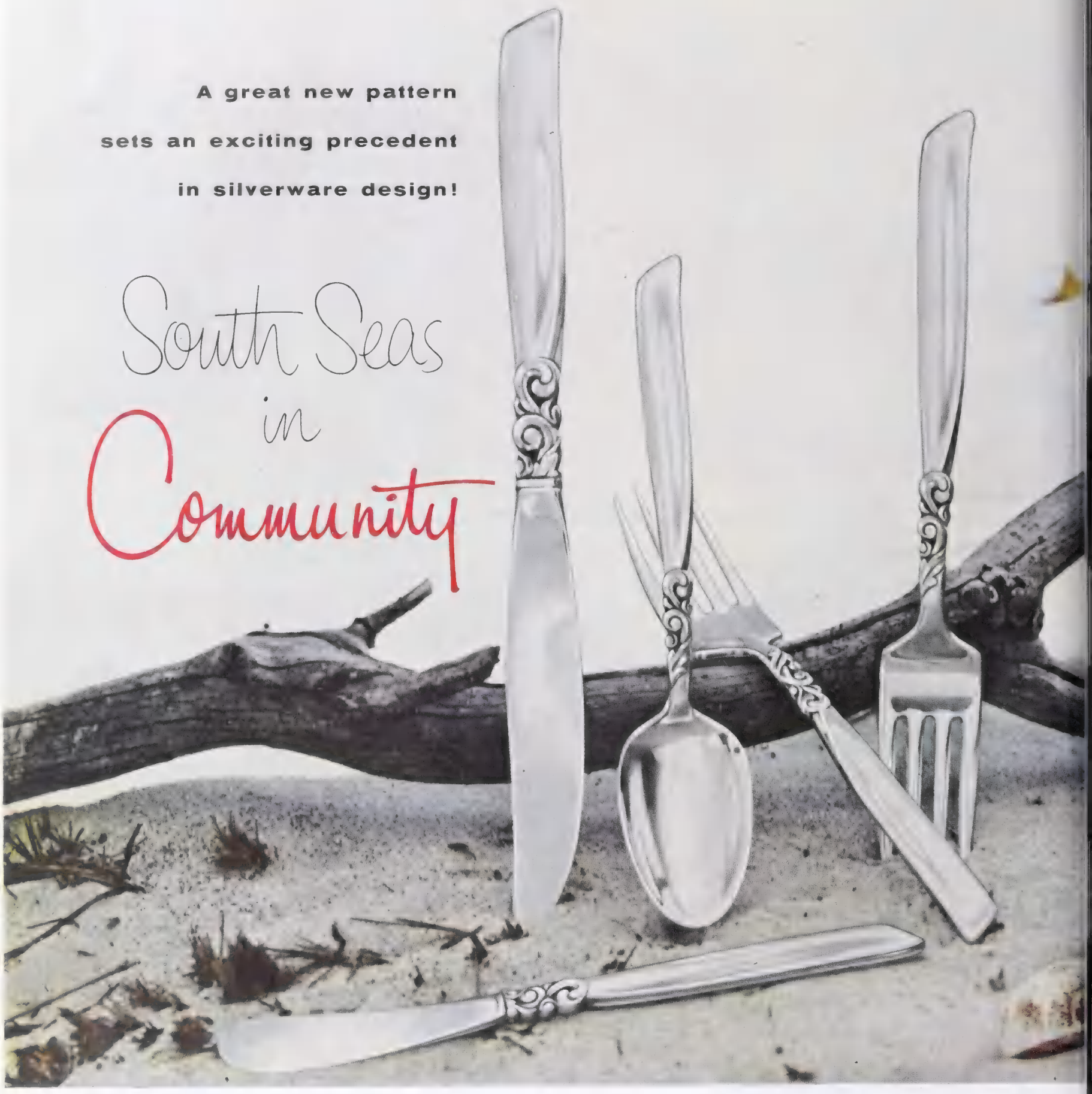
FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

A great new pattern

sets an exciting precedent

in silverware design!

South Seas in Community





FOR ONLY 69¢, you can own this $2.50 value pierced tidbit server in South Seas pattern. A lovely piece for serving relishes, nuts, cheese. But hurry! Your silverware store has only a limited quantity!

Never, no, never before, has any silverware pattern won such instant acclaim. If you're a new bride, or wishing for a new, complete silverware service, it's for you! For *South Seas** brings the spirit of today to your table—with beauty and quality unmatched by any other silverplate.

And if you've thought modern must be severe, you'll be enchanted by *South Seas*' graceful, free-form handles, impressive weight and gleaming pure-silver finish. But beauty is only the beginning of *South Seas*' appeal. For here is a totally new idea design. Newly proportioned pieces give your tabl fresh, delightful, contemporary look. New-size fun tional place knives and forks are equally at hor at a casual buffet or at your proudest dinner par

And this brilliant new Community* pattern is easy to own. Convenient budget terms. 52-pc. d ner service for eight, $79.75, including handson anti-tarnish chest. Proudly made and guarante by Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths.

TODAY'S LOOK IN FINE SILVERWARE

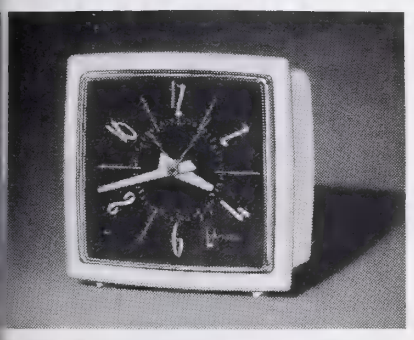
*REGISTERED BRAND OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N.Y., COPYRIGHT 1955, ONEIDA LTD.



ITTSFIELD ELECTRIC ALARM. Attrac- ve modern styling in rich wood case. lond or mahogany finish. Only 4½ ches high. Bell alarm. $7.95. With minous dial, a dollar more.

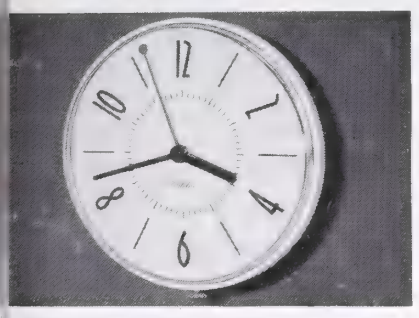
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o brighten up your home



LEEPMETER ELECTRIC ALARM. Smart odern case and dial. Only 4¼ inches igh. Bell alarm. Non-breakable crys- al. Sweep second hand. Ivory color. 5.45. Luminous, $6.45.

OUNTRY CLUB ELECTRIC ALARM. vory or green case in simple, clean nes. Unique modern face. Pleasant larm. Guaranteed for a year. $9.45. uminous dial, a dollar more.



RIM ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK. Only 5¾ ches in diameter. Non-breakable rystal. Sturdy metal case with dials red, yellow, white or green. Only 3.98. In sparkling chrome case, $4.98.

Prices do not include tax and are subject to change.

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Electric Clocks

made by the makers of **BIG BEN**

La Salle-Peru, Illinois

Products of GT GENERAL TIME Corporation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

A few special books have come up recently for persons with special interests, but which on the whole make such good general reading that they deserve mention.

For those interested in music: **MEN, WOMEN AND PIANOS,** by ***Arthur Loesser*** (preface by ***Jacques Barzun***). This is a social history from the days of the earliest keyboard instruments down to radio—a picture of courts and studios; biographies and manners; the music that was played, the persons who wrote it and those who played it.

Incidentally, everyone connected with the music world should know about the American Music Conference, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, an organization equipped with information, advice, speakers, slide films, manuals, reports. . . . Did you realize that 19,300,000 people in this country play the piano? And that next in popularity are the guitar and the ukulele? That twenty years ago the musical-instrument business was declining, and today is booming? That school bands have tripled in number in the past six years? That classical-record sales are now above $60,000,000 a year? And that more Americans attend concerts than baseball games?

For the enjoyment and understanding of art: Four small books, half pictures, half text, by ***Bernard Berenson,*** who to my way of thinking knows more about art than all other art critics combined: **SEEING AND KNOWING; PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA, The Ineloquent in Art; CARAVAGGIO, His Incongruity and His Fame; THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, The Decline in Form.**

For educators, particularly in the field of girls' schools and colleges: **EDUCATING WOMEN FOR A CHANGING WORLD,** by ***Kate Hevner Mueller,*** a careful study of women's education based on scientific findings, and quite a revelation. *Also, for women in general:* **THE CHALLENGE OF BEING A WOMAN,** by ***Helen Sherman*** and ***Marjorie Coe,*** a sound book of advice on many problems—discipline of children, teaching sex, housework, plans for later years. If reading a book *can* help, this one should be effective.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"When you get right down to it, how will algebra help us find a husband?"

For the student of modern literature: **THE PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL, 1900–1950,** by ***Leon Edel.*** "The twentieth-century novel," says Professor Edel, "need not hang its head in shame. The vitality of a Proust and a Joyce will suffice for the second half of this century's fiction even if it should prove utterly barren of new ideas." Besides Proust and Joyce, he discusses Henry James, Virginia Woolf and Faulkner.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

NOW! A NEW FROST WHITE LETTER PAPER IN OPEN STOCK

NEW *Autocrat* WHITE



Yes, it's famous Autocrat-quality letter paper in a beautiful new version – and it is available in Open Stock for your more convenient buying.

If you are already familiar with the lovely simplicity of White & Wyckoff's *Autocrat* – 'nough said! If you aren't, do get a box of the new *Autocrat White* and discover its fine quality and frost white freshness.

Matching envelopes available separately . . . or boxed together, if desired. At better stores everywhere.



YOUR CHOICE OF SIZES

Now at Your Favorite Department Store or Stationer

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DISTINCTIVE WRITING PAPERS

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Nothing does it like Seven-Up!



New 7-Up TV Show!
exciting adventure, se
"Soldiers of Fortune"
every week.

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If you want a real thirst-quencher...

If you hanker for a cool, clean taste...

If you want a quick, refreshing lift...

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

Next time you're thirsty, really "dry," do this: open a chilled 7-Up and take a sip. Just a *sip!* Hold it in your mouth a moment before you swallow. Something happens!

You'll be pleasantly surprised at how much one sip does to relieve your thirst . . . how 7-Up instantly makes your mouth and throat fresh and wide-awake again. You can *feel* 7-Up do it!

When you have finished the bottle, your thirst is gone . . . leaving a cool, clean taste. The 7-ounce bottle of 7-Up is exactly the right amount. But words can't tell you. Get a chilled 7-Up and find out for yourself . . . if you want a real thirst-quencher, NOTHING DOES IT LIKE SEVEN-UP!

Thirst was made for a drink like this... why waste it on anything else?



"Fresh Up" with Seven-Up

THE ALL-FAMILY DRINK

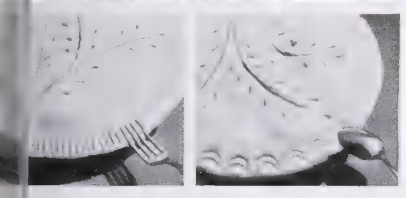
Easy Ways to Edge Pie Crust Differently



by Marie Gifford
Armour's Home Economist and pastry authority.

1. To make a high fluted edge on pie crust, cut top crust off ½ inch beyond rim of pan. Tuck under lower crust. Then crimp dough between knuckle of left forefinger and thumb and forefinger of right hand.





2. To make a different edge that's pretty, yet decorative, simply use the tines of a fork to press the edges together.

3. For a pretty scalloped effect, press edges together with the tip of a teaspoon, pressing twice for each scallop as shown.

And, **if you want** flaky tender pie crust every time, use my easy 5-minute can't-fail Pastry Method and wonderful *new-type* Armour Star Lard. You'll find the recipe on both the handy self-measuring carton and the economical 3-lb. tin.

The **new-type lard** gives amazing results because it blends so quickly and easily. Actually gives you richer flavored, flakier crusts than expensive shortenings. And, unlike ordinary lards, Armour Star *new-type* Lard needs no refrigeration to keep it sweet and fresh.

FREE! NEW PIE BOOKLET

New pie recipes. How-to-do-it illustrations. Write to: Marie Lord, Dept. 154, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago. Armour top will be appreciated.



Armour Star Lard



The Modern New-Type Lard That Makes Flakier Crusts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

For the housebuilder: **QUALITY BUDGET HOUSES**, by *Katherine Morrow Ford* and *Thomas H. Creighton*. My home-building scout, a literary man who is building his own house with his own hands, says this is the most helpful he has come across yet—practical and not arty.

COLLIER'S



"We finally decided to build."

●

Bing Crosby comes up with four books which he believes would be good stimulation for the youngsters of today whose reading experience in good books seems to him to be almost nil:

THE REASON WHY, by *Cecil Woodham Smith*, an outstanding history but somehow unexpected as a crooner's choice. . . . **NAPOLEON**, by *Emil Ludwig*. Bing thinks Napoleon's relations with his family would make history living drama for the comic-fed generation. . . . **A SCHOOL FOR HOPE**, by *Michael McLaverty*, story of simple Irish people in a small town. . . . **THE BEAR**, by *William Faulkner*. "I have read nothing better in this field," says he, "with the possible exception of Hemingway's The Old Man and the Sea."

●

Elizabeth Bowen (**A WORLD OF LOVE**) describes what she considers the ideal conditions under which to work, if you're a writer: a room as nearly silent as can be, a large writing table, an outlook—if possible—on trees, and *no social engagement before 6:30!* For this writer (at least a typewriter user!) the outlook necessarily has to be over city roofs.

Block-printed cut-out against blue,
Sharp buildings silhouette a sky
Where slits of bird wings, knifing through,
Close up and open as they fly,
And streets are angled, cleanly straight,
East River to West River Gate.

These are lines from *Sara King Carleton's* book of poetry, **NO NEW COUNTRY**. Several of the poems in this very appealing collection appeared in JOURNAL pages. (This particular verse is from *Cardboard City.*)

●

Doctor Menninger, of the famous clinic, believes that an occasional dose of self-analysis is good for the mental health, and names certain yardsticks by which we can measure our own maturity: the capacity of finding more satisfaction in giving than receiving (reversal of the infantile role): the ability to accept frustrations and to learn to profit from experience: above all, the capacity to love, which he calls the underlying base of good mental health. "When we hate ourselves or

ONLY Royal INSTANT PUDDING is Super Homogenized



for Melt-in-your-mouth FLAVOR AND SMOOTHNESS!

Pre-Cooked!
Extra Smooth! Extra Delicious!

You'll find ROYAL Instant a new sensation in puddings. So rich tasting, yet light and fluffy! It piles into your serving dish in luscious swirls—smooth as whipped cream—that never toughen into "skin" on top. Each flavor—Vanilla, Chocolate, Butterscotch, Coconut Cream—melts in your mouth . . . *smoothly* good. For *only* ROYAL Instant Pudding is both pre-cooked and *super homogenized!* It's so easy to digest you can give it to babies.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

HOWDY DOODY'S FAVORITE



A child can make ROYAL Instant Pudding without going near the stove. And it requires no chilling, for it's made with cold milk. Just add to the milk . . . beat . . . let set . . . eat!





Copr. KAGRAN

For scrumptious desserts every time . . .
ALWAYS REACH FOR Royal

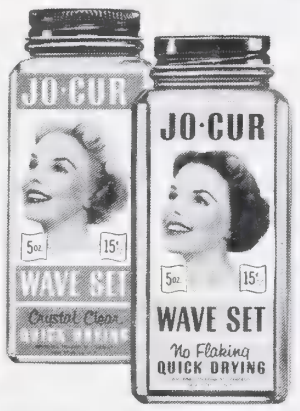
Want lovelier hair with easier care?

JUST SET AT HOME . . . with new **JO•CUR**

JO•CUR's wonderful *new* formula gives hair that exciting *professionally set* look . . . in a few minutes at home! So easy to use —just dip the comb. So effective on the most stubborn curls. Keeps every wave in place, smoothly. Dries fast, won't flake, non-sticky. New JO•CUR, in green or "clear". At most cosmetic counters . . . only 15c plus tax.



"Profile Bob", *interpreted by Jean De Chant Salon, New York. Jo•Cur will preserve the beauty of your hair style.*



MAKES YOUR WAVE BEHAVE
Your coif forgets its wayward ways, becomes smooth, responsive, with new JO • CUR Wave Set.





LONGER LASTING LOVELINESS
It's dollars and sense to safeguard your precious hair-do for pennies . . . with thrifty JO • CUR Wave Set.

Sensational Discovery!



NOW...

AN EXCITING NEW KIND OF

"Perfume that Clings"

If perfume doesn't "stay" with you, or if you're looking for a *luxurious* fragrance to use everyday . . . this revolutionary creamy-pink perfume is the answer!

HOW TO APPLY...

Every morning, smooth a few drops over the pulse-points of your skin.

With each pulse-beat, the deep warmth of your body brings the fragrance to life . . .



Chantilly
LIQUID SKIN SACHET*

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF
to try "The Perfume That Clings"
$1.85 *plus tax*

And far into the evening, your skin will still yield the lovely fragrance of *Chantilly* . . .

Originated by

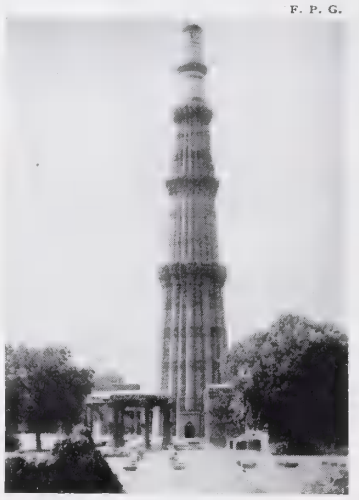
HOUBIGANT

Comp'd in U. S.

others, we're sick, and it's a good thing to know it."

Nowhere is the capacity to love more tenderly realized than in NECTAR IN THE SIEVE, a novel by ***Kamala Markandays***. This is the simple story of village people living on the hot plain of Southern India, and is comparable in many ways to CRY! THE BELOVED COUNTRY, that fine book about South Africa that captivated us all a few years ago. If anything, NECTAR is better. It is more artistic because it is not so obviously a social document. It has its message, to be

F. P. G.



The Koutub Minar at Delhi, India.

sure. We realize that something must be done when, in our own comfort, we read of others who live always on the edge of starvation. But there is no preaching. Moreover, it is written, not by a sympathetic outsider but by an Indian who herself seems to share the sweet nature of these people, and who is able to make us understand their quality. We dwell with them and we share the climaxes of their joys and sorrows. Publication has been postponed to late May. This is not a grim story. It is beautiful. And I, for one, shall never forget it.

•

THE FOUR FATES, by ***Margaret Mackay***, is good woman's reading—a long novel about the daughter of a famous musical-comedy actress whose life is casual at best, tinselly, played against a background of cities, and peopled by various husbands and sweethearts. We meet the girl at fourteen, already craving a life in the country with hens and horses; and see her grow up longing for a love that will endure, a home that is constant, and children. That she eventually attains this normal life is due to the four men who help her build it—presumably the architects of her fate. The years of the '20's and the '30's are brought vividly to life and the war years are particularly good, while the cities and the countryside of three countries are described with the shifting ease of an undoubtedly well-traveled author.

•

Ludwig Bemelmans' latest opus is a bright, amusingly astringent biography of Lady Mendl, TO THE ONE I LOVE THE BEST. This was Elsie de Wolfe, who died at ninety-odd, the interior decorator de luxe, wife of Sir Charles Mendl, on whom she kept a tight leash, and sparring partner of the author to the end.

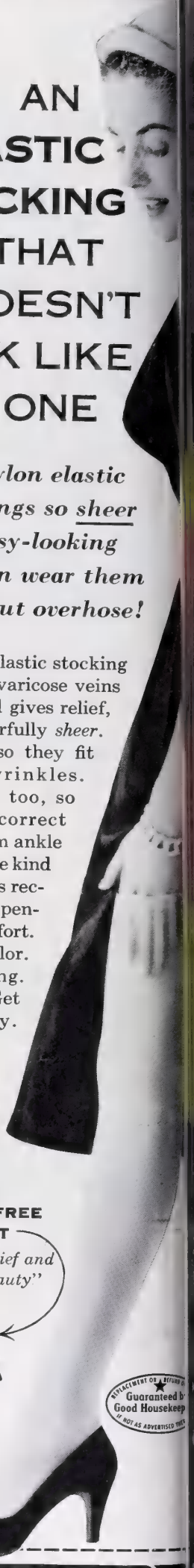
According to her husband, Elsie was the generous type. Her generosity, however, was streaked with a shopkeeper's penny pinching. She had an electric meter installed in his part of the house so that she could find out how much current he used, and billed him for it. On the same day she might give him a pair of cuff links costing hundreds of dollars.

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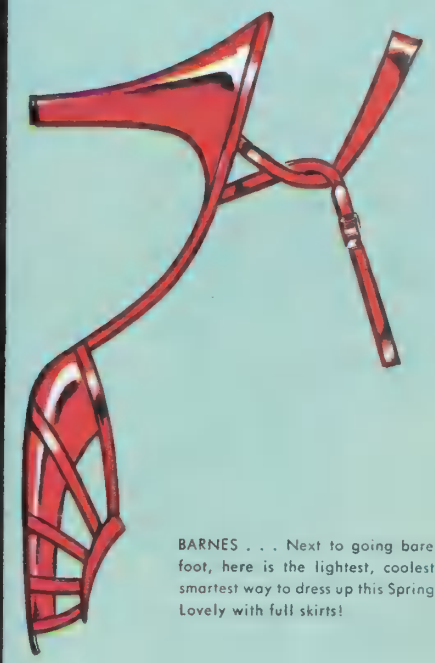
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By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psyc

Making marriage work

Should a wife discuss her hurt feelings—or ignore them?

Why Did Stella Hate Her Husband?

FEW human reactions are more futile than regret, whether for wrongs committed or for wrongs suffered. To brood over past mistakes is morbid; and nursing a grievance, instead of easing pain, intensifies and prolongs it.

When Stella and Fred married, their circumstances were unusually favorable, their prospects of successful marriage bright. Fifteen years later, they had prospered beyond their hopes.

Fred was a successful executive, his income ample and future secure. They had three attractive children whom Fred adored, a spacious home capably run by servants, and Stella, as a member of fifteen organizations and officer of eleven, was proud of her position in the community. She felt they had achieved everything a sensible couple could want.

Yet when they consulted me Fred wanted a divorce. No quarrel or family emergency had preceded his demand; and outraged and baffled though she was, Stella soon realized that no other woman was involved. Unaccountably, Fred had simply tired of their life. Fred said that, far from being satisfactory, their marriage had been a disappointment almost from the first. He said Stella preferred running the community to running their house or raising their children. She was away attending meetings every day, and three or four evenings a week. She valued Fred's success, but was indifferent to him personally, and their relationship was little closer than that of business associates.

After several conferences, it became clear that Stella was mistaken in believing their trouble had developed suddenly. Instead, it stemmed from their stormy courtship.

Though they had dated off and on during high-school days, they had never "gone steady," or mentioned engagement. Nevertheless, when Fred began dating a new girl, Stella felt she had been affronted and publicly humiliated. Then soon after Fred entered college, the new girl married another man. When Fred returned, Stella created opportunities to see him. Concealing her resentment, she greeted him as a valued old friend. Soon they began dating again, and after a year were married.

But the marriage ceremony did not end her resentment of being second choice. To bolster her ego and prove that Fred was lucky to get her, she built herself up and belittled him. Outwardly the dutiful wife, she betrayed her indifference by largely ignoring him in private. She took his achievements for granted, but criticized him for trifles, advised him what to do differently, and constantly pointed out the value of her contacts and social position.

Because of her ancient grievance, Stella held herself aloof from Fred, and he was soon convinced she didn't need him. After fifteen years with little appreciation, understanding or companionship, Fred decided he didn't need her either. He determined to make a fresh start before it was too late.

For the children's sake, Fred has agreed to give their marriage another trial. But Stella must learn that to preserve her status as a married woman (which she so greatly prizes), she must also value, understand and fulfill her role as a wife. By forgetting the past and making the most of the present, she may be able to achieve a better future, for herself and her husband.

Fortunately, few women let their desire to get even carry them so far. But many wives (more often than husbands) nurse grudges. It is wasteful and destructive to let yesterday's disappointment dim the pleasures and satisfaction of today.

If your husband has said or done something which rankles, recently or long ago, ask yourself whether the incident is serious enough to remember. If so, discuss it with him honestly and calmly. If not, keep quiet. But in either case, forgive, forget, and look ahead.

"Just Like a Man"

WHEN a woman says something is "just like a man," what she usually means is that one particular man—her husband—exasperates her. Actually, she may have too little knowledge of men generally to know whether her husband's behavior is really typical.

Many wives are handicapped by inadequate understanding of the opposite sex. If a girl grows up with few male relatives except her father and has little opportunity to observe men in the casual association of an office or college classroom, her impressions of the male of the species are largely formed on dates and other social occasions. Then she is likely to evaluate a man's conduct, traits and attitudes by comparing him, not with other men but with women. The more masculine he is, the more peculiar his characteristics will seem by this standard.

It is enlightening to consider some of the more obvious differences between men and women. Generally speaking, men are taller, heavier, physically stronger. They have broader shoulders, proportionately narrower hips and larger hands and feet. Their voices are deeper, they eat more, can throw a ball straighter and lift a heavier weight.

Because these differences are so familiar, it is easy to overlook their significance. Important in themselves, they are also potent factors governing a man's interests, and directing his energies toward activities different from those appealing to women. For example, a woman's smaller hands are better adapted to sewing than a man's. This is reason enough (there are others!) why few men take up embroidery, say, as a hobby. Again, it's easier for a man than for a woman to change a tire, because of his greater strength, regardless of mechanical knowledge or skill.

Physique alone creates differences which are considerable and can seriously impede understanding. But the inherent differences are accentuated by training and circumstances. The man is primarily responsible for earning a living, the woman for running a home. By necessity, regardless of inclination, he is interested in business, politics and other affairs outside the home. Of equal necessity, she is concerned with recipes and menus, techniques of child care and perhaps styles in decorating or landscaping. Understandably, he tends to be interested in the abstract and general, she in the immediate and particular.

From this viewpoint, tastes you may have thought odd or even vulgar become more acceptable. If he would rather watch the fights on television than a domestic drama, prefers political discussion to neighborhood gossip, sometimes wants to go bowling instead of playing bridge, many men share his preferences, but few women do.

Of course you want him to be a man, but are you always willing for him to behave like one? Before you criticize his personal tastes and habits, ask yourself whether this defect is peculiar to him, or a common characteristic of the male animal. You can't honestly blame your husband for being a man!

Ask Yourself: "Do I Resent My Husband?"

Many little things a wife does prove her devotion or indifference to her husband. Answer these questions as you think he might. The replies may help you understand the impression he has of your feelings toward him.

Do you sometimes fail to:

1. **Start his dinner promptly?**
2. **Buy cigarettes or other articles he needs?**
3. **Attend to errands for him?**

Do you occasionally or frequently:

4. **Try to "get even" with him?**
5. **Give him the "silent treatment"?**
6. **Say "You got what you deserved"?**
7. **Make slighting remarks to or about him?**

Do you sincerely try to:

8. **Set meal hours for his convenience?**
9. **Arrange the furniture for his greatest comfort?**
10. **Keep his wardrobe in condition?**

Do you often:

11. **Show a genuine interest in his work?**
12. **Buy little extras to please him?**
13. **Tell him how wonderful he is?**
14. **Praise him before others?**

Credit 1 point for each "No" answer to the first seven questions and 2 for each "Yes" to the last seven. Note that one positive act offsets two negative. If your score totals 18 or more, your husband is undoubtedly sure of your love, and has few doubts if your score is 13 to 18. But with a score of 12 or less, he has little reason to believe you love him, and a score of 8 or below suggests that you don't conceal your resentment. If you really do love him more than your score suggests, use the answers to suggest ways of expressing your real feelings.

Do You Agree?

My former fiancé gave me an expensive diamond the day we became engaged. I broke the engagement. Can I keep the ring?

Since the ring is the symbol of an engagement which no longer exists, you should return it.



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Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



JILL

April is the time of golden hours, a time to rest the spirit with the messages of spring.

SUDDENLY the air blows soft and the ght falls warmly on the greening fields. he great winds of March have swept e world clean, and the crash of falling anches ceases. The sounds of April e gentler sounds: the peepers in the amp singing away in the cool night, e robin saying cheery-up, cheery-, a cow mooing quietly in George's rn.

Our Field Book of Eastern Birds is ght on the table, so we can rush to entify any passing migratory bird. his book, by Leon Hausman, is a ust for birders. And when I looked the robin, I loved the description: Field Marks—Upper parts a slaty own and—but no, we will not insult ur readers! Field Description—but ve you noticed, dear reader, that the ale robin's head is very dark ——" It gave me a cozy feeling to be called dear reader"! It is seldom nowadays at an author breaks into his text to ldress the reader personally. Anyhow, gather Mr. Hausman thinks anybody, t anybody, knows a robin. I could tell m differently, for now and then we ve a guest who asks what that pretty rd is that has latched onto a worm d is bracing both legs and hauling way. The robin is a buxom bird, I ways think, and would be awfully od on committees.

Now and then when George does the ring plowing, he still turns up an dian arrow or two, a tiny white quartz rd arrow this time. As I turn it over my hand, I wonder what birds the dians killed with it, and whether they e songbirds or only ruffed grouse and oodcock and such. No doubt the dian camp was down by the pond, r the brook must have been quite a ream in those days, flashing with out, fringed with water cress and easant for little copper-colored boys d girls to play in.

The Indians always had dogs, and I ften wonder what breed they basically ere. Did they come over in some dim rly period from the Continent or were ey *always* here?

Cockers, we know, are a most ancient reed. Even Shakespeare, who does not em to be a particularly doggy person, eaks of "fawning like a spaniel." One athers they were loving and ardent ven in the Elizabethan era! A good any early paintings show small spaniel-like dogs, although they are a far cry from today's Rise and Shine with his noble proportions, flowing gait and lively disposition.

The first setters did not look too much like Hollyberry Red either. Perfection of line, beauty of coat, sturdiness of bone come from careful breeding, and Holly has every idea in her beautiful head that she is really *it* so far as Irishers go! She thinks like a champion whether we show her or not. She sometimes reminds me of the princess and the pea—the princess who could not sleep because a single pea was under her mattress. (I always wondered who put it there.) For Holly expects everything to be just so—not enough to curl up on the foot of the bed, no, prefers a pillow also. All day she runs wildly hunting, but when she comes in at night, she says she is just a small delicate little lady and needs waiting on!

The cats emerge from the radiator heat now, and prowl the old gray-stone fences after field mice. Now and then they settle for a mole. Our cats have always hunted only to keep their paw in, never for a meal.

Sister and Linda, the two smallest cockers, also fancy themselves as mousers. They spend a long time at dusk in the barn, but they never bring anything out. All they do, says Jill, is make the mice nervous.

Planting the garden is an annual excitement. Jill manages to get some seeds in early, just gambling on their growing. The main planting in New England must come in May—when the maples are in leaf. But lettuce and radishes go in, and it gives us a sense of satisfaction to think we are beginning the cycle all over. Peas can stand a lot of cold too. We always try to get George to plow early, but he plows when he feels like it and that settles that. It has to be the day.

What soil we have in Connecticut, between the rocks and boulders, is good soil, rich enough and light enough. It is not like the rich black fertile earth in the Midwest or the dark rosy-red Virginia soil or the feather-light, sandy Cape Cod soil, but it is good, sound, crop-producing land. I like to pick up a handful and feel the warm, good texture; it has a promise in it. I read in the books that New England is in a bad

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A teaspoonful does a dishpanful

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way economically and needs revitalizing. I am sure the books are right, but here in our quiet valley we go along raising enough and producing enough milk and getting along. Just how a village of a thousand or so all told can pay for a million-dollar school, I haven't figured out—I leave that to the board—but I am sure it will be paid for.

I fancy a good deal of our upland rocky land would produce pretty fair timber if anybody ever got around to planting and pruning and tending it, but I am fairly sure nobody ever will. The farmers just cut down an old tree when they need firewood.

Housework can seem pretty tiresome in spring. Almost any woman, I think, gets that overcome feeling all at once because there is so much to do. At this point, it is a good thing to make a list of absolutely everything from cleaning out behind the radiators to washing the window in the hall landing (which requires a ladder to get at). Having made the list, the best thing to do is put it under a paperweight, pack a picnic and go off to rest the spirit with the messages of spring.

You really can't get it all done at once—all the curtains and rugs and woodwork, not to mention the attic and the cellar. Jill says things just plant themselves in the cellar and grow up into junk with no human aid. An immaculate house is a lovely sight to see, but if you have children, dogs, cats, guests, it is a losing battle anyway, and spring is a short season and comes only once a year.

There is no pillow so soft as a clear conscience. —FRENCH PROVERB

So off to the woods with bread and cheese and hard-boiled eggs well peppered and a vacuum bottle of boiling-hot coffee or sweet fresh milk. The little white violets will be in bloom, the yellow violets pattern the dark sod with gold. The spring beauties are delicate and now and then an early wanderer comes upon the cool pink pearl of the arbutus, perhaps the most exquisite of all wild flowers. The mosses and lichens in the woods are lovely, too, and one could spend half a lifetime learning to know them in their infinite variety and muted colors.

If we sit quietly on a sun-warmed gray ledge eating the crusty French bread and soft cheese, we can almost hear things grow. And little voices sound along the edge of the rushing brook; but whose voices they are, I do not know. After a golden hour such as this, nerves no longer tighten, the house seems pleasant and comfortable, clean or dusty, and the long list is for another day. There is a good deal to be said for the Latin American *mañana*. At least in April.

A friend sent me a copy of Keats which belonged to John Mitford, Esq., in 1845 a precious 1841 edition, ivoried in tone and mellowed in binding. It came encased in a special box to preserve it, and I like to think Clergyman John Mitford, Esq., had it in his extensive library, mostly poetry. This Mitford was the son of John Mitford of the English navy, mentioned in Nelson's Dispatches and Letters ("insane rogue"). Now the little volume lies on my desk—the singer is gone but the song still sounds in this New England countryside. The nightingale that sounded in the plum tree in the garden at Hempstead still sounds, and Keats could not have imagined how truly he spoke when he said, "Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!"

The blue dusk dark in April has the magic of first love, and it always seems like the very first April ever experienced. As Sister flies across the yard after a rabbit that goes lippety-lippety ahead of her, I like to sit on the old wooden settee on the terrace and just breathe the good smell of growing things. Jill moves tall in the violet light and the rake she carries makes a long and beautiful line. The Irish leaps after her in an arc of shining splendor. All the light left is in her fur.

Tomorrow is plenty of time, I say dreamily to Jonquil, plenty of time for chores. Today we have been living in April! END

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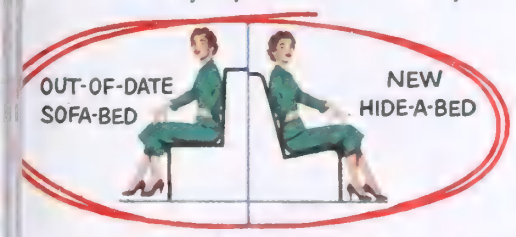
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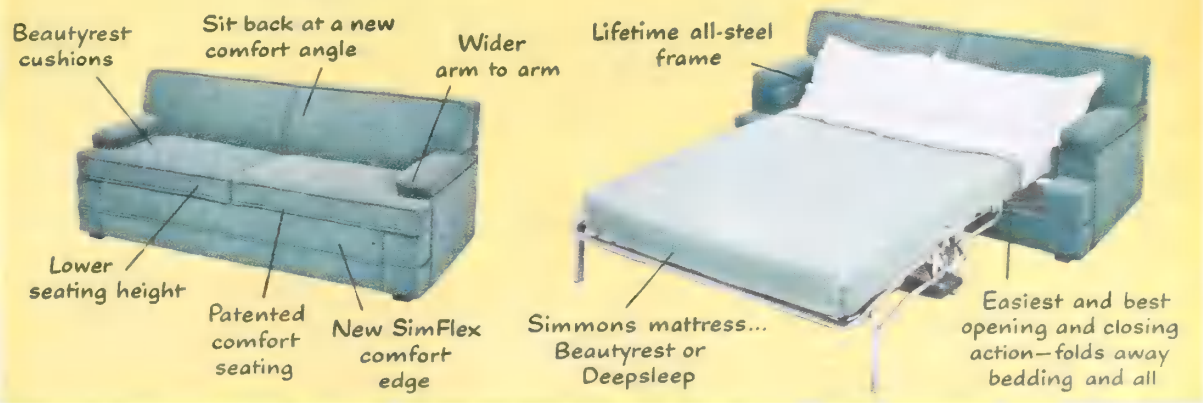
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She doesn't need a penthouse or a black satin skirt to prove that she knows what to do when. She's discovered the secret of real smoothness—good manners plus.

That Sophisticated Lady

STANDS OUT IN A CROWD

Because she creates her own crowd—wherever she is! Since the Art of How to Introduce People to Each Other holds no terrors for her, she blithely mixes and matches friends and strangers.

Her acquaintance with the *right* way to make an introduction is more than a nodding one:

In a big crowd: "Hey, everybody. This is Jim Bolton." She goes right around the circle, naming each one, with no attempt to sort out all the girls first.

Boy meets girl: Ladies first—always. "Jane, this is Tom Slater; Tom, Jane Swift."

Friends meet parents: "Mother, I'd like you to meet Jane Swift and Tom Slater; Jane and Tom, this is my mother."

Parents meet school brass: "Mr. Jones, may I present my father, Mr. King? Dad, this is Mr. Jones."

Our girl with poise—which does more than rhyme with boys—is a running jump beyond just the right (correct) way to handle a social scrabble. She practices the *smooth* way. She realizes that there is probably no greater insult to anyone than failing to introduce him whenever there is any need for it. Although she may forget the *rules*, she never forgets the feelings of the person. She doesn't get flustered if she has to ask someone to repeat his name for her, or if she makes a mistake in saying the boy's name first. She also speaks each name slowly and clearly, and tries to clue one to the other with a biographical remark, "Jane's on the editorial board ——"

And for this potential lady ambassador, we include an It'll Probably Never Happen to You piece of info: When introducing a Greek Orthodox Archbishop of Cyprus, Athens, Georgia or Poland, to the foreign minister plenipotentiary of New Zealand, be sure to say, "Your Beatitude, may I present the Minister of New Zealand, Mr. Walker? Mr. Minister, the Archbishop of Cyprus."

DINES WITH DISTINCTION

She's long since passed Table Manners I. (Does she play with her silverware nervously? No. Does she begin eating before the others have been served or before the hostess? Certainly not. Does she pick at a new food suspiciously? Never! Does she place the knife and fork neatly across the rim of the plate when she's finished? Of course. Does she touch up her make-up in private? Always! Where does she keep her purse during dinner? In her lap—never on the table, *of course*.)

Now a student of Advanced Menu Reading, she is able to read from left to right without anyone detecting it. Her mental arithmetic is as fast as his—if not as accurate—and if she isn't certain of how much his wallet can take, she says, "What's good here?" Although he may say "The steak," or "The lobster," she doesn't usually take him seriously. Moral: a broke boy can't date very often.

Her menu-reading French is as good as her math: she knows that *table d'hôte* means you get a complete meal for the price of the *entrée* (main dish), which is usually considerably less than ordering *à la carte* (you pay for each dish separately).

And for the girl who may someday dine in Spain—and why not?—we add: When eating snails served in garlic sauce in Spain, it is permissible, and even expected, to take up the shells after the snail has been eaten and drink the sauce directly from the shells!

HAS A WAY WITH WORDS . . .

She knows what to do with stamps and stationery—use them often! To an RSVP she replies, and promptly. Why keep a hostess guessing until the last minute? Her bread-and-butter note after a weekend visit doesn't have a chance to get stale—she mails it no later than a week after her visit. And a long-distance gift is acknowledged by note—upon arrival. But that's just the *right* way to act.

The *smooth* way is to blend ink and paper with thoughtfulness to add a personal touch. Write your plans for using the gift, and a word picture of that weekend square dance you thought so terrific. Begin and end letters to friends with a reference to what they've written you, or what you're doing that they would enjoy too. Never start a letter with an excuse for not writing sooner, or end it with "No more news—must stop now." In a letter to a boy (the person who goes away can write first—it's one of the few compensations of separation) be no more than friendly. Boy letters, unlike most other letters, are the better for not being mailed immediately! Wait to be sure no tears or heart throbs crept in to embarrass you both at a future date.

It'll Probably Never Happen to You, but anyway, did you know that if you receive an invitation from the U. S. Diplomatic Corps in a non-English-speaking country, it'll be written in French and you must answer in French? And that a reply to all the official dinner invitations from the Diplomatic Corps must be made within twenty-four hours and by hand—either delivering it yourself or sending it by messenger?

KNOWS ALL THE INS AND OUTS . . .

Especially on a date. And on a date the *right* way is the same as the *smooth*, and it's the *only* way for both boy and girl to know what's expected of them.

On and off a bus: the girl is the first getting on, but last getting off—boy's first here.

Into a movie: a girl follows the usher, the boy follows the girl. If there's no usher, the boy leads the way and finds the seats. If two couples are together, they can either alternate—boy, girl, boy, girl—or the girls can sit together in the center.

In and out of a coat: a boy helps a girl with her coat.

In and out of the rain: a boy holds the umbrella if it's raining—and whether he likes the umbrella's color or not!

In and out of your home: always ask the boy to call for you at your home; announce your date deadline in front of your parents, "See you about eleven, mom." . . . Then get *in* then or phone explanations.

Of Boys and Girls and Etiquette



ALLEN LUDDEN, author of *Plain Talk for Men Under 21.*

"A person constantly thinking about himself and the impression he's making is automatically ill mannered. A sense of humor can pass for poise about 90 per cent of the time."

"Boys let—no, actually insist that—the girls do all kinds of things for themselves that, courteously, a boy should do." Editors' examples: floundering out of a car unaided; developing a strong right arm from wielding heavy doors.

AMY VANDERBILT, author of a *Complete Book of Etiquette.*



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modern...it sets a tradition

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New Flair Spreaders. These charming little spreaders will look elegant on your cheese, fruit or canapé tray. They serve as butter spreaders, too. Set of 4 in attractive gift box at special introductory price of $3.95. (Value $7.20.)



New Flair Entertainment Set is just as dutiful as it is beautiful. You'll use it with and without its dainty spoon for jam, relishes, cheese, candy, nuts etc. The 2 pieces are yours, gift boxed, at the special price of $3.95. (Value $7.25.)



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MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In a continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers. The questions are all real but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

"I am to be married in a few months. Is there any premarital test which will assure that I can have a family?"

"My fiancé has just had a physical examination which he passed in every respect, and I think it is only fair for me to have an examination too."

The speaker was a young woman, probably in the early twenties, who looked as though she would be quite at home on a tennis court or a diving board.

The doctor nodded. "A very sound idea. I only wish the statutory requirements for a marriage license were more comprehensive than merely to establish that the couple are of legal age and can show negative tests for syphilis. It might save many a heartbreak."

"That's the way we both feel. Our marriage is going to be about the most important event in our lives and we want to do everything we possibly can to make it a success."

"Excellent. Now, let me begin by asking some routine questions. First of all, how old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Have you had any serious illnesses or operations?"

"No operations and only the ordinary childhood diseases."

"How old were you when you commenced to menstruate?"

"Fourteen. I have always been regular as clock. My periods have never given me any trouble."

"That is certainly a good beginning."

The doctor touched a button on his desk and a young woman wearing a cap and white uniform appeared.

"Nurse, will you get this young lady ready for a comprehensive physical examination? It will include the heart and lungs, as well as pelvis. Blood pressure and urinalysis, of course. I'll want to take specimens for a blood count and hemoglobin estimate, as well as typing, Wassermann and Rh-factor determination. I shall also want X-ray flat plates of the chest and pelvis. I will be ready when you are."

An hour later the patient had been thoroughly stethoscoped, thumped with a percussion hammer, X-rayed and meticulously measured to record the external dimensions of her pelvis. They were still in the examination room when the doctor said, "Well, I can tell you that you appear to be an eminently sound physical specimen. You have an adequate pelvis of normal female type, and each of the tests we have made has registered within normal bounds. Lungs, heart and kidneys all sound. Normal blood count, Group A and Rh-positive. We must wait a while to learn the result of the Wassermann test, but otherwise it certainly looks as though you should be able to raise a family of whatever size you desire."

"Does this mean that you are sure I can become pregnant?"

"No doctor could answer such a question with positive certainty. There are too many variable elements. What I have done so far is to make certain of several facts about your internal anatomy. There is much more that I do not know—for instance, whether or not your Fallopian tubes are open. If they are not, of course, you could not become pregnant."

"But isn't there some way you can find out about that—with X-ray pictures or something?"

"The usual method is to run carbon-dioxide gas through the cervix under a carefully calibrated degree of pressure. If it passes up through the uterine cavity and out through the tubes into the abdomen, one of them, at least, must be open. The newest method substitutes an opaque oil for the gas in the middle of the procedure, thereby permitting X-ray pictures to be taken showing any tubal abnormalities or strictures."

"Can't you do that for me, Doctor?"

"No. The presence of a hymen with only a very small opening precludes my even visualizing the cervix, much less carrying out any manipulation."

"There must be something that can be done, Doctor!"

"Well, yes—but I think we should talk about this at some length before undertaking a procedure which some might characterize as 'meddlesome.' Nurse, will you help the young lady dress—and when she's ready, direct her to the consulting room."

When the patient once more was seated in the outer office, facing the doctor across his desk, she said earnestly, "If it is really necessary, I wouldn't object to the removal of the hymen. And I don't think my fiancé would, either, provided the reason was explained to him."

"In that case, I think you should bring him here so that we can discuss this together. As a matter of fact, the possession of an intact hymen does not absolutely guaran-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

Doctor Safford's new book, The Intimate Problems of Women, containing several chapters which have not appeared in the Journal, has been published by Hawthorn Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

New Lotion

Quickly heals Detergent chapping



Scratchy "detergent hands"—Angel Skin is the only leading lotion with this formula that *neutralizes* the harsh alkali effect of today's strong detergents

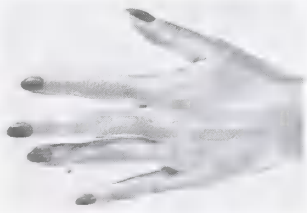
"Scratchy" irritation disappears
Blotchy redness fades
Roughness clears right away

Instant "corrective" softening!

Much more than just a superficial smoother—new Angel Skin by Pond's is "medically-matched" to the skin's *own* softening lubricants! Smooth on Angel Skin—and *instantly* this new lotion restores certain important substances, known in medical terms as "active hydrogen ions*."

This is why Angel Skin's revolutionary formula *counteracts* the harsh alkali effect of today's detergents . . . smooths and whitens rough, red "abused" hands . . . softens deep, deep down. See its amazing healing effects on your hands—*today!*

*ANGEL SKIN'S exclusive skin-softening lubricants contain billions of active hydrogen ions in *each drop*. Hydrogen ion concentration is measured scientifically in terms of pH. Angel Skin is the only leading hand lotion with a pH rating allied to the pH rating of human skin. This is why Angel Skin *heals* chapping as no old-style hand lotion can.



Revolutionary new Angel Skin instantly softens dried-out hands. Blotchy redness fades. Ragged cuticle smooths



Angel Skin's rich goodness sinks in *at once*. There's no gummy "thickener" to leave hands sticky! Put on gloves right away!

Angel Skin by POND'S



25¢, 49¢. Also giant size with *free* dispenser, only 89¢



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Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

ERMINE capes, diamonds and French perfume filled the spick-and-span New York subways, newly opened in April, 1905, as society decreed them the fashionable way to travel. A plan to reserve a subway car for ladies only, with a guard to protect them, was soon abandoned—by the ladies. Joseph Jefferson, known to millions as Rip van Winkle, died, and a "full-blooded Cherokee" named Will Rogers appeared with his rope at Madison Square Garden.

In a rousing editorial in the April, 1905, JOURNAL, Why Patent Medicines are Dangerous, Editor Bok pointed out their high content of drugs like chloroform and morphine. "Many a patent-medicine taker has died of acute alcoholism," he warned.



DI PIETRO

(left) is initiated in the art of Cynthia Wheatland, Valerie Hunt.

In what looks to be a big year for JOURNAL babies, *Nora O'Leary's* Nancy, her third, led off in January, weighing in at 7 pounds, 14 ounces. It reminded another editor, awaiting her first offspring, to call Macy's for things she'd be needing. She finally staggered away from the phone, gasping. "Do you know what they do for you? . . . They give a course for expectant mothers, and one for expectant fathers. Nurses teach you to bathe and change the baby and fix the formula. They show you how to make baby clothes. If you turn out to have twins, they send you a duplicate set of everything free. And if you start having the baby while you're shopping, they've got a penthouse hospital for you—doctor and all. And what's more, no charge for delivery."

DI PIETRO



Nora O'Leary and Nancy.

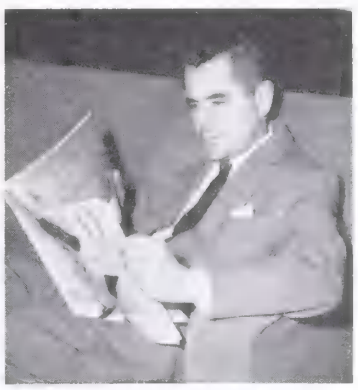


"Mama" and Bill Walling.

girl Breton—descended, Mr. Fred announces, from the gondolier hat he brought back with such success several years ago from Sicily. The girl is ***Georgia Hamilton,*** *who is in private life Mrs. Stephen Elliott, the mother of three children. She has formed a nice habit of being on* JOURNAL *covers.*

A survey of boys and girls 8 to 16 revealed that an overwhelming majority were satisfied with their mothers: 79 per cent of the boys and 91 per cent of the girls considered their mother a good cook; 58 per cent of the boys and 69 per cent of the girls thought her attractive; 73 per cent of the boys but only 29 per cent of the girls thought she dressed nicely!

One reader with a particular interest in *Evan Hunter's* startling story, The Blackboard Jungle, when it first appeared in the JOURNAL last October, was actor *Glenn Ford*. You can see him now in the dramatic film made by M-G-M from Hunter's novel, starring as the young teacher who faces a frightening juvenile-delinquency problem.



Glenn Ford.

When *Peggy Wood*, the television star of Mama, and her husband *Bill Walling* appeared on *Ed Murrow's* Person to Person show New Year's Eve, the coast-to-coast response to Bill's new decorated-needlepoint vest was fantastic, Peggy told *Mary Bass*. "It was my first major job in needlepoint," Peggy said. "And the sprays of roses, leaves and forget-me-nots show how I wish men would use more color in their evening clothes." "Everybody wants one like it," Bill told Mary, "but I don't know—Peggy was two years making *this* one."

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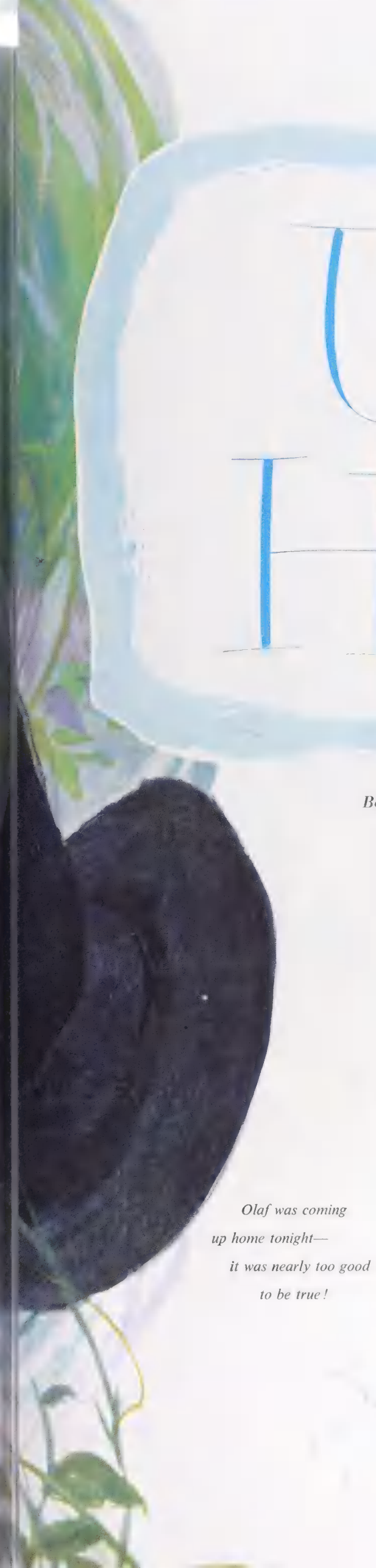
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Up Home

Linnea didn't mind—much—
that Olaf's other wife was prettier,
or even that she could make
better dumplings—
but *this* was enough to try
the patience of a Latter-day Saint!

Beginning a New Serial by ARDYTH KENNELLY

Olaf was coming
up home tonight—
it was nearly too good
to be true!

"YOU'RE long past time as it is," Linnea pointed out, "and dedication or no dedication, temple or no temple, I sure wouldn't go. Why, you'll be miserable. Of course, since it's not till day after tomorrow, I don't believe you'll be able to make it in the first place." She filled another cup, placed it in front of her newly arrived guest and carried the blue granite-iron coffeepot back to the stove. "Help yourself to something," she said cordially.

"If I could of just got in on the first day," Mrs. Lilygren said, "there wouldn't of been no problem, except with Otto. He gets mad if I so much as mention it. He don't think it's decent for me to be seen like this, not even in the neighborhood, let alone down around the temple." She reached out and selected a cinnamon bun from the high-piled china plate, shyly and formally, as was her way, though she had been Linnea's next-door neighbor for a year and a half.

Linnea laughed. "The first day!" she said. "You don't want much! Why, last week, when the temple was opened and the real dedicating ceremonies went through, there was nobody there but church officials and their families. We're lucky to be on the list for the seventeenth, day after tomorrow!"

Copyright, 1955, by Ardyth Kennelly Ullman.

With fine manners, Mrs. Lilygren took a tiny bite of coffeecake. "I just got to hold out," she said, "and be in on it."

"Because the temple was started the year you was born?"

Mrs. Lilygren nodded. "Besides, it's something that only happens once in a lifetime!"

"But if I was in your shoes, I wouldn't go no farther from home than to the corner ——" Linnea began, but footsteps coming around the house gave her pause and she waited until whoever it was should knock. Nobody did, for it was only her friend Ingeborg, who never thought of such a thing. She merely turned the knob, pushed open the back door and walked in.

"I could smell coffee a mile off," Ingeborg said.

"Sit down and make yourself to home," Linnea said, getting up and going to the cupboard for another cup and saucer.

"Hello, Mrs. Lilygren," Ingeborg said genially. "I thought you'd be flat on your back by now, the size you was the last time I seen you."

"She's fixing to hold out over our day," Linnea said, "our" day being the date set for members of the Nineteenth Ward, to which the three CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



He had to act as though
Vera were not guilty;
and deception must always breed deception—
that was the evil he was caught in.



Unjudging Love

By FRANK BAKER

THE last light of a dying sun fell slowly through the great west window of Gilchester Cathedral. The organist was playing the introduction to Purcell's anthem, Rejoice in the Lord. Seeing the falling light, hearing the music, a middle-aged man who was the solitary occupant of the darkening nave was curiously moved. The light must go, the music must end; this was inevitable. He was not saddened by the thought; it was more like a new experience, like falling in love again. Lawrence Hearne smiled. He was fifty-two, far enough away from youth to begin to revalue it. *So*, he thought, *I am in love. And what am I in love with?* There was only one word which could answer the question. He was in love with life.

He turned to look at the window behind him; the light had drifted lower, an amber pool lingered for a moment, then laid a hem of light on the pavement. What had the window looked like, Lawrence wondered, before Cromwell's troops had smashed it to pieces during the Civil War? A marvelous design it must have been; and yet, in a strange sense, the replacement of the shattered pieces of colored glass, with no attempt made to restore the original pattern, offered a more valid interpretation of life. There was a moral in all this, thought Lawrence. But he did not want to think. He was very tired, and the appointment before him might not be an easy one. Closing his eyes again, he listened. "*And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall fill your hearts and minds* ——"

An old verger was shuffling down the nave. He took the notice board and dragged it behind the heavy dark red curtains to the great doors.

Lawrence turned round. Getting up, he went toward the side door. The moment of peace had been broken. Opening the door, he slipped quickly outside.

Horace Wetherby, doctor of divinity and dean of Gilchester, liked to say that he had five different studies for five different kinds of work: a small, oak-paneled room, reserved for his analysis of Bishop Berkeley's philosophy; another room with a long bare table where he wrote occasional articles for literary reviews; the summer room, opening on a loggia, where he composed mild nature verses; a somber

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Copyright, 1955, by Frank Baker

He was enmeshed in the dark, inescapable web of circumstance. But to what did he owe his deepest loyalty— to his church, to his wife, or himself?

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL



By JEAN RITCHIE

YONDER COMES MY BEAU

"I was mad. Why had folks

led me to believe

that love was so wonderful—

that a kiss was such a pleasure"

IT was in the fall just before my fourteenth birthday that I first fell in love. I was a big, healthy, gangly girl. I was good in my books but the boys never winked at me or pulled my straight red hair. I was so bashful that whenever a boy looked at me sideways, my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth and my face would turn every which color.

In my heart I wanted more than anything to be noticing the boys, but they just didn't like me. I thought I knew why it was. I wasn't little and slim like the other girls were, and I never had any new clothes. Everything I wore had belonged to several other people before it got down to me.

I let on like I pure hated the boys, would fight anyone that named one to me, and said nobody'd ever catch me walking and talking with any of them. That was another thing—I couldn't talk. In my mind I could have charming talks with rich handsome men, have them fighting duels over me, right and left, but whenever I undertook to say any of those smart things to the boys I knew, the pretty words came out all wrong. The boys would look at me and say yes or no, if they bothered to say that much, and then they'd go away.

One day in October I was sitting at my desk in school, studying my lessons, when someone eased into the seat beside me. I looked up, thinking to see Helen or one of the other girls, but there was Cleve Hamilton, with a grin all over his face and a twinkle in his blue eyes, acting like he wasn't a bit afraid of me. Cleve was the only boy in school that didn't have to do a blessed thing to get the girls to notice him. He was the best basketball player. He was tall and slim but with plenty of muscles, he had the curliest light-colored hair and every move he made put you in mind of a streak of lightning. I thought he was the prettiest thing in the world, but I hated him because he was stuck up, and I never even thought of wanting him to talk to me because I knew he never would.

My first thought was to jump up and run away. He put his arm around the back of the desk seat.

"Howdy, Cleve," I said. My insides were on fire. I tried to hide my red face with the geography book.

Cleve peeped over the edge. He had to whisper because it was in time of books. "Tell me what in tarnation you studying about so hard?"

"Geography."

"Never saw anyone study so hard as you do. Here, shut up that fool book and talk to me."

I determined that I wouldn't let him scare me so I looked him right in the face and asked him what it was he had to say.

Cleve let out a big laugh and the teacher frowned and said "Sh-h-h!"

"Well, don't look so all-fired mad. I ain't going to ask you to shoot yer granny. I just CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

Copyright, 1954, by Jean Ritchie Pickow. This is an excerpt from the book, The Singing Family of the Cumberlands, recently published by Oxford University Press.





It seemed like I had a hundred hearts
all inside of me trying to get out.



THE ELEGANCE OF Early Maine

When Thomas Ruggles in 1816 had made a fortune from timbering in the District of Maine, he decided to build for himself a house there that would be somewhat out of the ordinary; a not unusual decision for a man to make when he finds himself with the right amount of money, and one that has accounted first and last for a lot of entertaining architecture. Ruggles had come from Cape Cod some twenty years before, and though at Columbia Falls, where he was now going to settle down, you are getting quite close to Canada, he sent way back to Duxbury, near Boston, for a carpenter-architect named Aaron Sherman who, as it happened, had just done a house there for Daniel Webster. On his way to Columbia Falls, Sherman would almost certainly have had to come through Kittery, and there have stopped to look at the Lady Pepperrell mansion, which you will see on the next page. And fifty miles farther along, just before passing through Portland, you can be sure he paused to peer professionally at the Tate house, here across the page from the Pepperrell. He still had a long way to go; and as he got farther and farther from Boston, I wonder what he thought when the houses kept on being so fine, and the fine ones so plentiful. I wonder what he thought, for instance, when he went through Wiscasset, or if he rode out of his way to take in Castine. Not that he could have seen anything finer than the Tate and the Pepperrell all the wonderful way from Kittery to Columbia Falls. Or for that matter, anything finer than the house he was about to build there for Mr. Ruggles. Or could anyone today, as far as that's concerned.

By **RICHARD PRATT**, *Architectural Editor of the Journal*



The inspired chimney piece of the drawing room, with its cabinetry of cherrywood on white, is said to have taken two years to carve.

The flying divided staircase in the Ruggles entrance hallway corresponds to the cadenza in a Mozart concerto. Likewise, in this wholly harmonious house grandeur gives way to grace.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

The carving of the porch is more like masterly whittling, as if it had not been someone's work, but play.

THE Ruggles HOUSE

On his way from Massachusetts through what was then the District of Maine, Sherman must have noted well the foursquare form and low-hipped roof which marked the more substantial everyday dwellings he passed. For the Ruggles house has of course those familiar regional features, but here distinguished by many unusual delicacies of decoration and design. It is the good fortune of the house to have as its custodian Mary Ruggles Chandler, a direct descendant of its original owner.

Lady Pepperrell's beautifully paneled and corniced parlor achieves an aristocracy all its own. The portrait over the fireplace is of Sir William's youngest sister, Jane.



LADY *Pepperrell* MANSION

There is good reason for calling it the Lady Pepperrell house, for to have it built was the first thing the widow Pepperrell decided to do after the death of Sir William. Even after the Revolution had rendered her title null and void, she demanded unavailingly that she be addressed with the deference she fancied to be her due. The nobility of the house itself has never been questioned.

The dining-room table is Duncan Phyfe; the china, Lowestoft; and the floor is painted to imitate marble.

It was apparently Lady Pepperrell's well-carried-out wish that the façade should be so delightfully grande dame.



THE Tate HOUSE



he rare roof arrangement gave generous light
nd headroom to the attic where the house slaves slept.

Note in the paneled dining room the chic black-banded cornice; in the hall another floor painted like marble.



George Tate came to this country in 1755 as Mast Agent to King George II and this was the house he built in Stroudwater, now part of Portland. From his front door he could watch the king's vessels loading up with mast timbers floated down from northern forests. He purposely allowed the clapboard walls to weather unpainted, which they are still doing.

The horn-of-plenty hooked rug is extremely rare and early; the antique copper-plate bedspread undoubtedly unique; the rocker older than the house itself.



WOMEN NEED NO

New knowledge of cervical cancer, woman's worst cancer killer, can cut its death rate vastly; and possibly wipe it out altogether.

By GLADYS DENNY SHUL



RUTH BUSHMAN

Young mothers can now look forward to a safer future than ever before.

Deaths from cervical cancer can be largely done away with if women

—begin at age 35 to go to their doctors twice a y for a complete physical examination includin vaginal smear.

—ask their doctors to treat lacerations, infection inflammations of the vaginal canal or cervix if th are found.

—see their doctors between semiannual examinati if they experience: lengthening of the menstr period; watery discharge; resumption of bleed after menopause.

—report to their doctors at once, at any age, if ble ing occurs between menstrual periods.

IN Quebec, a French-Canadian doctor studied health records of thousands of nuns. In Bomb India, an American from New York City's Men rial Hospital amassed data on the intimate lives Hindu, Moslem and Parsi women. In South Ca lina, laboratory workers conducted a bizarre expe ment with mice. On Long Island, electronics expe devised a new kind of "thinking machine." In s other clinics and laboratories the world over, m and women worked at still other, seemingly un lated, projects. Isolated bits and pieces of resear were pursued which, it was hoped, might someti fit into an over-all pattern and save women from needless, painful death.

Finally, at a recent meeting of the Americ Cancer Society, the bits and pieces were brought t gether and the pattern emerged. The doctors pr ent, doctors whose special concern is cancer, becam gradually aware that medical history was bei made. They were being offered means for contro ling the present No. 1 cancer killer of women, canc of the cervix. And beyond that, a promising pos bility that future generations of women need n contract it at all!

Here was not the dramatic impact, to be sure, the announcement of a miracle drug to cure canc

LONGER DIE

f their No. 1 Cancer foe!

ght. Dream of cancer research since its begin- g, drug to wipe out cancer is still a dream. Yet ld in the annals of medicine has a more hopeful o been rendered about a major and heretofore st ious killer. Briefly stated, it is now agreed by di doctors that cancer of the cervix is the one m f cancer that can be brought under control e ly diagnosis. Second, techniques now exist t ly for diagnosing cervical cancer in its very di stages, but in some instances before it has c e a cancer at all! Thus even without the mir- e ug that may yet be found, the present most ha form of cancer in women can cease to be a m e, and a vastly important sector of the fight ai t cancer can be won. Provided, it must be ip sized, women give their doctors a chance to e e new weapons at their disposal.

In omen, cancer of the reproductive system, in- d g the breasts, leads all other forms by a wide ar n. It makes up 43 per cent of the entire cancer .u e in American women, and in a number of ne countries the proportion is considerably gh . More American women get breast cancer ar ny other form, but today a higher percentage b ast cancers are being cured. Hence uterine nc s, those of the cervix and the body of the er , have moved into first place in the cancer- or lity figures. Since it is computed that there e ywhere from five to seven cervical cancers for e the body of the uterus, it can be readily seen ha the new knowledge can mean in terms of m ne lives.

T cervix is, of course, the narrow, cylinder- aq l passage connecting the womb proper with e o of the vaginal canal. Anatomically speaking, is rt of the uterus. Yet there are very important ffe nces in the way cancer strikes in these two ri of the same organ. Cancer of the cervix most te attacks women in the childbearing ages, while erwhelming proportion of uterus-cancer vic- n evelop it well after the menopause. Cancer of e rvix is seldom found in women who have not r children and led normally active sex lives. ar r of the uterus is about as frequent in women o ave never borne children and never had sex a nships as in those who have, while breast n , the other major form concerned with the m e organs, is found most frequently in women o ave never been pregnant. These apparent contradictions have presented one of the knottiest problems that scientists working to unravel the cancer mystery have had to solve.

Today the heaviest cancer burden is falling on the women who have chosen wifehood and motherhood. The breast-cancer mortality rate has been dropping, when one considers that nowadays more women live to the ages when breast cancer ordinarily occurs. Detecting a lump in the breast is usually not hard, and both women and their doctors have learned to view with alarm the appearance of the tiniest lump in a woman's breast. Mortality rates from cervical cancer have remained much higher than they need be because this last killer is as sly as it is deadly.

Not only is it hidden away inside a woman's body. The epidermoid form, which comprises 94 per cent of all cervical cancers, develops first in the skin covering of the cervix, a mucous membrane similar to that of the palate, vagina and other body openings. Quite often, in the early stages of epidermoid cancer, the surface of the cervix will show no change at all in an ordinary vaginal examination.

More deceptive still, there are seldom any alarming symptoms in the beginning, and to date women have not been well-enough alerted to the ones that may appear. Most of us think of uterine cancer as something to be watched out for at middle age or later. Spotting or serious bleeding after menopause has been widely publicized as a danger signal. But the great bulk of the cervical-cancer victims are in the childbearing and menstruating ages. The early symptoms of this form of cancer are a slight prolongation of the menstrual period, a watery discharge, slight bleeding between periods. The bleeding may occur after marital relations, or travel or unusual exertion, or perhaps with no provocation at all. Pain is rarely felt as an early symptom. When it is, it comes as a dull ache in the lower abdomen, similar to the pains many women experience before a menstrual period. Hence there is a natural tendency for the victims to ascribe these things to some change or disarrangement in the menstrual pattern, too trivial to report to their doctors.

The foregoing are the reasons why Dr. J. M. Baldy, writing of uterine cancer in 1901, had to say, "My experience with cancer of the cervix is most discouraging. With few exceptions, I do not see these patients until they are all dead or dying." They are the reasons why today, after decades of cancer education, cancer clinics report that only about 10 per cent of the cervical-cancer patients are seen in the early stages, when the cure is easiest and most certain.

In time the symptoms become disturbing enough, or cause enough inconvenience, to send a woman to her doctor. The dull abdominal ache spreads gradually from hip to knee, finally to ankles and toes. The watery discharge becomes first bloodstained, then yellowish. A hemorrhage takes place. Hemorrhage, in fact, is usually the first symptom alarming enough to make a woman seek medical aid. But by this time the disease may have invaded much of the pelvic region and it may be too late.

For a tragic feature of cervical cancer is that a particularly wide and disastrous area of operations is offered to the outlaw growth once it has broken through the surface of the cervix and begun its sinister proliferation. The cervix is in close proximity to the rectum and bladder and ureters, as well as to the vaginal canal into which it opens. It has many lymphatic outlets through which the cancer cells may travel to still other parts of the pelvis. Rather oddly, it seldom invades the body of the uterus. But when it does, it may go through the uterus wall and on into the intestines. Many victims die as a result of infections or interference with the functioning of the kidneys or other pelvic organs, rather than from the cancer itself.

That such dreadful occurrences as these can be stopped is great news CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

is offering its readers a great service by publishing this excellent article. It should be a means of saving thousands of lives. Since so optimistic an article could hardly have been published up to now, it is extraordinarily well timed.

Further advances may confidently be expected to come from continued public support of the program of the American Cancer Society. Your help in the current Cancer Crusade will do much toward achieving this end.

CHARLES S. CAMERON, M.D.
Vice-President, American Cancer Society

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

The Ugliest Woman in Town

THE really rich, the people whose income runs to thousands of dollars a day, so that the sternest tax leaves them with more money than they can possibly spend, are consummate artists at keeping themselves out of sight. Of their great ugly houses at Palm Beach nothing can be seen from the street but the obscure entrances to their driveways, while at Bar Harbor the driveways do not even have name or number plates. They live, these truly rich, in old houses on green meadows around New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington. Hotels and restaurants beseech their patronage and rarely get it, for when they travel in the United States they stay with friends, as the English do, and when they go abroad a house is always ready for them on arrival. They buy little. What do they need? Not gadgets, certainly. And when their paths cross those of the luminaries of New York's saloon society—as, for instance, the Dickeys' crossed that of Netta Tholen—it happens by chance and the touch does not linger. In a way, Netta is a gadget; a pretty fancy one, like a free-form swimming pool with mercury-vapor lamps, but still a gadget.

What happened was that Netta telephoned to Frances Dickey from the 30th Street Station in Philadelphia and exclaimed, "Darling"—pronouncing it, as always, as two words—"dar ling, can I interest you in putting me up for a week? I'm utterly, utterly homeless. A waif."

"Of course," replied Frances, who had not heard from Netta in two years and who, in any case, had never known her very well. "Come ahead. Why are you homeless?"

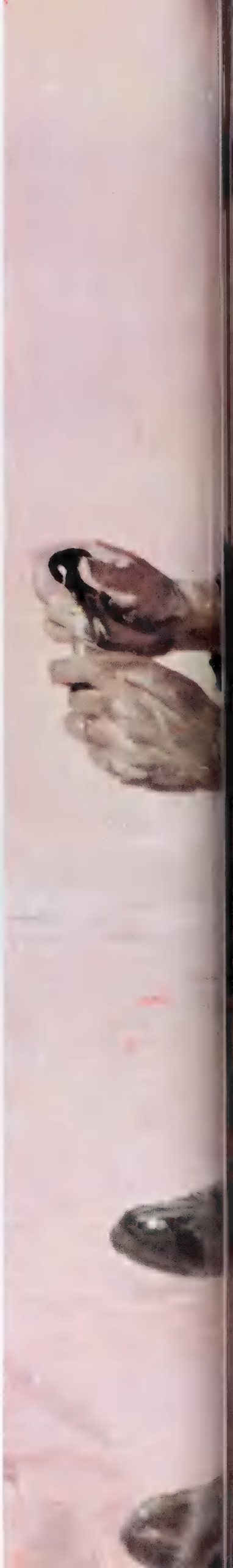
"I'm just back," revealed Netta, "just twenty-four hours ago, from Paris and a divorce. I'm home for a while to settle my wits."

"I hadn't heard. I'm so sorry, Netta," Frances told her.

"I'm not; not the least bit!" cried Netta.

And nothing could have revealed the difference between the two women more clearly than Frances' regret on the one hand and Netta's lack of it on the other. CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Netta was baffled. How could Hort love Frances? Or did he? Netta intended to find out.





"Sit with me, Hort," Netta said.
"This is my bad time,
when I feel lonely and scared."



Born to be Queen

"Big birds, big birds," cried Trix delightedly as the German bombers dived from the sky over Amsterdam.

By BETTY HOFFMAN and A. N. P.* (Netherlands News Agency)

"It is very difficult to bring up children in a palace," Princess Juliana told Sophia Feith, the girl she had just engaged as nurse for the new Crown Princess of the Netherlands, "but our daughter will *not* be raised in tissue paper. While she is still small she is to be called Trix, even by the servants. We do not want her even to *hear* the word *princess*." Bernhard was a devoted visitor to the nursery, and Juliana spent there every moment she could snatch from her official duties. She liked to give Beatrix her bath, and on Miss Feith's days off Juliana took over entire care of her daughter, keeping the child's crib by her desk as she worked on official papers. Both young parents were so friendly and informal that Miss Feith had difficulty remembering that they were royalty. Yet always, in the back of her mind, loomed an awareness of the huge cold (Queen Wilhelmina did not approve of central heating) palace of Soestdijk, the obsequious footmen, the ever-present security guards, the unseen vaults of silver and gold and diamonds, and the importance of the charge with which she had been entrusted. *Trix is the Netherlands*, she thought, *both slave and monarch to her people, her life will never really be her own.* The young nurse felt as though the destiny of the four-hundred-year-old House of Orange lay in her hands.

ONE day several weeks after she had moved into the palace in the forests of Soest, Miss Feith was pushing the infant princess in her pram when a high black Daimler bearing an official crest swept past her up the wide gravel drive. The car stopped by the wide stone steps leading to the central section of Soestdijk. Presently a full-skirted figure emerged and began to climb the steps energetically, a footman racing ahead to open the door. No sooner had the woman disappeared inside when the orange-and-blue standard of Princess Juliana came fluttering down from the flagpole and Queen Wilhelmina's was hoisted in its place.

Later, from the rear of the main section, which was unheated and laden with French Empire and Russian treasures, the nurse thought she could detect the faint smell of beef and onions cooking. The queen was in residence.

Miss Feith had observed her monarch at close quarters many times since that snowy day in the woods when the royal family flashed by her in a golden sleigh. Each time she had been more impressed by the unshakable dignity of the Dutch queen. Once during a bad flood Her Majesty directed two Dutch tars to carry her through the rising waters of a broken dike to supervise the rescue of her imperiled people. Even so, carried like a wet bag in her hip boots and mackintosh, her immense dignity appeared unimpaired.

Queen Wilhelmina was ten when her father's death elevated her to the throne. On that day her childhood ended, it was said, although her mother Emma served as regent for many years.

Before the time of Wilhelmina, the best-beloved Dutch queens had always been docile, serene, intensely domestic women (*Since these are, after all, the virtues most prized by Dutchmen*, thought the nurse). But these gentle queens had never occupied the throne. This tiresome and formidable job was their husbands' province.

Wilhelmina was the first woman monarch in Dutch history—even her name continues in female form the traditional name of William in the royal house. Hence, the nurse decided, the difference between the warm and outgoing Queen Anna or Queen Emma and the austere Queen Wilhelmina. Was not the die of her steel character cast on her Inauguration Day when she promised to reign over her constitutional monarchy "as a good king should," ancient promise of the Kings of Orange?

Once, while shopping in Amsterdam, Miss Feith had observed the queen sitting before her easel on

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*This series was written by Mrs. Hoffman, working in collaboration with A. N. P. (Netherlands News Agency) and with full co-operation from Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard. Mrs. Hoffman, a former JOURNAL editor, spent months in Holland (where she had free access to the palace), and in Belgium and Canada.



Queen Emma, regent until Wilhelmina's eighteenth year, "made the best lemonade I ever tasted," says Juliana.



Wilhelmina, first woman monarch in Dutch history, ascended the throne in eleventh year.



COMBINE PHOTOS

Juliana became queen when Wilhelmina abdicated in 1948, after fifty years on the throne.



Coat of Arms of H.R.H. Princess Beatrix was laid down by royal decree when Trix was two weeks old.

eighteen months old when Irene was born, treated her baby sister the same bearlike affection she bestowed on her rag doll.

Born to be Queen



Juliana made the Waterloo Room, rich in relics of the Napoleonic era, into a playroom for Trix.

ANPFOTO



Desks, blackboard converted bedroom at Noordeinde into schoolroom for Juliana (right rear), three friends.

EUROPEAN



The young Queen Wilhelmina, with her husband Prince Henry, first Dutch prince consort, and baby Juliana.

the rooftop of the royal palace on Dam Square. This was shortly after the death of her husband, Prince Henry. As the nurse stared up at that doughty figure whipped by an icy gale from the old Zuider Zee, she remembered what Tennyson had told the widowed and brokenhearted Queen Victoria. "You are alone," he had said, "on that terrible height."

The day after Her Majesty's Daimler arrived at Soestdijk, Queen Wilhelmina appeared at the door of Trix's nursery in the west wing, accompanied by her daughter Juliana.

The nurse felt overcome with shyness and a sense of awe as she met for the first time her sovereign. Then ——

Good heavens, she thought, *Her Majesty's bobbed her hair too!*

The portly queen clasped Sophia's hand and then hurried over to the crib. "Hello, darling!" she said, lifting the princess out and hugging her. "She has put on weight!"

"Bernhard has taken a hundred pictures already," said Juliana eagerly. "I will give you some to take back with you."

The two women discussed the baby as the princess undressed her for her bath: whose hair she had inherited and whether her eyes were blue or gray, how often she cried, her digestion, and where her clothes should be purchased. The queen recommended the Arbeid Adelt, which the nurse knew was a kind of women's exchange in The Hague where impoverished ladies sold their needlework anonymously. Juliana promised her mother to visit the shop the very next time she was in the city.

During the bath the queen sat on the edge of the tub, unmindful of the baby's splashings on her gown. *Just like any other doting grandmother*, thought the nurse. *She is really not frightening at all.*

She noticed, however, that the queen addressed all her remarks about the princess to Juliana. When Trix's mother left the room for a few minutes to see an official visitor, Her Majesty asked Sophia some kindly questions and then talked to the baby. Presently a footman arrived with the baby's ten-o'clock orange juice which she took before she was nursed.

The queen looked at the silver tray critically.

"Are these the same plates which are used by the rest of the family?" she suddenly addressed Miss Feith.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Trix does not have her own serviceware and pots and pans kept separately from the others?"

"No, Your Majesty."

"I see," said the queen.

That ended the conversation.

Shortly afterward, when Trix was about three months old, the royal family motored down to The Hague for the baby's christening. They had been invited by the queen to stay at her official residence, Noordeinde Palace.

"When you see the inside of Noordeinde, you will be glad we don't live there," Princess Juliana told the nurse, who was in the back seat of the car.

Bernhard swung the car down a narrow red-bricked street in The Hague lined with shops and offices. "I'd never seen a palace in the middle of a street before. It even has a house number, Jula says."

Trix's first ride in the great golden coach was the day of her christening, at fourteen weeks.



Each September Juliana formally opens Parliament, then she and Bernhard parade through The Hague.

"Mother was once offered the finest site in the city for a new palace," Juliana explained. "It was going to have a tremendous lawn and boulevard and so forth. Mother wouldn't hear of it. She said what was good enough for her ancestors was certainly good enough for her."

The Spartan queen economized in other ways, as Miss Feith knew. When she moved into Noordeinde as a young bride, her widowed mother Emma moved up the street. Every other day or so until her death the young couple went to her house to pay their respects. Sometimes Queen Wilhelmina spurned the services of royal coaches or coachmen, and walked along the Hague street with her husband and a single attendant behind. Often she and Prince Henry rode their bicycles.

The prince swung past a statue of a Dutch cavalier on a rearing horse, the original Prince of Orange, William the Silent, and came to a screeching halt in front of a plain four-storied white-stone building with unshuttered crossbar windows.

A grenadier presented arms with a flourish while several palace footmen rushed to open the car doors and assist the royal party. The princess handed them the baby in a cane traveling basket. Bernhard unfolded his long legs and let himself out from the driver's seat.

Over to one side of the front entrance, past the wooden sentry box, Miss Feith noticed several footmen scrubbing around the bicycle racks under the open arcades. They were removing black tire marks from the white palace walls. *Surely*, she thought, *this is a rather ugly and unpretentious royal residence! Who would guess that Holland is the richest country for its size in the world?*

The queen appeared in the doorway and after embracing the young couple and kissing the baby, shook hands with the nurse and led the way indoors. The palace in which Queen Wilhelmina had lived for most of her fifty-eight years was much larger than Soestdijk. It was filled with French antiques and gold hangings and looked much like the central section of Soestdijk, but more formal and colder. Already the prince had turned up his coat collar.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

The Dutch army mobilized, 200,000 strong, as Hitler's millions marched into



ACME

Austria



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Poland



ACME

Norway. Holland was next.

The bride

White organdy for her wedding day, pastel

satin in all shades of pink and blue, an



She goes away in a cotton-and-silk jacket-dress by Benee Taylor, patent-leather pumps.



She takes along a pink woven-back Orlon coat that goes over everything, by Dan W. Barkin.



She is married in white organdy with Val-lace ruffles, by Miss Marie, with organdy bowknot headdress and veil, John Frederics.

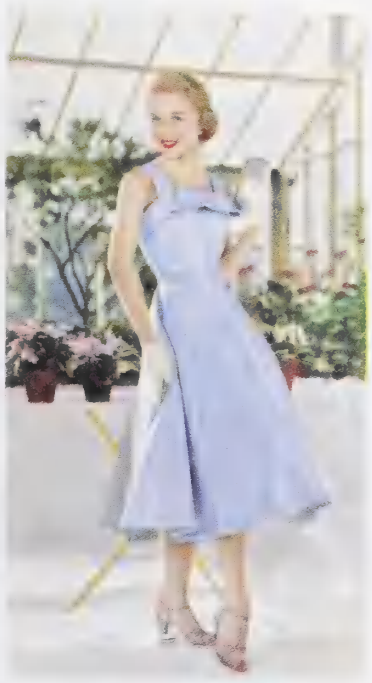
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELM CUSHMAN

wears cotton

her honeymoon . . . cotton tweed to cotton

ink coat for everything .

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



She is seen dancing in all the gayest places in a princess-line cotton sateen with an evening neckline, by Gigi Young.



Chalk-line pink cotton by Betse Cann, pink wedding pumps, polka-dot bag by Morris Moskowitz.



Almost any afternoon, in cotton polka dots (pleats are permanent) by Jonathan Logan, white sandals and jewelry.

Ideas for the bride:

Why not a bouquet of white, pink and candy-striped carnations with a bit of ivy . . . or white lilac with pink or blue hyacinths?

For a headdress, why not a chignon cap of closely frilled lace?

Why not borrow your grandmother's starched muslin petticoat with loops of pink or blue ribbon . . . slippers of matching kidskin?

Bridesmaids in a pastel wedding might wear white organdie, with pink or blue sashes over pink, blue or primrose yellow.



A full pink cotton-faille skirt is fun to wear with the top of her play suit, by Charles Howard.



Shirt and shorts are dimity, sweater cotton knit, kid sandals by Jean Bandler.

UNEXPECTED

do something new, try something differe
titian-haired, you can have



Blues for the hazel-eyed blonde

Usually worn with blue eyes, this French-blue-and-gray costume is a delectable change for hazel eyes. Silk-linen dress and jacket by Harvey Berin, back-of-the-head flower hat by Hattie Carnegie. Pearls are combined with sapphire beads.



WILHELA CU

Bright coral for titian hair

Surprising and wonderful. These shades are lovely for the titian-haired. The exciting wool-fleece coat is by Charles James. Worn with bamboo beads by Mr. John, and wide gold bracelet. Coral can be combined in a costume with pale lemon yellow or soft sand beige or gray. The fashion could be in a suit as well as a coat, in silk as well as wool.



Pale pink for auburn hair

Combination with a new kind of prettiness. Try a pink Irish-linen suit with chamois gloves, plenty of gold jewelry, a silk rose chignon hat by Hattie Carnegie.

(OLOR FOR YOUR TYPE

whatever your type, blond, brunet or e citing change.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Dramatic brunette in pale pastels

Beige silk crepe, a lovely change for dark-haired beauties. The distinguished two-piece overblouse silhouette with a pleated skirt, Christian Dior–New York.



Pale blonde in bright red

Intense color with pale hair and fair skin is an effective combination. The red silk-linen suit by Anthony Blotta is matched by a red Breton hat by Hattie Carnegie. More color—chamois-yellow gloves.

Shades of green for dark hair

Olive greens and pastel greens combine beautifully and with a different look. This is Clare Potter's lovely silk shirtwaist dress for afternoon, John Frederics' pale green straw cartwheel hat. Worn with quantities of crystal beads, all shades of pink, cluster earrings.





Wallpaper stripes on cotton satin. Bodice has becoming surplice line, skirt is gathered. Vogue Design No. 8586.

Spring Cottons to wear through Summer



A slim sheath with lowered waistline in bird's-eye piqué has own straight jacket. Button detail. Vogue Design No. S-460

This spring the prettiest cottons are blossoming in the loveliest flower colors. Even in prints and embroideries flower motifs are tops in news and importance. Soft, satiny finishes, enchanting transparent sheers (embroidered, or in eyelets or prints), rough textures crinkled or plain, and piqués in the most exciting colors are just a few of the highlights you will find in your favorite fabric department. Chances are you won't be able to decide on just one, but will happily buy two or three. These designs are as pretty and easy to wear as the fabrics.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal



White piqué stripes alternating with pink crinkle stripes, the drawstring bodice tied with velvet ribbon. "Very Easy to Make" Vogue Design No. 8476.



r t young in heart and figure—a cotton-satin jumper with
ur dered organdy blouse. Junior Vogue Design No. 3596.

DERUJINSKY



Most feminine summer blouse is eyelet. Design No. 8590. Piqué skirt is gored. Design No. 8584.

An old and new favorite—dotted swiss. Ours in blue, collared in organdy. Vogue Design No. 8578.



Gayest skirt of the season . . . black-and-white circular harlequin skirt . . . only one piece needing just a waistline and hem, costs only $5.95 (we'll tell you where to buy). Sleeveless top, Vogue Design No. 8493.



Other Views, Sizes and Prices on Page 134

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosingcheckormoneyorder,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

© VOGUE





Tangerine tweed ensemble by Jeanne Campbell: coat, $39.95; skirt, $10.95; polka-dot linen blouse, $12.95. Suzy's new piqué hat, $5.95; red plastic-leather bag, $2.98; cotton gloves, $2.00. **$74.78**

Linenlike rayon jacket-dress in cocoa beige, $17.95, the right silhouette for deep cloche of coconut straw, $3.95, by Mr. Alf; straw bag by Roger Van S, $7.95; hand-sewn cotton gloves, $2.95; llama-grained brown calfskin shoes, $15.00. **$47.80**

FASHION DOLLARS

That wonderful lift . . . that lovely feeling of confidence that comes with a new spring outfit depends on the total effect, not just the dress or the irresistible hat. Wise spending will see you turned out in a tweed ensemble, a suit or jacket-dress in silk-and-cotton mixtures, a costume composed of a silk or rayon dress and a wool coat, complete with fashion accessories. By Ruth Mary Packard



RICHARD LITWIN





Silk dress and jersey coat, Andrew Arkin. $69.95; hat, $3.95; plastic patent bag, $5.00; pumps, $5.99; pearls, $2.00; gloves, $2.95.

$89.84

Tweedy beige silk-and-cotton suit is by Stefan, $49.95 including blouse. Linen beret by Mr. Alf, $6.95; plastic patent bag, $4.95; pumps, $16.95; bracelets, $3.00 and $1.00; earrings, $2.00; gloves, $2.00.

$89.80

Gray silk-and-cotton dress and jacket, $45.00, by Andrew Arkin, accented with black—hat by Mr. Alf, $8.95; plastic patent bag, $7.95; shoes, $5.99. For $1.00 each—pearls, earrings and gloves.

$70.89

A country plan for living, dining and entertaining

uses color with a free hand in paint and fabric, and modern furniture that offers

hospitality with grace and takes no trouble to maintain.

By H. T. WILLIAMS



"POPPIES," A PAINTING BY PADINA, COURTESY OF SCHONEMAN GALLER

COUNTRY MODERN



Inside the house, games are lit by a hanging lamp with gold silk shade removable for washing and replaceable with other colors and fabrics. For outdoor lounging, a terrace stand-by is the woven basketry chair of light weight and large size. Guest chairs are rust-resisting iron and come with swinging trays that fit into side holders, handy when snacks and beverages are passed.

Modern is at ease in the country, more relaxed and less formal in manner than its city counterpart. Take this room, for instance, with living area 16′x18′ and dining area 10′x12′. Begin with a clear color scheme—gleaming white wood ceiling and sea-green walls, then the oak parquetry floor pickled and given a rug of turquoise rayon—a refreshing background for the fabrics and woods to follow. Two big chintz chairs in a pattern as fresh as foliage, a deep purple ottoman, coffee table of brass and white glass, an extra-long striped couch and two walnut side chests topped in slate are practical choices for a family room and one that holds a party of dinner guests almost every weekend. At one windowed wall facing a stone terrace, white embroidered batiste is used for draperies. Only an aqua game table and two chairs painted white and pillowed in vivid pink stand at the glass, giving an outdoor view all day long. To set off a dining wing, a storage wall was extended slightly to suggest a room divider, and holds radio, record player and television in space-saving vertical arrangement. Beyond lies the dining quarter where a small walnut table expands to oval, and circled by eight walnut chairs is still uncrowded and inviting.

HAROLD FOWLER



ilored fabric for the sofa is a hardy rton of white, chartreuse and ua in quiet stripes. Another restful note the purple-seated black ottoman at glides silently on casters hooded in ass. Two walnut side chests have vered folding doors, brass tterfly hinges. One lamp is water- ue Mexican glass, two others tall iped wood; and over the slate fireplace, ottery wreath holds candles.

Dining area overlooks a garden. Two 12″ leaves expand the table. Side chairs are upholstered in vivid pink and purple, cotton-and-rayon mix. Aqua cabinets with brass knobs run the length of the room here for a jumbo buffet and storage area. Splitwood shades, originally plain, were painted in a running clef design and edged with red wood fringe.



CULVER SERVICE

"My Children Were Simply Heav

Miss Barrymore and her children, Sammy (named for his uncle, inventor of th Colt revolver), Jackie and Ethel Colt. "They were so completely different from each other that I always felt, as they grew up, that I might have picked them up from different orphan asylums— but believe me, I didn't!"

Ethel Barrymore

MEMORIES

"I still hoped—and sometimes I believed—that I could save my marriage."



CULVER SERVICE

"*Russell Colt had tremendous humor and at first his lighthearted irresponsibility—he never really grew up—seemed only to add to his charm.*"



CULVER SERVICE

"*The night Sammy was born, the nurse sternly placed a lace cap on my head, my small son in my arms, and called in a photographer.*"



CULVER SERVICE

"'*Oh, let's go and see her die!*' *my friends would say when I was playing in The Lady of the Camellias.*" *With Conway Tearle.*

Every adult member of her family was a stage celebrity, but she herself planned to be a concert pianist, and practiced faithfully at the convent school she attended in Philadelphia where she, Lionel and John were being brought up by "Mummum," Grandmother Drew. After her mother's death and her father's remarriage, she was suddenly taken from school and sent to Montreal to go on the stage. "Nobody told me *anything* about acting; I was expected to *know!*" Early in her life as an actress, she appeared in London where she was an immediate success and made such friends as Winston Churchill, Anthony Hope, Ellen Terry, the Duchess of Sutherland. Says Miss Barrymore now, "I was so young that I was unaware that doors were opening for me; I never even knew they were closed." In America she saw her name in lights on Broadway for the first time in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines"—in which Brother Jack played his first stage role. For several years she practically commuted across the Atlantic, and rumor had her engaged to dukes, earls—even an Indian prince. Actually she was engaged three times, but she was not yet ready to be married and broke each engagement. Then, in New York, she met Russell Colt—"and I don't remember that I even tried to escape."

III AFTER the play on Saturday I went to stay with my friends, the Fairchilds, in Dedham. The Episcopal minister there, a friend of theirs, made all the arrangements with the priest at Hyde Park to marry us. The ceremony took place on Sunday morning between masses in the priest's house at the Church of the Most Precious Blood. Jack Barrymore and Russell's brother, Roswell Colt, were the only witnesses. It was a short ceremony, lasting just a few minutes. We went back to Dedham, and the next day I went back to the play.

Our honeymoon was the rest of the tour in "Lady Frederick" which took us all the way to California. When we played in San Francisco, Russell and I went down to spend a weekend with Sam Morse and his wife, Anne, at Merced. Anne was expecting her Sammy then, as I was expecting mine, and she and I sat on the porch and rocked while Sam and Russell went out shooting ducks.

I hadn't yet been to see a doctor, because I knew if I went to one he might tell me that I couldn't finish the season, and I knew I had to do that.

Uncle Jack was also closing his season in California, and I arranged things so that we could come back on the same train with him and Aunt Dodo. I was getting, not frightened exactly, but a little nervous, as there had been no one for me to talk to about having a baby, and Aunt Dodo was the nearest thing to a family that I had. She was the one who got me the wonderful nurse, Mrs. Frings, who took care of me.

When I came back to New York, I went to see the only doctor I knew, Doctor Bagg, who had been Mummum's doctor. His brownstone house in the 50's was boarded up, as most of those houses used to be every summer, with a sign saying "Back in September."

I didn't know what to do, but one night in Greenwich, where we took a house for the summer, I met two awfully nice women—Margery Close and Maribell Coffin. Russell had gone to New Haven with Maribell's husband. After dinner the two girls asked me what doctor I had and when I said the only one I knew would not be back until September, they told me about theirs and that was how I came to know my dear Doctor Danforth, a wonderful man. He had discreet little side whiskers that inspired Uncle Jack to call him "storm at sea."

He and Mrs. Danforth were spending the summer in Greenwich, and he was reassuring and kind and made me feel safe—a very wonderful feeling.

After Russell had been commuting every day to New York for some little time, Temple Gwathney,

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Happy Easter



Menu

Clam Aspic Crackers
Roast Stuffed Leg of Lamb
Gravy
Potato Balls
Asparagus
with Mustard Hollandaise
Celery-and-Mushroom Medley
Toasted Herb Rolls
Lemon-Chiffon Ring
with Fresh Fruit
Coffee
(Planned for 6)

By ANN BATCHELDER

NOW the "spring, spring, beautiful spring" is here. Easter, no matter when it falls (and unlike Christmas and Thanksgiving and Independence Day it is a movable feast), calls for the mothball eradicator and a new Easter bonnet at least. For the jonquil and the lilac are in flower and new life is apace in the world that we live in. And "the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." There's a new lease on all things. The search for happiness is like a restrung harp. Waiting for the chorus of fulfillment to vibrate to the spring breezes, waiting for the diapason of the great symphony of new awakenings all around us.

That's why. That is why we greet the day with the word "happy." And a Happy Easter let it be to all! And an ageless wish is this from me to you: "Happy Easter." See those daffodils, see that iris, those lilies to remind us that everything is new? And now let's look into an Easter Day luncheon or a very special dinner. Set at the hour we choose.

And being bidden so to do, I turn to the Easter-come-first gala meal, and what gives, do you think? I've called on a hidden cove, on a secret hideaway, and it has yielded its treasure, and added a certain salty, appetizing savor for our Easter, our beautiful spring luncheon or dinner to which our guests come gladly—and from lilies I turn to clams and a refreshing

Clam Aspic

Pour into a saucepan two 8-ounce bottles clam juice and the juice from a 7½-ounce can minced clams. Add 3 thin slices lemon, ⅛ teaspoon thyme, 1 very small onion, sliced, a handful of celery leaves and parsley. Bring to a boil and allow to simmer, covered, for 10 to 15 minutes. Meanwhile, soften 4 teaspoons unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Then strain the hot clam broth through a fine sieve and add the softened gelatin; stir until dissolved. Chill until the mixture thickens, then fold in the minced clams, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, ⅓ cup chopped water cress and 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento, if you like it. Chill until firm. Serve topped with a spoonful of sauce made with ½ cup thick commercial sour cream, 1½ teaspoons prepared horseradish and ⅛ teaspoon each of salt and sugar.

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Flower-decked china and sterling silver set a springtime table for our Easter dinner.

STUART-FOWLER



There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller

Even our best neighbors rarely offer to repair the damage their cherubs do to our cherished back-yard bric-a-brac. (They may be afraid some boorish neighbor might say "Swell!") But on second thought, how much of our brats' damage elsewhere have I ever repaired?

Our town isn't easily stampeded; the epidemic of pink-and-black duds for men didn't make much headway among our Beau Brummels on Main Street. And most of the men I saw frothed up in this recent "style" may have been subsidized haberdashery salesmen.

"In my opinion," says Peter Comfort, gently probing a mole tunnel in his lawn with a picnic fork, "women get stubborner as they grow older, while men get more pliable and conciliatory. (Maybe at eighty it's a tie?)"

On the faraway planet Adnaxas, reports Hank Felsen, the science fictionist, a man and woman in love can have a baby by holding hands and concentrating on the image of the infant they want. . . . But if they're not in true harmony, he warns, they must resort to System B. If it is a system.

Our luncheon club's oracle (a formidable man downtown) confesses he spends 60 per cent of his energy defending himself against his teen-age children's scorn. "I'll bet a dollar," he says, "they study a course in seventh grade called Deflation and Annoyance of Parents."

We've padlocked our kitchen and pantry, to reduce my temptation to sneak a snack late at night. Occasionally the phone in the pantry rang and gave me an alibi, until we extricated it via a long cord under the pantry door.

Our ladies at the bridge table were reconnoitering the vulnerability of our town's most untrammeled gossip. "I think she's vulnerable," said my partner. "If she knew what we know about her she'd never open her mouth."

This spring we're renewing our vow to eat one hundred meals outdoors, and adding a new one: to drive out beyond the city limits at least three times a week, into the country until there isn't a three-story building in sight and the sky is as complete as an inverted salad bowl.

My second most cherished gift lately is called a "blab-off": with it you can turn off the more unpalatable TV commercials clear across the room. If those smoothies only knew how silly they look with their lips moving soundlessly!

Elderly parents in our town seem to cherish one precious hallucination: that their middle-aged children are still docile tots of three or four. Alas, how gladly we'd submit to their wily blandishments if we were even only thirty or forty!

Out in Dawn Dell suburb the wife of a young corporation gypsy has built a reputation as hostess with $1-a-dish curry, pizza and blintzes. "I won't serve steak even to the boss," she says, "until we have a steak salary."

As I look around our downtown club, it strikes me there's a vacuum in the lives of men who don't practice some outdoor sport. Any dub trying to break 100 at golf lives a fuller life than our inveterate cynic who scorns all exercise except "carrying his athletic friends' coffins."



"Think you'll be able to take nourishment?"

I've discovered that almost any household machine which goes wrong can be restored to reasonably good health if you shake it gently yet firmly, but in a friendly way.

One of our neighbors recently stumbled into the thrill of sitting next to Marilyn Monroe. "It should have been a thrill," he says, "but there are a dozen gals in our town who speed up my pulse faster."

I've seldom known a woman who isn't a worshipful cheerleader for any doctor, until she becomes a grandmother. Then she suddenly discovers that she knows more medicine than Mayo and Johns Hopkins combined.

A man at the office has just returned from a trip to Scandinavia on an airline's installment plan. "After all," he argues, "nobody would foreclose the mortgage on the house or repossess the car of a man who's just been to Europe!"

Bravo for some of our great state's cultured college alumni! When the football fanatics bought the coach at the state university a Cadillac, they got self-conscious and before you could say "Monday quarterback" they bought one of the professors a Buick.

Our local pessimist showed me a clipping where Major Seversky (how that modest title has stuck to him!) says World War III is inevitable. . . . I immediately offered to bet him $100 to $25 that it won't come before 1960; this cheered him slightly.

We've snared an optimist at our luncheon round table: "McCarthy was a good thing for the country. He was like an inoculation or vaccination; the antibodies and white corpuscles rose to the occasion superbly."

Every time I visit New York my curiosity leads me to the Whitney, Guggenheim and Modern art galleries. Each time I'm convinced that often their more baffling modern pictures are painted by disappointed cartoonists or rebels too proud to design wallpaper.

What'll it prove when there is a four-lane toll road from the West straight into New York? For one thing, it'll enable exiles living in one-room apartments in Manhattan to prove that their parents visiting from back home really do drive a Lincoln convertible.

"My teen-ager wants to know," confides Betty Comfort, spilling some coffee grounds near the garbage can, "why she can't watch TV while studying if I watch it while going over our bills. She'll learn that bills make you goof at anything for solace."

On the bus one of our town's self-made men (who has a four-car garage chock-full of cars) tells me his greatest luxury since he graduated from poverty is a fresh new razor blade every day. (I still feel wasteful if I use a new blade less than two days.)

I do a double take and ask myself "Who, me?" when—

. . . Our youngest emerges fondly debonair from the explosion after I've lost my temper.

. . . Or our daughter smiles at me twenty or thirty times in an hour,

. . . And Junior patiently explains to me something he modestly savvies better'n I do.

. . . Or my tyrannical enchantress lies to me sweetly that my comfort is more important than the children's.

And I admit to myself secretly that they don't have it so good in Spitzbergen or Raratonga.

Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers



DI PIETRO

Dr. Spock says: "Even a one-year-old seems to sense that it isn't right for him to gain the upper hand easily."

What is the effect on children when a father takes little part in discipline?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

I PROMISED to write about the father's part in discipline. By "discipline" I don't mean just punishment, but the much larger matter of managing and leading a child successfully. I'll quote from two letters to show two opposite kinds of problems. "My husband, a marvelous father, wants immediate compliance with all commands, saying it might save our son's life if he were in a dangerous position. I am more inclined to be lenient, feeling that a small child (ours is fourteen months) isn't yet able to respond immediately." The other says: "Our little boy is two years old. The problem is hitting—especially his father. My husband says it is no fun to play with him because he continually slaps or pokes his eyes or hits him in the head with any toy available. This isn't done in anger but with chortles of great glee."

You might say right away that these aren't exclusively the problems of fathers—some mothers have the same kind. That's true, but I still think that these particular types come up more often with fathers.

I suppose that before we concentrate further on fathers we ought to think about the different parts that mothers *and* fathers play in discipline. All you have to do is look around to see that it's somewhat different in every family, depending on the upbringing and personality of each parent and the nature of each child, which is as it should be.

I have the impression from discussions with dozens and dozens of mothers that a surprising number of them believe that their husbands have better control over the children than they do. They complain of this. It makes such mothers, who have had to manage the children through a hundred minor crises each day, a little bit mad to have their husbands breeze in at the end of the day and control the children more easily. Probably the main explanation in these families is not that fathers have some kind of magic, but that a mother's discipline is more likely to wear thin because she's having to use it hour after hour all day.

I think we should also remember that in most families the discipline works more easily—and at the same time more leniently—between opposite sexes. In probably a majority of families, fathers aren't quite so strict with their daughters as they are with their sons, and yet their daughters may obey them more readily. And mothers may give more of the benefit of the doubt to their sons. There's nothing mysterious or morbid about this—it's just that human beings, like many other creatures, are made to be charming to the opposite sex and to be somewhat rivalrous with their own sex. This tends to be true even though fathers and sons love each other dearly, and mothers and daughters do the same. I hardly recognize my own father when I hear my sisters describe him. They emphasize that he was delightful, humorous, easygoing. I remember him as devoted, absolutely just, but very serious and quite strict. It isn't simply that the good father is likely to be a little more exacting with his sons, but that the sons *see* the father as even more awe-inspiring than he is because of the subtle rivalrousness that *they* naturally feel with him.

I suppose another reason still why fathers are apt to be more exacting with their sons is that fathers from the time they were boys have been trying to live up to manly standards, being criticized by *their* fathers and criticizing themselves when they failed. And what we were criticized for ourselves when we were children we tend strongly to criticize in our children and others when we get older. Mothers, having spent many years being girls, are experts in what they expect of their daughters.

Now it's time to get back to the particular problems that some fathers have. Take first the father who expects instant obedience of his fourteen-month-old son. If you'll let me do some guessing, I'll guess that this father wouldn't have set quite such high standards with a daughter, and that this is probably his first child. Most of us parents bring all our own hopes and fears to our first child. With our second or third we're usually more relaxed. I'll guess, too, that this father was more strictly brought up than average, with a special emphasis on the importance of prompt obedience. This didn't merely set a pattern or habit in him. It went deeper into his feelings. When all of us were children and our parents scolded or punished us for certain acts which they said were dangerous or bad, we developed real anxiety about those consequences. Then when we become parents ourselves, being human beings, we show the old anxiety (and some of our parents' anger) toward our children in the same situations. In other words, the father in the letter is truly afraid that his son will get into danger or will become delinquent if he doesn't acquire instantaneous obedience at fourteen months—not because o. any facts but because of deep feelings carried over from his upbringing. Those of us who didn't have such a strict standard to live up to are able to look at the one-year-old with more serenity and see that he is ready for only the first easy lessons in discipline and that there are many ways to keep out of danger and delinquency in addition to obedience.

What's the answer? If the wife of a strict father tries to make up to the son for the father's sternness, it often makes the father even more fearful that the boy is being spoiled, and therefore inclined to be more strict with him—which doesn't help him. Also, in the long run the mother's efforts to protect the son make the father crosser with both of them. This gives the boy some of the feeling that he and his mother are enemies of the father.

If the mother can curb her impulse to spring to the boy's defense and can show her sympathetic understanding of her husband's anxiety about the boy's character, it should lead to some improvement in the situation.

Now for the father who got buffeted around by the chortling two-year-old. He sounds exactly opposite from the severe father, but he isn't quite opposite. If you question such fathers you often get the answer, "I was treated too severely in my own childhood. I don't want my son ever to resent me the way I often resented my father." So both attitudes may come from being brought up sternly. But in one case the new father lines up with the grandfather in fearing what *lack* of discipline will do. In the other case the new father is afraid of what too much discipline will do. This may make the latter father so afraid to assert himself, or even stand up for himself, that his child is almost invited to walk over him.

Every baby as he gets somewhere near the age of a year begins to toy with meanness when he's feeling cranky. He'll deliberately pull his mother's hair or sink his teeth into his father's cheek. The parent who's not afraid to be firm, knowing that a child needs constant guiding, promptly restrains the baby and shows in his facial expression a mild disapproval. If the baby tries again, the parent restrains him again. This mild lesson—that the parent doesn't like to be hurt, doesn't intend to let himself be hurt—sinks gently enough into the mind of even a one-year-old. He may not learn the lesson for good the first time, but a few repetitions will do the job reasonably well.

But if the parent is so afraid of showing firmness (it's really the fear of showing anger) that he lets the baby get away with the attack, then the child is tempted to try again. The amazing thing is that even a one-year-old seems to sense that it isn't right for the parent to be so submissive and that it isn't right for him himself to be able to gain the upper hand so easily. Getting away with meanness to a parent makes him uneasy. When the mother in the letter says that the two-year-old chortles with glee, I can't believe that he's really happy. I imagine the child's feelings are a mixture of excitement and guilt. I'll go further and guess that the child is begging for some restraint so that he can truly enjoy playing with his father.

There are quite a few families in which the mother says, "My husband leaves every bit of the disciplining of the children to me, even when he's home." There are several excuses that such a father will give: that he's tired at the end of the day, or wants to just relax on weekends; that the mother has to manage the children most of the day anyway, so he doesn't know the rules she wants followed. But these particular excuses don't hold much water. With more justification he may complain that when he tries to participate in the management of the children his wife brushes his directions aside impatiently, or that she often bosses the children unnecessarily and then expects him to back her up. Of course minor differences of opinion such as these between father and mother occur from time to time in most families, but in the families I am thinking about such complaints are more chronic. Typically, though not always by any means, the mother is the more managerial parent and the father is relatively easygoing or retiring. He may be plenty forceful in his job.

The important question is what the effect is on children when a father takes little part in discipline. I have said that often the father's real reason is that he is afraid his children, especially his sons, will not like him if he is too strict, so he leans over backward. But child-guidance work shows clearly that children *don't* love more and enjoy more the parent who stands apart and disciplines too little. In fact, the evidence that the psychiatrist gets from children's behavior, from their make-believe stories and even from their bad dreams, is that they are more apt to be *afraid* of the parent who's in his shell. Perhaps one way to explain it is to say that every child senses, with all the horse sense that's in him, that any parent is angry inside when children misbehave, and they dread more the anger that is rarely or never expressed openly, wondering how awful it might be. To put it the other way around, the child who has misbehaved knows he should be corrected, really wants it in order to feel right again. If his father has no hesitation in applying the appropriate firmness or scolding, the child's guilt is eased. He has learned once more that his father's indignation is reliable, unpleasant but not fatal. The boy even develops more self-confidence of a sort each time he comes through a scrape with his old man and finds himself still safe and sound. This gives him courage to stand up to other boys and men, too, as he will have to do the rest of his life, and not be too frightened of their anger.

We can sum it up by saying, of the father who is reluctant to enter into the reasonable disciplining of his children, that he need not fear their resentment, that on the contrary they will love him better, feel more comfortable with him, actually enjoy him more if he will assert himself in the usual parental way. His wife can help him, not by prodding him when she thinks discipline is necessary but by not objecting when he feels his firmness is called for, and showing the children that she respects his judgment and position.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—*Ed.*



Posture, no less than costume, in this Norman Rockwell cover—published in the JOURNAL'S *fiftieth year—illustrates the profound change in the American woman's concept of herself and her place in the world.*

Line a Day

By Ann Batchelder

1 Now come along the soft spring days with troubadours abounding, the nomad birds that haunt the ways and trill a thousand roundelays with minstrel airs resounding. Now listen to the tuneful bells the meadow lark is ringing, and know the world's awake at last, from silence into singing.

2 I've found something to warm the cockles of the heart. Cinnamon biscuits, neatly tucked into a cardboard package, and all you need to do is arrange them on a baking sheet and pop them into the oven for a short spell. Sunday breakfast takes on a rosy hue.

3 A temptation not to be lightly winked at is the *bonne bouchée*. Skewer a mushroom broiled in butter, a slice of chicken liver, and two pieces of bacon with a pineapple chunk in between, and shoot under the broiler to come out hot as Tophet. Provide plenty of these.

4 Coming off the food assembly line—an orange-cake mix with bits of orange rind all through it, to carry the true orange flavor.

5 And if you are one of those to whom making a good frosting is as difficult as solving a problem in higher mathematics, there's a fluffy white frosting mix that is as easy as adding one and one. You may make meringues with it, too, or, with whipped cream and strawberries folded in, turn it into a mousse to dream about.

6 Noted at the swankiest brunch of the century: great platters of baked ham, cut into the thinnest of slices, a "hot basket" of English muffins and baking-powder biscuits, split and buttered. Did I say hot? Yes, piping. Bowls of olives, mustard and pickles, in close juxtaposition. Oh, yes. Coffee resembled a junior Niagara.

7 Peanut cookies tucked into Junior's lunch box make a hit. Yes, you guessed it. There's a peanut-cooky mix, chopped peanuts and all. What will they think of next?

8 "White-cross buns, white-cross buns, who'll buy my white-cross buns?" Make the rolls you've made so many times—the ones you and I have collaborated on. Make up a batch, add raisins and currants—and why not some steamed, cut-up dates for a change? Raise them, bake them, and cross them with white frosting. This is bread that partook of heaven, they'll say who share the treat.

9 Gaudy, not fancy, or the other way round, would be to add chopped salted pecans to lobster-salad mayonnaise, tamed down with a little salted whipped cream, with the tiniest lobster-crab or infant shrimp mixed in.

10 A Colonial dame, I discover, made a hit in her day with a cucumber sauce to be used with fish, in which the star performer was coconut milk. She added 1 tablespoon lemon juice to 4 of the milk, and mixed into it the mashed pulp of 4 cucumbers. Well seasoned with salt, cayenne and grated onion. Want to try?

11 Canned soups have joined the frozen-foods fraternity. And one of the best is the fish chowder. This is as good as any New England housewife can turn out. And the frozen oyster stew—well, take my word for it, it's better than any you ever had at a church supper.

12 Had this at a French restaurant. On the hors-d'oeuvres tray. Cooked white pea beans which had been marinated in French dressing, in which there was a hint of garlic and some minced chives. Served frosty cold.

13 Along about this time you'll see coconuts at your grocer's. Freshly cooked rice tossed with grated fresh coconut, cooked minced onion and a suspicion of curry powder is just right with chicken.

14 Surprising, but true. Fillets of sole—or flounder—baked in cream or broiled with butter or margarine are much improved by a light dusting of nutmeg.

15 *Part I:* There are many ways with omelets—but have you tried this? Dice 2 strips bacon and sauté. Add 1 small onion, minced, and 1 small cooked potato, chopped fine. (A good way to use the one left from dinner.) When the onion is cooked, add 2 or 3 tablespoons grated Swiss cheese, a little minced parsley and salt and pepper.

16 *Part II:* Season 3 beaten eggs, too, and add 3 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon salt and a good grating of pepper. Turn the eggs into the pan with the onions, bacon and potato. Allow to cook until just set. While the top is still moist and creamy, fold with a spatula, slide from the pan and serve pronto.

17 Coffee ice cream spells ambrosia to me. And you may not believe it, but coffee ice cream with strawberries is something to write home about.

18 And for a luscious sauce for either vanilla or coffee ice cream, follow any good recipe for butterscotch or caramel sauce—and add a whiff of rum extract and as much instant coffee as your fancy dictates.

19 Made a discovery which I pass on to you. Avocado, that tropical fruit we usually think of in salads, is wonderful in a fruit compote. Try this: mix 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup fresh grapefruit juice, ¼ cup honey, 1 apple, sliced, 1 banana, sliced, 1 grapefruit, sectioned, 1 orange, sectioned, and 1 avocado, diced. Everything cold as Greenland, of course.

20 At a neighborhood party I came across this, and begged the recipe. It's a sweet sauce. Combine 3 egg yolks, ¾ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, ⅓ cup sugar and a pinch of salt, in the top of a double boiler. Cook over hot water until thickened like a soft custard. Chill. Fold in ½ cup heavy cream, whipped stiff. Delicious over angel-food cake. And what it does to hot gingerbread I leave you to discover!

21 Now and then I go for pineapple pie. Did you know that there's a pineapple filling all ready for the pastry? Comes in a can. Saves a lot of fussing. And good too.

22 Now listen to this one, Edna, for it will soon be time for lunch. Split frankfurter rolls. Spread with triple-use cheese spread. Open a can of sardines, and lay them on the cheese, close together. Run under the broiler until cheese begins to melt and sardines are heated through.

23 A while back I mentioned the new frosting mixes. Here's a company dessert you might serve to the Thursday bridge club. Drain canned pears and place on a greased baking sheet. Fill generously with the frosting, arranging it in hills and valleys. Read on.

24 Sprinkle with slivered toasted almonds and bake as you would meringues. Serve with slightly thawed frozen raspberries. This is a sweet course the girls will talk about.

25 Your mothers and your grandmothers will tell you that the thing they depended on when the larder was low was potato soup. The new frozen potato soup has airs, especially if you put it in the electric blender at the thawing, and add milk. Serve it cold, with a sprinkling of minced parsley and chives.

26 There is another new frozen soup around that has ways too. The one I have in mind is lobster bisque. Thin with just enough milk to make it saucy, not soupy. There's more to come, so read on.

27 Arrange fillets of flounder in a greased casserole. Pour the sauce over them. Bake in a moderate oven just until the fish becomes white.

28 Just try making slits in a roast of beef sometime. Tuck as much thyme as you can in each slit. Salt and pepper as usual. And roast as usual. But there's nothing usual about this roast!

29 Next time you make apple crisp, add ½ cup finely chopped walnuts to the sugar-crumb topping. You'll see.

30 Up in New England winter is now breaking up. It has been much like an old shoe—easy on an aching corn. We used to have more snow. But we are taking down the storm windows. We have struck our tents. We are on the march toward the sun. Your ANNIE.

Why make your own sauce — when *Campbell's Soups* make such good ones!



By ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics, Campbell Soup Company

Why make a cream sauce when Campbell's Soups make four — Cream of Mushroom, Cream of Celery, Cream of Chicken, Cream of Asparagus? Why make a tomato sauce when Campbell's has one for you — already perfectly seasoned, perfectly blended?

Cream sauces can be this easy: Just open one of these cans of Campbell's Soup and follow directions on the label! Why not find out how much fun it is to cook with sauces when Campbell's makes them for you! You'll never go back to the slow way of making a cream or tomato sauce again.





CREAM OF MUSHROOM SAUCE. Perfect for Sunday brunch — an open sandwich crowned with cubes of ham and mushroom sauce. And such an easy sauce to make! Just open a can of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup — and blend with ⅓ cup of milk — it's delicious!



TOMATO SAUCE. Delicious flavoring for meat loaf, hamburgers, meat balls — Campbell's Tomato Soup used as a sauce. So perfectly seasoned, you just pour it on as it comes from the can! And what a tempting sauce to make quick and easy spaghetti and macaroni casseroles!





CREAM OF CELERY SAUCE. Makes vegetables taste twice as good! Carrots, broccoli, string beans take on new sparkle when you add Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup. Just blend the soup with about ½ cup of milk — and there's your sauce! It's extra-good, too, as a sauce for fish!



CREAM OF CHICKEN SAUCE. Here's a popular favorite — Southern-fried chicken topped with the deep-down goodness of Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup (⅓ cup of milk is all you add). And try *this* sauce as a gravy for chicken croquettes, biscuits or fluffy rice!

UP HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

women belonged, to attend the dedication ceremonies of the temple. "Providing she can."

Her little neighbor nodded. "I got my heart set on it," she said. "You see, the temple was started the year I was born, practically the very day, and mamma used to always say, 'If Nellie lives to see the temple dedicated, it will be more than I expect,' she used to say. I was sickly as a child, so mamma was reconciled to bury me at any time. I've heard her say it often. And there was people that said the building would take a hundred years instead of forty."

"I said so myself," Ingeborg said. "The way they fiddled around there year after year. You'd go by and here they'd be, talking and laughing and standing on one foot and then on the other, slower than the seven-year itch. Men," she added, as though she need say no more.

"You got to give the devil his due," Linnea pointed out. "That's a very big temple. All them pointed steeples and one thing and another, and made out of solid marble."

"Forty years," Mrs. Lilygren put in dreamily. "My exact age, and now it's done and going to be dedicated. I can't hardly believe it. No wonder a person gets kind of worked up."

Linnea smiled, though her eyes sympathized. "Well, I'll be awful surprised if you ain't down in bed with your baby instead of listening to no dedication ceremonies, day after tomorrow," she said. "Won't you, Ingeborg?"

Ingeborg, before she could answer, had to study Linnea's neighbor as the art expert views the unsigned masterpiece that may be by Sebastiano del Piombo or may not. She saw a little lady resting little work-scarred hands near the top of a global front that kept her quite a distance from the table. Dimmed and uncolored, Mrs. Lilygren had a look of girlishness about the mouth and eyes that even her formidable amount of coiled brown hair did not take away. Her one claim to fame was that she had never cut her hair and it was said to drag on the floor, though this may have been an exaggeration. It was washed only twice a year on a hot, dry day, and on the strength of its glory she received the few compliments her woman's heart craved. Having this, she had neglected her face entirely, even to teach it those expressions of coquetry, comedy, demureness, pain or bewilderment that women learn like an alphabet—all to the good, it seemed, for her face stayed innocent and young, and her hazel eyes could be looked straight into like those of a girl of six. She was wearing a very large brown-and-white challis dress, a three-month loan from Mr. Parmalee's younger and larger wife Aglia, which fitted only one part of her, her central corporation, but that was fit enough, and she was happy to pin up and tuck up the rest of the garment as best she might. A dark blue pinafore decently covered all and she looked trim and tidy.

"Won't you be surprised?" Linnea repeated.

Ingeborg groped for some coffeecake. "Very," she said. "I certainly will."

The agreeable little woman was gone when the girls and Rudie came home from town with the big news, but Gertrude, when she heard that Mrs. Lilygren had been there, said she would run over and tell her immediately.

"You got time for that," Linnea told her excited daughter. "She'll be in the midst of getting supper for that crosspatch of hers. You can tell her in the morning."

"Anyway, he might be home already," Ingeborg said.

"Myra will win it sure!" Stellie announced, and took a deep breath.

"Keep your voice down or you'll have her awake and bawling her eyes out," Linnea said, glancing at the clock. "I like her to have a good long nap the afternoons when Olaf comes home that night," she explained to her visitor, "so she'll be good-natured and we can keep her up longer."

"Spoiled," Ingeborg said, meaning no offense. "Between you and the four kids, and Olaf coming home every other night and thinking the sun rises and sets in her, you've got a very spoiled baby there. Of course Ber gone all day, but I guess she makes up for the evening. How does she like her jo now?"

"Fine," Linnea said. "She likes it just but my, it seems like she's grew up since started working. Two weeks, and she' grew up, I don't hardly know her, with hair done up, and nothing would do she to have a corset the first thing, with her week's pay, and here it cost two dollars. W only left her a dollar."

"Mamma," Gertrude said tragically.

"Now what?" Linnea said.

"Don't you even want to *hear* about contest?"

"You told us when you come in."

"But not all!" Gertrude said.

"It's gold," Rudie put in, "*pure solid g* It's worth hundreds of dollars."

"Gilt," Gertrude explained.

"What is?"

"Why, the baby buggy, of course, the prize, that Dinwoodie's Furniture Compa giving away free to the most beautiful bab Salt Lake City."

"With a umbrella on top ——" St began.

"Not a umbrella," Gertrude corrected with some severity. "A parasol. This little parasol you can put to one side or the othe shade the baby's face from the sun. Pink, lace ruffles hanging down on it. And li with *pink velvet*. The whole thing! You n saw anything like it, mamma!" Gertru blue eyes blazed like a cupboard of cut g after spring house cleaning.

"I ain't going to push it, though," the sr boy went on, "like a sissy. Nobody can m me!"

"I'd like to see you get a chance!" Ste scoffed. "I'm going to push!"

"*You* are?" Gertrude inquired with dea cold.

Stellie was swelling up like an angry ba hen, her face as red as a cardinal's zucche "It's going to belong to the *whole family*," sputtered, "and any time I want to, I can p Myra in that gold baby buggy clear down Liberty Park."

"One more word," mamma said calm "out of either of you, and Myra won't be no baby contest. You know how I feel ab *dissension*. I won't have it."

She said the word as though it had co straight out of the Bible, from the Ten Co mandments, and they were respectfully sile

Ingeborg got up and took down her sha from the hook on the pantry door. "Ain't y kids never heard the saying it's catching bef hanging?" she said. "Myra has got to win t prize first, before you'll get no baby buggy argue over, gold or any other kind. And y kids ain't going to be the judges. It'll be son body that don't think the sun rises and sets her. You want to remember that."

They all, even Linnea, were trying hard imagine the person or persons who would n think so, once exposed to her charms, wh

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

Living beauty at Easter...



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In these 3-hour danger periods YOUR SKIN "*DIES*" A LITTLE

There are periods from 1 to 3 hours every day when your skin is "not itself," say skin specialists. This is right after you wash your face. The washing not only removes dirt, but also natural protectors of your skin. It takes from 1 to 3 hours for your skin to re-establish its defenses. It is during these periods of skin "un-balance," that serious skin problems can take root—dryness . . . cracking . . . shriveling . . . enlarged pores, coarsened texture.

Read how women noted for their lovely complexions prevent these disturbing skin problems—

After each washing, "re-balance" your skin

You've noticed these more *obvious* signs of skin "un-balance" after washing your face.

The taut feel of your face as it dries.
Flaky patches on your cheeks; a blotchy look.

These are *small* warnings of skin "un-balance"—that show *right away*. But in the 1 to 3 hours Nature takes to re-protect your skin—much worse problems can develop. Dry lines deepen. Inside moisture that keeps skin "young" evaporates away. Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause stretched pores, blackheads.

What do leading skin specialists advise? Should you *avoid* washing your face? "Not at all," they say. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin *instantly* . . ."

60 times faster than Nature

Lovely society women, like the Duchess of Sutherland, follow up each face washing with a light application of Pond's Cold Cream. This takes far less time than washing your face—yet it "re-balances" your skin within 1 minute, at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It promptly restores skin elasticity and "tone." Combats dryness. Keeps pore-openings cleared. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth. Begin using Pond's Cold Cream after every face washing—*immediately*, before the bad effects of "un-balance" can start.

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Besides daytime "re-balancing" after washing, your skin needs a thorough *clearing* and firm-up each night. A deep Pond's Cold Creaming gets down between the roughened skin cells, dislodges water-resistant dirt. Leaves skin *immaculate*.

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The Duchess of Sutherland

—photographed against the turreted grandeur of Dunrobin Castle. Here the Duchess and her husband, the 5th Duke and 12th Baronet of Sutherland, entertain during grouse season. Overlooking the North Sea in the rugged Scottish Highlands, Dunrobin Castle itself is very formal, with magnificent fountains and gardens.

The Duchess has the exquisite complexion for which British women are famous. Like so many beautiful women who use Pond's Cold Cream to "re-balance" their skin after each washing and to deep-cleanse at bedtime—the Duchess *relies* on Pond's. She says, "I've *never* found a beauty care that leaves my skin as smooth and fresh as Pond's Cold Cream."



They're going to have a baby . . .

HERE is a couple who have recently learned that their baby is on the way. Already, with the help of their doctor, they are planning for the welfare of the mother-to-be . . . and the safe arrival of a healthy child.

Throughout our country today, there are almost two million couples . . . like the one shown here . . . whose hearts are filled with great expectations.

Thanks to the safeguards with which medical science has surrounded pregnancy and childbirth, the chances are better than ever that prospective parents can now realize their great expectations. In fact, infant mortality today has been cut to 28 per 1,000 live births. Only 30 years ago, it was 71.7 per 1,000.

The record for mothers is even better. As recently as 1941, there were 29 maternal deaths among every 10,000 live births. Today, the rate has plummeted to less than seven deaths. These great gains have been made even though the number of births in recent years has exceeded three and a half million annually . . . an increase of almost 50 percent in the number of births since 1941.

An important factor in achieving this proud record has been the growing awareness among expectant parents of the importance of medical care *started early and continued throughout pregnancy*. Whether it is a first baby or a fifth baby, the doctor's attention is needed during the months before birth.

So, if a baby is expected in your family, here are some of the things the expectant mother can do to help assure the well-being of both herself and the child.

1. Take a calm, realistic and happy attitude about pregnancy . . . and discount superstitions and "old wives' tales." Should anything concern or upset you, take your questions to your doctor. He wants to help you face pregnancy as a normal, joyous state.

2. Follow your doctor's advice about periodic medical examinations and special diagnostic tests. Be certain, too, to carry out the simple health measures he recommends . . . particularly about rest, exercise, diet and weight control.

3. Plan, if possible, to have your baby in a hospital. There, under one roof, the equipment and facilities are available to give you the most modern medical and nursing care. It is wise to make hospital reservations promptly . . . for today, 9 out of every 10 mothers go to hospitals to have their babies.

The husband, too, can help by being understanding and by sharing home responsibilities with his wife over the months before the baby comes. The arrival of a new son or daughter is a most important event in family life . . . as important to the husband as to the wife. When home duties are shared, many problems fade away.

Metropolitan has published, for all parents-to-be, a booklet which will help them learn more about the important and wonderfully rewarding job of parenthood. The title is *Preparing for Parenthood*. Just fill in and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Myra woke from her nap on mamma's big bed between two pillows and started a hullabaloo. Gertrude rushed to get her and bore her triumphantly out into the kitchen.

The ten-month-old short, fat baby in bulky diapers and linen petticoat pondered, while she thumped Gertrude's small jutting hipbone with her bare heels, whether she had stopped crying a little too soon, but their smiles and greetings distracted her and she smiled back, showing four teeth. They all wanted to take her, but Gertrude turned sideways, holding her jealously.

"I went and got her. I get to hold her," she said. "Don't I, mamma?"

"She ought to have more hair, maybe," Rudie said, coming close and studying her with narrowed eyes. "She ain't hardly got any now. To win first prize, maybe. And what she has got is so white and far apart, you can see her head through it."

"Why, it's a whole month off!" Stellie said. "She'll have lots of hair by then! Maybe curly."

"What are you doing for her eckzeema?" Ingeborg inquired. "I see she's pretty well broke out again today. Maybe that's what makes her kind of inclined to be cross."

"Cross!" Gertrude and Stellie said together, exchanging a glance of astonishment. "Why, she ain't cross!"

"She really ain't, Ingeborg," Linnea explained. "More on the spoiled order, is all, and no wonder, with all the kids as big as they was when she was born—Rudie, why, Rudie was seven. A family'll make over a baby something terrible when they ain't had one around for a long time."

"Imagine how it'll be at the Lilygrens'," Ingeborg said, "with her girl and boy pretty near grown. There'll be another spoiled one, for sure."

"If that crosspatch Lilygren allows it," Linnea said.

"He's so mean and onry he'll even throw rocks at cats and dogs," Gertrude added.

"You hush now," Linnea said. "We don't talk about our neighbors behind their backs."

"She's the only one of your kids with the eckzeema," Ingeborg, who had been looking Myra over, said. "Ain't that a shame, though?"

Gertrude ran her fingers lightly over the round little arms. "Oh, it'll be all cured up in time for the contest," she said. "And her hair's growing in all the time, I notice it every day."

"Won't everybody be surprised," Stellie put in, "when Myra rides home in something like *that?*"

"THEM is going to be a bunch of awful disappointed kids the day of the contest," Ingeborg said. "Anything like that, it's all cut and dried way ahead of time, to say nothing of that little touch of eckzeema. You can't put your faith in a contest."

"I'll put the damper on them," Linnea said, "but it won't hurt nothing to let them enter her." When her friend had got up to go, Linnea took her shawl, too, and was now strolling part of the way home with her, for a breath of the cool April air.

"I sure wouldn't get my hopes up," Ingeborg added. "You as well as the kids. And you better tighten the reins on Olaf, too, or he'll be worst of all. And Bertha. You was saying she likes her job all right. I had a hunch she would, and here you felt so bad the day she started to work, and I come over and found you bawling, like somebody broke their leg or something. I told you she'd like it, all them young people down there at the shoe factory. I said she'd be right in her glory amongst them, and here you was bawling."

"I couldn't help it," Linnea said. "Poor little kid, only fourteen years old, and starting at seven in the morning and working till six, with only half an hour off for dinner, winter and summer. It just made me sick."

"It's a long time till winter."

"Sick," Linnea repeated. "But the times is so close, and Olaf either don't get nothing to do or don't get paid, and I ain't had anywhere near the cases I ought to." Baby cases, she meant, for she was a midwife. "So I had to let her go, when she wanted and had a chance to work, but it just about broke my heart. A little kid fourteen years old, and the snow coming down, and her walking them big long bloc in the pitch dark." Her lower lip began tremble even now.

"If you ain't a fine one," Ingeborg told h "Snow coming down! I suppose them li bushes is covered with snow!" She point scornfully at the mass of blooms up agai the Parmalees' front windows. "And as far her being a little kid, you wasn't a bit old when you went to work for Mrs. Muller, se ing, and it didn't hurt you none, did it? Y thrived, didn't you? Look at me, with fo kids and no man! I thrived, didn't I?"

"Yes, you thrived," Linnea said tender patting the horny hand coming out of t

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sleeve and glancing sidelong at the kerous, wrinkled face. "I never seen like you. But I'll tell you what kind of with me lately. You know that new that moved in over on Center Street? eople that come over from England? ight kids, that the man deals in wheat ething?"

at about 'em?" Ingeborg said.

nebody was saying that the woman was to somebody that every one of them oys and girls alike, is going to be *ed!*"

ucated?" Ingeborg said in amazement. do you mean educated?"

ht to university, when the time comes. dest girl is sixteen, and they're sending university *right now*."

ding her to university?" Ingeborg d dead still. "I never heard of such a All I can say is, English people must be eculiar."

as just thinking how nice it would be."

ce! They wouldn't be worth a nickel! ake educated people, and what do they o do? Sit around on their behinds while people work, that's what *they* want to ill they pitch in and do something? uch. They want to boss the job."

ell, wouldn't you rather be the boss for a e? Wouldn't it be nice to go through life it having to nearly urself with work for ge?"

I want to ask you thing, Linnea," Inid said. "Who fixed it re was work to be in the world in the lace?"

od, I suppose," Linid doubtfully.

od. Our heavenly r. And I suppose *He* don't know what doing, I suppose you'll say next!"

don't say nowhere in the Bible that got any objection to people getting edu-" Linnea said boldly. "Nor in the Book rmon, either!"

ou look me straight in the eye and tell me ad the Bible clear through, Linnea Eck-You look me straight in the eye and tell u went to work and read the Book of ion word by word!"

nea turned her head and looked her ht in the eye, but she couldn't keep the off her lips. "You ain't either," she said. don't have to argue with me, because aid was, *some* people educates their kids. ay, Bertha likes her job, and none of the are so awful much for school. I mean, don't carry on if they got a sore throat ave to stay home once in a while. Besides, es means, and there's where the rub s."

don't know what's got into the times , they're so bad, talking of means," Ingesaid. "But thank goodness, we'll all look t for the dedication."

re you going down to the temple with

eborg shook her head. "But we'll see you wards. Oh, I was going to ask you. What 's. Lilygren has her baby at the last minnd you can't go?"

e won't, I don't think," Linnea said. 'll either have it beforehand or she'll wait s over, which is what I would bet on, her so determined to be in on the ceremonies. mystery to me how they went to work ordered that baby in the first place after amily was nearly grown. And especially you consider old Lilygren ——"

Mystery, nothing," Ingeborg sniffed.

ELL, when you consider how sanctimonie is, quoting chapter and verse for every—and tighter than the bark on the tree. ay nothing of his disposition and licking Nephi with a strap just because he asked ages for working ten and twelve hours in hop. And so onry around the house. No, t's a mystery to me!"

When it comes to certain territory," Ingesaid with disdain, "they're six of one and a dozen of the other, fanatic or no fanatic. or young. And Jensen was no exception, wouldn't have four children to scrub my fingers to the bone for to keep them going, while he's been laying dead these past eight years, leaving the whole burden to me."

"I'd see you let loose of one of them," Linnea teased her.

"I'd see myself," Ingeborg admitted, her homely face softening. "Only, as I say, it ain't no mystery, men being what they are. Fresh. Very much inclined to be fresh and take a notion, even a *king*."

Linnea stopped at the corner to turn back. "I got to take Rudie downtown tomorrow and get him a pair of shoes ——"

"You was saying."

"—— and just for fun, I think I'll go past Dinwoodie's window and take a peek at that gold baby buggy."

WHEN she left Ingeborg, Linnea hurried, for she had dumplings to make. Olaf was coming up home tonight, and though he had been doing so regularly every other night for the past several months, she still could not get used to it. It was nearly too good to be true! And she had accustomed herself to take special pains with the supper, her own and the children's appearance, as though he came once in a blue moon the way he used to do in the old days, before the Manifesto.

Half a loaf was better than none, somebody said, and it was the same proposition with husbands, but that could be contradicted. Linnea didn't contradict it much any more, though. She had made her bed fifteen years before, and from the looks of things she would have to lie in it a long old time.

She wondered if Sigrid had made dumplings the night before and Olaf had already had his fill of them. It would be just like her. *I'll make a pie*, she decided, *because hers can't hold a candle to mine, if I do say so myself. She goes too easy on the shortening! On the other hand, she's got a knack with dumplings, much as I hate to admit it, that even I got to go some to beat.*

New baby in a nutshell, by his brother: "Can't walk, can't talk, can't even go bathroom."
—OWENITA SANDERLIN

Time is money, the saying goes, and once upon a time in the Mormon country it was kept as careful track of as any coin ever spent. One polygamist died of old age in Salt Lake City still owing his third wife two overnight visits and a Pioneer Day, and she never forgave him for it. She wouldn't, she said, if he got down to her on his bended knees. She was as mad as if she had been done out of a couple of valuable lots. If she had not known for an actual fact that he had attained to the highest, or celestial, glory in the hereafter she would have been sorely tempted to get herself unsealed from him with the appropriate ceremonies, for pure spite.

Polygamy, having flourished for more than fifty years as a way of life among the Latter-day Saints, now was no more. Both church and state had declared against it. But a man with six wives, thirty-seven children and six separate abodes did not, because polygamy was outlawed as of September, 1890, wake up and find them all vanished, except one spouse, one house and a family of the usual proportions. No, after the Manifesto they were right there the same as before.

It was a very tough nut, and church and state got their heads together to crack it as best they might. Should those who had already contracted polygamous marriages be allowed to continue living in polygamy? Should not rather polygamous living itself be interdicted? They argued themselves blue in the face before the more clement of the two propositions was adopted and polygamous families were amnestied.

This meant that polygamists were no longer spied upon, arrested and imprisoned for "unlawful cohabitation," but allowed to go their own ways, stew in their own juice and live out their days in happiness and misery the same as anybody else.

Every man in such a fix tried to work out a schedule that pleased all concerned and did his best to "live" equally with his wives and "father" equally his children. Some had them all in one house, some next door to each other, some a wife on West Temple and another over Jordan, some even in different states.

There was half the city of Salt Lake between Olaf Ecklund's two wives. Sigrid, forty-one, mother of two, with whom he was about to celebrate their twentieth anniversary, lived on Thirteenth South. Linnea, thirty-three, mother of five, with whom he was about to celebrate their fifteenth anniversary, lived up on Quince Street. He spent one night with Sigrid, one night with Linnea.

Sigrid was the more beautiful—everybody thought so, even Linnea, often with anguish; but when Olaf shut up shop at six o'clock and started off south down Main Street, he went slowly. His handsome face looked sober. When he started north, he looked like he was tickled pink over something. You'd think the long day's close work had been no chore at all. No question but what Linnea had faults—she never knew the meaning of the word save, for instance, though she could go without and not a peep out of her; and in spite of having had the inestimable advantage of being born in the church, was not as "religious" as the average convert, besides being headstrong and full of pride as an Aztec queen—but when Olaf stepped in her direction he stepped like a man who wanted to get where he was going and get there quick.



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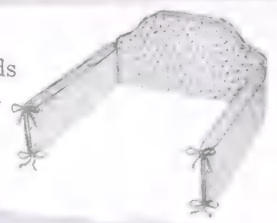
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Before she dared take Rudie downtown to buy shoes, Linnea sent Gertrude over to Mrs. Lilygren's to inquire how the lady did. "Ask her if she has noticed anything," she told her.

Gertrude came back breathlessly and said that no, Mrs. Lilygren had not.

"You can sure see there's something going on," Linnea pointed out to her small son as they came down B Street and turned south on Brigham Street. "Look at all the wagons. Look at all the people too. And really, ain't the temple a sight to behold?" She stared at the six spires rising two blocks ahead. "Just think, tomorrow we'll all be in there!"

"Where I'd like to be," Rudie stated, "is right up there where that angel is, so I could see all over."

"That's Moroni," Linnea instructed him, "that give Joseph the golden plates, you know that! I bet you been told twenty times."

"Is he worth much?"

"I imagine he's pretty valuable," his mother said. "He's made out of copper, with gold leaf spread all over him and over his horn."

"Is he worth a million dollars?"

"I couldn't really say, lovey. The whole temple cost nearly four million dollars, though. That's been coming out in the papers, so I happen to know that for a actual fact."

"What did they build it for?"

"My goodness, ain't you learned nothing in Sunday school?" she said amiably, smiling down at him. "Temples is a holy place, besides being pretty to look at in a city, and we need them. There's lot of things that has to be done in them."

"What kind of things?"

"Oh, different concerns the priesthood's got to tend to, and marriages and sealing."

Rudie had a vision of men, women and children being dipped gently in liquid wax for a thin coating and stood up to dry. Mamma sealed her conserves with wax, didn't she? The thought made him somewhat uneasy and he shook it off. "Where I'd like to be," he repeated, "is right up there where the angel is, so I could look around."

"I guess you would."

The Z.C.M.I., largest mercantile establishment in the city, was crowded when they got there. Every living being allowed within the temple tomorrow had to wear his very best from the skin out, or so his conscience told him, as for a glimpse of the kingdom of glory, and the Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution was the place to come for such articles as his own outfit fell short of, that he could afford. The store was magnificently decorated, Linnea saw, with palms, bunting and ribbon streamers looped and twisted. She told Rudie to notice, but he wasn't where she thought, under her left elbow, having stopped to watch a basket come down from some unknown spot along an intricate system of wires. She had to push back to get him and then tug at his hand while he waited for the clerk, a middle-aged woman with scissors hanging to her belt and a watch and spectacles hanging from her chest, to reach into the basket for the bulky brown-paper package.

Rudie withdrew his hand as soon as he could, for manliness, and Linnea did not insist, knowing how it was with a boy of eight. But a time or two, when she stopped to marvel and yearn, on their way to the shoes, he had to take her hand to get her forward. That was quite another story and he was sure anybody could tell the difference.

He tried to steer her a different way going out with their string-tied shoe box, but there were pitfalls everywhere, delectables on every counter and table, and Linnea was glassy-eyed when they got out on Main Street again.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," she said, sighing. "I'd just buy the store out if I had money. I guess that's why the Lord's saw to it I ain't only had enough to squeeze by on, and not hardly that the biggest part of the time. He well knowed what I'd of been guilty of, if He'd of give me a little leeway."

It was comforting to recall from time to time the Lord's benignity to her, in this and in other respects. She often thought of her lack of means in this way, as a gift bestowed from on high to "hold her back" from a prodigality which would be a scandal to the town, and was therefore usually grateful. Sometimes the more



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convince herself she quoted her mother's
l saying, carefully translating it from Swed-
into English for the children, "The Lord
ldn't give a mooley cow horns because He
ew if He did, she would do nothing but
nt and make herself a nuisance."
"Mamma," Rudie said pleadingly, "you
e me something."
"I do?" she said. "What?"
"You took Bertha into a ice-cream parlor
ce and bought her a dish of ice cream!" he
id swiftly.
"Yes, but that's a long time ago," she said,
nd I ain't took Gertrude or Stellie. And we
t to get round steak for supper, and your
e new shoes——" Apologetically she swung
r purse from one finger, to show how light
was.
"Well, when I get big and get to be a fireman
a train engine," he said desperately, "I'm
ing to take *you* to a ice-cream parlor. I
omise. I give you my promise!"
"Rudie, listen, lovey," she said, "I bring the
rls to town time after time, and all we do,
maybe buy a sack of coffeecake at the
aho bakery, to take home so all can enjoy
" She looked down upon his red little face
id bright eyes, and fondness for him was like
mebody's too-tight embrace, not letting her
eathe for a minute.
"Look how big I am and I ain't never been
a ice-cream parlor, mamma." He stretched
s neck upward as far as he could. "Please.
h, please."
"Well, maybe this one time," she said. She
owned a little, figuring. "But we'll have to
t something else, instead of the round steak."
Her own pulse speeded up a little when she
rned the heavy brass knob and pushed open
e plate-glass door into Roylance's Royal Elite
e Cream Parlor, letting Rudie duck in under
r outstretched arm and go in ahead. They
ok a tiny marble-topped table and sat very
raight on the tiny wrought-iron chairs with
acks like a lace fan.
"Go ahead and look all around," she said.
Notice this floor, for instance. It's pure solid
arble. And look at all the lights hanging
own from the ceiling and all the looking
asses. Look, Rudie."
"There's us, mamma."

There they were indeed, not two yards away, as big as life. Rudie stared interestedly as did Linnea herself. She smiled at the reflection of the sturdy little boy in tight brown pants, white waist and too-small gray woolen coat, and he smiled back, like a secret exchanged, never to be told to anyone else. She saw herself at the same time, noting, with something like a twinge of conscience for noting it, the beauty of her rich Swedish hair as yellow as an egg yolk, her pretty pink face, her magnificent front, but pretending to examine instead her old black taffeta, shabby covert jacket and unprepossessing hat.

She had to clear her throat before she could tell the young man with the canvas apron around his middle that both she and Rudie would enjoy to have a five-cent dish of vanilla ice cream apiece. When the miniature mountain with a silver spoon stuck in the side was set before him, Rudie was almost overcome by the sight. It smelled so sweetly of vanilla—the whole place smelled so sweetly of vanilla and clear lemon—it sent one languid and dreamy.

"Now, eat slow," Linnea said softly. "And take tiny little bites, like a gentleman."

Not so much for the purpose of seeming one as to make it last longer, Rudie was glad to do so and bask here as in a garden of enchantment.

Linnea's eyes, while she ate, strayed back to the mirror. Usually she used a mirror only to do up her hair and pin her brooch on, not to stare into. It seemed immodest and she averted her gaze, saying, "Tastes nice, don't it, Rudie?"

"Well, look who's here," somebody said behind her.

With horror she stared deep into the mirror at the cool face of Sigrid, with her daughter Hattie standing beside her, before she jerked guiltily around and faced them. "Well, say," she said, "if it isn't you folks."

"Hello, Aunt Linnea," Hattie said. She smiled shyly and as always Linnea felt a liking for her, even in her flustered state.

"Hello, Hattie. Say hello to your sister Hattie and your Aunt Sigrid," Linnea said to Rudie, who did so politely. She drew a deep breath. "Don't you want to sit down here with us? Though we are almost ready to go. Rudie,

PROSERPINE

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

They say in that far land all
flowers wither,
Blow sere, curl brown; that
leaves like frenzied fire
Flee the destroying wind; that
corn stands dead
Because my mother weeps.
Yet on that day
My arms were filled with
flowers, nor did he bid
Me cast them down. Some fell—
my foolish hands
Were careless in their terror,
and our flight
So swift the chariot swayed,
and dizzied me.
Yet I have saved a few: this
marigold,
These lilies—in our halls they
make a glow.
A little song, a sweet fragility.
He smiles, and lets them live.
Ah, who had thought
His smile could make me glad?
My mother weeps.
She wanders ceaseless and
disconsolate
Calling me *Daughter, daughter!*
and the fields
Decay behind her, and the
grasses die,
And all life sickens.
Am I daughter now
Who wear his crown? Or am I
child, to weep
Because my mother weeps?
When first I came
Into these halls, I could not
speak for fear,
Nor eat for dread, nor sing for
loneliness.
He bade me sing. Ah, who had
thought his voice
Could strike the night with
passion? That I spoke,
Ate, sang, and loved at last—it
was not due
To pomegranate seeds, as some
would have it;
It was his love.
And still my mother weeps.
If earth is to be saved, and every
flower,
I must return. And he will let
me go,
Put by my scepter, bind my
streaming hair,
Fasten the silver sandal. He will
mock,
Darkly beloved, saying April,
April. . . .

Then I will quit these halls, and
spring will quicken,
And roses drink the tears of
Proserpine.



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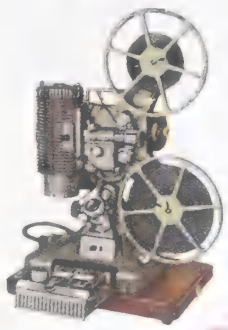
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take bigger bites, dearie, you'll be here all day at that rate."

"You said take *little* bites," he protested.

"But not so you'll be here all day." As always, she scattered into several pieces under Sigrid's beautiful and faintly mocking eyes. Sigrid looked like a fashion plate in her old gray coat and old green hat with a new black ostrich plume—something about her made her look like a fashion plate no matter what she put on. As always, Linnea felt foolish and culpable, wanted the floor to open under her. Fifteen years of encounters and every encounter with Sigrid was the first one.

They took the two empty fan-backed chairs and edged in close to the table grown small as a dinner plate. Sigrid turned to Linnea. "Well, it looks like we've caught each other red-handed, don't it?" she said lightly. "Blowing ourselves to a dish of ice cream. But nothing would do I had to come in here to see where Bishop Grant's boy took Hattie last Friday night after the Salt Lake Theayter."

"We set up farther to the front," Hattie said. "At that table right there." She was a grown woman now, nineteen, but over her face would come and go such a look of Linnea's own children when smallest and most winning that Linnea's heart softened every time she saw her.

Sigrid's gently elevated eyebrows asked a question of Linnea that stumped her, until she spoke. "Nothing would do," she said. "So that's how *we* happen to be here."

Then Linnea knew the eyebrows were asking, "How do *you* happen to be here?"

An excuse seemed to be called for. It would be like Sigrid to think she always brought the kids in here for ice cream, every time they made a trip downtown, blew money (Olaf's hard-earned money) like water. She took a spoonful of ice cream and swallowed it without tasting. Should she explain that this was only the second time she had been in here? That if the only boy you had, eight years old, looked up at you like that, you were caught like a mouse in a trap and had to give in to him? What law was there that said she had to make excuses to Sigrid? Linnea pretended she could not translate the query and smiled in the direction of Hattie.

"So Bishop Grant's boy is your new beau," she said. "Your pa was telling me. They're a nice family, the Grants. What's he look like?"

"He's tall," Hattie said. "He's already been on his mission. He's about a head taller than me."

"Dark-complected," Sigrid put in, as sh would name a quality of rare worth, like bein a distant relation of John Jacob Astor. "Brow eyes. Very fine position at Dinwoodie's Furn ture Store."

"That's where the baby buggy is, that Myra going to get!" Rudie announced proudly.

Sigrid turned the eyebrows again upo Linnea. They spoke perfect English: "So yo are going to buy an expensive baby buggy now are you? It doesn't surprise me a bit."

"It's pure solid gold," Rudie added.

"My soul," Sigrid said. "Gold baby buggies Is that the style now? What they won't thin of next."

"It's wicker, painted with gilt," Linnea ex plained carefully. "It's a baby contest. Din woodie's is giving the first prize. For the pret tiest baby in Salt Lake, under a year old That's what Rudie's talking about. Naturally Myra ain't going to win it, I don't imagine." She did not look at Rudie.

"Yes, she is," he said boldly. "And you sai so yourself, and so did Ingeborg, if her eck zeema gets cured up!" But the boldness di not get into his eyes where distress shone lik tears.

Not for the likes of Sigrid could she do thi to the most measly dog running the streets, le alone Rudie. She made it up to him. "That' the way mammas is supposed to act," sh said, as though just the two of them had bee there, "they have to pretend like they don' think their baby is going to win the contest for politeness' sake. It ain't manners to bra over what you got, Rudie, for me to brag ove Myra. But that don't mean I got any doubts That's just the way mammas think they'r supposed to act when they get out among com pany and ain't just among the family."

"Oh, we're the family," Sigrid said, strip ping off her gloves. "I should certainly imag ine so. Maybe not the most important part but ——"

"My goodness, I didn't mean ——" Linne began with a sensation of choking, but did no finish whatever she was going to say, becaus the relieved look on Rudie's face was all tha mattered to her then and Sigrid could jump i the lake.

"I *seen* that buggy in Dinwoodie's window come to think of it," Hattie said. "Doy hap pened to mention the baby contest. But who ever wins it don't have to take the baby buggy in case they need the money worse or got on already. They can take twenty-five dollars, i they'd rather."

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

It's the question from the floor that usually floors the speaker.

A gentleman traveling in this country decries the fact that when a man offers his seat to a woman in a bus she is likely to turn to a sturdy, well-fed youngster and say, "Here, dear, you take it."

The first step in discipline is taken before the child takes his.

Conversation peace: What the parents have when the children aren't talking.

Daughter: "Just think, mother! In nine days and six hours I will have gone steady with him for one month."

One advantage in being a husband is that you never have to remember the names of her relatives.

Parental discipline should be as equalized in control as the mechanism on a dual-driver car, so that the child cannot detect a switchover in the guiding.

In a study made of an island group to determine why the adults were serene, well balanced, it was found that the mothers keep their young strapped to them for the first two years of the baby's life.

A woman is as old as she looks, but a man is only as old as the woman he's looking at.

Our beloved Mrs. Malaprop says, "She expects me to do too much at a time; doesn't she know I have only two pairs of hands."

An understanding mother writes a note to the teacher, "I kept J —— at home because of a cold. What a peaceful day you must have had!"

Perhaps in the department of raising children it's a stick in time.

"I have lived a long time," says a woman up the street, "and the only short cut I have found in washing dishes is to do them at once."

...l, we're going to take the buggy," ud announced. "Ain't we, mamma?"

"...r baby's pretty near a year old, you ant remember," Sigrid pointed out to him, and will soon outgrow it, while twenty-five olla would buy *an awful lot of dishes of ice ...ea...*

...I'...st consider the source, Linnea said to ...rse as she and her small son trudged up ...ain street. *I won't be mad. I won't say noth-...g t... Olaf. He can't help it. I'll just consider ...e s...rce.*

...W... only a half block more to go and ...ud...s hand in hers (for now, so close to ...om...it did not matter), she began to think less of the encounter, put it in the right proportion in her mind. *I wonder how long she'll hang on, though*, the subversive thought came. She knew the answer by heart: *Till the cows come home.* There was no more chance of anything else than there was a chance the eagle on the Eagle Gate might suddenly flap its wings and fly away!

The first thing Stellie wanted to do when mamma got really gone and out of the way with Rudie was to have Gertrude bake a one-egg cake to "surprise her with" when she came home. Gertrude was tempted. Few things in life were so delightful as to "surprise" mamma, and her small daughters in her absence had scrubbed down many a back step, done up many a batch of dishes and baked many a one-egg cake to light her eyes up like a burning wick in a clean lamp chimney and start her praises like a sprinkler in the park. But the pantry off the kitchen was unusually well stocked for tomorrow's festivities and a cake, Gertrude decided, would be carrying things a little too far.

"I don't think we ought to," she said. "All we're supposed to do is tend the fire and take care of the baby." The former Stellie had done so well that the big kitchen was like an oven, and Gertrude was engaged as she spoke in doing the latter, wrapping a quilt very snugly around Myra and beginning to rock her. When Myra was displeased, she hollered, and if nobody knew what she was hollering about, she hollered until they found out. It usually did not take them long. It did not take Gertrude long to find out that she hollered now because the quilt was too snug, so she loosened it, saying, "You ain't killed, for heaven's sake," with great tenderness, while Myra allowed herself to be pulled up gently against her sister's small chest. Her arms and legs having room to wave, she waved them, like seaweed in moving water. Rocking, Gertrude began a song. It put the baby to sleep almost instantly, and they could lay her on the bed in the dark bedroom in seraphic slumber. At such a moment they never failed to admire her, and did now, while Gertrude covered her well.

"What shall we do?" Stellie whispered when they had shut the door cautiously and were back in the kitchen.

"The house is all cleaned up for tomorrow, so we can't clean nothing," Gertrude said, drawing a sigh and going to stand by the sparkling window. She pulled back the stiff white curtain and looked out at the cold green leaves in the spring sunlight. "We could eat something, I guess," she suggested.

"I ain't very hungry."

"Neither am I."

THEY had already plentifully sampled tomorrow's good things in the odorous pantry since mamma had departed, a customary procedure, full though they were of the more-than-adequate noon meal.

"We could ——" But Stellie did not really know what they could do, so she had to leave the sentence unfinished.

The knock at the front door was almost as good as a present. It was a stranger, of course, couldn't be anyone else. All friends, neighbors and relatives came to the back door. Delighted and expectant, Gertrude flung open the door.

As they hoped, it was a stranger.

It was an old woman with a carpetbag set down at her feet, a bundle in her arms, a big umbrella hooked over her wrist and a big purse clutched in her hand. "Is your mamma home?" she said. She had a baby's brown eyes (which begin as blue, the brown then creeping outward from the center) in reverse. Hers were brown turning blue at the edges. She was a small old woman and these eyes stood only a little higher than Stellie's. Her lips were faintly lavender as though she might have eaten a few grapes only now (but there were no grapes), and the routes for smiling and sighing were plainly marked about them and up and over her face in a way that would be easy to follow as on a well-drawn map. She did not have to reach for her handkerchief for it was already in her black-gloved hand, and she dabbed her damp forehead with it, under a gray fringe of bangs and a brown bonnet brim. "It's quite a



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ways up here from town," she said. "Is she home? Your mother?"

"No, she ain't," Gertrude said regretfully.

"She took Rudie down to the Z. C. M. I., for shoes," Stellie put in. "But she's coming home pretty soon. We're taking care of Myra."

"The baby," Gertrude explained.

"Are you, sweetheart?" the old woman said. "Well, maybe this ain't the right place anyways. I'm looking for a Mrs. Linnea Ecklund who I understood from a neighbor of mine in Ogden has got a nursing home."

The children's faces fell. "Mamma ain't got no nursing home," Gertrude said, shaking her head. "She just takes care of baby cases."

"Now where did I get that notion?" the old woman said. "I was as sure as sure could be. Don't she nurse sick people too?"

They both nodded. "But she goes out and does it," Gertrude said. "They don't come here."

"Oh, dear," the old woman said. "Ain't that the way of it? And I was so sure."

"Did you want mamma to take care of you?" Stellie asked politely.

"Yes, my child. For a little while."

"Well, mamma goes other places," Gertrude repeated. "There don't nobody come here to be took care of." The old woman's lips began to tremble and she blinked her eyes. "But—but—you can come in, if you want, and get rested up, if you want."

Gertrude thought of ushering her into the spotless parlor, as the honor due a stranger, but it was cold and she seemed too waxen and weary for that, so they led her into the warm bright kitchen, placing her bundle, bag, umbrella, purse, hat and shawl neatly on the lounge and herself in the Boston rocker up close to the fire. Gertrude knew what to do then too. She dipped fresh water from the bucket on the drainboard into the clean old granite-iron coffeepot, spooned out generously the rich ripe coffee and set the coffee on to boil.

"Ain't you folks Latter-day Saints?" old woman inquired. She leaned her head b against the comfortable old rocker and be to look at home and not so pale.

"Oh, yes." Stellie said, surprised.

"What become of the Word of Wisdor

"The Word of —— Oh!" Gertrude's f cleared. "We keep to it. Only just the co Mamma says she don't think the Prop Joseph meant to hold the Scandinavians that so exactly, she says."

"She says they seem to require it mo Stellie added adultly. "That's what she alw says."

"Well, I do too. I seem to require it to the old woman said encouragingly. She smi "I'm a convert."

"They're just as good," Gertrude said litely, coming over to set the table with g care, to show how well she could do it.

"She allows you to drink coffee, does sh

"Mamma, you mean?"

THEY looked guiltily at each other. "W we got to put water in it," Stellie said.

"Quite a lot of water," Gertrude confes coloring. "But whoever gets in their teens, t can have coffee, like Bertha does, for instanc

"Who's Bertha?"

"She's fourteen," Stellie said jealously. "S got a job."

"And how old are you?"

"I'm ten." Stellie did not admit it with m pride.

"And how old are you, my fine lady?" old woman asked Gertrude.

"I'm going on thirteen," she said.

"You just turned twelve years old!" Ste said, flaring up.

"Well, that's going on thirteen," the woman said soothingly. "It won't be long you're right up there. So you won't need worry about that, either one of you."

Her name was Mrs. Troon and she was lighted to take a chair at the table with so what embarrassed Gertrude and Stellie, w took upon themselves with great earnestn the duties of hospitality. She thanked th kindly and said that yes, she would take b cream and sugar. But though they pressed h she would not help herself to a piece of *skor* not even a slice of sweet citron bread.

"My insides have been acting up," she sa "and that's why I wanted to go to a nurs home. I can't hardly hold nothing down more," she said. "Of course it may be j something laying heavy here." She put a ha to the pit of her stomach. "But on the ot hand, it may be a growth of some kind. I went to a doctor or two."

"Couldn't they cure you up?" Gertru asked with tender solicitude, as much l mamma as possible.

"Didn't seem as though they could. Th give me a remedy to take, two or three ren dies. I got them with me." The old wom pointed at the shabby carpetbag. "The l doctor told me to make my peace with t Lord. He didn't need to butt in there, becau old folks do that, they got to, so I have, up a certain point. There's one thing ain't be settled. It may be that, laying heavy."

When Linnea came around the side of t house and in at the back door, the old wom lay on the lounge, having fallen into de slumber. Both Stellie and Gertrude rushed confront their mother and Rudie with a tated faces and fingers to their lips.

Linnea tiptoed over and put the meat a the box containing Rudie's new shoes on t kitchen table, now cleared of the afterno coffee things, looking with curiosity at t sleeper in the corner. "Who is it?" she wh pered. "Did she take sick on the street something?"

Gertrude stood beside her mother, looki down, too, possessively, as though upon a b she had just planted with pansies. "She ai sick. She's just laying down because she got tired and asked if she could, and then she we to sleep."

"She is, too, sick!" Stellie said. "She co here so's you could take care of her. S thought this here was a nursing home."

"But it ain't. You should of told h Where's she from anyway?"

"We did tell her," Gertrude said. "She from Ogden."



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"SOFT-WEVE," REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Linnea sighed. "Poor old soul. Well, we'll
her sleep awhile. She sure looks all wore
it. And then when she wakes up she can go
mewheres else."

But when six o'clock came and they were
ady to sit down and ask the blessing and eat
pper, she was still there, and she sat down
th them. All she would eat was a thin slice
summer sausage and half a boiled potato,
it she joined in the talk and seemed to enjoy
rself even without eating. Her nap had been
it a brief one, for Myra woke, and before
amma could get her up in her arms was
aking enough commotion to wake the dead.
fter that, the two women introduced them-
lves, and while Linnea drank coffee and
irsed the baby, they became acquainted.
rs. Troon said she wouldn't mind the noise
the children, would rather stay here than
to a regular nursing home, had no objec-
ons to occupying the dining room (the only
ssible spot for her in the small house), pro-
ded a bed could be borrowed (Linnea tried
think from whom), and thought she would
cover before long. She could also pay what-
er was right, she said, which made Linnea
ush and say, "Oh, my, we've got plenty of
ne to think of *that*."

Her bed was secured from the Parmalees'
own the block, who always had an extra one
everything, complete with rusty springs and
straw tick. There was no furniture in the
rk, high-ceilinged room to be moved out—
e dining table stood in the big kitchen and
e chairs were needed there—nothing but an
npty barrel the dishes had been packed in
r the last move, and some dozens of fruit
rs. This was her storeroom, Linnea said, but
morrow the bottles could go in the coal shed.

When she could, in private, Linnea got her
ead together with the girls'. "You probably
en thinking it yourself," she said tactfully,
hat your bones is young, so you won't mind
ying on that straw tick while we got Mrs.
roon with us. We'll change your mattress for
rs, shall we?"

It has been said, "Demand of man his best
d take no less, and he will give his best."
hey had not thought of it, but instantly did,
r mamma's high opinion was something
ey all craved. Stellie might have demurred a
ttle, but would not be found more lacking in
agnificence than her sisters. "The poor old
dy," she said. "How long will it take for her
get better?"

"Not long, I don't imagine," mamma said,
inking of that final recovery wherein no
ckness comes again, for to her eyes Mrs.
roon, up and around though she might be,
ad been tagged by Death.

Rudie and Stellie were delegated to discourse
ith the guest as she sat by the stove in the
oston rocker.

WHILE the three in the kitchen talked,
amma and Gertrude changed mattresses and
ave the old lady the comfortable feather tick.
Mamma whispered while they made up the
ed that she would have been glad to give up
er own mattress, except for papa's sake. "A
an don't want any changes with his bed. You
hange a man's bed on him someway and
ou've got something on your hands. They're
ore inclined to be set in their ways than
adies, I always think. You'll notice when you
et married."

Old Mrs. Troon went to bed in her night-
own, shawl and nightcap. She joggled up and
own two or three times and pronounced to
innea, standing inquiringly in the doorway,
hat the bed was excellent. "A person wouldn't
ven mind dying in a bed this good," she said.
I declare if they would."

"Oh, you ain't going to die. You get rested
p once and get so you got some appetite and
ou'll be fine."

"I wouldn't put it past me," the old woman
aid, shaking her head. "To die, I mean. Now
hat I've done what I wanted. Done it up
rown. It kept me busy, I can tell you that, for
while there, busier'n a cranberry merchant.
No wonder I never had no time to think of
othing else! But now ——"

Linnea came across from the door and
ifted the quilts where they were tucked in too
ight at the foot of the bed. "There ain't no
iner feeling than to do something up brown,"
he said. "If it was something needed doing."

"Oh, this needed doing all right, but they'd have a conniption fit, I can tell you, if they knowed it," the old lady said softly. "I don't know *what* they'd do! I suppose cut me off the church, or no telling what. But what they don't know won't hurt 'em. And how are they going to find out, I want to know? Me and the heavenly Father"—she gazed up at the ceiling—"we're the only two that's in on it, and we're the only two that's going to be in on it, until—until—it all comes out *there*."

"Where?" Linnea asked gently.

"I'll tell you just one thing," the old lady said, hoisting herself higher on the pillow, "and that's this. What I done ain't supposed to be done. It ain't forbidden, that I know of, because it wouldn't be supposed nobody would even think of such a thing, but it *ain't supposed to be done*."

"I firmly believe you wouldn't do no harm," Linnea said.

Mrs. Troon's face cleared. "Not only would I not do no harm," she said gratefully, "but this here that I done is going to make two people happy throughout all eternity. And myself included makes three."

"Well ——" Linnea began.

"But every human being's got a conscience, and there's where the rub comes in," the old lady said. "Mine's been jawing away at me lately quite a bit. So that's why I don't know whether I got a growth in the pit of my stomach, or whether it's just my conscience."

"Maybe you'd ought to tell somebody sometime about it."

The old lady sat up and hugged her knees in the way of girlhood. It was odd and touching to see her. She must have been lovely once, very lovely, Linnea thought. There was still grace in her movements, a remnant of beauty upon her head, across her dimming eyes. "I wouldn't dare!" she said.

"Why not?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97



DOROTHY GRAY Satura

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THE NEW LENGTH is accented here with two broad waves tha meet at the nape of the neck. This fresh new "Couplet" hai style is simple to set and maintain with a long-lasting Prom home permanent.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

hy not? Why, because they'd put the h on it, that's why not. They'd fix it so I in't get to first base. They'd spoil every- that's why not, and all my trouble would en for nothing."

nea sighed, greatly puzzled. "Well, you own," she said, "and try to go to sleep. ll come out in the wash. Everything s out in the wash sooner or later."

Mrs. Troon obligingly slipped down the covers and pulled her pillow securely der her.

aven't you got no kinfolks?" Linnea , retreating to the door.

ot a soul," Mrs. Troon said. "I'm foot- and fancy-free. Go and come where I "

ell, you try to go to sleep," Linnea ted.

Irs. Ecklund?"

ou're welcome to call me Linnea, if you "

innea. I wouldn't mind mentioning," Troon said, "I'm glad you took me in for ng. Your kids is— ely. I've softened em. And it's nice I wanted to men- it. I won't be any bother than I can and it'll be nice— to be so lone- ."

pang went ugh Linnea's . "As soon as the ement's over," she "I'll put up cur- s in here—and thing."

What excitement's "

h, the dedication rrow, and my coming, and then little neighbor ss the way expect- ny minute—why, naybe be tied up delivering just the ceremonies ing on. But after I'll see you get ains up and see it's r in here. I meant sk you. Was you ning on going g with us?"

To the dedication? I wasn't." The old an yawned.

Well, we're all go- to take it in, but won't mind be- here alone them hours. That is, if not tied up with Mrs. Lilygren." She ed. "Anyway, we'll see. It'll all come in the wash, this here with her and—and business, too, whatever it is. Tomorrow's ther day—ain't that right? You just drift "

he must have, for half an hour later when family went to bed, they heard her gently ing.

E sunny day that dawned, if it had been le to order, couldn't have fitted the occa- better. Every green leaf stood out like a thumb, the flowers looked like organdy, breeze smelled sweeter than eau de Co- ne, and the sky was nearly out of sight. s. Troon, when she appeared early for akfast in the lively kitchen, was wearing her at-home costume, a shiny black serge t, a wine-red morning sack with a white collar and a large brooch pinned under chin.

This proved to be interesting on closer mination, being exactly like a minia- picture frame of oval shape, with beveled ss over two tiny coiled braids of hair. One id was very light brown and one was as ck as coal.

Gertrude sat next to her at table and was the t to remark at it. "My, that's a pretty ooch," she said.

"I like it better than if it was a solid mass of diamonds," Mrs. Troon said. "Though it ain't as valuable, in money."

Gertrude leaned over for a good look at it. "Is that real hair?"

"Human hair, you mean? Sure, it is."

"Whose is it?"

"Gertrude," mamma reproved her. "I want you to hurry your mush so you can iron out Myra's bonnet strings and do a few little things."

"Why can't I watch the baby?" Mrs. Troon said. "Why don't you leave her home? You don't want to have a baby to pack around if you can leave her home."

THE whole family took great pride in her and it was no chore for them to carry her around, the burden love bears being slight though it weighs twenty-four pounds, but for the child's own sake they decided to leave Myra behind.

Gunilla, Linnea's sister—without her husband, for in spring and summer he was away bartering tombstones—and her family of five arrived early. There was much to do for the next hour. The boys—Rudie, and Gunilla's three, Alfred, Thurval and Oscar, with clean shirts, string ties, new or well-blacked shoes, wool suits—were closeted in one of the bedrooms. The girls—Bertha, Gertrude, Stellie and their cousins Helga and Bernice—struggled in the other with "best" dresses, so hooked, eyed, buttoned and sashed that they required two pairs of hands apiece to get their wearers into them. Dressing for "good" was a serious business to them all and they took it seriously, the mothers running back and forth to do what supervising was necessary.

Gertrude had been dispatched to see how Mrs. Lilygren was holding up and returned to announce she was dressed and had her hair all done. However, she was crying, or had been, for her eyes were red and her nose looked like a new potato, it was so pink and shiny. This news sent Linnea flying to the side of her friend and neighbor.

Mrs. Lilygren *had* been crying. She cried afresh when she saw Linnea's concerned face.

"You poor little thing," Linnea said. "What in the world is the matter?"

The matter was, not surprisingly, Mr. Lilygren. He had refused to accompany his wife to the dedication ceremonies! "He says I got no business going. I never seen him so mad. He forbid me. But for the first time in my life I stood up to him."

"He give mamma a push," the pale Lilygren daughter said, coming into the kitchen. "Such a hard push, I thought she'd fall down. I wanted to pick up a chair and brain him."

"I never have heard you say such an awful thing," Mrs. Lilygren said reprovingly. "After all, he's the father the Lord gave you."

"I wish he was dead and buried."

"Ivy!"

"Well, I do."

"It maybe ain't to be wondered at," Linnea said. "But honestly, Mrs. Lilygren, do you think ——"

"That there temple was started the year I was born," Mrs. Lilygren said. "I told you how hard a time mamma had to raise me, and I've always said ——"

"I know," Linnea said. "But how do you *feel?*"

PLUM

King Henry VIII was furious when the Church refused to sanction his divorce from Catherine of Aragon, his first wife. He set machinery in motion to establish an independent English Church, and began plundering monasteries and convents.

As one institution after another was robbed by the monarch, the abbot of Glastonbury monastery became greatly alarmed. After consultation with John Horner, his chief steward, he determined to make a gesture of good will. During the Christmas season of 1535, he sent Horner to London with a gift for His Majesty—deeds to twelve estates that belonged to the monastery.

Horner came back and reported that the king was pleased, but failed to mention his own theft of the most valuable deed—to property worth £100,000. There was never any official action against him, but news of the exploit leaked out.

An unknown satirist composed a poem about "Little Jack Horner," who stuck his thumb into a "Christmas pie" and pulled out a "plum." For several generations, plum was slang for £100,000. Then the meaning expanded to include any "juicy prize."

—WEBB B. GARRISON



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"I never felt better."

"There's going to be such a terrible crowd, and when they get you cooped in and some of them patriarchs get to making a speech, there's just no end to it," Linnea said, biting her lip. "And you're upset anyway, over your husband. Ain't he really going? Or is he going by himself?"

"He's went down to the shop," Mrs. Lilygren said sadly, "and claims he ain't going a-tall, he's so mortally ashamed of me. He made poor Nephi go with him to the shop, so the boy ain't going to get in on it." Mrs. Lilygren's lower lip began to quiver and her eyes swam with tears again.

Herding the smaller children and letting the bigger ones proceed by two and two up ahead, Linnea, with her arm companionably through Gunilla's, said that for her part she was a little uneasy about Mrs. Lilygren. But then, the poor thing had got so little out of life with such a onry old skinflint as that husband of hers that it looked like she'd surely ought to be able to have her way for once, if she wanted. "She's dead set on it," she said. "It's kind of pathetic someway, ain't it? To be so poor off for something to get your heart set on, that you set it on something like these here ceremonies?"

"It is, someway," Gunilla agreed. "Why don't she divorce that old demon?"

"Well, naturally she's sealed to him. That's one thing."

"She can get unsealed."

"That's what I say, too," Linnea agreed. "But one of them meek little things like that, that can't call their soul their own, you don't generally get much action out of them."

As they approached Temple Square and entered the teeming crowds converging from all sides, Linnea called a halt, gathering the children around, giving orders. Bertha, Gertrude, Stellie and their Cousin Helga were to stay in a bunch even if separated from the rest of the family. Gunilla's three boys were to do the same. Linnea and Gunilla would take Rudie and Bernice with them. Now. Wa all straight in their minds? All straight. L had just time at the gates to add that w was over they were to make a beeline for h before they were swallowed up, and the l of them to be seen was, for a momen proud new daisies on Gertrude's hat bo ahead, before these, too, disappeared, waves of unknown humanity covered th where they had been.

The ceremony of dedication was not u a regular Sunday meeting in the taber only still more solemn. The same bearde long-winded man presided, the same ments were voiced, the same prayers ser ward. Today, however, not parts but the plete history of the church was unrolle long, long streamer around them all i high-ceilinged assembly room at the top building. Like a net for minnows it wa round them where they sat in row after se row on folding chairs, or stood six deep ar the walls or bent forward from the balco perched, as dozens of children did, upo circular staircases in each corner of the pillared hall. It wound them and bound together, this thin indestructible ribbo their tradition, stronger than steel. How they begun? As a handful. What had the fered? This was told them sonorously a detail, so that they could have wept, and did, into half-hidden handkerchiefs.

Gunilla noted with relief that Ber fidgeting little body had grown still and h and glancing down saw that her eyelashe come to rest upon her plump cheeks. sighed and shifted so that the sleeping chi more securely in her arms. She exchang look with Linnea, who was having no easy time with restless and bored Rudie who smiled as though to say, "It will soo over, they can't go on all day!" But there every chance in the world that they could would.

The windows were open, but it was ver in the room and the droning voices of the old men put many a believer perilously clo slumber. Poor kids, Linnea thought, t hard to spy out one of their faces, but were not to be seen in the range of her vi and she did not like to turn her head ar to see if they were somewhere behind her

Not all the rows of chairs faced the fr some went along the side and faced the mi and it was in the second of those to her r far up ahead, that she discovered the agit face of Mrs. Lilygren.

Linnea sat up straight, her heart begin to thud. Mrs. Lilygren was as white as a sh her eyes darting wildly everywhere like a caught in a trap. She was gnawing her lips. next to her, was as white as a sheet too.

Linnea thrust her elbow into Gunilla's s and her sister saw, after a moment's b staring, the anguished little face of Mrs. L gren under the outsize coiffure crowned by old-fashioned garnet hat. Her eyebrows up. "Oh, my," Linnea breathed, "I'm af we're in for it."

If I coula get her to see me, she thoug *could maybe signal to her or something.* Mrs. Lilygren's terrified eyes rested nowh saw nothing, brilliant and busy though t were. *She's afraid to move*, Linnea thou *she's in for it now. She's so timid and so ho ward and so afraid of making a spectacle of self that she's going to sit there until it's late. No telling how long it's been going on ready. No telling how much time there is*

She whispered into Gunilla's ear, "You k Rudie and stay right here till it's over," stood up. It was the most frightening thing had ever done in her life. "Pardon me, par me, pardon me," she said to boots, sh reticules, feathers, eyeglasses and gold wa chains as she made her way—she never kn how—to poor, trapped, agonized Mrs. L gren and led her and trembling Ivy down narrow aisle and out through the nearest do down one flight of stairs and into the ro that offered itself first.

And there Mrs. Lilygren was laid low.

Somehow or other Mrs. Lilygren's hat ca off and her hair came down, all that mass thick brown hair, and it was Ivy's shaking c cern to try to lift and pin it up again as thou

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



JEWELRY BY VOGUE

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Skin Specialists Say: **"MILDER CLEANSING IS BETTER FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!"**



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PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

her mother's very life depended on it. Linnea was busy otherwise and in no time her neighbor was delivered of a baby girl, as red as a red Indian and wrinkled as a crone, with long little fingernails and toenails, delivered right there in the very temple that had been started the year Mrs. Lilygren was born!

For some reason, though it was only to be expected, it seemed extremely like a preternatural wonder. It would seem so later to Mrs. Lilygren, who was not quite ready for that or any other thought as yet. It seemed so to Linnea, who said so with triumph when the baby gave its first bewildered cry. It seemed so to Ivy, too, still involved with her mother's looping hair. It struck the same way a Sister Overland (she said her name was) who, timid of fainting, always lurked near the doorway in any large gathering and so was able to follow and offer her assistance.

Mr. Parmalee said he didn't know what else it was, if not a wonder! They didn't know he came after them, but there, blessedly, when the worst was over, he was. He it was who plucked two men from the outhanging branches of the audience, and two ladies, and with their aid, Linnea's, quivering Ivy's and Sister Overland's, got the limp mother and baby (bundled into Linnea's linen petticoat and Ivy's cape) down from the mighty temple and out of the grounds and into his buggy for the bumpy trip home.

"Well!" Linnea said brightly, when her charges, washed, tended and safe in bed, had fallen into a nap. "I guess *that* was something we never looked for, wasn't it?"

Ivy nodded, only now recovering from the ordeal.

"Like a miracle," Linnea said. "I declare if I don't think so."

She felt happy, for some reason, bubbling over with pride and delight. "How about if you and me treat ourself to a little cup of coffee?" she said to Ivy.

The girl jumped up from her seat on t low window sill, but then stopped in her track "Oh, my," she said, "Mrs. Ecklund, I ju don't know what to say. Papa don't allow in the house. We ain't even got a coffeepot

"Well, don't you mind," Linnea said. "He in good company, not allowing it, and got t Word of Wisdom on his side, which ought be lived up to. But I'll tell you what I'll d I'll go and get some!" She flew homeward.

While she was grinding the coffee bea (enough to fill a pint jar), she told Mrs. Trod all that had befallen.

So she was not there when Mr. Lilygren, h unhappy boy beside him, approached h house. Ivy was watching for him and when l turned the corner she slipped out through th back door and over to Linnea's.

"Please, Mrs. Ecklund," she panted. "Con quick, will you? Papa's coming home now an I know he's going to be awful mad about th baby!"

LINNEA got up instantly. She was in time t have stationed herself casually before Mr Lilygren's shut door when Ivy's father, short, square man with small deep-seated ligh eyes, and a muscular mouth turned sourl down, came into the kitchen. "Good evening Mr. Lilygren," she said cheerfully. "We got big surprise for you!"

"Born, I suppose," he said. He had brough some of his carpenter's tools home with hi and these he laid with a clatter on a bench b the sink. Nephi, a shy freckled boy of fifteer brightened and smiled, but glanced at hi father, not sure it was the time to speak.

"Born!" Linnea said. "And when you hea the whole story ——"

"Boy?"

"Girl, Mr. Lilygren. A regular little beauty And when you hear ——"

He looked expressionlessly into her brigh dancing eyes, ignored her broad smile, the turned to his daughter. "When will supper b ready?" he asked.

"As soon as you wash up," Ivy said coldly "I just got to bring it to the table."

He went over to the sink and poured wate from the bucket into the basin, reached for th bar of yellow soap and began to lather hi hands. "I was within my rights, then," he said. "She'd of been a fine one to try to go t the temple, wouldn't she?"

"Oh, but she went," Linnea said.

"Is she all right?" Nephi plucked up courage to ask. "And the baby—is she all right? Are they . . . all right?"

"Fine as silk," Linnea said, her gaze on Mr. Lilygren's broad bent back.

He turned and straightened slowly, reaching for the towel. "She went?" he said. "She went to the ceremonies? Then when ——?"

"In the temple, Mr. Lilygren," Linnea said. "That was part of the good news I was fixing to tell you. Your little girl was born right in the house of the Lord."

He took a threatening step toward her, as though she had slandered him. "It . . . ain't true!" he said.

"And why wouldn't it be true, Mr. Lilygren? Miracles sometimes happen, you know."

"Miracles!" he said. "Blasphemy, you'd better say. Profanation! She couldn't, she wouldn't of dared—they wouldn't allow ——" His lips worked. "*In the house of the Lord!*"

"Right smack dab in the middle of it," Linnea said firmly. "And it ain't nothing to get excited about but only to rejoice in, because if the Lord hadn't of wanted it to happen, He wouldn't of let it happen, which a religious man like you had surely ought to know!"

He seemed not to be listening while he grew bigger and taller and wider and deeper with a kind of baleful red glow upon his face as though a fiery furnace were casting its reflection there. "Defiling," he said, "defiling—polluting—with her sin and her shame—daring to profane—the holy place of God!"

Linnea grew, too, her eyes beginning to throw out sparks. "Now, listen here, Mr. Lilygren ——"

"You!" he said, clenching his fists. He might have struck her. They were not prepared for him to suddenly turn and point. They jumped, all three of them. "You're the one that's responsible for that, ain't you?" he shouted.



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ad forgotten to hide the pint jar of
nd there it stood in plain sight on the
ard.
e they stared, he reached out for it,
to the stove and dumped the contents
"A woman who would do an under-
thing like that," he said, "sneaking into
house behind his back and conniving
is family to break holy laws and rules,
lo anything!"
v, you listen here!" Linnea said.
e gone far enough, you—you convert!"
her!" he said, jerking his head in the
n in which his wife lay. "Deliberately
nd defile—to stain and besmirch with
nale filthiness—the temple of the All
!"

hush now," Linnea said. "You stop
ht this minute. You—bully! Not only
a bully but you are a fanatic, the
t, most fanatic man in this town, and
n't one in ten thousand like you, thank
r we'd be a pretty sorry outfit as a
You're just a jump this side of a crazy
ou want to know. That's what *you* are!
ice little wife. Your sweet little inno-
by. And you standing there talking
besmirching and polluting. Why, the
ught to strike you with lightning this
stant!"
tared at her, breathing hard, while she
defiantly back.
! Ivy!" Mrs. Lilygren called, and a
faint unpracticed crying began.
larted past Linnea into the room where
ther lay.
avenly days, heavenly days," they
Mrs. Lilygren say in terror. "Don't let
ke a notion to lick Nephi or something.
dn't gone! I should of stayed home!
ly, heavenly days ——" They heard
bing.
ea spoke first. "Ain't you proud of
lf? Now ain't you something to be
of?" Her scorn was withering.
u get off my property," he said harshly.
. . woman!" It was the bitterest epithet
ld think of.
phi," Linnea said, "you go for Bishop
y. I want him to get in on this. I want
see just what kind of a man your father

n't you go a step," the man thundered.
l whale the living daylights out of you."
phi, you go," Linnea said. "You go."
don't have to go," a voice said from the
ay, and there, in her muslin nightgown
nly good one she had, carefully washed
oned for her confinement), stood Mrs.
en, deathly pale, but standing firmly on
nall bare feet.
a!" the boy said, defying his father to go
. He was crying, tried not to cry.
put an arm around him, drew him up
. "He don't have to go nowhere," she
ed. "It won't be necessary." She looked
y at her husband. "Because I now
ly ask you to leave this house, yourself,
tto Lilygren. We don't want you any-
s near here no more. We've stood all
going to stand from you and today
the end of it."
l oversize in rage, her husband stared
at her.
made a little brushing motion with her
"Get on out," she said. "I ask you
ly. And don't come back."
et on out?" he exploded. "Are you out of
weak-minded head?"
ot now," she said. "I been out of my
-minded head for twenty years, but I
out of it now."
o back to bed, Mrs. Lilygren," Linnea
softly. "I'll handle this. You go back to
there's a dear ——"
did not attack her. They must have
ght he would, for all three moved in
r to give her protection. He glared bale-
but did not move.
'd see me walk out of my house and
," he said. "I'd see me turn my prop-
over to you. Woman!" Again he knew
ing worse to say.
hen stay," she said calmly, "and instead
alking out, go out feet first. If that's the
would suit you better. Because you got
it," she said, "and sooner or later some of them knifefuls you poke down is going to have poison in them, real, deadly pure rat poison. You'll poke one down someday and won't know what hit you! And you got to sleep," she went on, "and someday you're going to wake up smothered to death in bed. You've heard of people smothered to death with a feather pillow. You can't watch *all* the time. There's bound to be a time you ain't watching. And then's when you're going to leave—for good—carried out feet first—and good riddance to bad rubbish."

She couldn't mean it, but through the white lips under the glittering eyes it seemed like Gospel truth she spoke.

"If this is going to turn into a insane asylum," her husband said, beginning to shrink in size to what he normally was, beginning to back to the door, looking at all of them, one after another, to see who might spring first, "why, no man in his right mind would *want* to stay." His face had gone ashen. "But I'll tell you this much. You'll shift for yourselves. You'll never get a dime out of me. Not a dime."

"We don't want a dime out of you," Ivy said boldly, her chin lifting, for the first time lifting.

"No," Nephi said as boldly, without blinking his eyes.

"Walk out, or be carried," Mrs. Lilygren said. "You got your choice."

He took it. He kept on backing until he got to the door, turned and went through it, disappeared around the house.

"He'll come back." Ivy said. "That'll be him, you can depend."

"No," Mrs. Lilygren said, "he won't come back. So—don't you—never fear." She fainted so quietly and so unexpectedly that, close as they were to her, she slipped past them before they could make a grab, and landed flat as a pancake on the floor.

(To be Continued)



See your local newspaper on Thursday, March 17th through Sunday, April 3rd for advertisements of stores carrying the new ENNA JETTICKS.

THE UGLIEST WOMAN IN TOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

Another person might have thought Netta addlebrained to come all the way from Paris to Philadelphia on impulse, without notice or plan. Softhearted Frances, however, though she felt a momentary twinge of annoyance, told herself that it was perfectly understandable. A divorce is a grave wound, even for those who pretend otherwise, and a person who is wounded often withdraws to a place he thinks will heal him, quite often his birthplace. The house in which Netta Tholen had been born had been sold long since, true enough, but her grandfather and great-grandfather had meant so much to Pennsylvania's history that—house or not, two divorces or not—she would always be accepted, always find herself at home in Glen Gwyllan.

"I'm awfully pleased you thought of me," said Frances quite sincerely. "Shall I drive in for you?"

"A cab will bring me out to you in half the time," said Netta. "Thanks so much, Fran. This is good of you. People haven't been too good to me lately."

Glen Gwyllan is one of half a dozen villages in the crook of Philadelphia's great arm that bear Welsh names, presumably because they are green almost the year round like Wales. It has no center, really; its landmarks, the Friends' meetinghouse of brown fieldstone and the red-and-white service station, are widely separated. The town line is merely a surveyors' line, drawn around twenty-odd estates with rolling meadows and miles of white-painted wooden fences. The Dickeys' fence encloses two hundred acres of emerald pasture. There is a long driveway under copper beeches, and then you swing around the gardens and confront a house like a fashioned seaside-resort hotel. Of stained shingles with white trim, it marc in all directions, and there are conical c and windows framed in bits of red an glass. As ugly as sin, the house is; and, li comfortable once you are in it. The se having learned the trick from those they are virtually invisible.

Netta, dark, slim, brittle and woma only a Paris suit can make a woman wo was given a bedroom, sitting room, d room and bath in what might be call southeast-by-easterly wing of the huge The tub in her enormous bath was of late marble with a mahogany rim, its fittings as smooth, after fifty years of z polishing, as wedding satin.

"I see you look as healthy and ha ever," said Netta to Frances, carelessly ing gold-backed combs and brushes or glass top of her dressing table.

Nobody with the smallest pretensi honesty was more complimentary than Frances Dickey.

And Frances—thick in the legs, chunk wrestler, square of jaw, with hair that to have been doused with weed killer a planted—Frances, wistful and adoring presence of beauty and chic, breathed, any husband could let you go, you go thing, I don't understand!"

"He said I spent money faster than he earn it," replied Netta. "It was my own for marrying someone who had to ea Well—easy come, easy go."

When Horton came in from his e mental dairy at five he said, "Netta? Oh she was the skinny Van Camp kid wh always smashing people's cars. Glad she's You don't see enough women, Franny. together too much."

Horton was handsome and massive. in character that he should remembe mashed cars, for above all else he de wastefulness: the largest gifts he made not to hospitals but to societies for the servation of salmon, white-pine tre mourning doves. As a boy at Princeton h once lost five hundred dollars in a stud- game and, walking home afterward wit other undergraduate, wept over it. A ished, the other boy had exclaimed, Hort, you can afford to lose five hu *thousand*." "I have no right to waste m other men in my family made sacrific earn," Horton replied; and that was th time he ever played poker for more twenty-five cents a chip. He is extravag generous, Horton, but he has the point of of a man who finds it a hard and unple task to take care of a fortune. The rest wish we had the task, but we have never h

THE Dickeys did not ask Netta wha intended to do next. It was clear that sh no idea. So they asked people who kne in for dinner and bridge, and Frances phoned to other friends in the yo crowd—Netta's, rather than her own— gesting that they rally round. Rally r they did, since they were well-mann young women, and it was while Netta lunching with an old school friend n Lucia that a mischievous idea entered—(be fair to her, was dropped like a pinc salt—into her well-groomed head. The I eys' guests are always well groomed. Th a combination barbershop and beauty p in the house.

"Staying with the fabulous Dickeys! always longed to. What a chance!" ejacu Lucia, a sallow girl with a passion for large, overbright bracelets. Once, becaus thought an attendant was too slow abou ing her tank with gasoline, Lucia took plane without waiting for him and within minutes of crashing in the cente downtown Philadelphia.

"Chance?" asked Netta. "To do what

"To find out how Frances hangs onto H After all, he's something pretty special, an *is* the ugliest woman in town."

"She wasn't bad-looking at twenty. Bu course," agreed Netta, "none of us were looking at twenty. They *have* been ma for dogs' years, haven't they?"



t isn't only that. They still make eyes at other. Why," said Lucia, shocked, "at es they sit on love seats and hold hands— gorgeous man, and that ugly woman!"

Fran has a secret, I could use it. Me with strikes on me," said Netta.

We *all* wish we knew her secret," exclaimed ia. "Be a doll. Find out and tell us."

Maybe I will," said Netta.

here are still people in this world, even ple who regard themselves as sophisticated, believe they can get true answers to ques- s simply by asking the questions.

Tell me, Hort," asked Netta a few evenings . "How do you explain the fact that you Frances are so happy?"

nce the drawing room of the Dickey house signed for regimental reviews, the three of were drinking their after-dinner coffee small sitting room on the ground floor; one in the westernmost bay of the north- -by-west wing, with bronze-and-maroon paper in an ailanthus pattern and jig- ed walnut tables with chocolate marble .

That's easy," replied Horton. "The kid's a crush on me."

rances chuckled.

I would never have guessed," said Netta. is may come as a surprise to you, but lots eople fall out of love."

It doesn't come as a surprise to me," said ton with unexpected gentleness. "It makes unhappy when I hear of it. I'm sorry for people it happens to."

But you and Fran are as devoted after ten s as you were the day you got yourself aged in old Mrs. Willamander's green- se."

rances, sitting beside the glazed green k fireplace in a long dress, in which she mbled a bulky criminal attempting to k out of prison in disguise, looked up a grin in her broad, clean-scrubbed, wind- ned face. "Oh, we have our troubles," she , "Hort and I."

Don't be smug," Netta counseled her. "If e's any kind of wife I can't stand, it's a g one. The point is, what do you do to— l—stay in love?"

Horton stretched a tweed arm and patted on the head. "Oh, Netta, Netta," he said.

NETTA then did what a brighter woman uld have done in the first place. Asking no re questions, she put the Dickeys under veillance. The thing that struck her was the ailing courtesy they had for each other. It s deference far removed from mere man- s. Trying to define it, Netta told herself t Horton treated Frances as if Frances were gnant. Pregnant Frances was not, since she not have children; nevertheless, Netta saw, rton waited on her with the anxious, alert of an expectant father. And Frances be- ed toward Horton in much the same hion. She was always pausing in mid- tence to see if he needed anything, if there s anything she could do for him.

I've got it, Netta told herself. *If married ple would be as polite to each other as they to the strangers who sit beside them in a ater, all marriages would be as happy as the ckeys'!* And she was thrilled by her clever- ss until she recalled that some of the politest uples she knew loathed and despised each er. Moreover, she realized, the Dickeys' urtesy was not a cause but a result. They not love each other because they were nderly thoughtful. They were tenderly oughtful because they loved each other.

By this time it was tacitly agreed that Netta s to stay on in the Dickey house for how- long it took her to decide what she in- nded to do next. Two monumental trunks rived for her, and she promenaded in orthumberland tweeds by day and French ffetas by night, looking ultrafeminine in th. She pushed ahead with her crime detec- n. Was the Dickeys' secret, she asked her- f, the fact that they had no envy of each her? It seemed much too simple to be the ex- anation, but she tested the theory. She aised Frances' riding to Horton, for instance, d asked him how it happened that he was t a better horseman. "Oh, Fran is so good a horse I get more pleasure out of watching r," said Horton. She praised Horton's dollar-a-pint dairy herd to Frances, asking Frances why she did not go in for something equally worth while. "Because Hort has a brain that can handle bloodlines and butterfat figures," said Frances serenely, "and I haven't."

Jealousy, then? Could she slip a wedge between them, Netta asked herself, by making them jealous? She decided to try it as soon as an opportunity arose.

The opportunity arose one afternoon when they drove between white fences and herds of black-Angus cattle to a neighbor's place, the Wachtells', for cocktails. Susan Brace was there. Netta recalled that Susan and Horton at one time, when they were a year or so out of school, had seen a great deal of each other.

"You don't seem to be afraid to expose Hort to Susan, Frances," Netta remarked. "Aren't you afraid that old thing may start up again?"

"What old thing?" inquired Frances.

"They had a simply lurid affair."

"Not from Hort's description of it. It was sweet. Sweet and a little sad."

"Hort came within an inch of marrying her."

"He came close. And no wonder. Susan is a darling," replied Frances, "but I must say I am glad they didn't marry. It would have been a mistake for both of them. Susan is a big-city girl. She's in New York oftener than she is here, and Hort gets so tense and miserable in a city that he can't sleep. Katydids, yes. Buses, no. Susan wasn't for him."

Netta pictured Horton tense and miserable in the eleven-room apartment in New York he leased by the year so that Frances and he could have a place to change when they went to the theater. *Poor boy*, she said to herself. *He ought to take a couple of katydids along with him in a bag*. "Sometimes, though," she said aloud, with unblinking eye, "a married man decides he missed the bus, Fran, and goes back just for the ride."

But Frances' armor remained unscratched. "I know," she said, "but I don't think you



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understand. If Horton did that, it would be because he was convinced it was necessary and right for him—to get it out of his system, or something like that. And anything that's right for Horton is right for me. For me, and with me."

This, cried Netta within herself, *is too much; really too much!* She felt as she had felt as a child when, at Christmas, an uncle had given her a toy hatchet and she tried to chop down a hundred-year-old oak tree with it, whacking away for minutes without removing so much as a bit of bark. *It's absurd*, she thought. *Who do they think they are, Tristram and Iseult?*

The thought that they might indeed be a pair of lovers as dedicated as Tristram and Iseult made her furious. We cannot bear the admirable. Great lovers are all right in the movies, but not in the house.

With actual resentment, now, piled on top of the wish to amuse herself that had motivated her earlier, Netta looked around for a dynamite locker into which to fire a rocket. And when Horton came home from the city with a new hunting rifle she discovered a chance to make trouble.

"Oh, Hort," groaned Frances, "not another gun! You must have fifty of them now."

"This one is chambered for a new cartridge," said Horton. "It has the flattest trajectory ever."

"Prettying it up with scientific words doesn't change the fact that you're going to shoot deer with it."

"That remains to be seen," said Horton. "I'm going to try, yes, but the statistics don't guarantee I'll get the deer. According to the figures a good hunter, going out every day of the season, is lucky if he gets one buck a year."

Netta, standing by, realized that this was a genuine disagreement, that the Dickeys felt strongly about deer hunting. "Let the man hunt," she said to Frances. "What are you trying to do, keep him on your apron strings?"

"She's not trying to keep me on her apron strings," said Horton, turning before his wife could reply. "It's just that Frances is unrealistic about deer. She's emotional about them."

"I most certainly am," cried Frances. "How anybody but the grossest, cruelest person can bring down one of those lovely creatures I'll never understand. 'Bring down!' That's what they say in the ammunition ads, because the word 'kill' would make people think about what hunting really is, blood and butchery!"

"They do have those great sad eyes," agreed Netta, looking at Horton with great, sad eyes of her own.

"They have ticks too," said Horton. "What's more important, they have deficiency diseases just like human beings. Where there are too many deer, and they can't get a kind of tree bark they need in their diet, they die. A quick death from a high-speed rifle bullet is better than that. That's why the legislature declares an open season on them."

"Just the same ——"

"FRAN, we've been over this before," said Horton. "No decent soul likes to think of animals suffering. But we have to be guided by the facts, even when the facts are hard to believe, and the fact is that gunning actually steps up the birth rate of a good many game animals and birds. So I hunt in season when the law says I can." Smiling, he reached out for his wife's hand. And there the quarrel ended, before it had really begun.

But with her third week with the Dickeys at an end, Netta knew what it was she wanted to do next. She wanted to take Horton Di away from Frances and marry him herse

Now that it was clear to her, the pr struck her as so worth while, so manda that she could not understand why she ha thought of it sooner. Heavens! Here was a who would have been attractive as a lifeg at Eden Roc with nothing on his back but burn. And he was so wealthy that any wo he married, any woman with a decent li for wire-pulling, could travel far—very The First Lady? Well, perhaps not Horton was still a bit young for the p dency. But the United States appointed men as its ambassadors, and the embassy dence in Paris was a pleasant place. To sn Horton away from a wife known far and as the ugliest woman in town, besides beir easy as taking candy from a baby, would rescue, a public service, a charitable act. *Why didn't I think of this the day I came to Gwyllan?* Netta asked herself. *But I did, sure I did; I must have been thinking abo all along in my sub scious. Of course I Somewhere deep in* (for, like all of us, N believed she was d *I've always wanted ton Dickey. And h am right on the spot grab him fast and n a dash for Paris him. Now, what's best move?*

THE HOUR AND THE ARROW

By D. C. WILSON

This is the hour:
When moonlight drips from
the acacia flower
White as the blossom drenched
with the scent
Of night gardens. There, bent
Over the motionless mirror of
the unmoving pool,
Stands the arrow-armed boy
with the cool
Stone-blind eyes,
The white limbs of stone.
The water trembles, the wind
sighs.

The hour, not the arrow, has
flown,
Nor the unassuageable smart
Of the spent moment, and the
unspent heart.

The move that surest to bring res she decided, somew unoriginally for on deep, would be to d onstrate that there females in the univ who were exciting that one of these, N Tholen by name, immediately availa On the following M day evening, theref when Frances drove in her small black t seater to a local mee of the political pa that raised Hort blood pressure, N put on a house-coat fr the rue de Rivoli t was designed especi for demonstrations the garment had bee phonograph record would have repea endlessly. "Oh-forg me-I-am-trying-so-hard-to-be-chaste-bu am-such-an-innocent-little-thing-I-do know-how." It was every bit as concealing a film of cellophane. So accoutered, she with Horton in the room with the ailant wallpaper and the green-glazed fireplace. switched off the lamps, saying that her e were tired, and kindled the fire, saying that was chilly. And now and again, after the was burning brightly, she took care to w languidly in front of it.

"You have a lovely body, Netta," remark Horton.

His tone was disheartening. *But at least,* s Netta to herself, *he knows now that I hav body. This is progress.*

They sat side by side on a down-filled cou and she spoke to him of the two brutal h bands who had so atrociously misunderstoo and mishandled her. They had been a pair torturers straight out of a dungeon in Babylon, she made it clear. Merely thinki about them made it necessary for her to se forgetfulness. For the forgetfulness she turn to Horton's whisky, which he got from a sm unadvertised distillery in Scotland. It w extraordinarily good whisky. Horton enjoy it too. Between the two of them they manag to empty the greater part of an imperial qu without difficulty. By this time Netta w weeping in the most appealing fashion ima inable, and Horton had an arm around her one arm. It felt as sure and strong and safe her, the arm, as a market closing with eve

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

tock up ten points. *Let's see*, said Netta to erself, *after Paris I'll tear down this hideous ouse. Then* ——

Aloud she said apologetically, "This is the rst time I've gone drippy about my troubles, Hort. I don't think I could do it with anybody ut you."

"Frances is a better listener than I am," said Hort.

"Well—time for beddy-bye," said Netta, etting to her feet. A knee buckled under her, s if she had stepped into a hole in an argu- ent, and she grasped quickly at the padded rm of the couch. "*Wups*," she said. "It's time, ll right. I'll never manage to get up those tairs."

"I'll help you."

"Are you strong enough to carry me?"

"Oh, I carry women all the time," said Horton, "but I'll just help you, I think."

In her room with its old-fashioned brass ed Netta said, "Don't turn on the light, arling. I sleep in a light dusting of bath owder and nothing else."

"The hall light is on," he reminded her.

"Is it? So. I don't eally mind, with ou," said Netta. aking off the house- oat, she tossed it in he general direction f Paris. "There, I'm n bed," she said. Sit with me, Hort. his is my bad time, hen I feel lonely nd scared."

Horton was sitting eside her bed when, lownstairs, the mas- ive door opened and rances called, *Yoo-hoo*."

"I'm up in Net- a's room," bellowed Horton, in a voice oud enough to wake he servants on the hird floor.

Frances stood at he foot of the stair- ase, beside the ewel post on which bronze Mercury on iptoe thrust aloft an bsurd electric bulb —an artistic triumph f 1905. "I think I'll o out to the pantry or a glass of milk," he said.

Confidence of such magnitude would have een hard enough for Netta to put up with in he reigning fashion model of the year. In the gliest woman in town, she found it simply in- ufferable. Flinging herself erect in bed, she ursed with vehemence and considerable vul- garity.

"Go down and have some milk," she or- lered Horton savagely. "It's yum-yum, oh, so ood, just like your Frances. Go on, damn ou. And I'm leaving in the morning. Early."

Gently, without reproof, Horton chuckled. "Ah, Netta, Netta," he said, and patted her ead and left her. He had been warned on his ourth birthday that people might one day try o marry him for his money.

He went directly to the huge bedroom he hared with Frances, pretty sure he knew what e would find going on there. Milk, indeed! ure enough, the handsome plastic-covered raveling cases he had given to his wife on her wn birthday, in gratitude for the miraculous act that she had been born of mortal parents, ay open on the white linen counterpane. rances, tidy even in the extremity of emotion, as neatly packing sweaters and skirts into hem.

Horton groaned. "Not again!" he said.

"I'm g-going," replied Frances, crying so ard that she stuttered.

"To the Aleutian Islands, at this time of ear? I see you're taking nothing but woolens."

"L-laugh," sobbed Frances. "I don't -blame you. It was l-laughable for me ever to hink I could be a good enough wife for you."

"How true," responded Horton.

"It is true. And I know it's true." Drying her nose inelegantly on the back of her hand, with a sniff, Frances thrust her favorite alligator shoes into their flannel cases. "Having Netta here b-brings it home to me. Think what a marvelous life you can have with her."

"I'm thinking," said Horton with a repressed, gentlemanly shudder. "We could rent a table by the year at the Stork Club."

"You're only t-trying to spare my f-feelings."

With the regularity and determination of a shuttle, Frances was marching back and forth between her chest of drawers and the loaded bed. Timing his move, Horton stepped into her path, so that she ran into him. He caught hold of her shoulders.

"Let me go," she said.

"Never in this world, Mrs. Dickey," said Horton.

She pressed her forehead against his sizable chest. "But you must," she said soberly, "for your own sake. If not for Netta, then for some other woman you like better than you like Netta—some woman with looks and intelligence, and wit and style, and all the other things I don't have. I don't have any of those things."

"Nope," he agreed, "you don't."

"I'm just a s-shamble-footed cow, like the c-cows in your herd."

"Smaller," said Horton. "A Jersey, maybe."

"I'm stupid."

"Often," he agreed, with a solemn nod. "Right now, for instance."

Frances gradually quieted in his arms. She gazed up at him. "But you can't, you simply can't love me," she said.

"I do, though. Odd, isn't it?"

"How? *Why?*"

"Did you ever hear of minus signs?"

"Tell me."

"I will, so we won't have to keep on doing this every time we meet some babe you think I ought to think is delectable.

"I love you because you aren't beautiful. I love you because you think it's the ice cubes that make the refrigerator cold. I love you because you aren't witty. I love you because you aren't one of the five best-dressed women. I love you because you're nothing at all but a kind, sweet, generous, forgiving, unenvious, joyful, balanced gal with a heart the size of a watermelon. I love you because from the first moment you told me about the birds and bees in Mrs. Willamander's conservatory—you did tell me about the bees, you know; you said they were fuzzy little dopes and they never stung you, and I knew it was true—you were the only one for me.

"I fell in love with you again last Monday when I heard you talking to that dog that wandered in off the highway. I fell in love with you again last Wednesday when you locked your keys inside the station wagon and crawled in through the back panel hoping I wouldn't see you.

"It goes on and on, you see. Love replenishes love."

Frances sighed. "It's all true?" she asked in a small voice.

"And Netta's leaving in the morning," Horton replied. "Poor Netta—there's so much she'll never know."

"Oh, dear. Now," said Frances in sudden realization, "I have to put all this stuff back before we can go to bed."

"It's a big house. We have other beds," said Horton. "Let's try one." END



Crusade for Freedom balloons ready for flight near the Iron Curtain border. Weighted with varying amounts of dry ice—which releases the leaflets by evaporating over predetermined areas—balloons float across Communist barriers to drop their Truth leaflets over Czechoslovakia and Hungary. You can help launch freedom balloons—and support Radio Free Europe—by mailing your contribution to

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Mrs. Nathan Twining, one of Washington's most attractive hostesses, pours after-dinner coffee, using demitasses from her large collection, which is housed in a big glass-topped coffee table in her living room.





Dinner party for 8—
chicken is always
a favorite

The chicken breasts and peas are baked in cream till meltingly tender. Wild rice is buttered, tossed with sliced sautéed mushrooms in a casserole. Special note: hot spiced peaches are an unusual accompaniment for the chicken. Dessert: fresh sliced-pear-and-apple compote.

Mrs. Nathan Twining
tells her philosophy of entertaining
to Nancy Crawford Wood

"When I Entertain"

For a small party
"sit-down" and buffet service
can alternate

Soup as a first course, and it's curried crab mongole. The rare sliced fillet of beef is served with Frenched string beans which have been buttered and topped with slivered, toasted almonds. Baking-powder biscuits go with this, and a fluffy eggnog pie makes a lighter-than-air dessert.



Buffet for officers visiting from overseas

A delicious shrimp-and-oyster creole is the hearty dish, with golden rice and cheese popovers as accompaniments. A tray of crisp raw vegetables instead of a salad course makes service much easier. Dessert: orange sherbet with melon balls and frozen strawberries.

Buffet with a Hawaiian touch

Here's a melody of flavors: the Hawaiian swordfish casserole is lightly curried; the tomatoes herbed with orégano, and baked; the Melba toast brushed with garlic butter. Then a crisp green salad, and a "heavenly" dessert, chocolate sundae pudding.

STUART



"I LOVE to see people sitting happily around my dinner table," says Mrs. Nathan Twining, wife of our Air Force Chief of Staff. The secret of Maude Twining's charm as a hostess lies in her liking for people, her enthusiasm and friendliness. "Sometimes I think I'd like to be more 'sophisticated,'" she says, with a twinkle in her eye, "but my husband always says, 'How can you be sophisticated when you laugh so much!'" The Twinings, who live in an attractive old ivy-covered brick house on the post at Fort Myer, Virginia, give a large dinner party on an average of twice a month—"Perhaps entertaining visiting officers and their wives, or returning an invitation to an embassy party. This could mean as many as twenty or thirty people. In between, once a week or so, we have a small dinner for six or eight friends.

"My husband never seems to mind balancing a plate on his lap at other people's houses, but he doesn't like to at home, so I always arrange for people to sit down at a table, one way or another, no matter how many there are. Our dining table seats twelve, so for larger groups I rely on what I call my 'auxiliary table,' a drop leaf, seating eight, which stands against one wall of the dining room with its leaves down most of the time, acting as a convenient sideboard. When we have more than twelve (and any number up to twenty) both tables CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

are set up with linens and silver in the dining room, side by side.

"Recently, for a party of twenty-four, I moved the dining table out and set up six card tables, with small cloths my mother gave me, in my favorite colors—pink, blue and green." In the center of each, Mrs. Twining placed a single low silver candlestick with a white candle, then twined strands of bright green baby ivy around the bases of the sticks and candles (securing it with cellulose tape). "I love ivy," she says, "and am always running out to pull some off the side of the house for flower arrangements."

Mrs. Twining relies on buffet service for large parties, except for an occasional "official" dinner party. "I think the order in which things are arranged on a buffet is terribly important," she says. "First should come the dinner plates, then the hot platters or casseroles, on warmers of some kind to keep hot. The salad should come after the hot food so that people can have it with the hot dishes, or later, if they wish. The napkins, knives and forks should come last, so that there is as little as possible to carry along the way.

"I don't usually use any sort of flower decoration on the buffet itself. There isn't much room, and the steaming dishes of food are attractive enough in themselves, I hope! Besides, we recently hung over the buffet a lovely gold-and-blue Korean painting given us by Syngman Rhee, and it's really all the decoration you could want. But I do pay special attention to party arrangements for the center of the dining table. My favorite of all is economical because it requires very few flowers. The foundation is a large piece of branch coral—pure white thick spikes of coral which stand up from the base like the spiky petals of an enormous Shasta daisy. I place it in a shallow bowl with enough water to cover the base, and stick six or eight red roses down in among the branches (which act, incidentally, as a perfect flower frog). The effect is like an enormous nosegay of white coral and red roses.

"Mirrors come in handy for flower arrangers. I have an old oblong mirror with a silver rim on which I place a low spread arrangement of a few purple and white and lemon leaves. The mirror reflects and makes it seem twice as important really is. At other times I use no flowers with the mirror as a base, take a small pie pink coral and some shells from H (where I was born), group them together trail two long necklaces of tiny pink and shells in among them. Some green leaves the garden here and there are pretty with

"Also in the economical vein, I love flowers, and have kept the same bunch silver pennies, dried wheat and Haw wood roses for years; use them in a ce piece with fresh pears or apples whene am in a hurry, or there are none of m vorite flowers in season.

"Washington is a town where everyon ways has a lot to say," says Mrs. Twining fact, you might call it a sort of 'hostess's adise.' There's no problem with stilted co sation, because you're sure that people come to dinner will have things in com and be interested in one another."

At her parties, Mrs. Twining keeps se as simple as possible, always. "I try to o ize things far ahead of time the day o party. When guests arrive, the dining tab tables are all set up with cloths, goblets silver. As in many old houses, our living r and dining room are separated by an e mous open doorway, with no doors betw so we use a pretty, gold-leaf Oriental fo screen in front of the entrance to the d room; if there are any last-minute touch flowers and table settings, they can be r unobtrusively.

"At a recent large buffet party for six we served shrimp-and-oyster creole as main dish—with golden rice, and a platt raw crisp vegetables instead of a salad. T was no first course, and guests filled their plates and sat down at the table. Des which was orange sherbet with frozen st berries and melon balls, was passed by houseman, already served on the plates, w is much speedier than having guests help th selves. At smaller parties, soup as a first co is more manageable; at a recent party some friends visiting from Alaska, cu crab *mongole* was a great favorite. Wher eight guests came into the dining room, soup was waiting for them (it has to be se boiling hot to allow for delays); then p were cleared away and guests went to buffet for fillet of beef, buttered biscuits string beans, waiting on warmers. You c easily convert this meal to a complete bu omit the soup, and have guests help th selves to the dessert—a delicious eggnog p as well as the main course from the buffet."

MRS. Twining likes to serve two choice good hors d'oeuvres as a prelude to her ties. Some favorites: halves or quarter chicken livers, sautéed in butter, sprinkled garlic salt, and speared with toothpicks, se hot; halves of shredded-wheat wafers, an anchovy fillet on each, and a small slice of Swiss cheese on top, broiled till bub "I love to get the tiny cherry tomatoes w they are in season," says Mrs. Twining, them in half, and put a dab of chicken s on top, or a bit of cream cheese which been softened with a little milk, and mi with bacon crumbles. I usually serve these two beautiful old blue spade-shaped pl given us by Lady Astor—the red toma look lovely against the blue. We also s *guacamole*—mashed avocado, seasoned taste with Tabasco, lemon juice and fi minced onion, with crisp potato chips scoop it up. At a party the other day, served an appetizer that was almost too s cessful—just a package of processed Ameri cheese, melted with a dab of butter i chafing dish, with three tablespoons chopped Mexican hot-pickle relish mixed and lots of shredded-wheat wafers for sco I say it was too successful because all the stood in a circle around the chafing dish you couldn't pry them away."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

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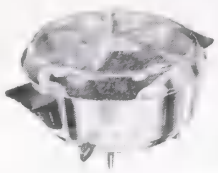
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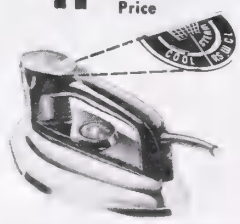
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QUICKIE ICEBOX CAKE

- 1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Fruit Cocktail
- About 24 small vanilla wafers
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatine
- ¼ cup cold water
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Now you needn't plan hours ahead for icebox cake! Drain fruit cocktail thoroughly, setting aside 1 cup for garnish. Fit wafers upright around inside of an ungreased 8-inch layer-cake pan, 1½ inches deep. (If wafers stick up above rim, trim them back.) Soften gelatine in the cold water, dissolve over hot water. Whip cream; add sugar, vanilla. Carefully fold in well-drained fruit, softened gelatine. Spread quickly in cake pan; lay additional wafers on top to cover, pressing down slightly. Chill. (In freezing compartment, it will be ready in about 45 min. Or chill in coldest part of refrigerator at least 1 hr.) Unmold; garnish with fruit cocktail; cut in 6 to 8 wedges.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

Here are the recipes for four of Mrs. Twining's favorite party menus:

CURRIED CRAB MONGOLE

Combine in a saucepan 2 cans condensed tomato soup and 2 cans condensed pea soup. Gradually add 2½ cups light cream and 2½ cups chicken broth, stirring until smooth. Season with 2 tablespoons onion powder and 2 to 3 tablespoons curry powder mixed with ½ cup water. Open one 6½-ounce can crab meat. Remove bones and flake. Add to soup and heat until hot and well blended. Makes 2 quarts.

FILLET OF BEEF

In a saucepan melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add ¼ cup soy sauce, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 tablespoon powdered ginger, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice and 1 tablespoon sugar. Simmer 5 minutes to blend flavors.

Place 1 large whole fillet of beef, which your butcher has wrapped in fat, on a broiler pan as far from the heat as possible. Broil at the highest heat for 15 minutes, turning three times, and basting each time with the above sauce. Remove fat from fillet. Broil another 10–15 minutes, basting and turning three times. Slice and serve. This will be rare. Increase time for medium, and for well done. Serves 4 to 6, depending on the size of the fillet.

EGGNOG PIE

Prepare and bake a 9" pie shell. Beat slightly 4 egg yolks with ½ cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Scald 1 cup milk and add slowly to egg mixture. Cook in double boiler until custard consistency, stirring constantly. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Add to hot custard, stirring until gelatin is dissolved. Flavor with 3 teaspoons rum extract. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff but not dry, gradually adding ⅓ cup sugar. Fold into cooled custard; fill baked pie shell and chill until set. To serve, cover with whipped cream and sprinkle with nutmeg.

CHICKEN BREASTS IN CREAM

Season 8 uncooked chicken breasts well with salt and pepper. Dip in beaten egg and roll in packaged dry bread crumbs. Sauté until golden brown in ¼ cup butter or margarine mixed with ½ cup salad oil. Place the breasts in a large baking dish. Add 2 packages frozen peas. Over them pour 2 cups heavy cream mixed with ¼ teaspoon salt and 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Dust with ½ teaspoon paprika. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 minutes to 1 hour, basting occasionally, until chicken is tender.

SHRIMP-AND-OYSTER CREOLE

Cook, shell and devein 2 pounds fresh shrimp. In a large skillet heat 4 dozen shucked oysters in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine for about 5 minutes, or until the edges curl. Drain and set aside both the oysters and liquor until later.

In the same skillet sauté until tender in ½ cup butter or margarine 1 cup chopped celery, 2 cups chopped onion, 1½ cups diced green pepper and 1 pound mushrooms, sliced. Add two 1-lb.-12-oz. cans tomatoes, 1 bay leaf, crumbled, 1 teaspoon tarragon, 4 teaspoons salt, 3 cloves garlic, crushed, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, a pinch of cayenne pepper, 3 dashes Tabasco and 1 cup oyster liquor. Simmer 20 minutes. Then add cooked shrimp and oysters. Heat quickly and serve immediately. Makes 4 quarts or 12 servings.

GOLDEN RICE

Brown lightly 1½ cups chopped onion in large skillet, using 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. When onions are brown, add ⅓ cup more butter or margarine and 4 cups packaged precooked rice and sauté till rice is golden. Add 4½ cups canned chicken stock in which 3 chicken-bouillon cubes have been dissolved. Stir in 2 small cloves garlic, crushed. Bring quickly to a boil over high heat, uncovered, fluffing rice gently once or twice with a fork. Do not stir. Cover and remove pan from heat. Let stand 10 minutes before serving. Makes 12 servings.

CHEESE POPOVERS

Combine 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon paprika and 1½ teaspoons salt. Gradually add 1⅓ cups milk and beat until smooth with rotary beater. Beat 3 eggs well and add to milk-and-flour mixture. Add 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Beat for 1 minutes. Batter should be free of lumps. Preheat greased muffin pans or heavy custard cups in a hot oven, 450° F. Fill hot cups about one third to one half full of batter. Bake at 450° F. for 10 minutes and then reduce heat to 350° F. and bake for an additional 20 minutes. Popovers should be golden brown and irregular in shape. Makes 10–12 popovers.

WHAT CHILD IS HERE?

By POLLY TOLAND

This is the springtime of my
year,
later springtime summer's
near;
my April's grown so very fast
I'd hardly know her if she
passed,
walking in my field.

But summer's coming, nearly
here,
the rich bright season of the
year,
big with flowers, pregnant too
with their twin, my love for
you
who walks in April's field.

HAWAIIAN FISH CASSEROLE

Steam 3 pounds fresh swordfish until thoroughly cooked and then flake it. Prepare a thick cream sauce with ½ cup butter or margarine, ½ cup flour and 3 cups milk. To the hot sauce add ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 3 dashes Tabasco sauce, 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Stir in 2 eggs slightly beaten; place the flaked swordfish and the sauce in layers in a shallow greased baking dish (about 14"x9"x1½"), ending with sauce. Cover with 1 cup soft bread crumbs which have been moistened with 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine. Bake for about 20 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Watch closely after 20 minutes so that sauce does not curdle. Makes 8–10 servings.

TOMATOES ORÉGANO

Cut 6 large ripe tomatoes in half. Place each half cut side up in a baking dish. Sprinkle liberally with *orégano*, garlic salt and pepper. In a small bowl moisten 1 cup soft bread crumbs with 1 tablespoon salad oil. Top each tomato with some crumbs and 1 teaspoon grated Parmesan cheese. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate, 350° F., oven. Serves 12.

CHOCOLATE OR SUNDAE PUDDING

Sift together into mixing bowl 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cocoa, ⅔ cup sugar. Blend well with the dry ingredients ½ cup milk, ½ cup chopped nuts, 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into greased 1-quart casserole.

Mix together ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup white sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla and ¼ teaspoon salt. Spread the mixture evenly over batter. Pour 1 cup boiling water over all. Do not stir. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour. Cover the casserole during the last half hour. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream. One casserole serves 4–6.

END

ECREATION CENTER FOR A CALIFORNIA TOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

per, so much hardware or asphalt tile.' ey couldn't give us exactly what we needed, ook what they had and traded it with body else. Very little material had to be ht."

peaking of that"—member George Mon- grins—"Joe Eades was the best high- er of materials we had."

sky Joe Eades declines the honor vehe- ly. "Everybody worked hard. Remember nan—his name was Moore and he didn't live in the Franklin Park area—who ed five miles every Sunday to help out? heard the project was for kids. He liked "

'll never forget the day a stranger came nd asked, 'Need a wood butcher?'" Ruth "Turned out he was an expert carpenter. there was the man who brought his whole around to finish the roof in one day."

Ve had so much fun at those Friday meet- I don't see how the work got planned," Caven reminisces. "But it did. Nobody ned jobs or made excuses. And on Sun- the work got done."

here was a lot of grumbling about 'rock l,'" says Charlie Haun. "Hauling rocks he fireplace was no cinch for people who n't used to physical labor. Forty-pound s in the morning were hundred-and-forty d rocks by night."

Ve got pretty toughened up after a while," J. D. Howard. "When we knocked off rest period occasionally we relaxed by ing baseball."

Yes," adds Joe Eades rly. "I remember the I got a three-base hit— a Charley horse be- n first and second !"

February, 1953, the a Rosa Press-Democrat ed FPA president Dan- "The clubhouse is more than fifty per cent pleted." The same issue carried the FPA's al for funds to complete the job. So far, ding donated materials and labor, the ding had cost $600 in actual cash.

month later the association announced it would present the clubhouse to the city June first ceremony. "No strings at- ed. The clubhouse is for the use of all the ple of Santa Rosa."

few construction chores remained. Major en equipment like the gleaming stove and gerator was provided by a gift of $375 the Santa Rosa 20-30 Club. But the en's tile took some thought. The tile had donated by a local firm, and it came in izes, shapes and colors—odd lots of ma- l. Ingeniously used in what is described as ything from "patchwork" to "a Joseph's- pattern," it makes the kitchen gay as an tration from a child's picture book. More ated "odd lots" of interior paint were com- d, mixed with a little lampblack and t sienna and "slapped on the walls with e and a prayer because nobody knew what r it would turn out to be." Everybody was ved at the final result, a pleasant soft -green.

n April Fools' Day the great field-stone lace was finished. This fireplace with its hearth, its "true Roman arch complete keystone," was a thing Fred Daniels had red long and mightily over. "Try it out!" w members urged. Paper and wood were ght, a fire lighted and everybody stood to watch. Immediately, choking billows moke filled the room. "You should have Fred's face!" FPA-ers recall. "Five ths' work and the fireplace wouldn't draw. as a bad moment until the two jokesters the roof removed the wet burlap sacks 'd stuffed down the chimney. The fireplace w fine after that."

May came Santa Rosa's Rose Festival. As r entry in the parade of floats, FPA-ers red the Franklin Park Special. (This crea- is also known as the Too-Too-Twain by dreds of children who have enjoyed rides wo gay red-and-yellow cars that roll along ind a convincing "locomotive"—a small sport car with a fanciful plywood casing. The train has been a popular feature at many a school, church and community fair, and the FPA gets half of the train's earnings.)

For the Rose Parade, association members stayed up all night covering the train with fresh rose petals. In the morning it chugged off, complete down to a burning torch tucked in its rose-covered smokestack. Somehow the torch slipped and set fire to the stack. "We managed to put the fire out," Fred Daniels says. "And I guess the blackened smokestack *did* lend authenticity because we won second prize." Loyal FPA-ers, however, are certain their entry would have taken *first* prize if that torch had stayed where it belonged.

The project's greatest day was June first—Dedication Day—when association members turned over to the city the clubhouse they had worked so hard to build. They were able to mark it "Paid in full" after a pancake-and-sausage breakfast (they cooked and served it themselves) netted $400 to pay the final bills. Then, to everybody's horror, a forgotten account for $100 turned up. To take care of that, FPA members built a storage shed for their creditor, who felt it to be more than fair exchange.

The city accepted the Franklin Park Recreation Center with gratitude and pledged a maintenance fund for its upkeep, also offered a plan for future expansion of the park.

The cost of this $20,000 center to the taxpayers who used their "will and skill" to build it? They aren't positive: "Money never seemed important, somehow." But they figure that an estimate of 10 per cent ($2000) "wouldn't miss by much" the actual cash they put into it. Profit to those same taxpayers? They sum it up:

"I wouldn't take anything for my experiences in FPA." . . . "The benefits of friendships made are so great you can't estimate them." . . . "It seemed to bring the whole town closer together. I'd meet people on the streets—strangers—and they'd ask 'How's your project coming, out at Franklin Park?'". . . "It builds confidence to see what people, ordinary people without 'influence,' can do."

Profit to the children for whom the center was designed? "Their clubhouse is the most-used building in town. We wish we had three more just like it." Last year 320 meetings were held there. Sometimes there are six requests for the same evening—wedding receptions, dances and parties as well as meetings. Only private groups pay for use of the building. There is never any charge to nonprofit youth organizations. Children are in and out of it all day, supervised by tiny, dark-eyed Louise Reifman, a trained arts-and-crafts instructor as well as supervisor. (She says, by the way, that she has never seen children take such care of a building—"They know it's theirs.")

Friday nights are reserved for the FPA. There's special thought and planning behind this too. Parents can't attend these Friday-night meetings without their children, children must bring their parents. "Too many people just don't know how to relax and have fun with their kids," Fred Daniels says. "We think that is a contributing factor to the whole juvenile-delinquency problem. We don't mean to have that trouble in Franklin Park." Together, families enjoy a potluck supper, play games, map out future plans for the center.

"This is a continuing thing with us." Fred Daniels points through the window. "You see that hill out there?" Not far beyond the clubhouse terrace rises a steep, grassy mound. "That's a natural site for an outdoor theater. Just scoop out this side of the hill, put in seats and you've got it. Too, the Scouts could use an outdoor cooking pit ——"

If the FPA thinks the Scouts could use an outdoor cooking pit—or a swimming pool, someday, when that promised plan to enlarge the park goes through—they'll probably get it. Santa Rosa's FPA-ers have a pretty firmly established habit of getting what they think their children need. END

Time wasted is existence; used, life. —YOUNG



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YONDER COMES MY BEAU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

want to be friendly like." He came closer so nobody could hear but me, and the look on his face put me in mind of a little bitty boy. "Honey, I like you and you won't ever look my way at all. Maybe that's the reason I like you, but what's the matter, don't you like menfolks or are you just bashful?"

"I'm ugly!" I whispered. I don't remember ever saying that to anyone before and I felt right good about it. Cleve looked like I was crazy.

"Why, you're not ugly. What makes you say a thing like that, you—you—redhead!"

"It's awful to be a redhead. Little younguns follow you around, say,

'Redhead, gingerbread,
Five cents a cabbage head!'"

Well, in no time we were both laughing and joking and everything I said was coming out just right. Came time for the geography and for the first time I didn't know a one of the answers. A funny thing about that was, Mr. Hall didn't seem to mind. Once I looked up quick and caught him smiling down at Cleve and me, for all the world like he knew a good secret.

That evening I went home from school and threw down my books, and took to the hills to hunt the cow without anyone telling me to go. I raced through the woods like a deer, laughing and making speeches on top of high rocks, and cutting such a shine that I was ashamed of myself, but that nor nothing else could stop me. The old cow was waiting at the gap, and I let down the bars with a great clatter and hollered, "*Heigh!*" at her so loud that she must have thought I was plumb crazy.

I marched down behind her with my stick over my shoulder, singing to the top of my lungs. I never usually hollered out on a song like some folks did, but now I purely felt like it.

Aunt Mary Ann heard the racket and came out on her porch and I could tell by the way she stood there that she was wondering what on earth had come over me. I thought to myself, *Right now Aunt Mary Ann is saying to Oly, "Why, that's Balis' youngun going 'long up there. Swear I reckon he's araising him up a right wild girl.*"

THAT night after we got supper over and the dishes washed I was trying to get my lessons but I couldn't to save my neck do a thing but write Cleve Hamilton's pretty name over every page I turned. Dad came in off the back porch with a great log for the fire. He threw it on the fire in just the right place and a thousand sparkles cracked out and sailed up the chimney.

"Shore is a fall time out tonight. Makes me wish I had a little patch of cane—might' near the best stirrin'-off weather I ever seed."

I got a quivering breath and my heart near failed me at the thoughts of a stir-off. I'd make Cleve go and we would stand in the dark and talk, like the other girls and their boys did. I never said a word, though. I felt like if I cleared my throat everybody would know what was in my mind, and they'd let off to shaming and making fun.

"I know who's raising cane this year." Mom looked up from the Bible she was reading, halfways smiling, teasing us.

"Who wouldn't know that!" Wilmer said. "It's Lee-up-on-the-Branch. I saw that cane patch when the cows broke out of the pasture one day last month. A right pretty patch of green cane."

Dad warned, "Maybe he's akeeping it a secret. Maybe he don't aim to have a stir-off for everybody."

"Well, the secret's out now. I already told a lot of boys about it, and we won't let him stir-off by himself!" Wilmer laughed.

Sure enough, one day not long after that, Dosh Brashear, Lee's woman, passed by on her way from the store and stopped to talk a while with mom like she always did. She said they had gathered in the cane, and tomorrow they would gin it. If all went according to p they'd stir-off just after dark tomorrow ning. "We had a right smart patch this s so you'ns can bring your bucket!"

Next day at school when Cleve came to seat, I let him know in a roundabout way I was going to a stir-off that night. He said was funny, he was going to the same one

"I reckon I'll see you there then," he s "If I do, will you talk with me?"

"I been brought up to be civil to everyb mister."

"Aw. You know what I mean. You better be there, that's all!"

As I recall those days, it was the cra feeling I had about Cleve. I liked him a didn't. I liked him whenever he sat in my at school and all the other girls saw us wished they had him. But I didn't like when he'd come and butt in on the game girls were playing at recess, or when catch me drawing paper dolls and laugh at I liked for the girls to see him put his around the back of my desk and hug m little before I could stop him. It tickled me them all to see it, but it really would make mad for him to do that, and when I'd get and tell him he better stop I meant it. I coul stand for him even to touch my hand.

It was a strange thing; in my heart I wan him to touch me, I would dream day and n about him holding my hand, about hov would be to comb his curly head with fingers. I would dream and tremble v pleasure, but as soon as he would get nea me, and take hold of hand, I would get mad begin to fight him, say m things, and tell him to me alone. Then he'd la and call me his little wild but after a while, three four weeks after he first gan to pay attention to I began to catch him lo ing at me when he thought I wasn't notic in a way that caused me to be afraid.

One learns to itch where one can scratch.
—ERNEST BRAHAM

The day of the stir-off was a Friday, school let out early for some reason. On way home Sallie suggested that some of us early and watch Lee-up-on-the-Branch gin cane. Mom said I could go, but we must watch and not get in the way of the wo Pauline and Jewel and Wilmer would co after dark.

I had on my prettiest blue dress, and my h tied back with a big blue ribbon because Cl was coming. But I clear forgot about Cleve soon as we younguns started racing each ot up the branch. For a while we tried to which one could outrun the others, then played banner. Sallie's baby brother Cot was the banner and he led us through thick of blackberry briers and all manner of plac and we had to follow him or we'd be out. walked the foot logs on their tip edges and jumped the branch in the widest parts. did everything that he did until just before got to Lee's he bannered all of us girls by ing skin the cat on a tree limb. We all h dresses on and couldn't do it.

"There's where at they're ginning! Do there in the big bottom hyonner!"

"Yeh, look at that old mule going rou and round, I'll beat you all down!"

We sailed down that mountainside like had wings. There was Lee watching the ca juice squeeze out into the pans, and emptyi the full ones into the big long stirring-off p over the pit. They were almost done ginnin Already there was a fire blazing in the pit, a two of Lee's boys were feeding the last bunch of cane stalks into the gin.

"Why howdy, chillern. Little early no Help yourselves to some good juicy ca stalks to suck on, then you can help dig t skimming hole. You've come in fine time f that."

Lee-up-on-the-Branch pointed to a pla not far from the pit, where he wanted to ha his skimming hole dug. We all stood arou sucking our cane stalks and taking tim

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

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In the same ways, you can *gain flavor* for dozens of your own recipes with Hunt's Tomato Sauce. It's the *all-tomato* cooking sauce that blends so deliciously with other ingredients. No starchy fillers, not diluted. Enjoy it in your casseroles, meat loaf and gravies!

2 lbs. stewing beef
1 teaspoon salt
2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1 cup water
1 large onion, sliced
1 cup sliced celery
1 cup peas
4 medium carrots, cut into pieces
½ recipe biscuit dough (use Hunt's Tomato Sauce as liquid)

Brown meat in greased 2-quart baking dish in moderate oven (375° F.). Add salt, 1½ cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce. water and onion. Cover. bake 45 mins. Add other vegetables. Cover. bake 45 mins. longer or till vegetables are tender. Prepare biscuit dough substituting ½ can Hunt's Tomato Sauce for milk. Roll about ¼-inch thick. Cut into six 2-inch biscuits. Increase temperature to 425° F. Place biscuits on top of stew. Bake about 20 minutes longer till biscuits are done. Serves 6.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

digging with the pick and shovel. body was making big plans about who he push into the skimming hole before the was out.

sky darkened and the hoot owls began ler along the black ridges. If you looked from the fire, up through the woods to eep, deep gray sky and the cold pale and heard the owls and other night birds g their doleful songs, it seemed like a y scary, lonesome place to be. Then you d back quick at the bright blazing fire e sweet molasses bubbling soft green- bubbles in the big pan, and boys and aughing and chasing one another, and n lights along the high hill road bring- ore and more folks to the party. That beautiful sight, and the warm brightness olded in around you and kept you from rk.

was time to skim the molasses. Lee took immer, a great wooden spoon with a e four or five feet long, and passed it the top of the bubbling mass. He d off as much as he could of the green h skim which lay on the top, and the mptied it into the skimming hole. I be- o chew up one end of a cane stalk and d the chewed end into a nice brush, to be to dip into the pan. That is one of the astes on earth. You dip your cane stalk into the boiling pan, catch the yellow on the end of the stalk, wave it in the til it's cooled some, and suck it off. Again gain you dip it in, for once you start s no stopping. It's far better than the ed molasses; the taste of it puts you in offall winds and wood e and dancing in the and games played in cret dark.

saw me fixing my and laughed. "Here here's a little girl go- o eat her skimmings ! Put that stick away least another hour. to skim another time or two yet, 'fore immings get yellow. Green foam'll make ick sure."

e young folks heard that, and they d to work fixing a place to run a set. made everybody help.

ere, let's yank up these old stalks and us down a level place. Here, you little guns, get to trompling, you got nothing do. Stomp it until it's just like a floor."

ney hasn't no music come yet, Wint. run a set 'thout music. Not a solitary amongst us."

hucks, they'll be a fiddle or a banjer or thing turn up soon. Anyway, we can Cedar Swamp right now. Get you a gal lon't be bashful, and mind the skimmin' "

.

been wishing in the back of my mind vening that Cleve wouldn't come. It d be no fun at all at a stir-off, I decided, ld to stand around and talk to an old boy vening and not get to run and wrestle the younguns as I was used to. Besides, we had been rolling and tumbling about, at my pretty blue dress was wrinkled he hem was torn with the briers. My rib- was gone and my long hair was blown t my face and I had to keep brushing it I was one of the children, and mighty of it—not old enough to court.

t when they commenced lining up for r Swamp I wanted to play. I stood with ther littler ones and wished someone d ask me to play, but no one did. Some- whispered, "Where's Cleve at?" and I ed to die. Now everybody would think d made it up with me to come, and then pointed me.

ove the singing voices and dancing feet rd the clear high sound. Faraway it was, so faint that it sometimes got lost, but was no mistaking what it was.

last they heard it too.

lush, boys. Swear if I don't hear that old a-whinin' down the holler som'ers!"

Whose bow is it? Chad McDaniel's?"

Law, nary a bit like Chad. Hush, there More like Cleve's."

"Cleve Hamilton. That's who it is. That youngun can really play. What's his tune? Listen. Hush."

Dad said, "I can hear plain as day. That chap is playing Goin' to See my Truelove."

He began to hum the song, and some joined in:

"The days are long and lonesome,
The nights are a-gettin' cold:
I'm goin' to see my truelove
'Fore I get too old.

"O get around, Jenny, get around,
O get around I say,
O get around, Jenny, get around,
Long summer day.

"I went up on the mountain,
Give my horn a blow,
I thought I heard that pretty girl
Say 'Yonder comes my beau!'

"Ast that gal to marry me,
Tell you what she said.
Picked her up a knotty pine stick
And like to broke my head.

"I went up on the mountain,
Give my horn a blow,
If I can't get the gal I want,
Let that ole gal go."

Well, when I heard Cleve's fiddle playing that tune, I began to brighten up. I must have looked better because Jim Hall came over and asked me to dance with him. It made me proud to be dancing when Cleve came into the firelight. I was glad I wasn't standing with the little children, looking on.

A man is only half a success until he has a good wife.
—JOHN A. BRODY

Then Cleve played for the sets, and it seemed like that fiddle music turned the devil loose amongst the boys. One of them would be standing beside of his girl, patting his foot and clapping and waiting his time to dance out, then the dancing couples would go by him, and next minute, splop! there he'd be up to his shins in the skimming hole, mad and sputtering. I guess they finally had shoved all the boys and one or two of the tomboy girls into that hole before Lee finally hollered out to us:

"Here, younguns. Run dip in your stalks. Prettiest yellow foam you ever did see. Dip in, dip in there, and eat all you can. Ollie, Abbie, hand me your buckets here. This foam'll settle to more'n half molasses, you'll see."

Aunt Mary Ann said, "Just fill my bucket halfways up, Lee. I know this ain't the last skimmin', I'll finish filling it whenever you skim her for the main last time. That's the best foam."

"Why yes, I guess you will! The last skimmin'll be most all of it pure molasses. Well, I don't reckon I mind giving a good neighbor a quart of molasses. There'll be some for sale in the wintertime and I'll get a good price out of you for it, lady!"

I was down at the foot of the big pan with Cotton and Kathleen and little Amanda, eating 'lasses foam to beat the band. Cleve came up behind me and pulled me by the ends of my long hair away from the others. He looked mad.

"Well, do you want to see me or not? Fine way to treat someone. Here you run off and I had to walk up this long dark holler all by myself ——"

"You scared of the dark?"

"No, I'm not scared of the dark, but just the same I don't know the road much well, kept hearing all kind of strange noises in the woods, seeing eyes looking at me ——"

"Wonder the hants didn't get you. Wisht they had!"

"Spiteful! Then I get up here, and you are dancing with everybody else, and me having to play the fiddle all the time. Then you won't even offer to feed me off'n your cane stalk. You set down here eating like a little pig, and now you stand there laughing at me. I ought to whup you, that's what I ought to do."

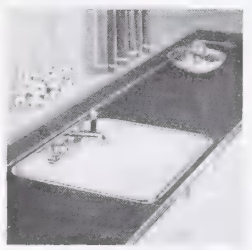
We both were laughing then and I began to like him again.

He whispered in my ear, "Come walk with me."

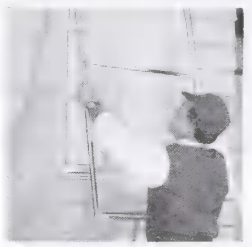


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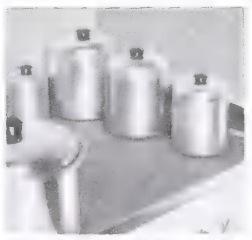
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"Whereabouts?"

"Over yonder, anywhere, where they can't spy us. Never did like to stand and talk to my girl in front of everybody."

"What's wrong with talking in front of people? They won't care."

"Aw. Come on. Most of the others are off walking and talking out there in the field. What're you afraid of, little baby?"

"I said I'd talk with you, but I didn't promise to walk."

"You're my girl, ain't you? If you're not now, I want you to be my girl. Then walk with me a little."

"Well, just to the edge of the dark there. Now what do you have to say that's so blessed important?"

"I don't know now. You look right pretty, with your hair blowing back wild like that on the night wind ——"

"I lost my hair ribbon, running with the others ——"

"And your pretty blue dress that I love so well, that fits you so neat ——"

"I tore it in the berry briers, playing banner with the children ——"

"You look like a little girl, and yet like a woman grown, and the sight of you takes out of mind all the things that I had to say to you ——"

"Here we are on the edge of the dark. Take me back ——"

"No, no, look on out there in the fields. It's not dark out there. It just seemed so when you were by the fire. The full moon is halfway the sky. How can it be dark?"

He had hold of my hand and we stood still. I trembled for a while but he said not a word. Then he said listen to the wind in the ridges, and the hoot owls calling out bad news, and he said look at the stars and how pretty the moon is, and after a while I stopped trembling. Back at the fire someone hollered out:

"All right, we going to play five-ten. I'll count first and everybody hide, but not more'n a hundred feet away!"

The voice began to chant:

"*Five, ten, fifteen, twenty,*
Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty ——"

"Come on, let's hide together. I know a place ——" We began to run.

"*Forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty,*
Sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five, eighty ——"

"Cleve! Stop it, stop, we're way over a hundred feet ——"

"Right here. Old fodder stack, nobody'll look for us here!"

"*Eighty-five, ninety, ninety-five, hundred.*

"*Bushel of wheat, bushel of rye,*
All ain't hid, holler 'I.'

"*Bushel wheat, bushel cotton,*
All ain't hid, better be a-trottin'!

"*Bushel wheat, bushel clover,*
All ain't hid, can't hide over!"

We ran, stumbling and panting, to the fodder stack and fell down behind it. We were both laughing so hard we were afraid the counter would hear us, and I couldn't stop laughing at all, so that Cleve clapped his hand over my mouth to keep me quiet.

I had never before been so close to any boy. I sat leaning my back against him, very quiet, and it seemed like I had a hundred hearts all inside of me trying to get out. I didn't have the power to move, to do any more than breathe, but I wasn't resting easy. I kept trying to act to myself like it was Kathleen or Cotton or some of the others there behind me. If it was one of them I wouldn't be shaking and shivering this way. It would just be fun, hiding there in the dark. But I couldn't forget it was Cleve. The hand holding my mouth was the shape and the smell of Cleve's hand, the breath that moved the body behind was his breath.

Out there in the moonlighted field the counter roamed about in the shadowy places. He'd see someone and then they'd break in a race for the counting tree. Sometimes the words that rolled over the field would be "One-two-three for Pauline!" and again would be "In free! In free! One-two-thr me!" Their voices and laughing and the of their running came clear to us and s very near, but the counter never came o far as our fodder stack.

I heard the sounds of the game as t they were dream sounds. Everything I see and hear around me seemed so que was like the whole world was changing from me, everything was different, n was real. This morning I had dreamed ing near to Cleve; now here it was and I like it. It was the feeling inside of m came along with being alone with him



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didn't like. I didn't know what to do with it. I had never had this kind of feeling before. There was almost something nice about it, but I was afraid and miserable and wanted to cry. I kept having to swallow for no reason and the sound of my swallowing was louder than the beating of my heart. I knew Cleve could hear and I was shamed to death. He'd think I was a fool and a baby.

His hand moved away from my mouth, over my face and forehead, and smoothed on my hair. He put his other arm around my waist. I sat there stiff as a board, wanting to holler out and yet wanting to let him hold me; wanting to run away and wanting to stay. I remember that most of my mind was to run, but some stubborn thing or other made me want to stay even against my liking. It was something inside of me that had to know what this strange feeling was, had to find out things everlastingly. So when he turned my face to him, I sat still and waited. He leaned over quick and kissed me on the mouth. I just looked at him right straight for a while, kind of foolish. I thought I was going to cry sure, I was so disappointed. Everybody'd talked about kissing and hugging; why there wasn't a thing in the world to it anyway.

"You like that there kiss, honey?" Cleve looked anxious.

"Well, I don't know hardly. You better kiss me again."

He did it different this time, slower and softer. He wouldn't stop. I jumped up and lit out across the fields before he could come to himself. I wiped my mouth hard with my hand. I couldn't wait to get to some water and wash my mouth out good. Cleve was running after me now, I could hear him brushing against the crackly cane stalks, stumbling over the dried clods, cussing mad. I was mad too. Why had folks led me to believe that love was so wonderful, that a kiss was such a pleasure? I was glad, too, as I ran. Let the boys chase me or not, I wouldn't care either way. I could be scornful of them all, now that I was free of their spell. I laughed out loud, and all at once I was almost up to the fire and the young'uns were motioning me to be careful or the counter would see me.

"Lay low, lay low!" they chanted out. I glanced behind me and saw that Cleve had stopped in the field and was rolling a cigarette like he never had a thought of running after me. I dropped to the earth and watched the counter looking about for me. It was Sallie, and at last she strayed away from the counting tree and I saw I could make it.

"Come in, come in!" I heard them call. I rose and made for the tree and beat Sallie to it and got in free. She looked around a while longer. Then she gave up finding the rest of the hiders. She cupped her hands and hollered:

"Bee, bee, bumble bee, all's out's in free!"

"Why, who else is out? Nobody but Cleve. Now where could he be?"

"Aw, he's not even playing," I said.

Some of the older folks had begun to stir around to go home; they gathered their buckets and their little children and lit their lanterns. Pretty soon their lights were fading this way and that way through the hills. The fire in the pit was low, almost ashes. Some of the boys were staying to put it out, and to wash up the stir-off vessels. Over to one side, the good-smelling molasses was cooling in a row of big shiny milk buckets.

The young folks were leaving now. They lingered about the fire long enough for their families to get a head start and then the sweethearts began to pair off down the holler and through the woods. I got with Kathleen and Cotton and Amanda and wouldn't let them game along too much, for I didn't want to see Cleve. I might have to let him take me home. We hurried along in the dark and we'd catch up with one light after another and pass the sweethearts by.

I got to wondering whereabouts Cleve was. My mouth still burnt me, and I knew that if I got in the light too much everybody could see where Cleve had kissed me. I was as sure as I ever was of anything that my mouth didn't look the same. Every time we passed one of the lanterns I'd turn my head to the dark. What would I do tomorrow when I had to face the light of day, what would I do and say? How on earth could I hide it?

That worried me more the farther down the branch we got and I walked quiet. The others were getting sleepy-eyed and they began to sniffle and fuss. What babies! Couldn't even stay awake on their own feet and it not midnight. At last I couldn't stand their trifling little ways any longer. I decided to walk faster and catch up with mom. Then I decided to walk slower and watch for Cleve to come along. Not that I wanted to walk with him, but I was peevish because he didn't seem to be trying to find me.

The fiddle sung out then, far back up the dark holler, not a dancy tune. A slowlike tune, a lonesome love tune. Sometimes it sailed clear up to the night sky and sometimes it sunk down and got lost in the branch waters. All at once I had a frightening thought that the music was a living thing, lost and crying, the fiddle bow making little slides and quavers and trembles all around the tune, like teardrops. Every note of it seemed to light in my breast; I was that song.

The sound came nearer and nearer, and my steps fell slower, keeping time, and as Cleve came up to my side, the words came and sang themselves inside of me:

Awake, awake, you drowsy sleeper,
How can you lay and slumber so
When your truelove is a-going to leave you
Never to return any more?

How can you slumber on your pillow
When your truelove must stand and wait,
And must I go and wear the willow
In sorrow mourning for your sake?

Down in yon valley there grows a green arrow,
I wish that arrow was shot through my breast,
It would end my grief, it would end my sorrow,
And set my troubled mind at rest. END



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They both like STEGOR* SILVERPLATE

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And how in the process it acquired an attractive entrance
patio on a two-year budget plan for a total of $324.

THE HOUSE THAT COULD HARDLY BREATHE



MERCADO

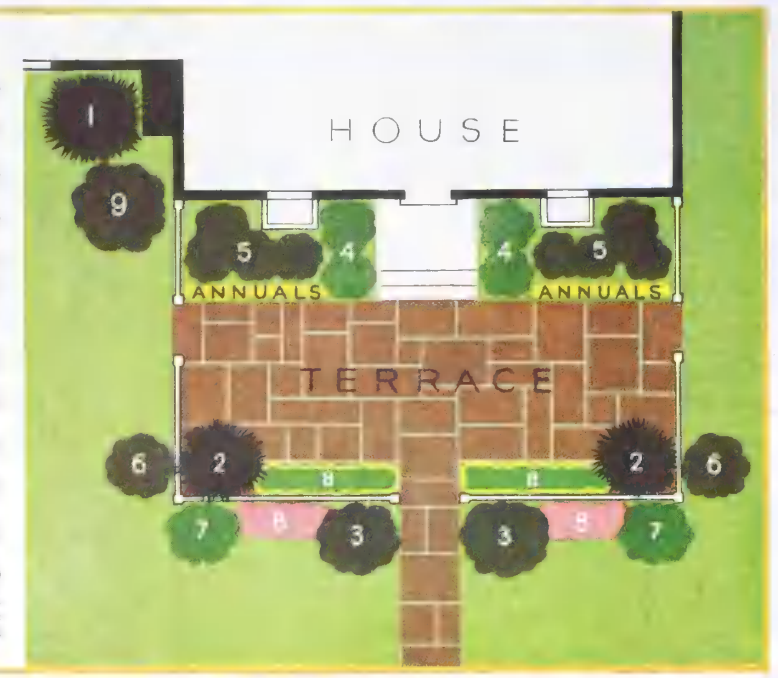
The evergreens that were replaced by the patio.

THE FIRST YEAR

1.	The arborvitae that stayed where it was	$ 00
2.	The 2 arborvitae that were moved (labor)	25
3.	2 female American hollies (*Ilex opaca*)	60
4.	4 little leaf Japanese hollies (*I. microphylla*). Flagstone and sand for terrace paving	20 65
		$170

THE SECOND YEAR

5.	8 box-leaf Japanese hollies (*I. buxifolia*)	$ 32
6.	2 upright Japanese hollies (*I. crenata*)	12
7.	2 Charles fragrant viburnum (*V. carlesii*)	12
8.	16 floribunda roses in large paper pots	26
9.	1 small male American holly (*I. opaca*)	12
	60′ of picket fencing 30″ high	60
		$154
	Total	$324



By RICHARD PRATT

IN no time at all this house would have been completely smothered behind a wall of overgrown evergreens.

"And the funny part is," the owners told us, "the plants looked so little when we put them in."

In the end, two rows of evergreens that were rapidly hiding the windows were dug up by the nurseryman when he delivered the first batch of new plants. The *right* plants this time, please note. While there, he moved forward the two tall arborvitae which stood at either end of the house.

With the two arborvitae in their new positions (2), a beautiful extravagant pair of female American hollies (3) were planted for the gateway, and a double pair of Japanese hollies (4) for the doorway. The terrace flagging was laid that fall and the beds prepared.

Next spring the fencing was put up and the planting practically completed. Eight smaller Japanese hollies (5) for the beds where the too-big evergreens had been, and two faster-growing kinds (6) to help two choice varieties of viburnum (7) cushion the outside corners of the fence. The beds of floribunda roses (8) were filled from a roadside stand in June, when the plants could be picked for color. And that second fall the final plant was put in—a small male American holly (9), without which the two female American hollies by the gate would not bear the bright red berries that make the place look like Christmas from Thanksgiving to Easter, whenever you happen to walk past.



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HAPPY EASTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

Lively as a cricket. "Lively as a cricket" and "irresponsible as a young lamb" describe the emotions of the moment, as the *pièce de résistance* comes up, which is

ROAST STUFFED LEG OF LAMB

Have your butcher bone a leg of lamb weighing in the neighborhood of 7 pounds. Brown 1 cup crumbled soft bread in 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine. Add ½ teaspoon celery seed, ½ teaspoon salt, a little black pepper and ¾ cup well-drained crushed pineapple. Season the inside of the pocket and the outside of the roast with salt and pepper, and stuff the pocket.

Fasten the open edges together with skewers. Insert slivers of garlic here and there in the roast, making slits in the roast with point of a paring knife. Rub the lamb with 1 tablespoon softened butter or margarine, and sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Bake in an open roasting pan in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., about 2½ hours. During the last 15 minutes, glaze the top with currant or crab-apple jelly. Currant is better, for its tartness overtakes any "muttony" taste. Remove roast to a hot platter and keep warm while you make gravy from the pan drippings.

Conversion is good. Some folks like hollandaise sauce. Some plump for good old mustard. There are two schools of thought. Two sides of the fence. Two breakdowns or whatever. I like both. It depends on the vittles they are invited to adorn. And not to be accused of a biased and partial nature, I won't even point to this or that dish, but let *you* point. And to lean over backward, *way* over, I shot a double bolt with

MUSTARD HOLLANDAISE FOR ASPARAGUS

Melt ½ cup butter or margarine in the top of a double boiler. Beat 4 egg yolks slightly with a fork, add ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 tablespoons prepared mustard. Stir the egg mixture into the butter or margarine. Place over hot water. Heat just enough to keep water under boiling point. Beat egg mixture with a rotary beater until thickened. Add ¼ cup light cream and continue beating 2 minutes longer. Serve immediately—or remove from the heat and reheat at serving time.

HERB ROLLS

Soften ¾ cup butter or margarine. Season with 1 teaspoon sweet basil, 1 teaspoon tarragon and ½ teaspoon chopped parsley. Mix and mix and mix some more. And mix once more, for luck. Slice 12 pillow-shaped crusty rolls into about 6 slices each, cutting down through the roll, but not cutting clear through, as you do for French bread. Separate slices a little and spread on both sides with herb mixture. Place on a baking sheet and heat in a moderately slow oven, 32 about 15 minutes until hot. And I guar that these are hot stuff any way you lo it. And as good as they are hot. You'll them to sharpen many a dull meal, a they don't sharpen the bread-and-b knives into steak knives, I'll miss my g Let me know about it.

CELERY-AND-MUSHROOM MEDL

Cut enough celery into ¼"-thick cres to make 3 cups. Simmer in 1 cup chi broth until just tender, then drain. S one 3-ounce can sliced mushrooms tablespoons butter or margarine. Se with a little black pepper and 1 teaspoo sauce. Add to the cooked celery. Toss ½ cup toasted, slivered, blanched alm and serve hot.

Once upon a time, as the fairies say, was a tried, true, never-fail formula for sert, especially if men were participatin was pie. Pie with cheese and no nonsense. yellow crumbly cheese guarded a slab o ple or mince or berry pie as surely as c was on hand to wash it down. But times cha Nowadays, lighter, more surprising des hit the eye, and men have learned what wo have known all along—that there are c loves in the offing. One of these I have n for your Happy Easter feast. It is

LEMON-CHIFFON RING WITH FRESH FRUIT

Sprinkle 4 teaspoons unflavored gelatin ½ cup cold water. Let stand a few min to soften. Meanwhile, mix together ⅔ sugar and ⅔ cup lemon juice. Separa eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the yolks beat them until quite thick and light-colo Try matching them to a lemon, a sort of lemon, you know. Add the lemon juice sugar to the egg yolks, stirring constan Cook in the top of a double boiler until ture forms a thin coating on the spoon—a custard. Remove from heat, add the s ened gelatin and stir until dissolved. Ad teaspoons grated lemon rind.

Chill in the refrigerator until it begin thicken. Beat the egg whites until they st up in peaks. Add ⅓ cup sugar, a tablesp at a time, beating well after each additi Fold into gelatin mixture. Pour into a la ring mold and chill until set. Unmold and center with seedless green grapes and fr strawberries. Ring may be frosted w whipped cream to which chopped mint been added, if desired.

Now we look forward. Winter wasn't bad, and didn't last too long. Let's look the first violet and savor the early columbi And in every spring breeze hear an echo, as a silver bell calling, "Happy Easter to yo The happiest you ever knew, is the wish fr

Your ANNIE

SPRING TIDE

By MILDRED COUSENS

The moon had flooded the field
with silver.
And pear trees covered with
snowy white
Shook their petals in little showers
At the slightest breath of the
sleeping night.

Fragrance of grass that was half
sweet clover
Floated like bubbles upon the air.
Mingling with scent of mint
that clustered
Beside the brook meandering
there.

Slowly, as motion under water.
The cows moved forward a
yard or more.
Their brass bells sounding a
wild sweet jangle
Such as no one had ever heard
before.

Suddenly earth went dipping,
reeling.
Sailing out on a sea of stars.
While the girl with her head
flung back, hair streaming,
Clung for her life to the
pasture bars.

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THAT CAN'T TARNISH

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10-¾" Covered Fry Pan

9" Covered Fry Pan

8" Covered Fry Pan

6-qt. Covered Sauce Pot

3-½ qt. Covered Sauce Pot

2-½ qt. Covered Sauce Pot

9" Brazier
—Casserole
—Server

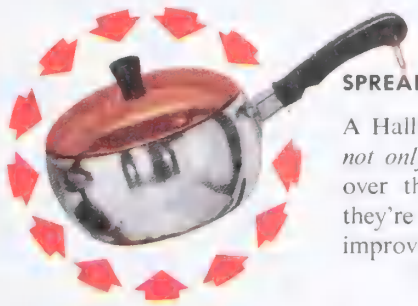
3-½ qt. Covered Sauce Pan

2-½ qt. Covered Sauce Pan

1-½ qt. Covered Sauce Pan

2-¼ qt. Double Boiler
(use as 2-½ qt Sauce Pan, too)

4-cup Egg Poacher
(It's an 8" Fry Pan, too)



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CLUB PROJECTS ABROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Helping to clothe refugee students from East Germany who have left everything behind (there are about sixty a month), is another important project of the American Women's Club in Berlin. At sewing machines provided by the Ellen J. McCloy fund, club members and some students themselves mend and repair clothing sent from such organizations as the Kansas City chapter of Beta Sigma Phi sorority, Denver's Soroptimist Club and other women's groups in the United States (packages are addressed to the Welfare Committee, American Women's Club in Berlin, Germany, APO, 742 New York, N.Y., postage paid only to the latter). Almost everything is usable. "Why, someone sent us a dozen used choir robes, and the girls made them into dresses," Mrs. Adam Troska, President of the Berlin Club, told me. "But the occasional blanket that comes our way is the great prize. Our biggest problem, you see, is to get enough bedding to furnish the tiny room and make it comfortable for the refugee."

Most appealing of the many programs is a mothering project, started by a small group of wives belonging to a noncommissioned-officers' club, at a *Kinderheim* (children's home) in Frankfurt. Volunteers signing up for service at the *Kinderheim* work in groups up to twelve—caring for the small orphans and abandoned children, many of them crib-bound, giving them comfort and love, teaching them to feed or dress themselves, some to walk or talk. Some children in the *Kinderheim* have so won their way into the hearts of those who tended them that they are now permanent members of American families.

Such children are, of course, only a few of the thousands of German children adopted by United States military and civilian familie over the past few years. U.S. Army familie alone (exclusive of the Air Force, the U.S Navy and civilian personnel) have adopte some 3000 German youngsters since 195 Many have become the adopted parents of tw or more. In some instances a single family ha adopted as many as seven children.

For Americans in Berlin, the new life is de manding as well as challenging. Present-da housing differs greatly from the widely publ cized "luxury" homes occupied by a few im mediately after the war—when properties wer requisitioned from the vanquished Germans a no cost to the U.S. Government. Today American quarters often are crowded. Whe there is no government housing, each famil must find its own accommodations off th base. Sometimes the rent is high. Plumbing heating and other improvements must b brought up to minimum standards at the fam ily's own expense.

Emphasizing that Germans get to know ou country best through our citizens abroad, th conference suggested that Americans try little "back-yard diplomacy" by finding out a about their new community—without bein conspicuous— making friends with the milk man, garbage collector, policeman on th block. "Don't expect to love everybody," th advice continued, "but don't be critical. Abov all, hold in respect the customs and standard of the host country."

Margaret Hickey, a participant in the U. S. Departmen of State's Educational Exchange Program of 1954, ad dressed the biannual American Women's Activitie Conference in Berchtesgaden, Germany, last Octobe She also visited other parts of the country and viewe community action programs carried on jointly b American and German women's groups.

UNJUDGING LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

octagonal room where he kept his photographs of exotic shrubs; and the long library where his greatest literary treasures were kept. Here he received younger brethren who came to him for advice, anyone he wished specially to impress. And here he decided, that December afternoon, to receive Mr. Lambert and give him tea.

He realized the moment Anton showed in Mr. Lambert that he had never liked the man. The shaggy tweed suit, the bristly mustache, the too-hearty manner. Without getting up from his own comfortable seat by the log fire, the dean waved him to one opposite.

Lambert, headmaster of St. Andrew's, Gilchester's ancient grammar school, had no more liking for the dean than the dean had for him. Why should this tiresome old bachelor have any say in the appointment of a new chaplain to the school?

The dean handed him a cup of tea, and pointed to the chocolate cake. "Help yourself, headmaster." And he went on blandly to talk about the film of Julius Caesar, which he had seen in London a week ago, and which he knew perfectly well Lambert hadn't seen. "In your opinion," he snapped suddenly, "what are the chief qualifications needed in a chaplain for St. Andrew's?"

Lambert was startled. "Not too old, of course. Not too young either. I think he should be married, preferably with children of his own."

"Oh? Do you?" The dean's voice was milder than a dove's, always a warning to the unwary. "You think married men have more character than bachelors?"

"More likely to understand young people, perhaps. We live in unsettled times. Young voyagers need someone reliable at the helm."

The dean hated metaphors. Buzzing a bell to order more hot water, "Well, now," he continued, "there are three possible names before me." He referred to a slip of paper on the table. "There is Rudwick, curate at Holy Trinity. I'm told he writes detective stories under another name—much too intellectual, I fear. What about Mr. Spicer? A bit of a boomer in the pulpit, married, with four sons, all crazy about sport. Interest you?"

The door opened and Anton came in. Holding out the empty water jug toward him, the dean glanced again at his list, giving Lambert no time to comment on Mr. Spicer.

"Finally, there's Mr. Hearne, of Hinton Parbury."

"I don't know him at all, Mr. Dean."

"Naturally," murmured the dean, "I am a little more familiar with the diocesan clergy than you are. Been at Hinton for twenty years. From what I know of Mr. Hearne, he is a faithful parish priest and eminently deserve preferment. As you know ——"

"Wouldn't he be a little out of touch, Mr Dean?"

The dean blinked so mildly that Lambert thought he hadn't understood him. "As you know," the dean continued, cutting himself some chocolate cake, "the school chaplaincy carries with it the living of St. Martin's Wendon—not a bad living. I think the best thing to do is to ask Mr. Hearne to preach the Founder's Day sermon to your boys in the cathedral. Afterward, we can see how he reacts to the idea of a possible change."

"Is he married, Mr. Dean?"

"He is, headmaster. There is a daughter, a very good pianist, I am told. The son was killed flying, in the war."

"Well, Mr. Dean, I'd be glad to have a talk with him. But about my friend Harvey ——"

The dean broke in coldly. "There is no need for anyone to see Mr. Hearne at the moment. I shall write to offer him the pulpit on Founder's Day. Meanwhile, the appointment had better not be discussed."

Alone in the waiting room, Lawrence Hearne turned the pages of an old copy of the Illustrated London News. There was a gas fire in the room, yet he shivered and drew his woo scarf closer round his clerical collar. Turning the page again, he came upon photographs of Hillary and Tensing in the victorious assault upon Mount Everest. His tired face lit up as he studied the pictures.

The door opened and a manservant came in. "Doctor Pember is sorry to have kept you waiting, sir."

)h, not at all."
mber greeted him warmly, pointed to a chair and offered him a cigarette from a box. Lawrence refused this, and tapped a p stubby pipe on the fender. "No, I cling y old stand-by, thanks."
was warm in the room; there was a feeling curity and assurance here. Drawing at his Lawrence looked at a picture on the wall, roduction of Turner's Fighting Téméraire. blazing ship came alive in his imagination, rgot that he was in the doctor's consult- oom; there were men around him dying e savage zest of battle.
mber was talking, and Lawrence had not d him. Then he stopped, and there was a questioning silence.
'm sorry," said Lawrence. "My mind had dered away. Could you repeat that?"
Perhaps you'd prefer to read it yourself?" lber handed him the report from the hos- .
wrence read slowly, "Endocarditis lenta. 's what you thought, isn't it?"
was afraid so."
awrence got up and replaced the report on ber's desk. "It must be difficult for you," egan, "but —— Of course one has to ask iresome question. How long have I got?"
A year at the very most." Pember spoke ptly. "Absolute inactivity, complete rest t give you a little more, but ——"
People in my profession, or in yours, Doc- Pember, cannot think of complete rest."
expected you to say that—and I have no ver."
There's no need for me to tell anyone ut this—for the present, I mean—is there?"
Why should you, if you don't wish to?"
just see no point in distressing my wife daughter. Well, thank you."
e walked slowly to the door. Outside, in hall, he saw only one thing: a desk calendar he hall table which gave the date in large k type—7 December.
s he walked down the street, his umbrella up before him, he thought of the cathe- . The west window would be quite dark , the organ silent.

Martin Hood, organist and choirmaster of Chester Cathedral, was a misfit and he w it. In his late thirties he was getting fat, black hair was always too long, his shirt ar was never quite clean. He did not much for his appearance, and catching sight of face in a mirror above the music desk, he k out his tongue at the reflection. *Tin Pan y is my natural home*, he thought. And as girl at the piano went on playing Bach's omatic Fantasia and Fugue, he realized how unutterably bored he was—sick to death of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms.

The girl at the piano, who was Lawrence Hearne's daughter, Susan, went on valiantly. It was an important occasion for her—her last lesson under Mr. Hood.

He listened; one part of him heard every note while the rest of him thought of some café in the south of France, where guitars plucked love from the moon as she rose, dark orange, over the Mediterranean. Why had he ever done this? he asked himself. Why had he become a cathedral organist? Merely because he had wished to be able to declare to his parents (now both of them dead) that a living could be made out of music.

"No, no, no!" He rapped out. "You're scrambling it. We want Bach—not Miss Hearne."

She felt a blush mounting up her neck. She was furious but she went on, grimly holding back the natural accelerando which the music demanded. And Martin made another grimace at himself in the mirror, then threw down his baton, sprawled in a chair and closed his eyes.

The last entry came up in octaves from the bass. He sat up. Almost every girl he had ever known had made a bleary mess of this conclusion. But Susan had the grip of it. He turned and looked at her, reflecting how easy it would be for her to make herself look attractive. She could never go on a concert platform looking as she did now.

Then the last A-major chord sounded, and she lifted her hands cleanly from the keyboard.

"Was it all right?"

"I'm not going to flatter you and make you more conceited than you are, but it was good."

"I'm not conceited."

"Oh yes, you are. And you've a right to be. I can't do any more for you. You'd better make up your mind to let the London School of Music see what they can make of you."

"I've told you—I can't go and live in London. There's no money."

"If you win the scholarship all your fees are paid."

"But that doesn't keep me, does it? I can't demand more from my parents than they can possibly give."

"Have you ever even asked them?"

"No, but ——"

He got up impatiently, fumbled with papers on his desk, and found a form. "I've filled this in for you," he snapped. "All you have to do is to sign it. The examination isn't until March; it leaves you weeks to work things out. One day, when you've got the world at your feet, you'll thank me for this."

He put a pen in her hand, and she stared at the form, tears in her eyes.



"I was just wondering what you would do if Aly Khan became interested in me . . ."

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"I didn't realize my last lesson would be like this," she muttered.

"What did you expect? A bouquet of roses?"

"I just thought you'd be a bit nicer, that's all."

Suddenly he laughed, and took her hand. "Don't torment this shabby old cathedral organist any more," he said. "It's given me pleasure to have a pupil who is worth while. It will give me more pleasure to see her go on to success—and success, my dear Susan, is never achieved except through a lot of pain and a lot of courage. Come on! Sign."

Slowly she signed her name at the bottom of the form.

Taking the form from her, he slipped it into an envelope. "Good girl," he said. "This calls for a drink to your success."

"No, thanks. It's kind of you; but I don't want a drink."

He was on his way to the cabinet where he kept glasses, and he stopped and stared at her. "Do you know," he said slowly, "I believe that Susan Hearne is afraid of life."

"No, I'm not afraid of life; I'll tell you what it is." She turned over the pages of some music on his desk, without looking at him.

"Well, go on. Tell me."

"It's making beds, scrubbing floors, washing up, cooking meals, shopping, getting more meals, washing up again. That's life. And I'm not a bit afraid of it."

"A very heroic speech," he said, "and if I had a tape recorder I'd like to play it back to you, so that you could hear the complacency in your voice."

"That's beastly of you!" she cried. "I hate you for saying that."

Seizing her coat and scarf from a chair, she went quickly to the door. Martin had the desire to catch her by the arms and shake sense into her; but he knew quite well what this would lead to. He stayed where he was. Unwise, he thought, to play with the emotions of a child of nineteen.

She had gone out to the hall; he waited to hear her slam the front door. Then, to his dismay, she came back. She had left her music case, and as she took it she said quietly, "I'm sorry, Martin. I shouldn't have said that. I *am* grateful for all you've done, I really am."

He knew only too well what the lessons had meant to her. But he spoke like a kind father, his hands clasped behind his back.

"My dear child, I have given you my best professional services and you, in return, have worked very hard. I would not like to tell you how many nitwits have sat in this room and murdered my piano. In your case, I have not had to submit to such torture. I thank you for it."

She looked at him for a moment, a shabby figure standing in the warm light of this well-remembered study; she desperately searched for something to say. But he would not look at her, nor offer her any more remarks. So she turned and went out of the house.

Rain trickled down the windowpane of the bus as it dragged up the narrow hill out of Gilchester. More people were cramming in. A stout woman with a dripping mackintosh and many parcels stopped by Lawrence. He saw that it was Mrs. Bratley, wife of Farmer John, vicar's warden at Hinton Parbury, and he immediately recalled a scene with his wife, Vera, when she had burst into his study some three weeks ago. "Lawrence, I *hope* I did the right thing—I was passing through the yard of Halsey Farm when I saw that detestable Willie Furze who works for the Bratleys handling a calf so *brutally*. I had to stop and tell him I'd report it to the R.S.P.C.A. It scared him, I think; and that horrible Mrs. Bratley did nothing but stand by the door and stare at me—never said a word. If Farmer John knew, he'd send him packing. Can't something be done?" But Lawrence had not "done" anything, knowing that it was not the time to disturb the old farmer, who had been seriously ill for weeks. He had not seen Mrs. Bratley since. *Unfortunate*, he thought, *that I should be condemned to seven miles in the bus with the woman who dislikes me most in the parish.*

"HALLO, Mrs. Bratley. Would you like my seat?"

"Oh no, thank you. I can stand as well as any."

Well, it was absurd to argue the question. "How is your husband?" he asked.

"He's not good at all," muttered Mrs. Bratley, in a tone that implied it was entirely his own fault he was ill.

"I must come up and see him tomorrow."

"If he hears you're coming, he'll only be trying to get himself up, parson. I'd sooner you waited."

No, thought Lawrence; Vera's denunciation would never be forgiven. Nobody could pretend that old John was exactly an easy m probably the wife had had a hard time o Yet the first wife had been a happy woma quiet, dignified and sure of herself. What made old John take this shrew to his boson his old age?

"Is there any news of Jim?" he asked.

"No. I wish there were. He never stops t ing about that boy. I tell him he's all ri there are hundreds of 'em out in Kore what's the good of thinking the worst?"

"Yes . . . but it is worrying, not getting ters," said Lawrence quietly.

"Worry makes things go wrong, that's w I always say."

It was not a conversation that could pr ably be continued. Lawrence sat very sti the bus went on into the darkness of the marshy country he knew so well, w twenty years of his ministry had been sp Twenty ineffectual years, they now seeme him.

Then he heard the words spoken by I tor Pember: "A year at the very most." It odd; there was nothing here to frighten on all. He was almost filled with a sense of re it was better to k the truth than to dure weeks of wai such as had beer lot lately—wai and trying to pret to Vera and Su that he felt be than he did. N at least, that over.

Smoke in his n trils, the murmur mumble and mu of voices in his e all of it so fami the chattering of and women be carried along home and sup bed and sleep. If could only see clear original tern, he thought only one could in her essence full personality that sadly unlik woman Mrs. B ley, whose wet ma intosh was now d ping rain on the cloth of his trous Suddenly he deci

he could not sit below her any longer. ting up, he touched her arm.

"Now I must insist you have my seat, M Bratley."

She frowned hatred at him as she took She would not forgive this. *A pity*, thou Lawrence, *that it is hardly ever given to u see one another clearly. Shall I soon see "fac face," not "through a glass darkly"?* A yea the most. But even to that year, no certain only Faith and Hope and Charity to carry out to the ocean of eternity.

As he stood, he closed his eyes, and ag let the voices sink into his ears. "Thy kingd come," he murmured. Well, he might s know more about that.

The vicarage at Hinton Parbury had b built in 1875. Recently water had been brou to the village, so there was now a proper ba room, and a sink in the kitchen. Vera Hear who had never been a complaining type woman, now looked forward to a day wh electricity would follow water, and she wo be able to switch lights on and off. Meanwh it was her proud boast that no lamp had e smoked in the vicarage, that the best bak could be done in an oil cooker. She genuin loved her husband. She was married to a go man; and it made life very difficult for he particularly when the wind rattled the p branches, and the rain thrashed the pseu Gothic windows, and she was filling the lamps. That was now her task: waiting alo in the house filling lamps, feeling desolate.

She got up, took the lamp and went in the living room. The fire was nearly out, a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

NEXT MONTH

● The letter was marked, "Delivery Delayed." It had been mailed ten years before, by a man named Jeremiah Clay. Now it had come out of the past to wreck Martha Radcliffe's life, to make her doubt the man she loved.

My husband is a thief and a murderer, Martha thought. *What shall I do? I am not a saint, and there is a place where a conscience must stop. My own family must come first, no matter what George has done.*

Had George Radcliffe really killed Spindell? Had he stolen the money, and accused an innocent man? And if he had done these things, could his wife betray him?

FIRST TRAIN TO BABYLON

By MAX EHRLICH

Novel complete in the May JOURNAL



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Iron most fabrics without sprinkling

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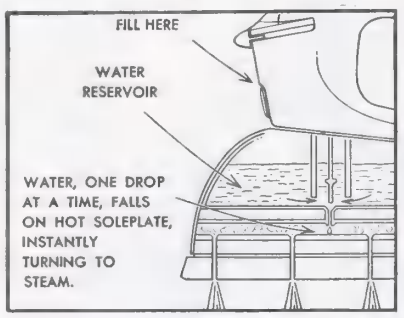
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2. INSTANT STEAM! Drop by drop, water falls onto hot soleplate . . . flashes instantly to steam. Steam stops automatically when iron is placed on heel rest. Uses tap water in all but extremely hard water areas.



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Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

she carefully put little pieces of coal on the dull embers. As she stared around her the very walls of the room seemed to close in on her and stifle her, like a story by Edgar Allan Poe. Nothing was any longer her friend here. Yes, there was one exception. She approached the framed photograph of David, the last picture taken of him in his uniform.

She sat down, holding the picture. It was many years since his death; she had quite got over the shock, she had fought her way back to a belief in her faith which this tragedy had so shaken. And yet, and yet . . . if the Lord gave, why did He have to take away? Those dreadful hollow words from the burial service which had been so often spoken by Lawrence in the graveyard, and yet could never be spoken by him for the committal to earth of their own son's shattered body, rang mockingly in her ears. *What should we say in our human span of anybody who gave merely in order to take away?* "*Blessed be the name of the Lord*"*?*

"I must do something," muttered Vera, "to take my mind off such evil thoughts."

Something to do . . . something to do. . . . On the card table she saw a blue bank envelope. It was the collection from the special Advent Service last night, which Lawrence should have banked today. He had always been rather careless about money, and it had become a habit for Vera to check the collections for him.

"Well, I can count that, I suppose," she muttered.

As she counted, there was a gentle yet imperative tapping at the door knocker. She was holding two and six in her hand—Dorothy Hunter's contribution, she thought, and probably that was Dorothy Hunter at the door. Sliding the coins back to the envelope, she went to the hall.

It was Miss Hunter. "Oh, Vera, dear. I had some butter sent from my Irish friends, and I've brought you some."

Frail, ascetic, tall, Miss Hunter offered the butter eagerly. Everything about this kind, ugly old woman was urgent and eager; she always spoke breathlessly.

"That's very sweet of you, Dorothy."

"No, no, it isn't. I couldn't be a pig and gorge the lot. Oh, my dear, I must tell you—Nicky Hocking is on the drink again. I saw him *reeling* into the Crown just now. I thought I'd better tell you, because you know what he gets like."

"He made a solemn promise to Lawrence after the last bout that he wouldn't touch a drop till Christmas."

"WELL, I don't know what's sent him off this time. But you know the saying about Nicky in the village—he always drinks before he digs a grave." Miss Hunter laughed a little wildly. "I believe the old man's got the evil eye, but one can't help liking him. By the way, I hear that poor John Bratley is really *very* ill."

"I don't wonder, with that wife," said Vera.

"No, she can't exactly be a *consolation*, can she? I must fly; I've got some bunion ointment for old Mrs. Webber—I found it in that herbalist's in West Street."

The door opened and closed. Miss Hunter darted out into the December night.

In Hinton Parbury there were two public houses: the Crown, and the Parbury Arms. There were only three people in the bar of the Crown that evening: old Simon Webber, on his usual bench by the fire; Nicky Hocking, who leaned over the long curving bar and wagged a horny forefinger at the third person present—Charles Munson, the landlord.

Nicky, the sexton, could get drunk on three pints. He had had those three, and was now arguing with Mr. Munson about the fourth.

"No, Nicky, I'm not chalking up any drinks to you."

"And who said, who said about chalking—who said?" Nicky passed his large knobby hand across the air before Munson's face, as though to mesmerize him.

"Well, let's see your money, then."

NICKY had no more money, and Munson knew it. Pushing the empty glass away from him with contempt, Nicky spat on the floor. "I've got more money than you've ever imagined could be," he said. "Proper job coming off, that's what I got, a proper job. I'll have parson get you the sack—you wait, Charles Munson."

"Out you go!" snapped Charles. Coming from the bar, he took hold of Nicky's arm.

"Take your heathen hands off of me!"

A car had drawn up outside, and just as Munson seized hold of Nicky and propelled him through the swing doors, two people were coming in.

"Oh, Nicky!" It was Susan who stood there, staring. Nicky bowed very low, looked up at Susan, then down again. "We have done those things which we ought not to have done, he muttered. "And there is no health in us . . . no health in us, missis . . . poor old man . . . never meant harm ——"

Pushing past the young man who had come in with Susan, he swayed out into the dark cobbled yard and crossed the street.

"The last time he drank," said Susan, "he fell into a ditch, and daddy had to get up in the middle of the night and drag him out."

"Who is he?"

"The sexton. Father's the only person can deal with him when he's like this."

They went into the bar, and Charles Munson welcomed her effusively as, a little nervously, she sat in one of the window seats. She had been in the bar before, out of hours, with her father, when he had been making a sick call; but she had never come during licensed hours.

Kenneth Foley ordered light ale. After that, there seemed to be nothing to say. Sipping her ale, Susan looked into the fire, wondering why she had allowed Kenneth to persuade her inside. "*I believe you're a girl who's afraid of life.*" She could not forget Martin Hood's words. Perhaps they were true.

Kenneth had met her in Gilchester on her way to the bus station, and had wanted her to go to the cinema with him, but she had insisted on returning home, so he had offered to drive her. He had met Susan some months ago, during a concert which it was his duty to write up for the local paper. He had noticed something alert and arresting in this severe flaxen-haired girl. There had been other meetings, then the affair had stuck; neither of them quite knew where they were.

"Very nice here," said Kenneth. "Such a lot of lively talk, and people hopping in and out. I've always thought that Gilchester is pretty hot, but this beats it."

Susan got up irritably. "Let's go," she said. He followed her out to the little two-seater.

"Was I stepping off on the wrong foot?"

"You know quite well you were."

"Look, Susan, what's this all about? I thought you wanted to get away from this antiquarian's paradise and find some life of your own—like me."

"It's easy for you to get away. You're a man."

"It's not so easy. Do you think my mother's going to like it, with young Peter in his last

WHEN BEAUTY WALKS THE APRIL HILLS

By LUCY EMBURY

Beauty will not be denied,
But from afar may be descried
Running through the winter chills
On light feet
On white feet
To dance the April hills.

To dance upon the April hills
Freeing little, clear-voiced rills
Blowing on the brown old earth
With sweet breath
With warm breath
That brings fresh green to birth.



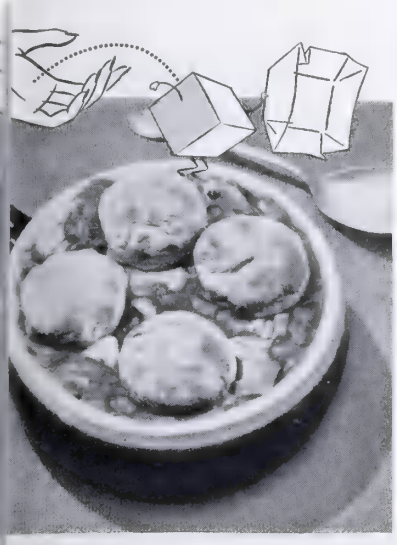
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year at St. Andrew's? But I know one thing: she doesn't want me to hang around in a fusty old cathedral town all my life."

"You hate Gilchester, don't you, Kenneth?"

"I don't exactly hate it. But it hasn't got any meaning for you unless you're over sixty."

"It wouldn't mean anything to you that for twenty years my father has celebrated the Holy Communion and said Matins and Evensong every morning and evening in that church." She pointed across the road. At the top of some rising fields, they could see the small squat tower of the church.

"How many go?" asked Kenneth.

"That isn't the point. It's there, if people want it."

"Well, don't you think it would be more to the point to try to find out what people really do want, and give it to them—and make some money in the process? This religion you defend so much—it hasn't done much for you, has it?"

Without answering, she ran across the road and began to walk down the avenue to the vicarage gate. Quickly Kenneth followed.

"Susan, I don't want to quarrel with you."

"Then you go a funny way about it."

"Don't you care a bit for me?"

"Oh, I can't talk about it tonight."

As Susan hurried down the lane, Kenneth stared after her. If it wasn't for daily Matins and Evensong, he thought, she might have been quite an amusing girl.

Susan let herself in quietly by the back door. She dreaded seeing her parents. There was a struggle going on inside her, and she knew that in this mood she might blurt out the news of the scholarship in the wrong way.

In the hall she paused. She could hear voices from the living room.

"Aren't you hungry, darling?"

Lawrence was making a valiant attempt to eat Welsh rabbit and fried tomatoes, and when Vera spoke he jabbed at the toast heartily.

"Of course. I was thinking, that's all."

"Did you get through your business?"

"Yes, thank you, dear. All quite satisfactory. I dropped into the nave for a bit of Evensong. They were singing the Bell Anthem—really very lovely. Hood played it beautifully."

"You know it was Susan's last lesson with him today?"

"Oh? I'm afraid I'd forgotten."

"You are rather inclined to forget things about Susan, aren't you, my dear? Forgive my saying so, but I sometimes think you just take her for granted. She's got more than ordinary talent, and what are we doing for her?"

"My dear, if you don't mind, could we talk about this some other time? Just at the moment ——"

"Just at the moment"—Vera got up and dropped the darned sock in the chair—"just at the moment, you're tired, and I'm tired, and that is how it goes on, and we never have time to talk of what is nearest to our heart. It doesn't seem right, Lawrence—it just doesn't seem right."

He did not answer.

OUTSIDE, Susan stood nervously by the door. It was always the same when you were foolish enough to listen; you never knew when to make the right entry.

Quickly Susan pushed open the door and walked in. "Sorry I'm late. I met Kenneth Foley and we had a snack. Don't get up, mummy. I'll get mine from the oven."

"You must bring this young man to see us sometime," said Lawrence.

"And how did you get on?" asked Vera. "Was Mr. Hood pleased?"

Now was the moment to talk. But Susan could only say, "Yes, quite pleased."

A moment of silence, when the clock on the mantelpiece ticked away ironically as though it challenged them all to say what really lay in their minds. Then Lawrence said, "I think I'll go to the study. I've got those electoral-roll forms to go through."

"But you're not particularly busy tomorrow, are you, dear?"

No, he thought; he was not particularly busy tomorrow. It was simply that tomorrow had ceased to exist.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131



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PREAM

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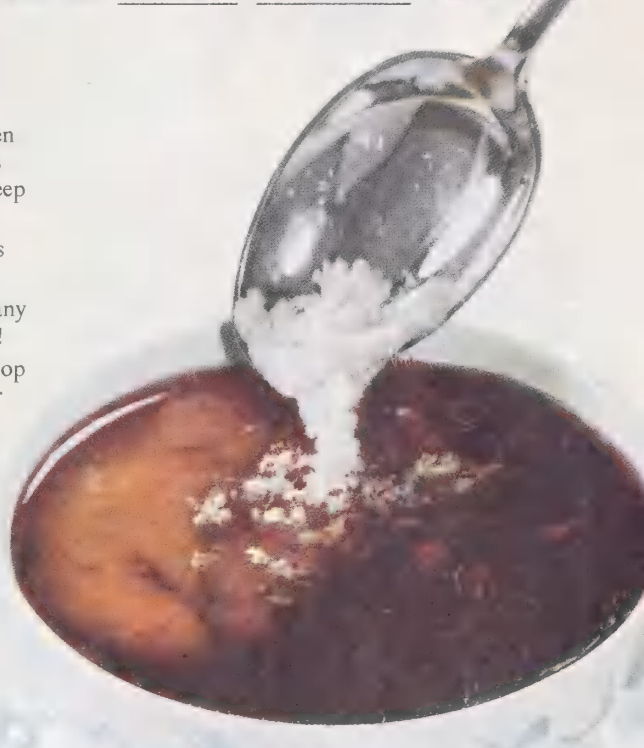
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Pream Home Economist, says

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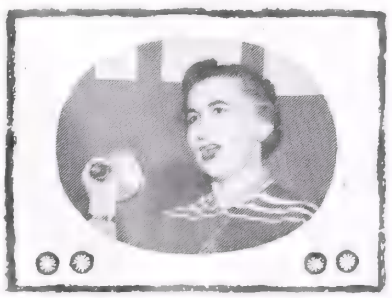
WHERE DID THE MORNING GO?

Time for lunch already?
Where did the morning go?
The chores are done, the
house is tidy . . . but it hasn't
seemed like a terribly
tiring morning.

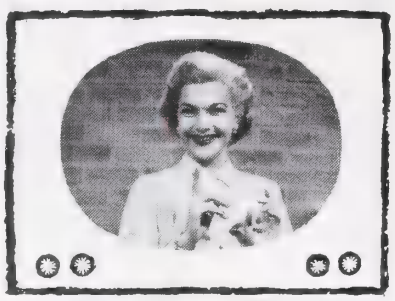
First there was breakfast, and that was pleasant. We all got the news from "TODAY," and Dave Garroway had some fascinating guests. The children were still laughing about J. Fred Muggs when they left for school.



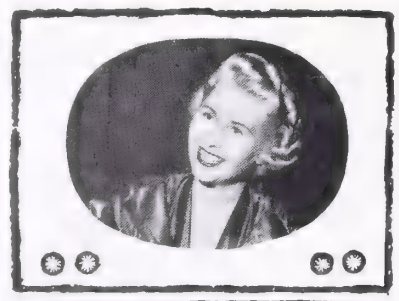
Then I sat Kathy down in front of "DING DONG SCHOOL" and I didn't have to worry about her while I tidied up. Miss Frances got her interested in finger-painting, and after the program Kathy just went on playing quietly.



"WAY OF THE WORLD" had the second installment of the new story, and I couldn't miss that. It's like a magazine serial — you keep looking forward to the next episode. And beautifully acted, with new stars for every new story.



I think I started the ironing while I watched "THE SHEILAH GRAHAM SHOW". First she discussed the latest Hollywood news and gossip. Then she interviewed William Holden, and showed parts of his exciting new movie.



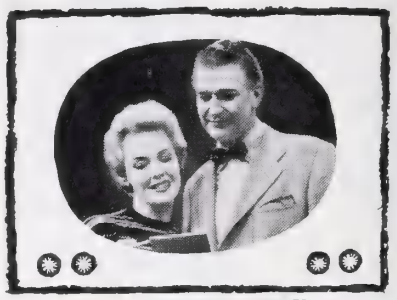
And I finished the ironing while I watch "HOME". I couldn't *count* the good ideas I had from Arlene Francis and her expert assi ants on health, home decorating, gardening a food. I added a few things to my shopping l



Any morning of any day, "THE TENNESSE ERNIE FORD SHOW" can brighten things for me. Tennessee Ernie and his talent friends joke, sing and share the fun with ever one . . . at the studio and at home.



And then "FEATHER YOUR NEST", whe that lovely couple won a living room suite, a Bud Collyer and Janis Carter were so nice them. And I think that it's a wonderful id that viewers at home can win prizes, too.



The morning was a pleasure instead of drud ery. And yet I have everything done . . . haven't really wasted a second. It's the way like to have the morning go.

EXCITING THINGS ARE HAPPENING C

NBC TELEVISION

a service of RCA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

I'd better get it done," he said quietly. As closed the door he wished that it were pose to discuss, quite coolly, the verdict upon n. It was, after all, the verdict upon the ole human race; only a question of time e made any difference.

t was a night of sudden violent gusts of d and pelting hail showers. Upstairs in a all attic room in Halsey Farm, propped up a brass bedstead, with a lamp burning on a le beside him, old John Bratley shook his at the window as the wind rose. He was ry with life. He wanted to get up, and did know why the fool of a doctor had or- ed him to stay in bed. There were these ping pains from time to time in his stom- But he was used to them.

He wanted to get out and see what the winter n was doing, and whether they'd stacked t rick properly. Where was Jim? Why sn't he here to carry on the work of the m? What were those foreign devils doing h him out in Korea?

He groaned. Reaching to the side of the l, he managed to grasp a thick stick which ned there. He knocked it sharply on the or.

He heard the voices below in the kitchen p. Then he heard his wife coming slowly the stairway; the door opened, and she od there.

'Well, John, what do you want now?"

'Bring me some er. Who've you got vn there gabbing to ?"

'It's Willie Furze, t's all."

'Nice old time 're having down re while I'm lying k up here, aren't , woman?"

Without answering, closed the door l left him.

n the kitchen, Wil- Furze, a burly mid- -aged man who s seated with a cup tea before him the table, glanced cautiously as Mrs. Bratley came down.

'What's wrong now?" he asked.

'Wants you out of the way," she said.

'Shall I go, then?"

'No, stay. It's my house. Why doesn't he out and have done with it? And he won't ich the tablets the doctor's given him."

'Listen, Sarah." Furze lowered his voice. Why don't you have him taken off to hos- al? He's never slept away from here. That'd sh him."

'He won't go. He'll fight to his last breath. ke more than cancer to beat him."

'He can't last long now."

'Sometimes they hang on for months—even rs. If I'd known it would be like this, I uldn't have married him."

'Well, you got it all coming to you, Sarah."

'Oh, yes, the place is mine all right—I've seen will. But he doesn't trust me an inch, and I n't like it."

'What do you mean, doesn't trust you?"

'He's got a black case locked away upstairs d he won't give me the key."

'What's in it, then? Deeds of the land?"

'No, they're with the bank. It's money."

HERE was a silence. Furze drank his tea oughtfully. "Well, you've no need to worry," said presently. "It's yours one day."

'I'll see it is," she said. Then she went up stairs with the cup of water.

The farmer was sitting on the edge of the d, struggling to find slippers, cursing.

"What are you doing?" she cried. "Get back o bed. What do you think the doctor will ?"

"Damn the doctor. I want something."

His legs were very weak, his face yellowed d anguished with pain, and as he spoke he l back upon the bed, helpless. His wife took feet, lifted them in under the sheets, and rmured, "There, there, John—what is it u want? Let me get it for you."

Under the pillow she saw a small key. Her hand stole toward it.

Suddenly his huge hand shot out and gave her a blow which sent her staggering against the door. "You leave that key alone," he growled. "Get down and lock the house, and turn that fellow out, d'you hear me?"

When she had left he sat back against the pillows, panting with exhaustion. "I'll send for parson," he muttered. "He'll help me."

It was after eleven, and the vicar sat in his study, before an ancient roll-top desk littered with papers. A lamp was on the desk, and the rest of the room was lost in shadows.

The door opened, and Vera came in. "Lawrence, dear, may I have a few words with you on something important to us both?"

He was startled. Was it possible she had guessed? "Of course, my dear. What is it?"

"Susan. She's told me wonderful news. Mr. Hood has entered her for a scholarship at the London School of Music. He says she's sure to win it. It will mean two years' study in London, under the very best masters. If she works, she may become a great pianist—she may become famous."

He said nothing. Every second he failed to answer, Vera grew more impatient. "Well, don't you feel pleased?" she asked.

"Of course I am. It's wonderfully good news."

"But you see what it means, Lawrence? She'll have to be kept in London. I'm going to write to my sister Edna—she could give her a room, I'm sure."

"The scholarship would pay only her fees, I suppose?"

"Yes. That's what we must talk about. Edna can't afford to have her for nothing; but I know she'd be content with very little. She'll need clothes, and ——"

Lawrence interrupted. "Yes, yes, dear. It can't be worked out in a moment. There'll be a solution. I feel sure God means there to be a solution."

She spoke coldly. "I think it's about time we used our heads—isn't that what God means us to do? Lawrence, this is our problem ——"

"Vera, I don't think we're in a mood to talk about it tonight. Whatever can be done for Susan shall be done."

"I shall write to Edna for a start. If Susan wins the scholarship, she won't have to go to London till after Easter."

She moved slowly toward the door. She wanted to go on talking, she wanted to consider every practical possibility: what they could sell of any value; whether there wasn't some fund to assist in such matters. But he was unable to give her that. She felt cheated.

He walked up and down the room, considering the problem of Susan's future. He knew that Vera was right. This was a question he had constantly put aside, being unable to find the answer.

The living of Hinton Parbury was worth six hundred and fifty pounds a year. Out of this figure, when pension funds and various essential contributions were paid, he was left with just under six pounds a week on which to run this decrepit old house. It was perfectly evident to anyone except the Chancellor of the Exchequer that it was not possible even to clothe himself and his family on his income.

The room was very close and the lamp smelled. Going to the heavy blue curtains, he drew them aside, opened one of the windows and stepped out onto the lawn. It had stopped raining, the wind was quiet, the stars clear.

He heard a rustling in some bushes, and turned sharply. Nicky Hocking fell in a bundle at his feet.

"Sorry, parson—I've fallen again. It's the devil, he led me astray—it was him what tempted me ——"

Lawrence bent down and pulled the old man to his feet. "Come on," he commanded. "You can walk all right, Nicholas. Go straight back and tell your wife you're sorry, and go to bed and sleep it off. You'd better leave me to pull the bells in the morning."

"It was the devil, parson."

"It's high time you stopped blaming the devil, and blamed yourself for a change."

Slowly the old man shuffled away. Closing the window and drawing the curtains, Lawrence stood very still. The house was dead quiet now.

Going to his desk, he unlocked a drawer and took out a notebook. It was a journal in which he wrote his thoughts. Now, staring at the blank page, he felt that he should have much to write; and yet he did not know where to begin.

FROM LAWRENCE HEARNE'S JOURNAL

December 7. I am aware that I am seeing things differently, but it is hard to define it more clearly. This morning I was bewildered and irritable, not at all looking forward to the appointment with Pember. Tonight I am not bewildered. Do I "look forward?" No. It seems to me that I look inside, truly, for the first time in my life.

WORDS THAT WORK

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Nothing at all remarkable has happened. I have merely been told by Doctor Pember that I am suffering from an incurable disease of the heart and can expect at the most a year more of life. There is nothing remarkable in this. We all know that death is inevitable; yet we live as though it did not exist. To be told you soon have to die—what does it mean? Practically, it is of course a nuisance. I think of all that I wanted to do and it seems to me that I have done none of it. I think of S. and V. and what it will mean to them.

I am sweating a little, as though the effort to think with any clarity were too much for me.

Your life is like a little winter's day
Whose sad sun rises late to set too soon. . . .

I chanced on those lines of Belloc's a few days after I had heard of David's death, and then it did indeed seem to me that human life was pathetic—so brief, so inarticulate, so desperate a striving for expression which only the great saints and artists ever begin to achieve. For us without such endowments life is a little winter's day—this day of December when I, by the grace of God, still live, still breathe, touch, taste and smell.

Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say,
rejoice!

December 8. Visited John Bratley. I was not allowed to be in the room more than a few moments before Mrs. B. hustled me out, I can't tell why.

I have tried to avoid talking to V. She is restless and miserable. About S. I feel powerless to act.

All day heavy ragged skies, ponderous clouds over the flooded marshes, not a gleam of sun—nor rain, nor wind. Ominously still. I write this, again, late at night. Have I ever really begun to think deeply about anything? Has it all been superficial? I have baptized scores, married and buried two generations of people—why does it now seem to me nothing but hypocritical lip service to a system which seems worn out and moth-eaten?

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home . . .

At the end, did Newman see the light?

December 10. Among bills and circulars, a letter from the dean asking if I would care to preach the annual Founder's Day sermon to the boys of St. Andrew's School in the cathedral. I was completely bowled over by it. Doesn't he know that I have never preached a decent sermon in my life? My immediate instinct was to say no—but V. was so distressed by this reaction I had to agree I would undertake it.

I rang Bridger in Gilchester today and asked if he would come and make an offer for my library. He said he'd come. I can't see that there is anything in the vicarage to raise money on.

December 16. A primula is out under the drawing-room window. It is wonderfully mild, the birds sing in the early morning as though it were April.

Susan is practicing the Waldstein Sonata for hours on end. She has chosen to play it to the examiners, and I can't help thinking she is unwise. It sounds to me a very masculine work, not suitable for a young girl.

December 22. Bridger came over to value my books. Twenty-five pounds for the lot! Of this, three pounds for the Archaeologica Britannica, and seven pounds for the bound volumes of the Strand Magazine with the Sherlock Holmes stories. He was extremely nice, almost apologetic. "But nobody is buying books."

I decided not to sell. It would be unbearable to face all those empty shelves in return for a sum that could not help Susan at all.

December 25. Christmas dawn. Impossible to sleep. I have crept downstairs. I am worried about V. When I gave her Communion at the midnight celebration I felt again that rapid beating in my heart, a sudden swift pain like a sword; and when I saw her hands outstretched for Communion, I felt I wanted to take them and lift her away from the dea ness of this existence. We have lost our w we are struggling across an unending mo land, trying to find the star which never shin God help me to get through these days Christmas, to say nothing unkind or cynic

Later. I have not been able to go back bed. It is nearly seven, and soon I must p pare for the eight-o'clock celebration—I m minister to my flock, feed my sheep—me, unfaithful shepherd.

My God, my God, why hast Thou f saken me?

January 1. Like a child, I find myself sayi "This will be a better year." New Year's D Turn over the new leaf, Lawrence! Stop ask God for things He does not intend to give y "Be strong, and play the man"—that is wh I used to say to David when he was a chi in distress about something. If David w here now, and I were to confide in him, tha what he would say to me. But for him, turning over of a new leaf. I am glad he d before his manhood could be sullied.

February 8. Days of unending rain. Nic has felled the dangerous ash in the avenue, we shall have some firewood to get by for rest of the winter. Today I tried to chip so small bits off with the ax, forgetting for moment. But it is no good, I am frightened any heavy work and, indeed, if Pember right, it is no use embarking on it.

I do not know why God is keeping alive—unless it is that I have something to Is it merely to find money so that S. may co tinue her career? I must write to old Patri He is the only friend I know who might ha money—and would prefer to give a pres rather than be asked for a loan which I cou never repay.

February 12. Patrick Bellerby, my old friend, died yesterday. I hope and pray th he never read my letter. *Requiem aeterna dona eis Domine.*

March 9. V. asked whether I had written Founder's Day sermon. I said I had started which is not true. She suggested as a text, fro St. Paul: "Run, that ye may obtain." I said thought it very suitable. She later told me th she is thinking of going to stay with Ed next month. We did not discuss money—it h become the impossible subject.

March 19. Bitterly cold, with snow—and t coal is running out. Nicky brought in a lot wood, but we shall burn it quickly th weather.

This journal has become nothing but dreary account of day-to-day affairs—mea ing nothing. What has happened to my sp itual fortress? I realize that I have ceased think eternally during the last weeks. I about my daily affairs mechanically, yet n unhappily.

There is a daily growing sense of excitemen in me, as though I were walking to the bri of a precipice, very slowly, and would see when I got to it—and threw myself down, wit out care, or sense of loss or regret. I mu learn to love. I must learn to let God work H way in me. There are no more questions to as

March 22. Why has V. suddenly become loving and attentive? Is it because I myself b gin to see life more clearly? God knows, must have been a drag on her lately! B now . . . I am urged not to catch cold. I he such remarks as "We must do everything help your father." It is quite beyond me to u derstand this sudden change of mood, sin they cannot possibly know my actual conc tion—it would hardly produce this reaction.

Was it true? Vera asked herself. After these years, was it possible? Sitting in the R fectory Tea Rooms, with wind-nipped daff dils in a brass pot, and a glimmer of blue fro a decrepit gas fire, she stared at a list of cath dral services pinned to a notice board.

"Mother, you're miles away. What are y thinking about?"

Vera put her elbows on the checked tabl cloth. "Pour me some more tea, darling. I' got some news for you."

s only tea leaves now, I'm afraid."

h—then get some water." Vera leaned he table and sank her voice. "You know the dean wrote to daddy asking him to this Founder's Day sermon? I felt must be something behind it. So I men- it to Dorothy Hunter—you know how ts the cathedral gossip. Well, it's almost n they're going to offer your father the aincy of the school—and the living of St. n's Wendon goes with it."

ıt are you sure of this, mother?"

sure as one can be. My dear, St. Mar- lone is worth nine hundred a year—and he chaplaincy, that would bring it up to fifteen hundred."

San frowned. "I don't understand why isn't told."

magine the dean's going to leave that till the St. Andrew's Evensong. The sermon ind of—how shall I put it?"

ou mean—it's like a test?"

ra did not answer at once. Back over y years she remembered—or failed to mber—Lawrence's sermons. She searched ind. Surely, something memorable? Yes, had been an original angle on the parable e unjust steward, now she came to think

es," she agreed, "a sort of test. But I it's a mere formality—the dean will ably ask your father to tea afterward, and offer him the job."

ut, mother, it's like an answer to prayer."

n answer to my prayer for you, darling, aps. Yes, I think it's meant that way. But see, darling, how frightfully important is for daddy? We've just got to put him in everything for the time being."

Mustn't we talk to him about it?"

Oh, no, it would be all wrong if the news from us."

e stopped. A waitress was standing by the

More hot water, please," said Susan.

ıt Vera changed her mind. "No, I've got a l job I must do in the town, and you want e Mr. Hood, don't you? Let's meet at the station for the five-thirty."

ey came out to the High Street. Kissing daughter, Vera watched her go down street. Then she walked up the hill and t into a jeweler's shop.

e had to wait some moments. A fat, over- sed woman was making a fuss about a l necklace which had not been properly ired, and Mr. Handley, the jeweler, was mining it. A girl assistant came to the nter. "No, thank you," said Vera, "I'm ing to see Mr. Handley."

Now the fat woman had gone and Mr. Handley was looking at Vera. She opened her handbag, produced two rings.

"These are the rings I phoned you about, Mr. Handley." She realized that she was sinking her voice. Then she raised it as though to let everyone know she was selling jewelry. What on earth was there to be ashamed of? The fact that they had been her mother's rings, what difference did that make?

An age passed while Mr. Handley pored over them. "Very nice work. We really can't rival it today."

Vera took a quick breath. "Then you would be able to ——"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid I couldn't offer you more than twenty-five pounds for the pair. There's hardly any demand for Edwardian jewelry. I have a friend who specializes in the Edwardian and late Victorian—would you care to leave them so that I can show them to him?"

She hesitated. Then, in a strange mounting anger, she spoke. "No. I'll take them, thank you. Not a penny less than a hundred pounds would be of any use to me. And they're worth more than that."

To her annoyance she banged the door of the shop. What a waste of energy it had all been, she thought. Anyway, they could do without the money now. It was only a matter of tiding over the next few months.

In only six days, Lawrence told himself, he would be standing in the pulpit in the nave of the cathedral, preaching to a great company of boys. He sat staring at torn-up sheets of paper.

Getting up, he found a straggle of tobacco in the tin. It was almost dark, yet not dark enough to draw the curtains. For two hours he had been wrestling with something that daily grew more impossible. "Run, that ye may obtain. . . ."

He heard a car coming along the drive. Looking out, he saw a small two-seater. A young man got out, then Vera and Susan. He went out to the hall to let them in.

"Oh, Lawrence darling, wasn't it nice? Susan's friend, Kenneth Foley, met us and gave us a lift home."

"That's splendid! Come into the study, Mr. Foley. I've looked forward to meeting you."

"Are you sure you aren't busy, dear?" asked Vera.

"No, no! Glad of a break."

Kenneth looked quickly around the study in the glow of the fire. It was much as he had imagined: untidy, yet easy and inviting. "I've



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hoped to meet you for some time, Mr. Hearne," he said. "Susan and I have got . . . quite friendly."

"Yes, I know. You're on the staff of the Echo, aren't you?"

"That's right. Pretty dreary."

"Weddings, funerals, flower shows, with diamond weddings thrown in as a diversion."

Kenneth laughed. "I did manage to get a line in on the Potter murder case last year. Since then, nothing worth writing up."

"Oh, that dreadful case. How odd to think that to fellows in your job it could prove useful. It makes you wonder about the mystery of evil, doesn't it?"

"In what way, Mr. Hearne?"

"I mean . . . it's the wretched murderer who gives the judge and the police—and we'll include you and me—their livings, isn't it? Wipe out murder, the effect might be chaotic. There's a line for you, Foley. Write something sensational on the origin and purpose of evil."

Kenneth laughed. "That's out of my line, I'm afraid. Why don't you do it yourself, sir? Some editors are very keen on contributions from the clergy now that religion seems to be so dead —— Oh. I'm sorry, I didn't mean that."

"Don't mind what you say to me, please. Religion *is* pretty dead if you go by the numbers that attend orthodox places of worship."

Lawrence paused, standing by the table and turning the pages of an issue of the National Geographic Magazine. It was his one monthly diversion.

"Are you a Christian?" he murmured.

Kenneth hesitated. "I don't think I am really. I never go to church."

"Were you baptized?"

"Oh, yes. My mother and father thought that was the right thing to do, I suppose. I remember when my young brother Peter was confirmed a few years ago, I felt that I ought to think it all out. But somehow, I never did."

"You have a young brother?"

"Yes. He's at St. Andrew's School."

Lawrence suddenly felt timid. "Does he like it there?"

"Not much. He says it's moldy with tradition. He was saying only last night he was thinking of going on strike and refusing to be present at the annual Founder's Day service."

"Was he? What would happen if he saw that threat through?"

"Oh, mother and I dissuaded him. It would mean the sack probably and ruin his chances of a scholarship to Cambridge."

There was a voice outside. "Are you coming to have tea, Lawrence, dear?"

"Yes, yes," the vicar called back. Drawing his arm through Kenneth's, he went slowly out to the hall. "Incidentally, Foley— very glad about you and Susan. What happens, I wish you luck. Come and again."

Later that evening, Lawrence was still in study. He had managed to scribble a few pa of his sermon, and felt easier about it. He reached a point where he had made a que tion: "God give us men! A time like this mands strong minds, true faith and — There his memory failed him.

He went to his bookshelves. The volu he needed was too high to reach. Drage out a small shelf ladder, he climbed the st and reached out toward the book. S denly he slipped, and found himself spra ing on the floor. A sick dizziness overca him, a pounding in his heart. He did not d to move.

The door opened and Vera came in. Acr the hall he could hear Susan playing the Ba Chromatic Fantasia.

Vera gave a cry and ran toward him. S helped him back to his desk chair. "Oh, poor dear—whatever were you doing?"

He felt the sweat tingling on his forehea "Very stupid of me," he murmured. stretched out too far—too far, Vera."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

She stared at him. "But are you sure you're all right, darling?"

"Yes, of course, Vera. I want to thank you, and Susan, for being so extraordinarily kind to me lately."

"Oh, Lawrence, I don't think I have been very kind."

"Yes, you have. And as to Susan—don't worry."

"I'm not worrying any more. How have you got on with your sermon, dear?"

"I don't know. Take a look at those pages."

Vera took the pages, brought them over to the fire and read them slowly. As she read, her heart sank. There was nothing wrong; but she had heard it all before.

"Oh, I like it," she said brightly. "It's just what the boys need."

There was a long silence. Then Lawrence laughed. "I expect I can liven it up somehow. I've still got five days. I'll sit up late and work on it. You go to bed, my dear."

The privilege of holding an annual Evensong in the cathedral on Founder's Day had been granted to the scholars of St. Andrew's School early in the nineteenth century. The date chosen was the Thursday before Passion Sunday.

And on the Thursday afternoon there trooped into the nave a long procession of boys, prefects, masters and the governors of the school. The sixty foundation scholars, wearing their dark purple gowns, formed a separate procession and were ushered into seats just under the pulpit. Hunkin, the oldest verger in the cathedral, performed this task with bitterness. This event was always a nightmare to him, from the moment when the great doors were thrown open and these gangs of noisy louts swarmed in to the moment when at last they left its holy peace—with chewing gum stuck under seats and toffee papers gummed in hymnbooks. Hunkin disliked anyone who came into the cathedral; could only tolerate those who were paid of cials of the place, in some capacity—even t cleaners. But above all, he hated this rabb from St. Andrew's.

Each year a new preacher was asked to d liver a special sermon. And because of so lar a congregation, the service was held in t nave, not in the chancel. The choristers hat it because there was no anthem, only hymr It could safely be said that this Evensong which had originally been planned as an i spiration and encouragement to the scholars had become the dreariest and most meanin less farce of the scholastic year.

So here we go again, thought Martin Hoo peering through the carved woodwork of t choir screen at the rapidly filling chairs. H was feeling unusually cynical that afternoo He fell into a march in B-flat major. Couplin the full swell at the right dramatic moment just as the choristers were turning the corn from the transept and climbing up the da steps—he killed the sound of six hundr shuffling feet as they rose, in a stormy modul tion to B major, then slid down again rapid to his original key—sighing away to silence the knees fell upon moth-eaten hassocks.

Lawrence was on his knees, his hands cove ing his face. He had never preached in t cathedral before; never, in fact, preached so large a congregation. But here he was, h sermon on the desk before him; and as eve second ticked on the moment came nearer.

Mercifully the service seemed to go ve quickly—and here they were again at a hym This time he did not even consciously hear t words, as he slowly began to walk to the win ing steps of Bishop Crichton's pulpit.

Now he was standing before the readin desk, he had placed his Testament before hin opened the pages of his manuscript. Raisin his head, he forced himself to look dow along the nave as the last verse of the hym was reached. He knew that Vera and Susa were somewhere, but did not try to loca them. One figure caught his eye: a gooc looking young man with a bored air, yawnin It was Kenneth Foley. Then his gaze fell to t seats immediately below him. A boy of abo seventeen had surreptitiously brought o from his jacket pocket a small Oxford editio of some classic and was opening it, as thoug to settle to some decent reading. Lawren could not help smiling; this was a sensib child.

A sudden thought gripped him: all thes young lives—how long had each one of the in which to accomplish whatever they wante or had been meant to accomplish? For a se ond Lawrence closed his eyes. He knew that h was extending this silence beyond a reasonabl point. The words of his text, "Run, that y may obtain," were on his tongue—but h could not speak.

Suddenly his gaze fell again on that one bo who was frowning over a difficult sentence i his book.

Not aware of any particular thought in hi mind, Lawrence quietly took the pages of hi sermon, held them out in the air and tore ther in two. Then he tore these half pages again and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"You have just seen me tear up a sermon was going to preach to you on this importan occasion—your Founder's Day. Although took great trouble to compose it, the truth is all the time I was writing it I felt that it did no really contain anything to encourage you t look at your lives with more-seeing eyes. S that is why I have torn it up. What I am goin to try to say to you will come from my heart."

Lawrence was aware that the boy with th Oxford classic was sitting forward, his chi cupped in his hands. The pulpit had suddenl become comfortable; he felt that he was a home in his old armchair, talking to on person.

"You and I are travelers through thi strange and challenging journey we call by the name 'Life.' Most of you are young, and you will certainly think of me as being old. But I can't say I feel old; I only feel, as I hope you feel, that I am starting out on a voyage of dis-covery.

"It is a proper tradition for a Christ preacher to take a text from Scripture. S



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ake as my text words which you will find Matthew's Gospel: 'Take no thought r what ye shall speak: for it shall be ou in that same hour ——' In that faith go on.

st now, I spoke of 'trite statements.' sort of statements? I mean . . . state- on which most of us hang our destiny— ats on a hatstand we have never even l at closely. Statements which you have ard repeated over and over: about the om of Heaven; about future rewards for established on this earth; about punish- in hell for sins committed. Now don't way with the idea that I am a mere clast—that I wish to discredit the ian scheme of belief. I certainly don't. It interpretation of such statements I on—and ask you to question. Were or example—intended to pursue through- l the days of our lives a deadly policy of first,' simply because we were afraid of g mistakes which *might* merit punish- hereafter? Believe me, God doesn't care e man who never dares to make a mis-

ppose that hatstand were suddenly ed away, and we found we had nothing ng our tattered old hats and caps on? there might come to our minds—if we the Gospels at all—a remarkable state- accredited to our Lord in St. Luke's el. The Pharisees have asked Him when kingdom of God' shall come. And His er is: 'It cometh not with observation'— annot expect to find it here or there. It is n fact ——"

wrence deliberately paused, leaned for- , and spoke very quietly. "—— it is not, t, necessarily a *future* state of blessedness l. For the Lord continues: 'The kingdom od is within you.'"

paused again, as though to listen to the ds within himself.

don't want to weary you with any theo- al interpretation of that remarkable state- . I am only going to point out that if you hine it—if you really take it as a new and ound summing up of the essential mystery r lives—it will probably upset your whole ept of heaven as a place where angels sing harps are played and a lot of virtuous ple sit around and do . . . well, do *what?* really don't know.

To return to the Gospels. Jesus gives us y hints about this extraordinary kingdom: ll come like a thief in the night, it will grow n a grain of mustard to a huge tree, and n. His analogies are always exciting— len, swift and bold. What I do suggest to young or old, thinking of life or thinking eath, is that we might all be very much aken to pin our hopes to this future state lessedness, this negative condition.

ook at it this way. Suppose you don't tell don't rob your friends, you don't give way hat are called impure or wicked thoughts, you go to church twice every Sunday. pose you do all that; and then suppose you nd out that there was no special sort of ard for any of these actions—would you that you had done them all for the wrong son? Would you perhaps then come to ize that your heaven is *here and now*—not nething round the corner but something ch is the intrinsic part of this very living ment—while I am talking to you and you listening?

Does that idea find an answering echo in ir hearts? I believe it does. I believe that all us really feel that life is such a wonderful ng that every second of it is more precious n any conception of a future state can ever And what I want to say to you is: if you do ll that, then trust your feelings more, and nk less."

Suddenly Lawrence's easy conversational nner changed. His voice rang out in a di- t command:

"Turn your heads and look at that magnifi- nt west window!"

Three hundred young heads swiveled round; ler people tried to pretend they had eyes in backs of their necks.

"As you probably know, three hundred irs ago, before Cromwell's troops smashed at window, each pane of glass went to make a picture of a saint or a martyr, or holy man or woman of God. When, later, they came to assemble the broken bits, it was impossible to find the original design. Stupid vandalism had wrecked forever what had been a perfect pattern. So the builders did what they could; they put the pieces back at random, saving even the tiniest precious chip of colored glass, and they hoped for the best. 'It shall all be there,' they said, 'even if we can't see it as it was before.' That is what God has done to us—this miracle of reconstruction—losing nothing through the tragedy of our fall from grace. There, in that window, you have a picture of human life as it really is—our triumphs, follies, tears, laughter, what is called good, what is called bad, all mixed up in kaleidoscopic confusion. Try as you will, you cannot see the pattern clearly. Sometimes the setting sun will show you hints of what it was like. And yet it is there—it's all there—if you had but the power to reassemble it properly. Read that wonderful window—it has more to tell you than any book—and come to think of the whole span of your lives as being existent, *here and now*—then I believe you will learn to realize that merely to live life on a strictly moral basis is to be like a man who has twenty grand suits in his wardrobe and never dares put them on in case it rains."

Halfway down the nave, Kenneth Foley was scribbling rapidly in his notebook.

"Don't run away with the false idea," continued Lawrence, "that you are at liberty to live life on an immoral basis—far from it! But in this struggle between the good and the evil if you are not careful—or rather, if you are *too* careful, too much on guard against the snares of the devil—you may miss the whole point of living—which is to realize your own true pattern.

"Life is—*here and now.* As Mr. Eliot says 'Quick now, here, now, always.' What, then, are you going to do about it? 'Ridiculous,' says Eliot, 'the waste sad time, stretching be-



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fore and after.' Are you going to waste life in miserable speculation on how much money and worldly goods you will have—what sort of pension there will be when you are over sixty—or are you going to treat life as an adventure, setting out on the road, as the Lord commanded, with no thought of the morrow, no purse, no caution as to your next step? I suggest to you all—boys who have faith and courage, as you sit here in a building which is one of the supreme glories of Europe—unless you forget how to be careful you may end by not being able to be anything else. Suppose you suddenly knew your last day had come? And you looked back, and saw that, through a policy of timidity, you had accomplished nothing? Then you might indeed endure the pains of hell—the pain of knowing that you had never looked on all the familiar things around you and seen how grand and rich they were: the face of a friend, an unfolding flower, a river in full spate; all such things would have tremendous importance for you, and you would realize only one thing: if this earthly life is all that there is—and remember, as Dean Inge was fond of pointing out, we priests can really tell you no more about that than any other man—then it is tremendously important; if, on the other hand, it is but a hint of the full clear pattern, which the window in its day of glory revealed, then life becomes infinitely more important.

"That is all I want to say to you. Except, in the words of the great Advent message, 'Be careful for nothing. But rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice!'"

The cathedral was loud with sound. Hood was playing Stanford's Sonata Britannica, and boys were tumbling out into the sun which streamed in through the west window. One of them threaded his way in the opposite direction. An Oxford classic, a copy of Plato's Dialogues, stuck out of his pocket.

As Vera and Susan stood aside to let the boys past, Kenneth Foley came up to them. "Look," he said, "I'll meet you in the Refectory in about twenty minutes. I've just remembered a bit of telephoning I must do; do you mind?"

"No, of course not, Kenneth," said Vera. Her voice was dull and distant.

"I thought Mr. Hearne preached a marvelous sermon," said Kenneth.

"It was the best he ever preached," said Susan. "We're just going to have a word with him before he goes round to the deanery."

Up in the transept, the boy waited. Vera and Susan came up there too. The dean was talking to Mr. Lambert. Vera watched them nervously, but could not hear what the dean said.

Suddenly she started forward. Lawrence was pulling on his old mackintosh. Just as she was about to go to him, the boy darted forward.

"Mr. Hearne, may I speak to you, sir?"

"Yes, of course." Lawrence rubbed his hands across his eyes as though he felt tired.

"I thought it was a fine sermon, sir. I never expected anything like it. Some of the fellows asked me if I'd ask you to address our debating society. Will you, sir?"

"I'll certainly think about it. Thank you very much for asking me."

The boy was about to say more, but a fa red-faced clergyman came waddling towa them. It was Tom Hayley, of Compton Mars "Well, well—what am I going to call you Hearne the Heretic?"

Lawrence blinked. "That sounds like som thing gone wild in Windsor Forest, Hayley

At last Vera managed to catch Lawrence eye. "I'm so sorry, dear," he said, "that yo and Susan can't join me. But the dean didn think to ask you, and ——"

"It doesn't matter, dear. We're going to th Refectory with Kenneth Foley." Then, whe he did not answer, she muttered, "How *cou* you have been so foolish?"

Without another word, she caught Susan arm and hurried through the transept gates.

Lawrence shook his head a little sadly. H did not wish to take tea with the dean, but that moment the dean came up to him. "Sha we go, Mr. Hearne?"

All through tea the dean talked about noth ing but exotic shrubs, showing Lawrence hi collection of photographs. On the whole Lawrence enjoyed the tea, though he felt a the time he was expected to say something and never could, except to mumble, "Ah yes a friend of mine once had a paulownia which thrived in the worst soil ——"

At half past five, as the sun was fallin through the window in noble streams of re and orange, he was glad to get up and go, an profoundly grateful to the dean for making no reference, even obliquely, to his sermon. Onl at the door Wetherby said, "Mr. Lambert ha hoped to come to tea to meet you, but I fear h was detained on school business."

"Oh, a pity," mumbled Lawrence, wonder ing why Lambert should wish to meet him anyway.

Just as he was about to close the door, the dean said, "Next time you preach in the cathedral, Mr. Hearne, we must see that you have a wastepaper basket in the pulpit." Then he closed the door quietly.



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Martin Hood reread the letter he had just written to a friend in London, not sure whether he wanted to post it.

A record of Segovia was playing. It was one of his various antidotes to cathedral music. He got up, opened the windows and stepped out into the garden. He slipped the letter into its envelope, and walked to a door in the wall. Here there was a postbox and as he slipped the letter in he met Lawrence.

"My dear Mr. Hearne," he said, "you couldn't have turned up at a better moment. I am depressed, idle and irritable—and you must dispel all three vagaries by coming in and having a drink with me."

"That's very kind of you. As a matter of fact, I've just missed my bus, and ——"

"Splendid! Then you have an hour's wait."

As they went back through the door Martin touched Lawrence's arm, and said, "Do you know, yours was the first sermon I've heard in the cathedral that meant anything to me."

Lawrence stared. "I can't believe that."

"Oh, yes! I can assure you, it's nothing but drivel Sunday after Sunday."

Martin closed the windows and lit the gas fire. "Now, will you have a spot of gin?"

"No, thanks. I hardly ever take spirits."

"Sherry, then?" Martin poured him a drink, pointed him to a chair, and raised his own glass. "To the present," he said. "Here and now!"

"Ah!" Lawrence smiled. "You liked that bit, then?"

"I liked that bit very much. Mr. Hearne, I want to ask you something. I believe you're the only person I could ask, and get an honest answer. Is it a violation of one's truest nature to suddenly throw up all that you had once believed to be true—and walk out?"

Lawrence thought before replying. "The best way to answer that question," he said, "is to ask another. If you knew you were going to die in a week's time, how would you spend the next seven days?"

"I suppose it might depend on your age, to some extent."

"Well, then, let's say we're talking of a man in his late thirties—you, for example."

Martin laughed. "Yes. Me. I'm desperate, you know. Five years ago, I was full of enthusiasm—very proud of myself. Now, do you know how I see the organ loft? It's a prison."

"In that sense, Mr. Hood, all life is a prison. Your only freedom lies inside yourself. It doesn't matter what you *do*."

"If that's true, then I'd like to cut my throat."

LAWRENCE got up. He felt distressed by the weight of unhappiness in this man. "Listen, my dear chap—what do you want to do?"

"I just want to throw up my job here. I can't believe in the daily routine of organized Christianity. I can't hear the word of God any longer from these frostbitten canons—who mouth the Bible as though it were Bradshaw, and ——"

Lawrence interrupted with sudden anger. "You have no right to criticize those who are only trying to do their duty as they see it. Forgive me, but one hears so much criticism of the clergy, and one gets weary of it. We are all human."

"I'm sorry," muttered Martin. "Yes, I see I'm wrong. But it doesn't make any difference to my own feelings."

"From what you've said, Hood"—Lawrence spoke more gently—"I should say you should certainly resign your position. You're young enough to start a new life, if you know what it is you want, which I rather doubt."

"Well, you're wrong. Because I do know."

Lawrence stared at him. "You *do* know? Then what in the name of heaven are you waiting for? If, at your age, I had suddenly realized that the priesthood had no meaning for me—do you think I would have dared to stay for one second where I was?"

"The odd thing is, Mr. Hearne, I had the strongest feeling when you were preaching today, that that is just how you do feel."

Lawrence was silent. Then, "No, I don't feel that. I believe I am an instrument through which God's will is meant to flow—and that I have to stay where I am as long as I am allowed to live. That may be, as you said, just a question of age. But, practically—what would happen to my wife and daughter if I did give up? Where would Susan's future be then?"

"Susan will not get anywhere merely because you are the prop, Mr. Hearne."

"You know quite well, Hood, that I am no sort of prop."

There was a long silence.

"Don't go on doing things that mean nothing. Do *something*." He turned at the door, and suddenly gave a deep chuckle. "Those are the last words," he said, "of Hearne the Heretic to Hood the Hunter."

When he returned to the vicarage, he found Vera sitting alone by the fire in the living room. There was a strained expression on her face; he realized she had been crying.

"I'm sorry, dear. I missed the five-thirty, and had to catch the next." He did not feel he wanted to tell her about his talk with Martin.

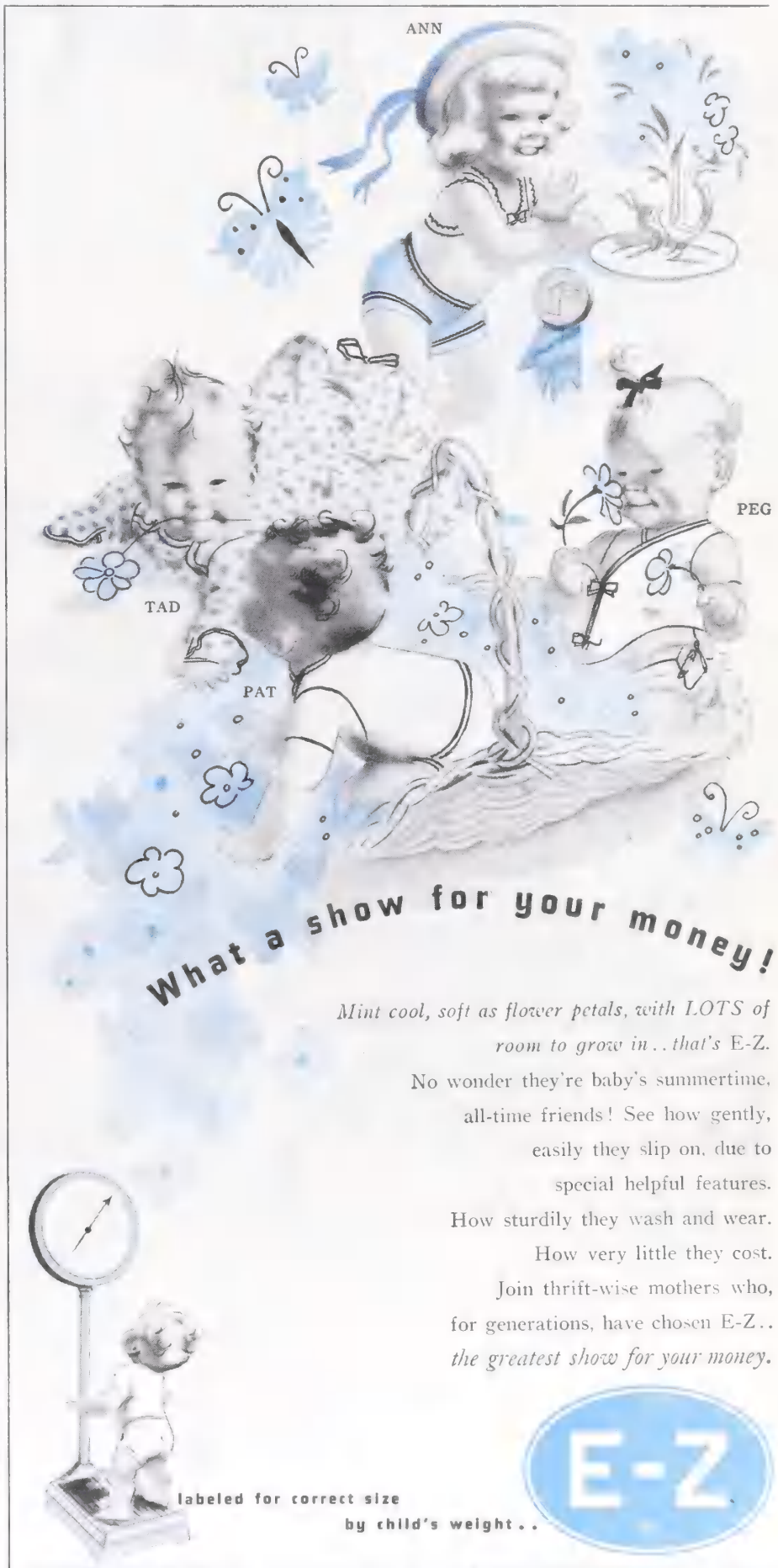
She stared at him. "Lawrence, did the dean say anything? I can't wait any more."

"Mercifully, no."

"And Mr. Lambert—didn't he say anything?"

"Mr. Lambert?" He was surprised. "He wasn't there. Apparently he had hoped to meet me, for some reason, but found he had another appointment ——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

She interrupted, her voice rising angrily. For some reason! Can you stand there and ell me you don't *know* the reason?"

"I don't understand, Vera."

"Then you really didn't *know*?" Her voice as hard and cold. "It never struck you that he dean had a reason for asking you to preach oday?"

"It certainly bewildered me a bit. I couldn't hink why he should ask an obscure parish riest to ——"

"Well, I'll tell you why. He was going to ask ou to accept the school chaplaincy—and the ving of St. Martin's Wendon goes with it. t would have meant fifteen hundred pounds a ear, Lawrence."

He stared at her. "Surely it can't be true?"

"It *was* true. It was all mapped out—and ou know what you've done, don't you?"

He began to realize all too fully what he had one. He had to think, he told himself, only of hat this had meant to Vera; in some way this ad ironical moment had to be redeemed. Yet he only truth he had at his command with which to answer Vera's bitter resentment was the fact of his own mortal illness. And this he ould not use.

She was repeating her question, her oice, shrill. "You now what you've done? When you tore up your sermon you willfully tore up Susan's future."

"Vera, before God, I assure you—I never did anything willfully. I acted only as I felt I had to act."

"What you have done, Lawrence, is to throw away the one chance that will ever come our way. But I'm not standing by and seeing Susan waste her life. I've tried and tried and tried—for twenty years now—and what has it brought me?"

Suddenly the door burst open, and Susan came quickly into the room, holding a cup and a drying cloth in her hands.

"Stop it, mother!" she cried. "Don't go on at daddy like that—I can't bear it. I don't want to go to London ——"

"You're not to say that!" cried Vera. Crossing the room in a fury of anger, she seized the cup from Susan's hands and dashed it on the floor. "I won't have you sacrificed, Susan. It means everything to me, everything ——"

Her voice trailed off into anguished sobs. Lawrence went quickly toward Vera, but Susan put her arms round her, and shook her head. "No," she muttered. "Please leave her to me, daddy."

As they went upstairs, Lawrence, standing stiff and heart-stricken, heard Vera sobbing, "Oh, I'm so sorry, Susan. Try to forget you ever saw me like that—just try to forget ——"

As Lawrence closed the door in the garden wall behind him he realized he was a little late. Nicky had stopped ringing the two bells, and was now pulling on one. Usually, the one bell started at three minutes to eight, as Lawrence let himself in by the vestry door.

No good hurrying, he told himself; yet he found it difficult not to, simply because in twenty years he had hardly ever been even a minute late for any service. He stopped a moment to get his breath. The effort to walk up the slightest hill had lately become greater.

The clock struck eight. Lawrence heard footsteps behind him, and turned to see Miss Roberts, the district nurse.

"Oh, vicar, forgive me, stopping you just before service, but I felt I had to speak to you about Mr. Bratley."

"He's not gone, I hope?"

"No, but Mrs. Bratley called me late last night, and I'm afraid he can't last long. He was all the time muttering your name and begged me to ask you to see him as soon as possible."

"I'll go straight there after the service."

The bell stopped as he went into the vestry.

Back in the vicarage, he did not stay for breakfast. Quickly drinking the tea which Susan had ready for him, he took his bicycle from the old coach house. Just before he left, he asked, "How is mother?"

"She's better. She's getting up now."

"Explain to her, will you? I must go to old John."

Halsey Farm was a mile and a half from the village. Fortunately, the wind was behind him, so cycling was not difficult. Within a few minutes he was pedaling down the cart track which led to the bleak stone building and its sheds. Leaving his bicycle against the wall, he pushed the gate open.

There was nobody in the yard. Tapping on the kitchen door, he waited a moment. "Is anybody there?" he called. There was no answer.

He stepped into the kitchen. Greasy plates were on the dirty tablecloth, which covered only half of the table; newspapers scattered about. A radio had been left on and a dance band was playing Some Enchanted Evening.

He called, "Are you there, Mrs. Bratley?"

He heard the gruff voice of old John. "That you, parson? Come up—come upstairs."

He climbed the narrow stairs and pushed open the door of the small room where the farmer lay.

It was some time since Lawrence had seen John Bratley, and he found it difficult to repress the shock he felt. This was the shadow of the man he had known for twenty years—the heavy head against the pillows, the white beard, the roving burning eyes, the great ungainly hands which could not keep still.

"Parson, I'm glad ye've come. I've been wanting to speak to you for days."

Lawrence sat on the side of the bed. "You're troubled, John. How can I help you?"

"I'm finished, see? There's a damned old robin been trying to get in the window—and I shut the window, and she comes up and tries to open it, says I must have air. Damn her."

"John, is it any good having feelings like that about her now?" Lawrence put his hand on the farmer's hand as it lay on the coverlet.

John growled. "You know, they all know why she married me. For what she could get—and as soon as I'm gone she'll have it all—and that Willie Furze. But there's one thing she's not going to have, parson—and that's the little bit I've saved for Jim when he come home."

"If you want your savings to go to Jim, you only have to make it clear in your will."

The old man pulled out a small key from under the pillow. "This is what she been trying to get," he muttered. "Unlock that drawer, parson." John pointed to the rickety chest of drawers across the room. When Lawrence unlocked the drawer he saw an old black leather dispatch case inside. "Take it out," ordered the farmer.

Lawrence did so.

John tried to pull himself up. His eyes roved toward the window, his hand reached out to pull back the dirty lace curtains.

"Let me do it," said Lawrence.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143



How to make a

smooth, easy Hollandaise Sauce

for fish and vegetables

½ cup butter (1 stick)
2 egg yolks
1 tbsp. fresh lemon juice
Cayenne pepper

You can't beat the real thing—real butter

Step No. 1. Divide stick of butter into thirds. Place one-third in top of double boiler. Use very little water in bottom of boiler—just enough to heat top pan but not to touch it. Use medium *heat so water is hot but NOT boiling. Melt butter.*





You taste the difference even more on hot foods

Step No. 2. Add lemon juice, cayenne pepper and egg yolks and mix well. Stir constantly with wooden *spoon while cooking. As soon as mixture starts to thicken, turn off heat.*



Butter is churned from 100% real cream

Step No. 3. If mixture thickens too rapidly, lift top, allow heat to escape. Replace and continue stirring. Add second one-third of butter and mix well. Then add third portion of butter and mix. Use wooden *spoon.*



Your family deserves real butter

Step No. 4. Serve with asparagus, broccoli or other vegetables, broiled chicken or fish. Serve immediately —or if necessary this Hollandaise can be kept over warm water for as long as half an hour. If any separation occurs, just add a tablespoon or two of boiling hot water and mix again.

Foods made from real butter belong on your family table



This message is paid for by dairy farmers across the Nation as part of their program to show you how you can live better with foods made from milk

American Dairy Association

"Voice of the Dairy Farmer" ▪ 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois

Watch Disneyland on ABC-TV, Bob Crosby on CBS-TV

Aunt Jemima legend

Coax as long as they might, guests at Colonel Higbee's plantation never could get from Aunt Jemima the flavor secret of those wonderful pancakes.

What Aunt Jemima would never tell them...she got her matchless flavor with a blend of four flours



Wheat, corn, rye and rice flours were blended in the treasured Aunt Jemima recipe to give the tenderest, best-tasting pancakes anyone ever had.

Today, Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix is faithful to that recipe. It's produced now, of course, with all the advantages of modern milling methods.

Over the years as other pancake mixes have come and gone, none ever made pancakes with such *flavor* as the Aunt Jemima brand. Really, it's true: You can't duplicate in a homemade batter or get with any other mix the matchless flavor of Aunt Jemima pancakes. For a special treat team up that flavor with fresh asparagus in the delightful springtime way shown here.

ASPARAGUS ROLL-UPS. Prepare pancakes according to Deluxe recipe on the Aunt Jemima package. Roll each hot pancake around several spears of cooked asparagus. Serve with cheese sauce. Garnish each roll-up with a strip of pimiento or sprinkle with paprika.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141

...lo, leave it. I thought she were coming. ..., I made a will, parson—it's all proper, as ...said. The house and land go to her—as I ...ised when I married her. But what's in ... case—that goes to Jim. I've put it in the ... and I've said I'm passing it over to you to ... in trust for him like, when he comes ...."

...But, John, this ought to be done properly, ... a solicitor present."

...here aren't time. She'd stop me. I wrote a ... to Hodgkins and Witney and told 'em ... I wanted done. Now you take it, par-...-take it quick before she sees you."

...How much money is there here, John?"

...Well nigh seven hundred pound—I haven't ...ked it proper, in case she catch me. She ...t know how much it is, parson."

...Very well, John. I'd better count it now, so ... we are agreed as to the amount."

...he old man's hand ... out quickly. "No. ...might come up any ...ute—and if she see ...e notes spread out ...the bed, she'll go ...; she'll make it ...se for me." The ...ther caught Law-...e's hands with an ... grip. "You got to ...his for me, parson! ...re's no one else I ... trust. Now get out ...k—before she see ..."

...'ll have to talk to ... about it," warned ...rence. But the ...her did not answer. ... hands fell away ... Lawrence, his eyes ...ed, a deep painful ... came from his lips. ... a moment Lawrence ...ght the end had ...e.

...ut suddenly John ...ned his eyes, and a ... smile flickered on ... face. "That old ...n won't beat me ..." he muttered. "'Tis ...nny thing—life and ...th—I lie here and ...k what wrong I ...e, and yet I don't ...eve I been more ...ked than most peo-..."

"John, have you ...ught of praying?"

"What for?" The ...e came in a whisper. "Won't stop me dying, ... it?"

"No. But it will help you to die, John."

"You do that for me—up in church. 'Tis ...r job. I done mine."

Hanging over the fireplace, Lawrence saw ... framed words, "God bless this home." ...d he remembered ... line of Eliot's: "Home ...where you come from."

...As he went down to the kitchen, there was ... no sign of life. *This is an impossible situa-...n*, he thought; *I must find Mrs. Bratley, I ...pose*. But it was absurd to go in search of ... now; better to ask her to come and see him.

...Vera stood in the hall, turning the pages of ...imetable. There was a small suitcase beside ... "Yes," she said to Susan, "I'll catch the ...ven-twenty. Darling, don't worry. I'm quite ... right."

..."I only want you to know, mother, you ...edn't go up on my behalf."

..."I'm not just going to town on your behalf, ... you put it. It's time I saw Edna, anyway. ...u don't mind looking after daddy for a day ... so, do you?"

..."Of course I don't."

...HE front door opened, and Lawrence came ... with Farmer Bratley's dispatch case under ... arm. Vera went quickly to him.

..."Oh, I'm glad you've come. Is he very bad?"

..."Yes, very," he answered and walked to-...rd the study with the dispatch case.

"Darling, can I talk to you?"

"Is it something important, Vera?" Then he noticed she was dressed for going out. "Are you off somewhere?"

"I want to go to London." She paused, then went on quickly: "It will pull me together. After a day or so with Edna and George I always want to come back—and everything will seem fresh and alive again. Do you understand, darling?"

"BUT of course!" He was, in fact, greatly relieved.

"Can you forget last night, dear?"

He put his arms round her. "The things I cannot forget," he said, "are the thousands of loving acts you have done for me over all these years. God bless us, Vera! We'll pull through somehow."

"But of course we shall. And so will Susan—I know," Vera replied.

His fingers were on the case, absent-mindedly fingering the clasp, his mind still on the scene in John's bedroom.

"What's that?" asked Vera.

He laughed ironically. "Poor old John! It's his savings—given to me in trust for Jim. Isn't it pathetic, Vera? The old man hating to die, and his one thought that his wife might get this money. Seven hundred pounds—that's all he could think of, on the brink of eternity."

"Seven hundred pounds? But that's a lot of money, Lawrence."

"Yes. I shall have to bank it—then see the solicitor, I suppose." Opening the case, he peered inside. There were several bundles of bank notes, most of them tattered and greasy. Pushing the case aside, he changed the subject. "What train are you catching?"

"The eleven-twenty."

In the hall, the phone rang. "Susan will go," said Vera. Suddenly she came close to Lawrence, and took his hands. "Kiss me, darling. I want to be forgiven. Really, I loved your sermon; it was the best you ever preached."

Susan appeared in the doorway. "Give you three guesses who it is," she said.

Lawrence groaned. "Dorothy Hunter?"

"Yes. Very important, she says. Tell her your breakfast's being ruined, daddy."

She hurried back to the kitchen as Lawrence went to the door.

"Shall I talk to her, darling?" Vera asked.

"No. I can deal with her quicker. What you *can* do for me, if you've got time—start counting that wretched money."

Urgent as usual, with the emphasis on the unexpected words, Dorothy's voice came over the line. "Oh, vicar—I hate *bothering* you, but I've just had a letter from my old friend Monica de Rugeley, and she says she will do us a Michael for five pounds, so reasonable."

"You mean for the children's corner?"

"Yes. Of course you know her work. Now, don't think I'm *rushing* you into anything—but if you will *let* me commission Monica I want to undertake to contribute *half* whatever the cost may be ——"

Lawrence broke in. "Could we leave it for the moment?"

"*Well*, now"—she paused, and even in a long pause she could still somehow hold the line, you could not ring off—"the *point* is simply this: Monica is terribly *busy* and she said she had just got a spare day or so while she is waiting for the wood for the crucifix she's doing for the *Roman* church in Barton—so this is really *the* moment to *act*, vicar, and ——"

THE WINDFLOWER

By MARION LINEAWEAVER

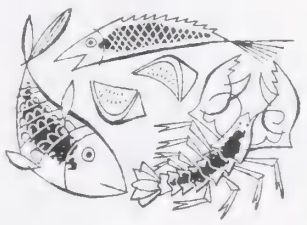
I shall go softly along this Sunday,
Receiving peace. The sky is blue
As the veil of a madonna,
The sun is a blessing.
Birds, cool-throated,
Resting with folded wings,
Pour song into the breeze.

Willows and larches list over the river
In attitudes of grace.
In the cathedral quiet of the forest
Floats a pine incense. Columns of light
Stain the surrounding air glass-green.

Moving with care, I look among the ferns,
The fresh young leaves and moss,
And there, shining before me,
Five petals ajar,
White as the winds of heaven,
Blossoms a star.

Secrets from the Sunkist Kitchen

Tips for fish—Out here near the blue Pacific waters we think of tuna, swordfish, halibut, maybe abalone. But whether you serve Maine lobster, Gulf shrimp, or frozen fillets, there's no finer partner for fish or seafood than plenty of fresh lemon. So be sure to serve plump *wedges*—easier to handle.



Got a pullman kitchen? In small space or large, you can minimize cooking odors by rubbing fish inside and out with fresh lemon before frying or broiling. And a few squeezes of lemon juice while "defrosting" frozen fish perk up the flavor wonderfully . . . make it taste truly fresh-caught.

Rice goes so well with fish we might as well let you in on this secret: To keep rice white squeeze lemon into the cooking water.

SWEET-SOUR BARBECUED FISH

Sweet-sour barbecue sauce may be mixed ahead of time and stored in the refrigerator in a tightly covered jar until needed. Just remember to stir well before pouring over fish.

½ cup fresh Sunkist lemon juice
½ tsp. salt **½ tsp. black pepper**
¼ cup salad oil **2 tbsp. grated onion**
1 tsp. dry mustard
2 tbsp. brown sugar

Mix ingredients well, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Place 1 pound fish fillets or fish steaks in shallow pan and pour sauce over. With pan about 2 inches from heat, broil fish on both sides until brown and tender, basting frequently with sauce. Serve immediately.

If spuds could sputter—they might yelp "How different can you be!" But just try this and see: To your mashed potatoes add chopped parsley, butter—and *lemon juice*—just before serving. Surprisingly better!

We've compiled some of the finest main-dish recipes known in a valuable little folder called, "Favorite Lemon Recipes for Fish and Meat." It's FREE. Just write us at Sunkist, Section 204, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California.

Counting calories? Whether you're dieting strenuously or just trying your best to hold that waistline, here's an easy way to drop 200 to 300 calories from your daily diet:

1. *Instead of mayonnaise or oil dressing, make your salads tasty and tantalizing with a generous sprinkling of fresh Sunkist lemon juice!*

2. *Instead of topping hot vegetables with a pat of butter, squeeze over them a generous wedge of Sunkist Lemon. Try it!*

Easy way to cut lemon meringue pie: dip knife in warm water before each cut. Makes a clean cut without sticking. To keep meringue from being runny, watery, or from falling, add 1 tsp. lemon juice to 3 unbeaten egg whites.

Worried? Tense? Take time for tea—hot, tangy. Lowest in calories. Highest in true refreshment. Least trouble. And *so delicious* with slim slices or wedges of lemon to give it piquant flavor.

Tea-with-lemon, of course, is true American style and rightly so. An eighth of a lemon has only *two* calories—compared with 50 calories for ½ ounce of cream.



Don't forget fresh lemons the next time you shop. Remember, only *fresh* lemons give you the *true* lemon flavor! There's just no substitute for that wonderful "lemony" aroma and tang of the fresh fruit! The best cooks use the most lemons. And the best recipes call for fresh *Sunkist* Lemons.

Fresh **Sunkist** *Lemons*

California-Arizona



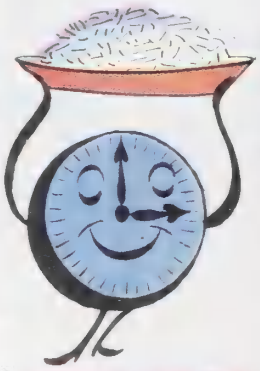
so good



so easy



so thrifty



PERFECT RICE IN ONLY 14 MINUTES!

What a joy to build meals around delicious *easy-does-it* River Brand or Carolina Brand Rice. Cooking time is cut to 14 minutes and you can be sure to have tender, fluffy, snowy-white rice everyone will enjoy. No compromise with flavor either! You get the natural flavor of white rice . . . just as nature intended. River Brand and Carolina Brand are budget stretchers, too. Give you up to 3 times as much rice per package as artificially processed brands. Buy 'em . . . try 'em . . . you'll never be without 'em!

14 MINUTES FROM START TO FINISH
Amazing new fast cooking recipe on every package.



RIVER BRAND
the popular low-cost regular grain rice.

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The King Size extra long grain rice.

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Lawrence took a wild plunge. "I tell you what, Dorothy. Order some flying oxen for the Christmas crib."

"What? What did you say, vicar?"

But he had rung off, and was laughing. "So silly," he remarked to Vera, when he returned to the study. "She really *forces* me to be *facetious*. Yet I don't know what we should any of us *do* without our Dorothy Hunters. What's the matter?"

Vera was flipping her fingers through a bundle of ten-pound notes, and frowning.

"Did you say there was supposed to be seven hundred pounds here?"

"About that," John said. "Why?"

"Because there isn't. I've only run through it very quickly—you'll have to check it yourself. But I don't see how there can be more than five hundred."

He sat down at the desk and looked irritably at the piles of notes Vera had assembled there. "I'm usually right, you know," she said.

"I know you are. I've never caught you out wrong in the collections yet."

Vera stood watching as he counted slowly. After a few moments, Susan appeared again. "It's twenty past nine," she said. "You'll have to go, mummy."

"Oh, dear! I must rush. Susan, take my case, will you?"

Lawrence looked up with a sigh. "I believe you're right," he said. "I wanted him to check it there, but he wouldn't hear of it. I'll have to see him."

"What did Dorothy want this time?"

"Oh, she wants me to order some flying angels, what she calls a 'bunch of guardians.' Well, darling, I hope yours will take care of you."

At half past ten, Mrs. Bratley warmed some milk for her husband and climbed the stairs to his room. When she opened the door, she gave a gasp and the milk slopped over from the cup. The farmer had thrown back the bedclothes and lay across the bed, one hand hanging down. On the rug, Mrs. Bratley saw something lying. It was a key.

The farmer's mouth had fallen open, his eyes were closed, she did not know whether he was alive or dead. Putting the milk down on the chair, she quickly took the key and went to the chest. She unlocked the top left-hand drawer: nothing there but some old socks and a few handkerchiefs. Quickly she tried the other drawers. All were unlocked, and none contained what she wanted.

She heard a knock on the door to the yard, and a voice called, "Mrs. Bratley, are you there?"

Putting the key in the pocket of her p
fore, she went to the landing. "Who's ther

"It's I, Mrs. Bratley."

She recognized the vicar's voice. She loo
back at the bed. Her husband still lay in
same position. She leaned over and placed
ear to his mouth. He was breathing, at
rate. Leaning across the farmer's inert bo
she unlatched the window and threw it w
open.

She turned and went down the stairs. L
rence was standing inside the open door, w
an attaché case in his hand.

"I called about an hour ago," he said, "
couldn't find you anywhere. I'm afraid h
very ill, Mrs. Bratley. I came back to g
him Communion."

"Oh. Did he say he wanted it?"

"When people are dying," said Lawrer
"they don't always know what they need."

"Well, he's asleep now. And I reckon
the best judge of what my husband wants."

Lawrence put his attaché case down on
floor, came slowly into the room. He seem
to be searching for the right words.

"You may not be the best judge at the n
ment, Mrs. Bratley," he said. "If the doctor
the nurse were to come, you would let th
upstairs, wouldn't you?"

"That's a different matter."

"I've no doubt you see it that way, quite s
cerely. But I don't. This morning I had
message from Nurse Roberts, that he h
asked several times to see me. Why didn't y
pass on that message?"

"He never said nothing to me. All I kn
is, visitors upset him."

"Then I must tell you, Mrs. Bratley. I
passed over a sum of money to me which
wishes me to keep in trust for Jim."

There was a long silence. Mrs. Bratle
hand moved in her pocket, her fingers play
over the jagged edge of the key. There wa
step in the yard, and Willie Furze came i

"Well," said Mrs. Bratley, "seeing
you've got it all taped between you, that's
right then, isn't it?"

"I shall be seeing the solicitors as soon
possible."

"And suppose," she snapped, "Jim nev
does come back, what about the money then

"It's yours. Every penny of it," Furze spo
suddenly.

Lawrence turned slowly. "I believe you'
employed by Mr. Bratley to work on th
farm, aren't you?"

"What about it?"

"I should get to your work. There must
plenty to do on a fine spring morning lik
this."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



DON TOBIN

"Give it a smack with your hand. It's just like a watch."

Choice coffee beans—the pick of the coffee crop from the finest South American plantations—freshly-roasted by Nescafé.

Nothing but delicious coffee!

—That's new Nescafé! *Tastier* coffee, with the lift

and liveliness that come from 100% choice coffee beans—coffee that satisfies your coffee hunger! No wonder Nescafé is the family coffee, the friendly coffee, the coffee that "belongs" today! If you haven't tried it, why don't you? Get tastier new Nescafé at your grocer's!



ALL COFFEE— Nothing but Coffee!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

Lawrence turned back to Mrs. Bratley as though Furze were not there. "If it should happen," he said, "which please God it won't, that Jim doesn't return from Korea, this sum of five hundred pounds would come to you as John's wife. But it will all be made clear in the will."

"You mean seven hundred, don't you?"

The words came sharply from Mrs. Bratley, and at the same moment she gave a quick glance to Furze. But he had turned and was going out to the yard again.

Lawrence was about to speak again when there was suddenly a chilled and terror-stricken cry from upstairs: "Shut this damned window—shut it—shut it ——"

"God bless the poor soul," muttered Mrs. Bratley. "What's he up to now?"

But Lawrence did not wait for her. Quickly he ran up the stairs. When he got to the bedroom, he saw the farmer kneeling on the bed, trying to reach the window latch. The window had swung out, the curtains were fluttering in the breeze, and as Lawrence put out his hand to try to ease the farmer back to his pillows, the old man crumpled forward. Lawrence supported him, his hands under his armpits. "I'm here, John, I'm here," he murmured. Gently he raised the fallen head to bring it back against the pillows. It did not move; there was no longer any resistance. Lawrence put his hand under the knees and straightened them out, so that at last the old ma was lying back straightly in the bed.

He heard Mrs. Bratley behind him.

"Close the window," he said firmly. But he spoke, he heard a fluttering, then a cris cheerful, heartless twittering, and a rob alighted on the window sill. There was a stir movement in the face on the pillow, as thoug the wing of a butterfly had quivered in th loose wrinkled parchment of the yellowe skin.

"No," said Lawrence. Mrs. Bratley ha leaned her arm across to draw the window t "It doesn't matter now. Farmer John is dead.

For some moments Lawrence forgot Mr Bratley standing there. Automatically, as h had so often done before, he knelt by the bed his right hand touching the farmer's. Then h took the hands, laid them crosswise on th breast.

The silence was broken by the ugly half strangled sobs of Mrs. Bratley behind him Getting up, he turned slowly toward her. I was impossible for him to say the conventiona words of comfort which usually rose to hi lips on such occasions.

"I will ask the nurse to come," he said.

When Martin Hood returned to his hous from the cathedral, the telephone was ringing Picking up the receiver, he recognized Mrs Hearne's voice.

"Oh, Mr. Hood, please forgive me bother ing you, but I'm on my way to London—I'm speaking from the station. I want you to do me a great favor. We had a little bit of an up set last night and I gather that Susan rang you to say she didn't intend to enter for the scholarship."

"She did, Mrs. Hearne. I told her not to be so silly."

"You were right, and I'm most grateful But as long as she thinks we're making sacrifices for her, she won't go. Now I've thought of a way of obviating this, but it will need your help."

"Well?" Hood was rather touched.

"It will need a little deception—but I think it's really justified. I'm on my way to town to stay with my sister—and I'm going to arrange for Susan to live there while she has to study in London. As you know, it's the question of money that bothers Susan. Well, I've been able to raise a small sum on some jewelry I sold, but it's no good my telling Susan this—it would only distress her. Couldn't you tell her that somebody—some patron of the arts—has put this sum at her disposal? If this news came from you—and you said that the 'patron' insisted on remaining anonymous—I believe she'd feel quite differently about it."

"Yes, I think you're probably right."

He heard a little gasp of relief from Vera. "I'm so glad you take it that way. Would you ring her and ask her to come and see you today? Then I can bank the money and you can tell her it's all arranged."

"It would sound more plausible if I told her the amount, wouldn't it?"

There was a moment's pause. Then, "I'm afraid it's only two hundred pounds," said Vera. "But I'm sure that my sister will cooperate, and it will help, won't it?"

"It will certainly help. But, with your permission, I'm going to tell her the amount is three hundred. I, too, have ways of raising money, Mrs. Hearne, and I believe it will be well spent."

"Oh, no, Mr. Hood—please ——"

"Oh, yes! I make it a condition. I will enter your little charade only if I am allowed to make my contribution. She's my star pupil and I want to see big results. I'll go over to the vicarage to see her today."

"Oh, I shouldn't go to that trouble, Mr. Hood. Ask her to come and see you. Now I must rush—there's only a minute before my train comes."

Leaving the phone, Martin went to his study. "What a fool I've been," he muttered. Yet there was something about these Hearnes; he had felt forced to come to the rescue.

He sat at his untidy desk, looking at the sheet of foolscap on which he had written down the music for the coming week's services. Pushing aside his chair, he stabbed his pencil

CONTINUED ON PAGE 149

ARCHITECTS: STUART & DURHAM, A.I.A.; PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEARBORN-MASSAR

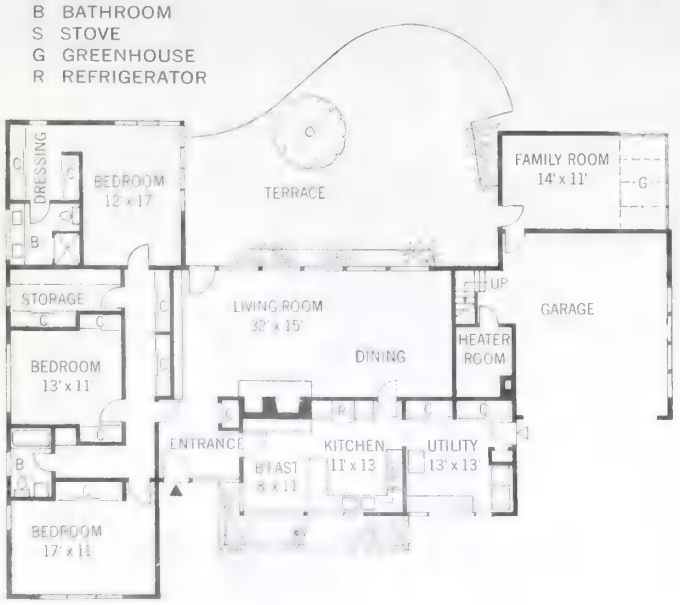




Here is proof that unlimited comfort and seclusion can be built into a three-bedroom house on an average-size lot.

PLANNED FOR PRIVACY *inside and out*

C CLOSET
B BATHROOM
S STOVE
G GREENHOUSE
R REFRIGERATOR



By CAROL L. MERCADO

THIS house turns away from the road and looks out upon its own attractive terrace. Built-in plant boxes add glamour and privacy to front windows. Sleeping, working and living areas are well separated, yet all are handy to the entry. Carefully placed closets protect the bedrooms, give plenty of storage space where it's most needed.

One end of the living room is used for formal dining; intimate meals are served in the breakfast room, divided from the kitchen by counter-high cabinets. Living up to its name, the utility room houses laundry, freezer, sewing table *and* children's cleanup corner. A spacious closet takes care of their coats, boots and outdoor-play gear. Garage stairway leads to an attic storeroom over the entire garage-family-room wing.

The family room, household fun center, is accessible from garage or terrace. The greenhouse corner floods the room with sunlight, supplies the house with cut flowers all year round.

Cedar roof shakes are unstained; their weathered finish complements the rough-textured red-brick walls and the slate-blue painted trim.

BAKED HAM

10-12 lb. tenderized smoked ham
French's Whole Cloves
1 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard

Wrap ham loosely in wrapping paper; place fat side up in uncovered roaster. Add no water. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) 3½-4 hours or as directed on wrapper. After baking, remove paper and skin the ham. Score fat in squares. Stud each square with cloves. Mix together sugar, flour, mustard. Spread ham with mixture. Bake at 400° F.—15-20 minutes or until golden brown.



There's extra goodness in the golden glaze!

FRENCH'S MUSTARD
does something wonderful for Easter Ham!

- ✓ FRENCH'S pure yellow Mustard blends better because it's creamier . . . smoother.
- ✓ FRENCH'S rich mustard goodness does not fade out in cooking.
- ✓ Get a jar tomorrow—and see what a wonderful flavor difference FRENCH'S makes!

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No matter what else you do for a cold



...LISTERINE Quick!

Listerine Does What Non-Antiseptic "Cold Tablets" Can't Do— Kills Germs Instantly—By Millions

When you feel a cold coming on, go right after the germs that can cause so much of the misery . . . with Listerine Antiseptic! Non-antiseptic "cold remedies," nose drops, and aspirin may relieve some of the symptoms, *but they don't kill germs* the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine gets way back on throat surfaces and kills those germs, instantly, by *millions!*

So, remember, no matter what else you do when you fight a cold, you need an *antiseptic* to kill germs.

Why take unnecessary chances with a cold? Closely supervised tests over a 12-year period showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats than those who did not. The minute you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often.

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC to kill germs like these!



These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.



A Product of The Lambert Company

At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC-Quick!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

arily into the foolscap paper and went to th piano, where he began furiously to play n own extremely complicated version of Glenn Miller's Pennsylvania 6–5000. Facing th on the stand was a copy of Reubke's Organ Sonata—still a test for even the most b liant organist, and he had prided himself he could play it from memory at the age of seventeen. He had put it down on the program of an organ recital he was giving Easter week. B as he went on playing the crazy snatch of tune of Glenn Miller's, he tore the pages of the Reubke off the stand and flung them into the corner.

Then he stopped in the middle of a bar. He thought, *Lawrence Hearne was right. "Don't go on doing things that mean nothing."*

Going to the phone, he called the deanery. A few minutes later he was standing before the bust of blind Homer in the long library.

"I don't quite understand, Mr. Hood."

"Then allow me to repeat it again, Mr. Dean. I am giving three months' notice of my resignation. If possible, I would like my assistant to carry on over the Easter services. I would prefer to leave immediately."

The dean coughed slightly and fumbled in his cassock pocket for his handkerchief. "Are you after Canterbury?" he asked, with deliberate, almost malicious mildness.

"Canterbury? What's Canterbury got that I should be after it?"

"They pay more," said the dean.

"Oh, come, Mr. Dean. I'm not being driven here by the musicians' union."

"The post is vacant," said the dean. "If you have already applied and did not wish to inform us, I hope we would not stand in your way—though it would perhaps be an unethical way of approaching a change."

"Mr. Dean, I am not interested in Canterbury. I didn't even know it was vacant. Let me be brutally clear. I don't intend to listen to a note of cathedral music again as long as I live."

At last the dean was there. "Composition?" he murmured; and before Martin could reply, "Well, you have great gifts—no doubt a symphony or two up your sleeve—I can understand that you see farther than the organ loft."

"Composition—and performance—of a slightly different kind," murmured Martin.

"You mean, perhaps, the ballet?"

"No, Mr. Dean. I do not mean the ballet. Light music—jive, bebop, swing—very fascinating."

The dean looked startled. "I beg your pardon?"

Martin sighed again. "I can't explain, Mr. Dean. I'd only like to say that in leaving the cathedral I have nothing but gratitude to you personally. But the system—that's beaten me. I've got to get out of it before it stifles me to death."

The dean began one of his famous slow, intimidating walks, up and down the length of the library. He spoke in a distant voice. "Do you seriously mean that?"

"I know exactly what I am doing. The cathedral has had enough of me. There's a world outside—and that's the world I want."

The dean did not wish to talk any more. Opening the door, he ushered Martin out, and they walked down the wide stairway.

THE dean said, "I do not think you can expect us to be without your services over Easter, Mr. Hood."

Martin hesitated. "Very well, I'll carry on until then."

Now they were at the open door. "And what was it," asked the dean, "that you mentioned you were interested in?"

"Jive," said Martin. "Bebop. Swing. The whole works."

"Ah!" said the dean. "I see." He nodded slightly, as though jive and bebop were something like the *quilismas* of plain chant, fit to be pursued by a bachelor of music of Cambridge University.

Susan was in the kitchen that afternoon, studying a cookery book. She was determined to give her father an unusual supper.

She heard the toot of a car horn, and saw Martin's ancient Austin drawing up. Out of it he got, pausing to light a cigarette, and shading his eyes against the flood of bright sun. "Is it you?" he asked. He was a little shortsighted.

"Of course."

"Turning housewife now your mother's gone to town?"

"How did you know she's gone to town?"

HE realized he had made a mistake. "Don't suppose," he said, "that you can do anything so daring as going to London in Hinton Parbury, and it won't be broadcast in Gilchester. Where's the vicar?"

"He's gone to see Nicky—to find a place for poor John Bratley's grave. He died this morning. I'm afraid it upset daddy a lot."

"So you're alone? Well, I shall seduce you with some news that will make your hair stand on end."

He stood with his face turned to the kitchen dresser, his fingers toying with a cameo brooch which was resting near a little box. His eyes caught sight of a card on which were the words "To Susan from Kenneth." Turning, he walked blandly round the kitchen, picking up saucepan lids and spoons and examining them.

"What news?" asked Susan.

"Very nice news," he told her. "Somebody wishes to back your career to the tune of three hundred pounds."

"What?" She could not believe she had heard the words.

"But of course you're not going on with it? Not really interested any more?"

"But who is this person?"

"Ah, that's a secret. I can only tell you that a certain rich man, who amuses himself in beating the income-tax fiends at their own game, wants to get rid of three hundred pounds—which is about twopence-halfpenny to him."

"But Martin—how did he know about me?"

"Oh, my sweet vain child! He did not know about you—he applied to me. Had I any promising pupil who could benefit by it? So I accepted on your behalf."

"Oh, Martin ——" Suddenly she began to cry.

Repressing his sigh of irritation, he turned back to the dresser and picked up the cameo brooch. "Who's Kenneth?" he asked casually.

"Kenneth Foley—he's a journalist. He had to go to London last night on some business, and he gave me that before he left."

"Well, why don't you do something with it? Haven't you ever realized that with one interesting piece of jewelry, a pretty scarf, a twist to your hair and a certain look, you could give any examiner something to think about? They're not *solely* interested in music, you know."

"Martin—I must tell you—can't you guess why I never really wanted to go and live in London?"

Sitting down on a kitchen chair, he said, "I think you'd better tell me. It will be better for you to get it out, Susan."

"Because I couldn't bear to be away from you."

"Listen, my dear," he said quietly, "if you must go on being in love with me—a most unprofitable occupation—put it all into your music, and I swear you'll be happier."

"I shan't. I only want ——"

"You don't know what you want. Even if you stayed on here, you would not find me any more at Gilchester. Because I'm leaving."

"You're leaving? But where for?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. And I wouldn't tell you if I had." He got up and walked toward the door. "I am drifting into the unknown," he said. "Don't ask me any questions, please."

To Martin's great relief, he heard the tinkle of a bicycle bell, and the next moment the vicar came round the side of the house. "Here's your father," said Martin sharply. "Don't let him see you're upset."

As he raised his voice to call a greeting to Lawrence, he heard Susan run out to the hall, and upstairs.

"Hallo." Lawrence came into the kitchen. "This is an unexpected visit. Have you found Susan?"

"She's just run upstairs. I've brought her some good news and it rather bowled her over."

"Good news? That's nice. What is it?"

They walked toward the study and Lawrence, finding his pipe, filled it, then fell back into his chair.

"Tell me your news," he said. "I need cheering up."

Martin hesitated. "Perhaps I'd better get my own news out first. I've resigned my job and it was due to you."

"Good heavens! I hope I haven't encouraged you to do anything you'll regret?"

"No, no! You merely gave me the words that were needed. And, oddly enough, it was Mrs. Hearne's impulsiveness that finally led me to the decisive step."

"Mrs. Hearne? What has she done?"

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"I realize I'm probably betraying a confidence. But I'm sure she means you to know."

He told Lawrence of Vera's telephone call. Halfway through, Lawrence got up and walked to the window, turning his back on Hood.

"Don't tell your wife I told you this," Hood finished. "When I started, I imagined you knew all about it. I'm sure she just wants it all to be a *fait accompli*—she means to tell you when she returns. Well, I've done my part, and I think you'll find Susan will be worth it."

"Then—you have told Susan?" Still Lawrence did not turn round.

"But of course. The scholarship means everything in the world to her—and the news quite overwhelmed her. That's why she must never know where the money really comes from—it might wreck her chance of success. Mrs. Hearne is right."

"You're sure of this, Hood?"

"Surely you know Susan better than I do."

"A father doesn't always know his daughter properly. I think that you, as her teacher, have been able to observe her more closely in the past year."

"That may be true, Mr. Hearne."

Slowly Lawrence turned round. Martin could not see the expression of pain on Lawrence's face. "How much did you say the amount was?" he asked quietly.

"Two hundred pounds. But I shall be able to add to that, from a private source, a further hundred. It should at least keep her going for a year—and who can dare to look further into the future than that in these days?"

"Who can, indeed! I'm very grateful to you for your part in this, Hood—and especially grateful that you told me all about it."

"And you will keep it to yourself, won't you?"

"Oh, yes." Lawrence echoed the words slowly. "I shall keep it to myself. I am glad to think it will mean so much to Susan."

For some time, when Martin had left the vicarage, Lawrence sat by his desk. When he moved, it was to unlock a drawer. Inside was Farmer Bratley's dispatch case. He stared at it, opened it, then suddenly closed it again and locked it back in the drawer. He had counted the money too many times since the scene with Mrs. Bratley that morning. There could be no mistake—the amount was a little over five hundred pounds.

Something had to be done which he did not care for, but it must be faced.

Walking upstairs, he paused for a moment outside Susan's door. "Are you all right, my dear?" he called. Her voice came from inside. "Yes, daddy. I shall be down in a few minutes."

He passed along the landing and opened the door of Vera's room. It was a room that they had shared together until fairly recently. Now he slept in a small room adjoining.

He lit the candles. Taking one, he went to Vera's dressing table. There were two or three little jewel boxes there, and an old chocolate tin which she also used for keeping her trinkets. He opened all these, but he could not find what he was searching for—the rings she had inherited from her mother. She never wore the rings—they were large for her fingers. "Please God I don't find them," he muttered.

He opened one of the drawers, and rapidly rustled through a confusion of stockings, scarves, handkerchiefs and odd gloves. What was this? Something wrapped in a green silk handkerchief. He unfolded it. He was holding in his hand a collection of toys—a kettle, a thimble, a horseshoe, a sledge—all that remained of a box of miniatures which David had treasured as a child.

He closed the drawer and for a moment nearly gave up the search. Why did he need to do it? What had come into his mind as Hood had been talking to him now seemed unthinkable. Yet now he had opened the adjoining drawer and was running his fingers through the collection of objects there. And here was a small crocodile purse which Vera had not used for years. Opening this, he found her mother's rings inside.

He took the candle, for it was now dark, and went to the landing. Susan's door was still closed, and he went rather quickly down the stairs. Taking up the receiver, he gave a London number. The line was engaged, he was told; should they ring him back? He hesitated for a second, then said yes.

He walked up and down the hall, waiting for the bell to ring. More and more, this all seemed trivial—a shabby little drama in which he was caught. Then he would recall the scene in Mrs. Bratley's kitchen, and knew only one thing: Vera must come home tomorrow, and somehow he must convey on the line, without stating it in so many words—for the local exchange was not to be trusted—that she must bring the money back with her.

Suddenly there was a light coming down the stairs, and Susan stood before him, holding a lamp in her hand. She had done something to her hair, pulled it back so that her ears showed; and round a plain black dress which she had borrowed from her mother's wardrobe she had tied a vivid emerald-green scarf. Her whole personality seemed different, vividly alive. Vera had looked like this the first time he had seen her.

Before he could say anything, she had set the lamp down on the chest, and was holding out her hands to him.

"Daddy, you've heard the wonderful from Martin?"

"Yes, I've heard."

"I suddenly realized," she said, "when upstairs—I'm going to win that scholar Do you know that? I'm going to be w that three hundred pounds."

The telephone rang suddenly, startling t both. Taking the receiver, he spoke int quickly. "Is that you, Edna? This is L rence. Has Vera arrived safely? . . . Oh, y He waited.

"Let me tell her," begged Susan. "She'l so thrilled."

He smiled and nodded at Susan. Then, voice that seemed very far away, he he Vera. "Oh, Lawrence dear, I'm so glad rang. Is everything all right?"

"Everything's fine!" He spoke too lou "Susan's here—and she's got some news you. Hold on, dear—before she tells you just want to say—you're not to worry ab anything—about *anything* at all. I want yo stay and have a really good rest. Oh, one ot thing: that business with the B.'s—yes, money—I got it all straightened out; jus misunderstanding, that's all. Now, her Susan. Look after yourself, my dear—a don't hurry back for any reason."

He handed the receiver to Susan, and as crossed the hall to his study heard her s "Oh, mummy—such wonderful news—M tin Hood's just told me ——"

He closed the door of t study.

Never make love to a woman without thinking what will happen if she returns it.

—MICHAEL SADLEIR: The Anchor

The following day La rence wrote a letter to Ve then tore it up, for it did n seem to say any of the thin he wanted to say. There w one thing he knew he shou do that morning: go to G chester and bank the mon in his possession. But t time came to eleven o'clock, he had miss the bus, the bank would be closed. So he r mained in his study, pleading a headache, ar asking Susan to bring him lunch on a tray.

He found her new happiness hard to fac She sat on the arm of his chair and toyed h fingers through his hair and kissed him.

"I think I've got the most beautiful parents, she said.

"Do you? Well, I've no complaints abou you, my dear. You're very happy about every thing, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. I feel full of confidence."

"You must play the piano this afternoon, he said. "You haven't touched it for the las two or three days."

"Not this afternoon. Kenneth's back fron London and he wants me to go for a wall with him."

"Oh. Bring him in to tea."

When Kenneth Foley returned with Susa later in the afternoon they had tea in the study Lawrence found himself faintly irritated by th boy. Several times he referred to the sermon in the cathedral—a sermon which Lawrence wanted to forget.

"It was very unorthodox, wasn't it?" asked Kenneth.

"I really don't know," said Lawrence. "I can't remember now all I said. But I'm glad it it pleased you."

"It made a lot of people sit up," said Susan. "Daddy, do have one of my buns. They're not as frightful as they look."

"Thank you, my dear." He crumbled a bun thoughtfully. "I'm rather afraid," he said, "that unconsidered utterances from the pulpit may do more harm than good."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense!" cried Susan. "It's something fresh that everybody needs."

"There's nothing new under the sun, my dears. Only a new way of putting the old truths—that's all."

"But if you've got the new way of putting it," said Kenneth, "then it ought to get over to the greatest number of people. What the church wants is a first-class publicity campaign."

Lawrence broke in crossly. "Religion isn't a mass business. Getting over—as you put it—to an immense crowd of people doesn't mean much. It's a private individual matter."



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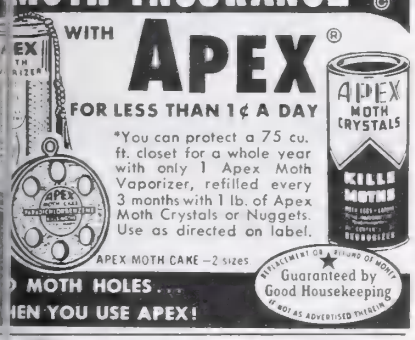
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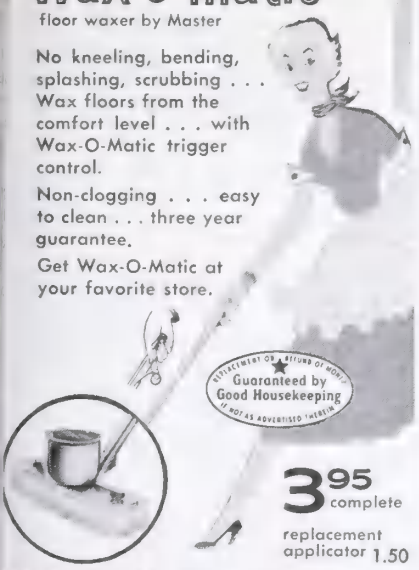
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"What about the Sermon on the Mount?" said Susan. "Our Lord didn't worry about publicity, did He?"

"He never asked for it," said Lawrence.

"But He got it," said Kenneth.

There was a silence. Lawrence sipped his tea, filled his pipe, and suddenly changed the subject. "Susan has told you her good news?"

"Oh, yes! I'm awfully glad."

Lawrence noticed a quick look pass between Susan and Kenneth. Then Susan said, "Kenneth has something to ask you, daddy."

"What's that?"

"It's just that I suggested I could drive Susan to London when she goes up for her examination Wednesday. Do you mind, sir?"

"Why should I mind? Make a good day of it—enjoy yourselves. You're far more likely to play well if you do."

Later, when Susan was seeing Kenneth off in his car, she said, "He was funny about his sermon, wasn't he?"

"Yes. I wish I hadn't talked about it. I wanted to draw him out, but he didn't seem to want it."

"You're pleased about things, aren't you? You sold your article in London."

"Yes, but I half wish I didn't."

"What do you mean, Kenneth? I don't understand."

He laughed. "You will—when you read it."

"But I'm longing to read it. It means a lot to you, I know. I expect you'll find a good job in London soon."

"Maybe. And then you'll be too busy to be interested in me."

"Oh, Kenneth, don't say that."

"I don't know, Susan You're a career girl."

She stared after him with a puzzled frown as he swung his car out of the drive. She liked him a great deal; but she wished he could excite her as Martin Hood did.

It was Passion Sunday. Lawrence had been quite unable to write a sermon the night before; he had only made a few notes. He walked slowly toward his church.

The day was again fine and clear. The spring had burst suddenly on the land; and the story of Christ's suffering, which the faithful were now called upon to contemplate, seemed to have little relation to the budding trees, the primroses in the hedges, the impulsive thrust of eager life everywhere around him. As he came to the lich gate he saw, parked by the church wall, four or five cars. One he recognized as Commander Black's. But the others were strange to him. Few of his congregation came in cars to church.

He was a little early, and did not go at once into the church, but walked to the gates which led to the west door. Then he was astonished. Rounding the bend, he saw more and more cars parked.

The two bells were sounding, and he stopped, feeling suddenly nervous. Then he heard footsteps behind him, and turned. It was Dorothy Hunter, with a newspaper in her hand.

"Oh, I waited for you, vicar," she said. "It's *quite* wonderful. I *do* congratulate you."

"About what, Dorothy?"

"But—haven't you seen it?" Excitedly, she opened the pages of the Sunday Record—one of the cheaper Sunday papers—and thrust it before him.

He stared at a headline: "CATHEDRAL OUTBURST." And underneath, he read: "Clergyman tears up sermon in pulpit. Questions afterlife. 'Ignore rules,' call to youth."

In the middle of the article were a picture of Gilchester Cathedral and a photograph which Lawrence did not at once recognize.

He could not speak, or even read more. Dorothy Hunter looked at him anxiously. "Of course," she said, "it *is* a little unfortunate that they've picked out the more *revolutionary* parts of the sermon ——"

"But where did they get this photograph?" he cried. "It was taken twelve years ago."

"Oh, I think it's *very* like you," murmured Dorothy. "It reminds me of the day of your institution here."

Racing his eyes down the page he saw another caption. "SAFETY LAST." The article was divided into several sections, with some in blacker type. He read: "Is heaven a place where angels sing and harps are played and a lot of virtuous people sit around and do nothing? And suppose you found that this was your reward for what are called 'virtuous' actions on earth? You might then bitterly regret the fact that you had done nothing but avoid the occasion of sin."

"But this is monstrous!" he cried angrily. "You mean to tell me that this—this garbled version of what I said Thursday is now reposing on everyone's breakfast table?"

Their conversation was broken by the bluff voice of Commander Black. "Well, this is a nice state of affairs, vicar!"

"My dear commander, you mustn't blame me for this hideous publicity."

"Well, there's one thing," said the commander, "it's brought them into church. Preach another one and we might get enough money to relead the nave roof."

Lawrence crumpled the paper in his hand. Suddenly, he felt furiously angry.

"If you think," he snapped, "I intend to tell people to live immoral lives merely to raise money for the church roof, you're very much mistaken, commander."

Cramming the paper in his pocket, Lawrence strode toward the vestry door. He paused there for a moment, his hands over his

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eyes, trying to pray. He would not preach this morning, he decided.

In the bus Vera read and reread the brief letter she had received from Lawrence:

"My dear, it is very quiet on this front. Susan is out with Kenneth. It is splendid news that she has had from Hood. I cannot tell you what a difference it has made to her. I realize now how right you were. My dear, you are not to worry about *anything* here—but try to enjoy this wonderful spring weather. And *don't hurry back*. . . ."

She did not know what to make of the letter. Why was there no reference to the amount of money John Bratley had handed over? Enjoy the fine spring weather. . . . She could not. She could only stare dully out the window, clutch her handbag, watch the hurrying crowds of people and envy those who were carefree on such a day as this. She changed her bus and walked toward a branch of the Midland Bank, not far from the London School of Music. She walked past the doors of the bank, then wheeled sharply back.

She went in. Whatever happened, the money had to be out of her possession. It must be banked at once; then she would at least be able to walk about feeling less of a criminal.

There were three customers at the counter and she had to wait. The heavy leather handbag became an intolerable weight. She began to feel faint, and the old rheumatic pains drove again in the center of her back.

At last she moved to the counter and heard the young cashier speaking.

"Yes, madam?"

She had to say something. Suppose she said, "I have just stolen two hundred pounds and

I'm not one of those as can see the cat in the dairy, and wonder what she's come after. —GEORGE ELIOT

I am tired of carrying them around; they are for my daughter—she has a great career before her. Will you kindly take this horrible money and give me in return a nice new check book?"

She did not realize how white and strained she looked as she said, in a distant voice, "Can I see your manager, please?"

"Have you an appointment, madam?"

"No. I'm afraid I haven't."

"He's engaged most of the morning, madam. Would you care to make an appointment for two-thirty this afternoon?"

The clock said eleven-thirty. Three more hours of this—and then to come in again —— "No, that's quite impossible, I'm afraid. I'm far too busy. Good morning."

Then she was outside on the pavement and the world was spinning round. She had to lean against the wall, by the night safe. She had dropped the handbag and was staring at it on the street. She could not bend to pick it up, but gasped a little, as though she were choking.

A policeman was standing before her, the bag in his hand. He was offering it to her. "Are you all right, ma'am?" he asked.

"Oh, thank you, thank you." She took her bag. "I'll just get myself a cup of coffee."

The policeman watched as she went to the curb, waited a moment, then crossed. Not until he saw her go into a café on the other side did he resume his beat.

It was a grubby café, the tablecloth was stained, and a teacup full of tobacco ash was before her. A girl came up and Vera ordered coffee—then closed her bag, seeing that the wad of notes was safe inside, and placed it on her lap.

She saw a pile of old newspapers on a chair and mechanically took one up. She found herself staring at an old picture of Lawrence.

Lawrence raised his voice a little, and spoke the words more clearly into the air. "—— that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in Him, as our hope is this our brother doth; and that at the general Resurrection in the last day ——"

He finished the prayer and waited a few



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ents, looking down at the coffin, and the hs lying round the side of the grave. The w was standing near, with her sister and ster's husband. Back a little farther stood e Furze.

wrence moved away. Then he walked y down the path. But he had not gone far e he heard his name called. It was Mrs. ey, with her sister and brother-in-law d her.

es, Mrs. Bratley?" he asked gently.

e sister said, "Go on, Win. You tell the end."

t's like this," said Mrs. Bratley, dabbing yes with her handkerchief. "I've been told ntitled to legal advice on the way I stand. ke to get that little mistake put right."

What mistake?" Lawrence felt his heart ping.

Over that money John gave you. I think it t to be counted out, proper, in front of s the widow."

awrence answered quietly, "Since you wish legal advice, Mrs. Bratley, there is no t in our discussing anything personally. your solicitor to get in touch with me."

here was a silence. Then the brother-in-law ghed. "Best be getting back, Win," he said ngly. "Parson's right."

Without another word, Lawrence turned walked down the path, going slowly, his olice fluttering in the breeze. It was neces- not to hurry, not to give her the oppor- ty to say he had tried to slip away without ing to her.

Mrs. Bratley, weeping now, became the cen- of a consolatory little group. It was not l they reached the gate that she suddenly st into speech.

"He can get his pictures in the papers, and k he's clever, can't he? A lot of fancy —he ought to be ashamed of himself, 's what I say."

"Hush, Win, don't go on like this for every- to hear," muttered the brother-in-law.

"Do you think I care who hears? Do you k I care? And his wife can go off to Lon- , can't she? And you know what she told t Miss Hunter only last week? She said 'd go off her head if she didn't get some ney somehow for the girl's college fees— l, I ask you, what's she gone to London for ey can't afford college fees?"

There was suddenly an interruption. Doro- Hunter had pushed her way through the up. "How dare you say such things, Mrs. tley!" she cried. "Everybody knows we are ssed with a vicar who has served this parish hfully—and has patiently put himself at the posal of us all. I will not hear such things d of a saint—yes, a saint!"

Leaving an ashamed silence trembling in the behind her, Dorothy caught up with Law- ce just as he was opening the door in the den wall.

"Oh, vicar! I have heard the most abomina- insinuations being uttered *publicly* by Mrs. tley about you and Vera. It was so atro- us I felt forced to protest publicly."

LAWRENCE groaned, and passed his hand er his forehead. "What is the good of stir- g up people's feelings all the more?"

"But how could I keep quiet? She had the trageous impertinence to *criticize* dear Vera going to London—saying she was spend- money she couldn't afford. Such people ould do *public* penance before the whole ngregation."

"If all of us had to do public penance for r indiscretions," rapped Lawrence, "the urch would be very full indeed!"

He went angrily on to the vicarage, and sed the study door. As he took off his hood d stole he felt furious with himself for losing s temper with Dorothy. Yet if she had not pt him talking on the phone three days ago, would not now be in this shameful and miliating position.

Susan had gone to Gilchester; he at least anked God that she had not been here to verhear the conversation between himself nd Dorothy Hunter.

Suddenly the telephone bell rang. Impa- ently, he picked up the receiver.

It was Kenneth Foley. "I'm in the village r, and I want to see you—but I don't know ow I'm going to face you."

Lawrence gave a bark of laughter. "No, I should think you didn't."

"I meant to tell you on Saturday, but I knew ——"

Lawrence cut in. "Come and see me. I'm alone here."

A few minutes later Kenneth was in the room. Immediately Lawrence felt sorry for him.

"Look here," he said, "I'm not your late headmaster, so you needn't stand there looking sheepish. But couldn't you at least have asked my permission?"

"I'm terribly sorry, sir. I just didn't stop to think. I felt it was the sort of break I'd been waiting for. And I simply had to get it to the Record on Friday."

"But why in the name of heaven didn't you see the sermon was accurately reported?"

"I may have got a few phrases wrong, but most of that messing up happened in the sub-editor's office—they do that sort of thing."

"Well, I hope you realize I've got to get a corrected statement in next Sunday's issue?"

"That's what I wanted to talk about, sir. The point is ——"

"Wait a minute!" snapped Lawrence. "Have they paid you for this job?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact ——"

"How much?"

"Twenty-five pounds. That's another thing I had in mind, sir. I wanted to give the money to Susan—to help pay her expenses in London."

"Hand it over to me."

Kenneth stared at Lawrence. Then he fumbled in his pocket, produced an envelope, and took a check from it.

"Thanks," said Lawrence, with a sudden grim smile, putting the check in his pocket-book. "While thanking you for the thought you had on Susan's behalf, I must point out that this is virtually my money."

"Look here, sir—if you'd let me speak a moment. The editor of the Record has had scores of letters about your sermon ——"



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"About the garbled version of my sermon!" snapped Lawrence.

"All right. The point is—he wants to know whether you'd care to do a series of articles on religion."

"Does he expect me to go on saying there's no moral law and heaven doesn't exist?"

"Of course not. You can say what you like."

Lawrence suddenly laughed. "You told me Saturday it was time the church began a publicity campaign."

"I know. I hoped you'd agree with me. I was trying to lead up to telling you what I'd done—but I couldn't get round to it, when I saw how you disapproved."

"What length articles does he want?"

"About fifteen hundred words."

Lawrence got up and walked to the windows. "Tell me this: how much do you think this editor of yours is prepared to pay?"

"If you'll allow me to act as your agent, I'll get the best figure I can."

"I want two hundred pounds," said Lawrence. "If he wants my articles he can't have them for a penny less than two hundred pounds. And he must pay me in advance."

"Well, I'll do what I can, sir."

"You certainly will!" Lawrence clapped Kenneth on the shoulders and walked to the front door with him. "Next time you pinch material from me," said Lawrence, "do me the honor of taking a new photograph."

In the morning he was unusually vigorous, approaching his breakfast with relish and chuckling over odd items of news in the paper.

"Daddy, you're in a very good mood," said Susan.

"I'm excited about your great day tomorrow. I feel as though it's happening to me."

"Are you nervous?"

"Yes, a bit. But that's a good sign. I was nervous before I preached in the cathedral. And look at me now—I'm a celebrity. That's what you're going to be, my dear."

There were two letters on the table and he took one up. It was from Vera. He read: "My dearest, thank you for your letter. I feel I ought to return at once, there will be so many things Susan will need. Then I tell myself, perhaps it's better not to fuss her. I had such wretched dreams last night, I felt something awful had happened at home. Dear Lawrence, please ring me tonight and tell me it hasn't. I try to enjoy being here, but it's just as I told you—a day or so away from home and I always want to be back. . . ."

"She's not returning today, is she?" asked Susan.

"No. She's staying a day or so."

He put the letter in his pocket and then opened the other. Scrawled on a half sheet of cheap lined paper, in an illiterate hand, were the words: "Certain people are saying that a certain sum of money went where it shouldn't the vicar had better look out what hes doing." It was unsigned, there was no address, no date. The envelope bore the Gilchester postmark.

He got up, pushed his plate aside.

"Aren't you going to finish your breakfast?" asked Susan.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I . . . suddenly felt a bit queer."

She went over to him with a frown of anxiety. "Daddy, I don't believe you're well. I think you ought to see Doctor Pember."

"There's nothing wrong with me, my dear. I'll take my tea to the study and have a little rest."

The anonymous letter was still on the table. Casually he picked it up and put it in his pocket.

In the study, he sat at his desk, his face buried in his hands. The letter had come like a stab in the back, the more dreadful because it was justified—if anything could justify an anonymous accusation. But he could not now turn back on what he had done; that would be worse than cowardly. Susan must never know about this; she must go to London tomorrow with a clear conscience. And since, in the strangest way, it had perhaps been made possible for him to earn the stolen money, what was there really to worry about?

Do nothing, said a voice in him; *do nothing at all. Wait.* Yet not to act on this letter was tantamount to admitting guilt. He must act as though Vera were not guilty of this theft. Deception must always breed deception. This was the evil he was caught in.

MRS. BRATLEY was in the kitchen, with her sister, when Lawrence called at the farm.

"Is there somewhere we can talk, Mrs. Bratley?" he asked. "I want to see you alone, if I may."

"Better go in the parlor, then," she muttered.

"Thank you. I remember Jim's christening party in this room."

It was a room hardly ever used, and it smelled stale. In a large cabinet with glass doors were the many cups John had won at cattle shows; on the mantelpiece, cards announcing first, second or third prizes.

"It will be a great day when the village welcomes Jim home," he said brightly.

"Has there been news of him, then?"

"I've been in touch with the War Office, Mrs. Bratley. And I'm told there's no special reason for anxiety. Mails are often delayed."

"Is that what you come to see me about, parson?"

"No, Mrs. Bratley. I wanted to ask if you knew anything about this." Quietly, he put the anonymous letter down on the table. Mrs. Bratley leaned over, stared at it, then turned angrily to him.

"How should I know anything about i

"Do you recognize the writing?"

"It's none of my business."

"Mrs. Bratley, this letter makes a seri accusation. If I showed it to the police, th would be trouble for the sender. But I do intend to do that. I want the sender in he please. I want to talk to him."

"I tell you I know nothing about it."

"Only one person could have written t letter. Ask Willie Furze to come in, pleas

She turned and left the room. A few m ments later Furze came in, his hands shov down the pockets of his dungarees, a dang ous half-smile on his red face.



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...rence spoke. "Mr. Furze, I believe you ... that letter." He pointed to it where it ...y on the table.

... Furze would not look at it. "You're ...g," he said slowly. "I haven't written no ... to you."

"...ook at it!" snapped Lawrence.

... a moment Furze's glance fell to the ... Then he smiled. "What good would it ... to write a letter like that?"

"...here's an easy way of proving it," said ...ence. He took a pencil and a notebook ... his pocket. "Let me see a sample of your ... writing. If you wish to clear yourself, it's ... easy."

"...ell, if you wish to clear yourself, parson, ... easy too. You can have that money ...ed out in front of Mrs. Bratley."

"...he amount will be counted out in front ...m Bratley when he returns, and then ...ed to him. That was Farmer John's dying ...st."

"...ell, you'll see he has the lot then, won't ... said Furze. "Seven hundred pounds will ... ry useful for the boy."

"...nd it's his interests we're looking to," ... Mrs. Bratley. "Don't you think we're ...

"...either of you has led me to suppose that ...care a rap about his interests!" said Law... His voice rose angrily. He felt caught in ... of evil, and the more he talked, the ...er he fell. He said, "May I ask, Furze, ... you are so certain of the amount of ...ey in that case of Mr. Bratley's? He told ...e had never even disclosed the amount to ... Bratley."

...look of quick suspicion passed from the ...w to Furze. Before either could speak ...rence went on: "Writers of anonymous ...s have usually some guilt of their own to ...eal."

...cking up the letter, he tore it into pieces. "...haven't done nothing wrong," mumbled ...e.

"...You know far more than you ought to ...t your late employer's affairs," rapped ...rence. "Let me tell you this. If it is found ... amount of money is short, you will not ... a very happy position."

"...Accusing me of stealing it, are you?"

"...He wouldn't do such a thing—would you, ...?"

...Irs. Bratley's voice had an ugly ring of de...ciation in it. As Lawrence looked at them, ...most became the truth in his mind. Had ...een only the victim of an ironical coinci...ce? Guilt was written in the red, furtive ... of the farm laborer.

"...So that's what you think of me, is it?" ...led Furze. Suddenly he turned on Mrs. ...ley venomously. "After all I done for you ...—and you hating the old man like you ... I never touched his damned money. It ... you who wanted it."

... seemed to Lawrence that he had done ...ing but add to the burden of evil in this ...e. Turning, he spoke gravely.

"...HIS is the last I wish to hear of it. I have ...ady told Mrs. Bratley, if she has any com...nts, she must address them properly, ...ough her solicitor. The money entrusted to ... by Farmer John will be given to his son ...n he returns. That is all I have to say."

...iding his bicycle along the rough rutted ...k from Halsey Farm, Lawrence suddenly ... a pain in his heart. He got off, leaned the ...cle against an ash tree. The pain grew ...se, he felt himself sweating. "Please God, ..." he heard himself muttering. Then he ...ected, *Whatever we do, every moment is a ... moment to die. Is there a second in life when ... can come completely to accept the mystery ... death?* Yet it was necessary; and even ...w—necessary at this living moment. What ... left behind was no longer his affair. So he ...de an act of faith, threw his mind away ...m the material cares which had ensnared ..., and murmured, "If it is Your will, yes." ...d again, he said, "I am Thine, oh save me." ...mmediately he realized he was not meant ...die at this moment. The sun moved slowly, ...y slowly across the sky. In the distance he ...ard the church clock striking twelve.

...Getting on his bicycle, he pedaled slowly to ... vicarage. When he got back, Susan had a message from Kenneth Foley, who had just rung. She was to tell her father that everything was fixed up, and there would probably be a letter in the post tomorrow.

"He wouldn't tell me what it was all about," said Susan. "What are you up to, daddy?"

"Learning how to save souls and be properly paid for it," answered Lawrence.

Going to the study, he reread the pages he had written last night. Then he got out his typewriter.

In the Royal Festival Hall the pianist who was young, and a little nervous when she heard the applause that greeted her, turned toward Sir Kenneth Corporal in his rostrum, and shyly extended her bare white arm toward him.

Away in the back of the hall, which was crowded, Vera Hearne clapped with the others. There was an intermission; it was just nine o'clock. Vera looked at her program. She did not really want to hear Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, but she had paid seven and sixpence for the seat, and an ingrained inability, cultivated through years of semiprivation, to waste a pennyworth of anything she had paid for made it almost impossible for her to leave the hall. Yet she was worried. She should have phoned Edna. It was only on the spur of the moment she had come to the concert, seeing the bill posted on the wall and deciding that she ought to go to hear a new pianist; it was her duty to know something about contemporary music. And it would carry her mind away, she had told herself—away from the wretched burden it had borne all these days.

Getting up, Vera wandered with the crowd out to the wide stairway. She looked through the glass doors to the restaurant—how exotic, how humming with an inner well-being it seemed! Little shaded lights, and dishes of hors d'oeuvres, and slender bottles on the white tablecloths. She thought she could recognize J. B. Priestley at one of the tables; at

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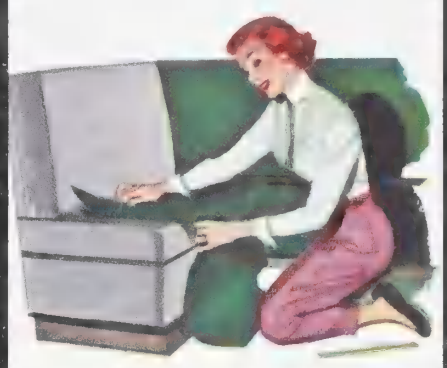


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any rate, it was somebody whose picture she had seen.

Suddenly she heard a voice beside her: "Well! And what did you think of Mr. Trembath's jolly racket, Mrs. Hearne?"

She was startled. "Mr. Hood! How extraordinary to see you here!"

"Is it?" He laughed and flicked cigarette ash from a long black holder; he was wearing a shaggy greenish tweed suit, no tie, but a silk scarf wound round an open shirt, and he looked very different from the man who came down from the organ loft. "Where would you expect to find me? But tell me—what did you think of the concerto?"

"Oh, I liked it very much." She spoke eagerly. She was sure it was right to like it.

"Well, you're brighter than I am," he said. "I never heard such a Marxian din in all my life. And what did you think of the girl?"

Vera hesitated. "I don't really know."

"I'll tell you. She's a first-class second-rater. She'll turn up again at the Three Choirs Festival, and ultimately she'll lecture. Let's leave this intellectual aquarium. Would you care to accompany me somewhere else?"

"After the concert, you mean?" She spoke in a bewildered way. It began to dawn on her that he was a trifle drunk.

"The concert?" he said vaguely. "Haven't we had it?"

"There's the Beethoven."

"Surely you don't want to hear Corporal do the Eighth? I imagined you only came to hear the girl play."

She laughed. She began to like the exuberant disdain of his voice. "You're quite right. I did come to hear the concerto."

"And you were thinking of our pet pupil, weren't you? Mrs. Hearne, there's nothing you can't tell me about the thoughts of mothers. I had one once myself, you know."

They were making their way by this time toward the entrance. He pushed open one of the doors and stood aside, waiting for her to walk out.

There was a cold wind blowing up from the river, and she shivered. But Martin Hood, standing there without an overcoat, seemed to revel in it. "I feel young tonight," he said. "Shall we feel young together, Mrs. Hearne?"

"I'm rather tired, to tell you the truth. And not much looking forward to a long bus journey."

"Bus? Where to?"

"Barnes. I'm staying with my sister."

He lit another cigarette. "Mrs. Hearne, I can't allow you to bus to Barnes. You should never use buses unless you're a conductor and hate the human race. Will you let me take you somewhere—oh, very quiet! I assure you. I just feel happy, and I've no one to talk to—and, you know, I have a very great admiration for you and —— Taxi!" he suddenly shouted, startling Vera.

A taxi drew up, Martin murmured something to the driver and held the door open for her. But she hesitated. "It won't make me very late, will it? I must ring my sister."

"We can do that where we're going. And don't worry, please, about this excursion to Barnes. Leave that to me."

The Polypheme was a club existing mainly for addicts of jive, bebop and swing. On Saturday nights there were jam sessions, but tonight it was reasonably quiet. The moment Vera entered she knew it was not the sort of place she should come to. A band, composed mainly of saxophones, with a double bass plucking out a lazy rhythm, did nothing to reassure her.

"Don't worry," said Martin. "Very respectable joint."

He steered her to a table, under a white-painted arch with a glow of amber light from a hidden bulb. As they sat, the light changed to crimson. "Yes, it goes on doing that," said Martin. "Just ignore it. Now, Mrs. Hearne—a bottle of wine, yes? I should drink the rosy wine—it's safe. And sandwiches—what do you like?"

"Oh, please—no wine. It always goes to my head, and I've got such a long journey back."

"I asked you to let me see to that. As to wine going to your head, you're lucky. It always goes to my feet and fingers."

Before she could protest further, a boy had placed glasses and a bottle of wine before them.

The band suddenly hotted up, and a singer broke into a song.

"Do you often come here?" Vera leaned over the table to make him hear.

Now some couples were dancing and, in spite of her initial feelings, Vera began to feel a curious attraction toward the place.

Martin took up his glass, held it to the shifting color of the light, and cried, "To Susan! And may she be worthy of a good mother!"

She smiled faintly, and sipped the drink. It was pleasant; she had not drunk wine for so long and, taking more courage, she half emptied the glass, and pretended not to notice when Martin tipped the bottle neck, filling it again.

"Do I often come here?" He took up her question. "Whenever I manage to escape from Gilchester, generally I come here. Today is a special day for me. I've escaped from Gilchester forever, you see."

But she had not heard him, she found it difficult to hear anything but the extraordinary wailing music.

"Do you really like this sort of music?" she asked. "If it can be called that."

"My dear Mrs. Hearne"—he spoke in a shocked voice—"it is the only kind of music I do like. And I'll let you into a secret: I write it myself, or try to. In fact, you may hear a little number of mine presently. It's called Just a Quick One."

He went on talking and she sipped her wine, not hearing half he said, her mind troubled, realizing that somehow she was letting herself slip away and then always coming back to one visual object—her handbag on the table. He was telling her why he had left his job at the cathedral. He had felt the need to talk to someone who would understand his background. This rather sad-faced woman, with the beautiful large blue eyes, the faraway look and the dignity of remembered beauty—there would be some heart of true understanding in her, he had told himself.

And there was a quality to her which touched him also; even if she did not enjoy it, he had wanted to give the vicar's wife something different to remember.

But she was only half listening and in the middle of a sentence, as another bottle came on the table and he put his hand in his pocket,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

TO A GENTLE LOVER

By BARBARA SHOOK CONKLIN

I love the fragile beauty of your ways;
Your fingers cool and hushed as April rain
Can calm my world and make it whole again.
For your touch takes the sting from harshest days.
Nothing I've known is tender as your smile;
That small swift look you give me when we pass,
So warm and glad, like sunshine spilled on grass,
Makes where you are a brilliant sunlit aisle.
Time-weathered rocks may crumble, streams run dry,
But beauty frail as yours can never die:
Yours is the strength of simple heartfelt things,
Of sun and seed and daffodils in spring;
Not hard nor harsh as stone, yours is the might
Of the small bright star that comforts us by night.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

she stopped him. "Let me pay—please." Her hand went automatically to her bag.

The music had stopped, more people were cramming down the narrow stairway, the air was growing thicker with smoke.

"No, no!" cried Martin. "Of course you mustn't pay." He flicked a pound note across to the boy, who searched for change.

Vera had opened her bag, and suddenly she burst into silly laughter. "I've a lot of money," she said. "And I can't get rid of it. Let's have some more wine."

Martin realized that something had gone wrong, that Vera's laughter was unnatural. He would have to get her a taxi home, and he had no money left but the change there would be from this pound note, and a few coins. Yet somehow he must stop her paying, that was too humiliating; he could borrow from someone here later on.

"No, no!" he muttered. Putting out his hand to prevent her using her money, his glass was knocked over, and a pool of wine dribbled across the table as her bag fell open and some crumpled five-pound notes slid out. He noticed her quickly stuff the money back and close the bag. By now the boy was giving him change and mopping up the wine. The band had started to play again.

"Mrs. Hearne"—he spoke gently—"isn't it a bit unwise to carry such a lot of money around with you?"

She began to laugh again, her voice came in spasms. "I—can't—get rid—of it. I just—want to get rid—of it."

He stared at her. Suddenly he put his hand across the table, and took her long slender fingers in his. "There's something wrong," he said. "Won't you tell me about it? This is the sort of place where you can talk, you know."

Modesty is the gentle art of enhancing your charm by pretending not to be aware of it. —OLIVER HERFORD

Vera realized she was gabbling something half incoherent to Martin, while his hand still clutched hers. At last she stopped talking. Martin took his hand away and pointed to her glass. "Drink up," he said.

"No, I daren't. I've drunk too much. I don't know what I've been saying."

"I do, my dear. I'm going to put you in a taxi in a few minutes. But before you go I want to tell you something. I admire you more than I did when you telephoned me on Friday. But please will you do one quite simple thing?"

She nodded, without answering.

"Susan will be in town tomorrow for the examination. I think you should go back to Hinton by the morning train. I shall be catching it myself, I'll look out for you on the platform. When you get home there'll be nobody there except your husband. Just tell him all about it and give him back the money. That's all."

"But Susan ——" she whispered.

"The ten-twenty," he said. "And I shall meet you with all the best magazines."

Getting up, he put out his hand to help her to rise. She reached for her handbag, but he took it. "Allow me," he said. "I know this place better than you do."

Holding Vera's arm, he guided her up the stairs. She gasped when she felt the fresh wind on her face. Her head was hammering.

"I never rang Edna," she said, as they waited on the curb for a taxi.

"Tell me the number. I'll call her and explain."

At last a taxi came. Dragging from his pocket all the silver he had, Martin opened the door, bundled Vera inside, put the handbag firmly on her lap, and then spoke to the driver, giving him the silver.

"Be sure this lady gets home safely," he said. "I want you to see her to the door."

Back in the club he found the telephone, rang Edna, told her that he was an old friend, a doctor, and that Vera was far from well, must be put straight to bed.

He came back again into the dense smoke of the room, and as he passed the band pianist





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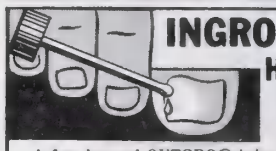
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45

spered to him. Then he sat down, lit a cigite, and waited. The band started to play. irl was singing:

Just a quick one—before you catch the train,
omething to pick one up—again—
Oh, don't we need it!
The life we lead—it's
Insane. . . ."

pleasing sinuous melody in D minor, with idden change to F major, simple enough cunning. *A bit too much like early Coward?* asked himself. But as it went on, and the ples began to dance, he smiled. It didn't ter if it was like Coward; there was someg of Hood in it; and it had more relation 954 than Boyce in C.

he fine spell of weather had broken, and it raining heavily when Vera paid the taxi- and darted into the porch of the vicarage following afternoon. It was just five ock—a time of day when Lawrence was rly always in. Vera remembered Martin od's last words to her at Gilchester station: on't think about it; go straight to him and him." But here she was, hardly able to g herself to turn the iron ring which lifted heavy latch of the door.

At last she opened the door and went inside. re was not a sound in the house. In a large henware pitcher on the chest were some ch leaves and sprays of forsythia; and e were two letters waiting to be posted. glanced at them. One was typewritten, adssed to the editor of the Sunday Record; other, in Lawrence's hand, was addressed he Dean of Gilchester. She was besieged h curiosity about both of them; why should e writing to the dean, and why such a large elope to the Sunday Record?

She left her bag in the hall and went to the ng room. Everything was very neat and ; on the table was a tray covered by a clean ite cloth. Lifting it, she saw a cup, a plate, ad and butter covered by another plate. a was touched to see how well Susan ked after her father; all this must have been e before she left that morning.

Coming out to the hall again, she called, awrence, darling! Where are you?"

There was no reply. And as she waited she an to feel as though her personality had sed to exist. In a strange way the house, ich had been her home for so long, did not m to want her any more. It was as though re were nothing left for her to do. The ger she stood there the more she felt a nger. If Lawrence died would this be how would feel—without anchor or direction—king back only to tired and wasted years? uld it be like this?

"Silly, silly," she muttered. Lawrence was dead, he needed her as he had always ded her.

She went to the study. One letter lay open the desk, written in pencil on lined paper. e read: "*Dear Vicar:* Would you please te and tell me how the old man is doing? He er says much in his letters, but the last one d he was worried because he hadn't heard m me for several weeks which I can't underand—and I got a sort of feeling he's ill. . . ." en Vera read the signature—Jim Bratley. e date was three weeks back.

HE stared at the letter, hardly seeing it. Suddly she pulled at the bottom right-hand wer, where Lawrence had put Farmer n's black case the morning she had gone ay. But the case was not there, nor was it in y of the other drawers. There was still a nce, she had thought; she could still return stolen money, and later, when she saw wrence, pretend to complete ignorance of whole matter. But the case wasn't there. e was not to be given this final relief.

She came out to the hall, to the kitchen, ked outside to the coachyard, saw his bicle resting by the wall, called his name. Incredibly, she both needed him desperately yet ented that fact. But he was not there. Com back to the hall, she went slowly upstairs, ling an overpowering weariness.

Just before six, Lawrence shook his dripping brella outside the door, and went into the hall. He saw the two letters on the chest and was annoyed by his forgetfulness. Both of them were important; in particular he wanted the dean to know that he deeply regretted the fact that he had been pestered by questions from the press. As to the other envelope, probably if it arrived Friday morning it would still be in time. He would telephone the editor tomorrow and tell him the first two articles were in the post.

As he hung up his mackintosh he tripped over something. He looked down. It was Vera's suitcase. And beside it was her handbag.

He could not quite believe it. Picking up the bag, he held it in his hands, looking at it with a sad, affectionate smile. It was worn, she badly needed a new one. He was reluctant to open it, and hardly knew what he expected to find if he did. Then at last he did open it; and there, stuffed inside, was a thick bundle of bank notes.

For a moment, he was angry; not because she had taken the money—he was almost relieved at last to know he had not been mistaken about that—but because she had been so stupid as to carry it about with her in this bag. Then he was moved to a feeling of great tenderness for her, and standing there, he buried his face in his hands, groping in his own darkness for some expression of thanks, feeling as he had felt as a child when something wrong he had done had been found out, and he had been forgiven.

He found her in the bedroom. She was lying with her knees drawn up, under the coverlet. The room was cold, and he lit a lamp, and went about very quietly, not wishing to wake her, happy only to know she was home again.

Then she woke from a sleep that had been very deep. She saw him standing by the bed, and without a word she put her hand out, knowing it would be taken.

"My darling Vera."

He did not say any more, and neither could she speak. He sat on the bed, held her in his

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by Nancy Sasser

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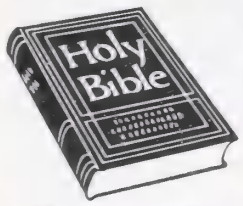


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arms, and smoothed her hair away from her eyes.

"I thought I had lost you," she said. "I thought I'd lost everybody. Oh, Lawrence, I've done such a dreadful thing."

"I don't think it is so very dreadful, Vera."

"Did you know all the time?"

"Yes, I knew in my heart. But it's all right now. And you were right about Susan."

"Was I—was I really, Lawrence?"

"Yes. That's why I couldn't tell you I knew. So you see, I am just as guilty as you are. It's over now, a very small bit of pain we both had to have—so trivial that even to dwell on it for a second would be a waste of God's time."

"Don't you think I was very wrong, then?"

"Yes, of course you were wrong. But who isn't wrong? How can we help being wrong sometimes? I expect your worst misery lay in the reflection that you, who had never done a dishonest deed in your life, had suddenly fallen. Wasn't it?"

"I don't know. I just found that I hated life. And I hated the money, and blamed the money. And then I resented everything—I felt that all we had tried to build up together had come to nothing."

"But you don't still feel that?"

"No. I'm happy just to be here. You are the only person in the world who really knows me. Being married is just that, isn't it? Getting to know each other."

"Yes. It's a joint voyage of discovery."

"It's so silly"—she laughed a little—"to have carried that money about for five days—and then to bring it back. And all the time I was dreading the bag would be stolen. Did you know I'd brought it back?"

You can spot a happy husband by how happy his wife is.

—JOHN J. PLOMP

"Yes, my dear. I opened your bag."

Lawrence walked over to the dressing table and fingered her things there.

"There's something else I want to tell you," she began. The scene at the Polypheme returned to her mind; she wanted to tell Lawrence about her strange meeting with Martin, but before she could begin, Lawrence broke in:

"Don't let us talk any more about it. Susan will be back late tonight, very tired; we must be at our best to welcome her."

"I know, Lawrence. But we still haven't solved her problem, have we?"

He laughed suddenly. "But of course, you don't know. We have solved the problem. The editor of the Sunday Record has offered me two hundred pounds for a series of articles on religion."

"Oh, Lawrence! How did you do it? I can't believe it!"

"Don't ask me how I did it. Slap me on the face for not learning to do it much earlier."

"But it's wonderful. Oh, Lawrence! I believe we're meant to have a wonderful future!"

"There isn't any doubt about that," he said. "If we want it enough, it will come. And it will be wonderful."

FROM LAWRENCE HEARNE'S JOURNAL

April 11. Palm Sunday. The first of my articles appeared in the S.R. I have to confess that I feel as pleased as a schoolboy who has written his first decent school essay. It does not seem to me to read badly. The church was nearly full again. V. and S. were very thrilled. But I can't get used to it—I feel slightly cheap. I did not preach this morning, but reread the long Passion. What a cruel triumph for our Lord today! And how ironical the expectations of the crowd—that here was their King come to deliver them out of present misery! Is it always the same? Do we always demand the short cut? Do we always grudge payment? I must beware of holding out to people anything in the nature of an easy way to happiness. Nothing kills religion more than making it easy. But neither must we rebuke the crowd for waving palms. When God rides on an ass, His children are right to rejoice.

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April 13. Always Holy Week passes slowly. day yesterday I tried to write the remaining icles, and now they are typed, for better or rse they must go.
D. H. insists on helping with the spring aning. I am very much afraid there is a conracy to get at the study.

April 14. I decided to go to Gilchester for my n particular spring cleaning—an overhaul m Pember. He was astonished to find me oking so well and went so far as to say Miracles can always happen." But was there y real improvement in my general condin? He could give no sure answer to that.
Afterward, called on Hood—rehearsing ster music with the boys. What a fine usician H. is—I find it hard to believe he can right to throw it up. And yet . . . he has tegrity. When the boys had gone he told e that Doctor Sinclair, one of the judges r the piano scholarship, had phoned him at there was a division of opinion as to the erits of two candidates, one of them Susan. Sinclair's opinion, it should go to Susan—t this was not to be passed on to anyone, rned Hood.
Later. Praise be to God! Hood has just teleoned to say that the examiners have decided favor of Susan. She has won the scholarship.
Still later. So much talk and chat of the ture, and D. H. buzzing about, talking of a rewell party for Susan when she goes to Lonn next month—I did not quite know where was, and came to the study, and here I have en since ten. It is nearly midnight.
I have been reading back some of these enies. How strange it is that one's deepest misies fade so far away! "My God, my God, hy hast Thou forsaken me?" Thus I wrote on hristmas Day. Now it reads almost like a asphemy.
Upstairs, S. and V. sleep more happily than ey have done for weeks. I am tired, but don't ant to sleep. It seems absurd to go to bed. I ish I could talk to David. There is a scent of ossoming trees from the garden. Very soon will be summer.

"Very soon it will be summer."
The words were written at the bottom of the ft page, and although more was written on e right, Vera stopped reading. She had raced rough the pages very quickly, not always able decipher Lawrence's small and hurried riting, and now she turned back a page and tared at the remarks concerning his meeting esterday with Doctor Pember. "Miracles can lways happen."

ACROSS the garden came the sound of the hurch bells—so familiar that she hardly heard em. It was nearly five to eight, the morning f Maundy Thursday. She had wanted to go to ommunion today, and had asked Lawrence call her. But he had said, "After all the exitement of the good news about Susan I think ou'd better sleep it off." It was true she had een very tired last night, and had only woken uddenly at twenty to eight, quickly dressed nd rushed downstairs. Then she could not nd her scarf, and had come into the study, remembering she had dropped it here yesterday vening, and in searching for it she had found erself standing before Lawrence's desk, with is journal open there. Lawrence's journal had een a slight family joke; for years he had, nore or less from day to day, written down houghts that came into his mind. But he would never let anyone read them; he kept hese notebooks locked in one of his drawers. o Vera had paused, full of curiosity, the scarf orgotten.
The bells went on. She knew she would be ate if she did not hurry, but she could not rag herself away from the journal.

The bells went on. And up in the belfry of St. John's Church, the vicar, standing with his hirt sleeves rolled up, pulled and eased the ropes, and pulled again. On the occasions when he rang the bells, Lawrence took a delight in competing with Nicholas. He would ring as a kind of challenge to the sleeping sexton, with even a hint of reproach in the sound, knowing that the sound of the bells would float across the fields to the cottage bedroom where he slept off his drunkenness.

I suppose, thought Lawrence, *Pember would be shocked if he saw me doing this;* and certainly it wasn't very easy work. Yet there was a zest to it which he enjoyed. He moved his stance a little, and was thus able to see more clearly up the church to the altar with its two candles, its simple purple frontal. Today, since it was Maundy Thursday there were two vases of daffodils and white tulips between the candlesticks, which Dorothy Hunter had put there. Now she had come in through the south door, and went to her pew and knelt.

His eyes turned to the shaky little table a few yards away, by the arch to the belfry, and he read the words on the six-page pamphlet he had written on the history of the church and parish. "The price of this pamphlet is a donation to the restoration fund of this church. The sum of two thousand pounds is urgently needed." It would be a long time before two thousand pounds was raised at sixpence a pamphlet, for few visitors came to this out-of-the-way place. Looking up again, he wondered if he would ever be able to go forward with his plan to pull down the ugly Victorian screen and throw the choir open to the nave, thus bringing more light down the length of the church. There was nothing particularly distinguished about the church, and only a thorough cleansing out of many ugly Victorian and late eighteenth-century memorial tablets could really do anything.

Have I failed? he asked himself. *Failed to leave any sort of mark on this place?* The altar table was new in his time; the children's corner had been started by him; one new stained-glass window had been put in the south aisle as a memorial to those in the parish who had fallen in two wars. It seemed to Lawrence now that he could have done much more to improve the building.

Noticing that Dorothy Hunter had turned and glanced at her wrist watch, Lawrence let one rope go and pulled on the tenor alone. *Time to stop*, he told himself. But there was a



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zest to this which held him; he found it difficult to take his hands away from the rope. There was something about such physical operations which could mesmerize you. To swing a scythe through the orchard meadow in high summer; to extend the arms in the breast stroke and see the shore coming nearer and nearer; to pull with even weight and distance on the bell rope, knowing that the sound of the bell flooded out to the village, that the milk carrier would hear it as he stopped his lorry by the wooden ledge in the farm wall, that the postman would hear it as he cycled to outlying cottages, that his own people would hear it in the vicarage—this was a means of communication better perhaps than any spoken word, a melancholy sound in a sense, yet always a summons to remember, to remember.

The word "remember" lingered in his mind, and he found himself repeating words from Ecclesiastes: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth"; and as he bent his whole body down on the rope his eyes were fixed on the panel of names under the war-memorial window where the words "David Hearne" seemed to glow like the fire of the sun, and he wondered vaguely why it was that the rope slid away so easily from his fingers and Dorothy Hunter was running down the church toward the belfry. If he was a little late in starting the service on this Maundy Thursday, did it matter?

The bell stopped. And when it stopped, Vera, with a guilty start, realized now that she would certainly be late. She ran to the study door with a letter in her hand, and called Susan. She was wildly excited.

When Susan came from the kitchen, she saw her mother standing there by the hall chest, reading the letter.

"Mother, what's happened?"

"Oh, my darling. I can't believe it! Read that. It must have come for your father this morning. I found it on his desk. Put it back—and don't tell him you've read it, whatever you do. I must fly—I'm late already."

Staring after her mother, Susan looked then at the heading to the typewritten letter. "The Deanery, Gilchester." Then she read:

"*Dear Mr. Hearne:* You need not have taken the trouble to write me your courteous note of apology. Please do not imagine I frown upon your efforts into popular journalism. Why should I? Indeed, I like the first of your articles in the Record and agree with what you say.

"Will you be so kind as to have tea with me at the Deanery on the Wednesday after Easter? I have a proposition to put to you regarding two important appointments—but it will need discussion."

The sun was bright across the field as Vera walked quickly. She had never liked being late for church, though she knew that Lawrence did not mind. Now she longed to see him, she felt she could not wait till after the service. *So strange and silly*, she thought—*why couldn't I have had more patience?* To have submitted herself to all that misery, to have fallen so low—for no reason. Yet what had Lawrence meant in his reference to Doctor Pember. He had never talked to her of any physical trouble; she had only been aware that some of his old vigor seemed to have left him, that he w not so quick as he had once been. But neith was she herself.

Halfway up the hill she stopped suddenly. figure had climbed the stile at the top, and w running down toward her. It was Dorot Hunter.

Dorothy was waving and running qu frantically as though she were in fear of h life. Then Vera stopped dead, unable to mo as Dorothy came nearer.

When the other woman reached her, the was a strange silence. Dorothy's hand lay Vera's coat sleeve, and Vera stared at the t eager woman.

"Tell me, please. Something has happen to Lawrence."

Dorothy nodded. Vera put her arms rou her and held her, while the tears ran. "He di before I could reach him. He fell as he was pu ing the bell. He should not have been doing Vera. But Nicky wasn't there."

With the news of death, the world assumes different face. The familiar becomes startling unfamiliar. Vera thought she could hear th bell again, then realized it was not ringin Lawrence was dead. What did that mean? Sh could not tell. It was not the moment to thinl *Tomorrow he will not come up the path, I sha not cook his midday meal, I shall not smell h tobacco again.* It was not the moment. It wa the moment only to linger in the living realit of the person she had most loved.

Then she took hold of Dorothy by the arm "Don't cry," she said. "I know he wouldn want us to cry. Let's go to him."

As the two women entered the church an walked toward the belfry, Susan still stood b the desk in the study. She had returned th dean's letter to its envelope; but now, like he mother, she had found her attention drawn t the open notebook, and for some moments sh had been reading what Lawrence had written

"Very soon it will be summer."



TELL ME DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

tee virginity any more than its absence proves the lack of it. A great many brides have an erroneous conception of the sex relationship, derived from gossip, superstition, newspaper accounts of sex crimes and the unrealistic ideas expressed in some romantic fiction. Teaching that the hymen is a sealed barrier which must be broken at the first intercourse in order to prove virginity might have been sound philosophy in the Middle Ages. But it can also create, for a bride and bridegroom, the anticipation of a painful crisis on their wedding night which might be psychologically as well as physically traumatic and lead both to the conclusion that they are sexually incompatible. Instead of 'living happily ever after' as the fairy tales have it, the result might be an annulment of the marriage."

"But, Doctor, I've already told you that I am willing to undergo surgery if it is necessary ——"

"It will not be necessary. I am sure that, by means of a simple instrument, it will be possible to dilate the small hymeneal opening sufficiently to remove the factor of obstruction—a procedure which is in line with the foremost medical thought of today. But let me say again that before anything else I will want to have the conference I mentioned with you and your fiancé both."

"Well, all right. But I'm perfectly certain he will feel just as I do. After we've all three had this talk, will you do the test for me?"

"Possibly, although I cannot be enthusiastic. There is nothing in the examination I have just made or your history to suggest any tube abnormality. I wonder, also, if you realize that, even though we could prove both of your Fallopian tubes to be open, I would not guarantee a pregnancy.

"Let me ask you this: suppose we should discover some small abnormality involving one of the tubes, would you go to your young mar and call off the wedding? Of course not. Anc he would seem to be a pretty poor sort if he allowed you to do that. My advice is to gc ahead and marry this young fellow. If you come back again in six months and tell me you are unable to become pregnant, I promise that I will carry out the most intricate sterility study I can to discover the cause.

"In the meantime I can see no reason for undertaking such a schedule with two obviously healthy, normal individuals. It seems much wiser to delay that until after ordinary attempts at conception have failed."

"But he's been examined and proved all right and I thought I ought to ——"

"And what of that? Even though you are both able to prove yourselves physically normal in every respect, it would not necessarily mean that you two can accomplish a pregnancy."

"I didn't know that."

"It is true, though quite unexplainable in the light of our present knowledge. It seems to me that you have developed a fixed idea over this question—and that isn't good either. Let a little romance in, my dear. Or isn't yours a romance, at all?"

"Oh, but it is, Doctor—it certainly is!"

"Then let it go at that. And act as though you have a romance. Now go home and talk to the man you are going to marry. Bring him here tomorrow, if you wish. If he sees eye to eye with us over the suggested treatment for that small anatomical barrier, we will go ahead with it forthwith. Fair enough?"

"Yes, Doctor. You can count on us being here tomorrow."

"Very good. And I will explain to you then how you can help establish the far more important postulate that you are ovulating regularly, with only a little time and effort on your part."

END

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WOMEN NEED NO LONGER DIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

for womankind. And now that the secrets and mysteries of cervical cancer are better understood, they can be stopped. By far the most important weapon against cervical cancer right now is much more widespread and effective use of the Papanicolaou vaginal-smear technique. This technique, as most people know, is based upon the fact that cells are constantly being sloughed from the inner female organs into the vaginal fluid. Examination of samples of the fluid under the microscope has revealed cancer cells in countless cases, long before any signs or symptoms suggested that anything was amiss.

The physicians at the American Cancer Society meeting were told of improvements in the technique which now make it possible to detect not only cervical cancers in the early stages, but conditions which, it is believed, may be precursors of cancer. This makes it possible to deal with a cancer before it is a cancer! Says Dr. Charles S. Cameron, medical and scientific director of the American Cancer Society, "Years of experience with this technique have shown that it will disclose 95 per cent of cervical cancers in the early and precancerous stages, when they are most readily curable, and 85 per cent of cancers in the body of the uterus."

But though the Papanicolaou smear technique has been practically a household word since 1947, its benefits have been limited to the hundred thousands of women, instead of to the millions who should have them.

Many doctors still do not include it in a physical examination, even one undertaken for the purpose of early detection of cancer. Or the patient, having received a clean b health after one examination, fails to re for further ones.

This weakness in the program for sa women from cancer deaths is now bein tacked vigorously by the medical profes Already a mass testing of all women in population is under way in Memphis-Sh County, Tennessee, directed by Dr. Cyru Erickson, of the University of Tenne School of Medicine.

Among the first 70,000 women of all who were given the smear test in this pro 544 cases of cervical cancer were found, 129 "borderline" cases. Of the 544 pr cancers, 60 per cent had not been suspe either by the women harboring them o their doctors. According to Doctor Er son's report, the evidence indicates that t 60 per cent would not have been diagnose that time had not mass testing, using the sn technique, been carried out.

Two different projects in New York have shown that it is feasible for women to their own smear specimens. This will be a calculable saving of the time doctors nurses would have to devote to mass test

One bottleneck remains for smear tes on the mammoth scale that would all but v out cervical cancer as a cause of death would require at least one hundred times present staffs of cytologists—laboratory perts who analyze the slides. But somethin being done about that too. The Ameri Society of Clinical Pathologists has un taken an intensive drive to bring young pe into the field of medical technology, which cludes cytology. This is a most promising fi with practically unlimited job opportunit

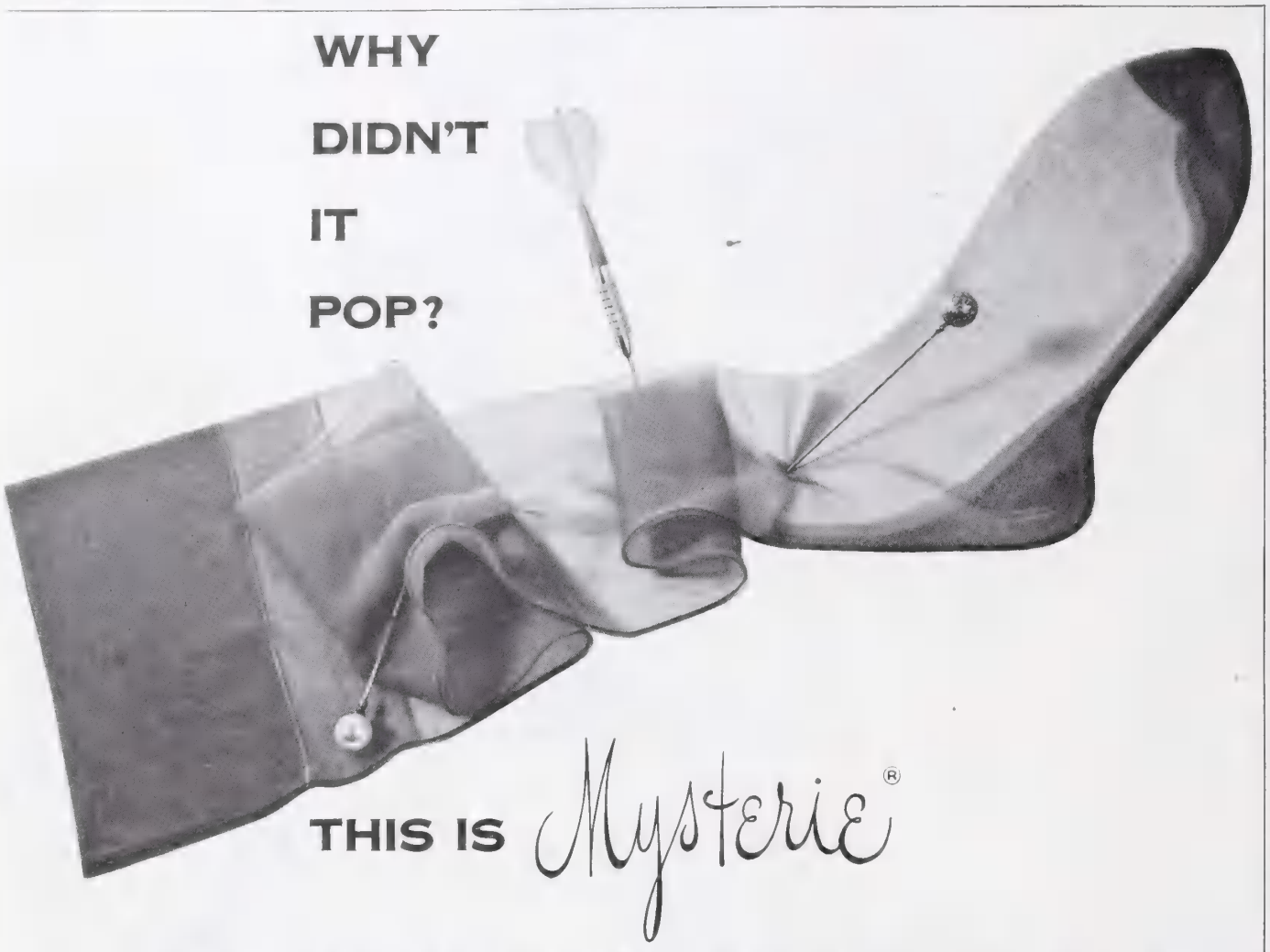
In addition, a machine has been devise the Sloan-Kettering Institute and construc at the Airborne Instruments Laborat Mineola, Long Island, thanks to funds c tributed by a number of cancer-fighting ganizations. Called the "Cytoanalyzer," works by electronics and singles out, at a h rate of speed, the five to ten slides requir further study from the ninety to ninety-five nocent ones. The machine is being tested n for accuracy. The engineers hope, also, to velop the machine to a point where it can g some idea of the nature of abnormali found, thus lightening the load of the hun analyzers still further. The Cytoanalyzer, creators believe, will be ready for clinical in the next several years.

But women need not wait for these gr new projects to get protection from one of most dreadful feminine ailments. "It is my lief that we could begin right now to deaths from cervical cancer by 80 per cen says Doctor Cameron, "if every woman, af she reaches the age of thirty-five, would go her doctor twice a year for a thorough physi examination, including a vaginal smear.

"There is a further possibility. It has be found that many cervical cancers exist in wh we call a 'cocoon' or inert phase before th begin to encroach at all upon adjacent tissu They remain in this stage for an interval time, and sometimes the interval is a long o If further study shows that all cervical canc pass through this phase, by a proper spaci of smear examinations we may be able eliminate death from this disease."

It is an added precaution for the doctor treat any lacerations, infections or "erosion (ulcerated conditions) that he may find at t semiannual examination, either in the vagin tract or in the cervix itself. Two separate stu ies have shown that where large groups women were treated as such manifestatio showed themselves, cervical cancer rarely a peared.

Doctor Cameron believes that a physical e amination every six months, if it includes vaginal-smear test, will in most cases reveal cancer before it has developed to an incurab stage. But every woman should also know th symptoms of early cervical cancer: lengthenin of the menstrual period; discharge of an type; bleeding after menopause; bleeding b tween periods, no matter how slight; and an bleeding after marital relations. All these co ditions can be due to things other than cance But they should be reported at once to woman's doctor, and the cervical tissue



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should be examined thoroughly before the possibility of cancer is ruled out.

Needless to say, the presence of cancerous or precancerous cells in a smear specimen also calls for the most careful examination of the cervical tissues, to find out where the cells come from. Biopsy is employed first. This is snipping off a bit of tissue and studying it under the microscope. Should biopsy fail to ferret out the site, curettement or scraping of the entire inner surface of the organ may be urged.

Today's bright prognosis for cervical cancer when caught early enough, the brightest for almost any form of cancer, rests on the very facts that made its earlier detection so difficult before the vaginal-smear test was discovered. It begins in a small, sharply localized area and in its early stages seldom metastasizes—that is, travels to distant parts of the body through the blood or the lymph glands. Hence it is among the most readily curable of all cancers if found before it has damaged adjacent organs seriously. Today much cervical cancer is being cured by radiotherapy alone, through radium or a combination of X ray and radium, without surgery. This is true even of some quite advanced cases.

However, a certain number of cervical cancers do not respond to radiotherapy, and authorities urge that the attending physician must be left free to decide whether to employ radiotherapy or surgery in an individual case. A test has recently been announced by top figures in the cancer field for determining which cases will do better with surgery, which with radiotherapy. If it proves out, it will greatly increase the percentage of cures.

One facet of the cervical-cancer pattern remains controversial. A condition known as "cancer *in situ*" may occur in women considerably younger than those who ordinarily develop a so-called invasive, or indisputable, cancer. Cancer *in situ* has the same cell abnormalities as invasive cancer, but does not spread to the surrounding tissues as true cancer does. It often has no symptoms at all, or the only one may be slight bleeding after marital relations. Sometimes cancer *in situ* develops into true invasive cancer. Sometimes it stays as it is for a woman's lifetime. And sometimes it disappears altogether! Because of these peculiarities, medical opinion differs as to whether or not it should be treated as true cancer.

The trend today is toward conservative treatment, though many doctors think it best to remove the entire uterus. This question remains to be threshed out by the medical profession. From the standpoint of the laywoman, the present chief significance of cancer *in situ* is that any bleeding between periods should be reported to the doctor, no matter how young a woman may be. And bleeding after marital relations should be regarded as an urgent danger sign. But the strangest part of the cervical-cancer pattern is the body of evidence that has been built up in the hope of preventing it entirely. The research here forms a fascinating chapter in the long story of medicine.

It was obvious that a connection existed somewhere between cervical cancer and a woman's sexual and reproductive life, since married women are its prime victims. Many theories have been evolved, a favorite one being that childbearing itself was responsible, another that various contraceptive measures were to blame. But its incidence varies widely in different populations. It is much higher among Hindus and Negroes, for instance, than among American white women. Extremely rare among Jewish women, it accounts for half of all the cancers in Puerto Rican women. So another favored theory was that a racial element enters in. Yet against this was the fact that though cervical cancer accounts for 45 per cent of all the malignancies in Hindu women, it comprises only 29 per cent of those among Indian Christians, 18 per cent among Moslems and 16 per cent among Parsis, another religious group centered about Bombay. Here was a further puzzle to add to cervical cancer's many contradictory features. And it was this puzzle that Dr. Ernest L. Wynder, Assistant Professor of Preventive Medicine at the Sloan-Kettering Institute, research unit of Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases, New York City, determined to solve.

To prevent a disease, one must first pinpoint its cause or causes. Doctor Wynder set up simultaneous studies of cervical-cancer patients in hospitals in this country and in Bombay, India. For a control group, women were used who were in the hospitals for other ailments of the reproductive organs, but not cancer. Both sets of women were asked searching questions about various aspects of their sexual and childbearing histories. When the results were tabulated, two factors associated with the development of cervical cancer seemed of particular importance. One was early marriage, or otherwise starting an active sex life at an early age, and continuing an active sex life. The other, insufficient attention to intimate personal cleanliness on the part of the male sexual partner or partners!

Meanwhile, Dr. Fabien Gagnon, of Laval University, Quebec, was supplying confirmation for Doctor Wynder's findings in reverse, so to speak. Medical supervisor of several convents, he had been struck by the fact that though the nuns under his care developed breast cancer and cancer of the uterus, none got cervical cancer. He went back over the health records of nuns in seven different religious orders in Canada, in some cases for twenty years, in others for twenty-five. Among these consecrated virgins, there had not been a single case of cervical cancer!

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Concurrently with the foregoing studies, Dr. H. K. Pratt-Thomas and several associates, of the Medical College of South Carolina, were attacking the puzzle from a widely different angle. Twice a week, for a number of months, they inserted into the vaginal tracts of mice a substance which accumulates under the prepuce, or foreskin, of the uncircumcised human male if he is not careful to wash it away. This substance is called smegma and it is high in cholesterol. Cholesterol is a fatty substance contained in all animal fats and oils; in a number of foods; in various body tissues in small amounts; and in cancerous tissue in high concentration. Significantly, a large proportion of the female mice developed cervical cancer when exposed to human smegma regularly, over a considerable period of time as mouse lives are figured.

From these studies has emerged a new theory as to the cause of cervical cancer. The theory remains to be proved in human beings, on a long-range basis, but it has caused much excitement in the medical world. For it now appears that not childbearing, not sex relations in themselves, but fairly regular exposure to smegma, begun at an early age and continued, may be a major precipitating element. Or that at the least, long-continued exposure to smegma may be an important link in the total chain of developing a cervical cancer. Doctor Wynder presents evidence for this view:

"Among Jewish women, the incidence of cervical cancer is from one fifth to one tenth as high as among non-Jewish. For thousands of years, Jewish boy babies have been circumcised soon after birth. Removal of the prepuce almost automatically insures against an accumulation of smegma. There is the further point that Jewish girls do not marry early as a rule.

"The Parsis, next lowest group in the incidence of cervical cancer, do not circumcise, but exercise scrupulous body cleanliness, and their girls marry unusually late. The Moslems, like the Jews, practice circumcision but their girls marry very young, which might account for the slightly higher rate of cervical cancer in this group than in Parsi women.

"Studies made in other countries and among other religious and racial groups tend to confirm our observation that where there is a high incidence of cervical cancer, a high proportion of the girls either marry or otherwise begin sex lives at an early age; the males are not circumcised and practice poor hygiene. In these latter groups there is more cancer of the outer male reproductive organs, too, than in those where circumcision or cleanliness rites are part of the religion."

DOCTOR WYNDER'S study also seemed to show an association between the number of sexual partners a woman had had and cervical cancer. Several marriages appeared to increase the risk considerably, especially if the first one occurred when the patient was sixteen or younger. Early marriage likewise seemed to favor the development of the cancer in the patient at an earlier age.

Science has coined a name for the new theory—the "carcinogenous [cancer-producing] male." To husbands, this is an idea as shocking as it is embarrassing, and Dr. Wynder hastens to give reassurance. Whether or not the smegma theory stands up under lo range testing, a diagnosis of cervical cancer wife does not necessarily mean that her band has failed in cleanliness.

"WHEN it comes to cancer," Doctor W der emphasizes, "nothing is all or none. have seen three authenticated cases of cerv cancer in virgins, and eleven in Jewish wor whose sex relationships had been confine their Jewish, circumcised husbands. I am aware that the two factors we establishe early marriage on the part of the cancer tim and faulty hygiene on the part of her sex partner or partners—represent only part the picture. Undoubtedly many other fact must be present which remain unknown to u

Various authorities suggest four fact which, they believe, must be present woman is to develop cancer of the cervix. C it is true, is faulty male hygiene, and the seco is frequent sex re tions. But the third a chronic inflamm tion or infection the vaginal tract, wh sets up a condit favorable to the velopment of canc And the fourth is woman's basic s ceptibility to canc which is probably t up with her hormo functioning and con to her through h genes. It is consider conceivable that woman may have su a strong tendency ward cancer as a sult of her hormon and genetic make- that she will get c vical cancer in spite the utmost cleanline on her husband's pa or even if she remai a virgin.

Enough eviden has been assemble however, to warra the recommendatio that all boy babi should be circumcise non-Jewish as well Jewish. Doctor Wy der's statistical studi appear to show that woman whose hu band is uncircumcise has a two and a ha times greater chanc of developing cervi cancer than the wo man, married only once, whose husband circumcised. The operation is a slight or and is considered a good health measu for the male, irrespective of the pa it may prove to play in wiping out cervic cancer in future generations of women. As matter of fact, general circumcision of bo babies is already in a fair way to come abou in this country. Hospitals over the Unite States report that in the last decade, around 8 per cent of non-Jewish boy babies have bee circumcised, as against some 20 per cent be fore that. Doctor Wynder believes that thi should bring about a marked decrease i cervical cancer in the next generation.

But he does not suggest that husbands wh have not had this operation should rush t have it performed forthwith.

"That is the first question men ask us whe they learn of the new findings in cervical can cer. It isn't really necessary. Careful hygiene a the time of the daily bath or shower may serv the same purpose.

"The most important thing today is tha women need not die of cervical cancer, whati ever their basic susceptibility to it, or whatever facts remain undiscovered about the disease All they need do is take advantage of the means now existing for its early detection and treat ment. It is my personal belief that when all in the cancer-dangerous ages do this, cancer deaths of women can be drastically reduced."

END

THE FIRST APRIL FOOL

Nobody knows who started April Fool's Day, or when, or why. The earliest record of this festival of folly occurs in a journal kept in 1698: "Yesterday being the 1st of April, several persons were sent to the Tower [of London] to see the lions washed." This joke was repeated a century and a half later on a grand scale; in March of 1860 a vast multitude of people received through the mail a card bearing a seal and the invitation, "Tower of London—Admit the Bearer and Friend to view the Annual Ceremony of Washing the Lions . . . Admitted only at the White Gate." Cabs and hansoms rattled over the Tower Bridge all morning, to the merriment of the unknown author of the invitations—for not only were there no lions, but no White Gate either!

For over 250 years the first of April has been the day for sending April fools on useless errands—to the dairy for pigeon's milk, to the hardware store for skyhooks, to the park to see Mr. A. Hamilton step down from his pedestal. The day itself marked the coming of spring in pre-Christian times. With spring comes spring fever; one of its symptoms, after the long cold winter, is a little mischief in the human spirit.



Pick of the season . . .

easy-care Du Pont Nylon

When it's whisper-soft . . . cloud-light . . . comfortable, you *know* it's Du Pont nylon. When it washes like a dream . . . drip-dries with refreshing beauty . . . you *save time* because it's Du Pont nylon.

And when you see the newest styles for warm weather, you'll want *more* lingerie like these pajamas of Du Pont nylon. Du Pont nylon travels light, too . . . it's *your* answer to a carefree vacation.

DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Exciting new things are happening in NYLON—one of Du Pont's modern-living fibers

Today's great beauties choose this one perfect make-up!

Mrs. Bertrand L. Taylor, III

Unquestionably one of the loveliest of today's young social leaders, Mrs. Taylor—a member of the distinguished banking family—has sapphire blue eyes, soft-burnished hair. For her rose and cream complexion she chooses the make-up that's fresh and young as Spring. She says, "Flattering is really too *mild* a word for Pond's Angel Face—it is the *one perfect make-up!*"



No greasy fingers or wet sponge. Angel Face is *easy* glamour!



No spilly powder. Smooth on Angel Face any time, anywhere.



It makes beautiful women, like Mrs. Taylor, look their *most* beautiful —Angel Face by Pond's!

Vaporized Beauty Oils



make it smooth . . . clinging . . . never drying to your skin!

You smooth it on in 5 seconds—then you look and look at yourself, not quite believing that *any* make-up could work such a lovely change!

Supremely delicate and sheer—Pond's Angel Face clings like a dream. Artfully hides little skin flaws under its heavenly color. (There are eight luscious shades, one *made* for you!)

And it can't dry your skin—because Angel Face contains vaporized beauty oils.

The extraordinary flattery of Angel Face has endeared it to every woman who has ever tried it. The proof: Surveys show more women use Pond's Angel Face than any other make-up.

Now! An extra puff with your Mirror Case! Now, for a limited time, each Angel Face Mirror Case comes with *two* puffs—the second one is *free!* Get your gift soon—in the special "extra-puff" box with the bright red band!



Angel Face

by POND'S

The ivory-and-golden Mirror Case with your most becoming Angel Face shade, mirror and *two* puffs, only $1*



Charming on your dressing table —the blue-and-gold box—with velour puff; 2 sizes: 59¢ and 89¢* *plus tax

MORE TIME FOR LIVING

As a city girl, she never boiled an egg. As a farmer's wife, she housekeeps for seven. Meet Valerie Valaas and her husband Bob—apple ranching in Wenatchee, Washington.

By JAN WEYL
PHOTOGRAPHS By BURT GLINN

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

Wenatchee, Washington

Dear Editors: If you would like to portray a rural family nearly as fertile as the land on which we make our living, perhaps you would consider us. As we approach our twelfth wedding anniversary this March, we have five healthy children and hope for eight. Our doctor, I am sure, looks on me as a sort of goose who lays the golden egg biennially, since our children all are beautifully healthy. We never let ourselves forget how truly fortunate we are in these five whole healthy people whom God has sent us.

Our orchard is nineteen acres, of which eleven are in apples, the rest uncultivated. We have a beautiful view over the Wenatchee Valley, and except for rattlesnakes (the children holler when they see one and I rush out with a shovel and clobber it), we have an ideal spot in which to raise a family.

Our budget is strained, but we eat well and the children are always adequately clothed. Any money we make above living expenses goes back into the orchard, and it is therefore necessary to hold down our expenses as closely as possible. I do not consider myself an overworked drudge. I am not half the work horse many farm wives are who park their small ones in an apple box under a tree and help their husbands thin, pick, rake rush and so on. I wish every wife were as lucky as I am. Come see us. *Yours truly,*

VALERIE VALAAS

P.S. I make nearly everything we wear, husband's shirts too, and we can or freeze around 350 quarts of fruits and vegetables which we raise ourselves every year.

VALERIE VALAAS' mother is still amazed at the way her daughter has turned out. "I've been living on an apple ranch for ten years now," Valerie says with a cheerful smile, "but mummy still looks aghast—first that I know *how* to do everything I do; and second, that I can *stand* doing it all the time. Actually she's very pleased." For it's

"House and orchard are a handful, but we're not too busy for story hour and games."



The night the roof caught fire, Valerie rushed to save (1) children, (2) washer.



Bob worries at harvesttime over debts. "But he never lets the children know."



Phone messages, child care, cleaning 35-year-old house keep Val on the go.



She bought her last coat in '49, makes whole wardrobe. A neighbor marks hems.



Joan is theatrical member of family. They call her Tallulah. "She lives every minute."



Dresses are rare for the girls, overalls the rule. Boys wear jeans, homemade shirts.



Even haircuts are done at home. Nights out are few. "Last year we went to two movies."

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

First tools for Valerie's housekeeping lessons were a smoky black cookstove and a squeaky washing machine drained out with buckets.

obvious to the most casual bystander that Valerie, brought up to be a city girl, has found real happiness on a farm in the Wenatchee Valley of Washington from which she gets to a city "once a year—maybe."

Valerie's "undoing" began back in July, 1942, when she was working as a secretary in San Diego, California, and met a blond, ruddy-faced young sergeant named Bob Valaas. Bob was expecting to go overseas and had definite ideas about avoiding romantic involvements. "I tried hard, but I didn't stand a chance," he says now. "I was completely at her mercy from the start." The romance was sparked by communiqués from Jimmy Partain, a mutual friend: "Bob, I'm warning you about a predatory female." . . . "I cannot help but feel that emotions are involved." . . . "She will make you a wonderful wife. What a scope for machination!" At their small Episcopalian wedding eight months later Bob and Valerie toasted each other in champagne, set out with $31.30 for a "glorious" three-day honeymoon in the back country near San Diego to begin a marriage which would fulfill Bob's boyhood dreams of "an apple ranch of my own, a wonderful wife and lots of kids"—and change Valerie's life completely.

For while Bob was growing up on his dad's ten-acre apple ranch in Wenatchee, working summers in the orchard to save money for college, spending evenings at home reading while his friends went to the dances and movies his parents' religious convictions denied him, Valerie was having a very different childhood. Born in Walton-on-Thames, England, she came to the United States with her mother and sister at six, when her parents were divorced. She grew up in Topeka, Kansas, in a socially prominent family, classified herself as a "hopeless dope" during high school, but by the time she entered Washburn University had been caught up in a whirl of plays, concerts, dances; hoped to become a writer like her father. Careers for women were in the family tradition. CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

s 1950 jeep carries family to the orchards. All acreage has under-
id pipe for insecticide spraying, but planting, frost-fighting, harvesting are heavy work. Bob sank $10,000 into the $23,000 ranch. "Good years, you reduce the bills—bad years, cross your fingers."

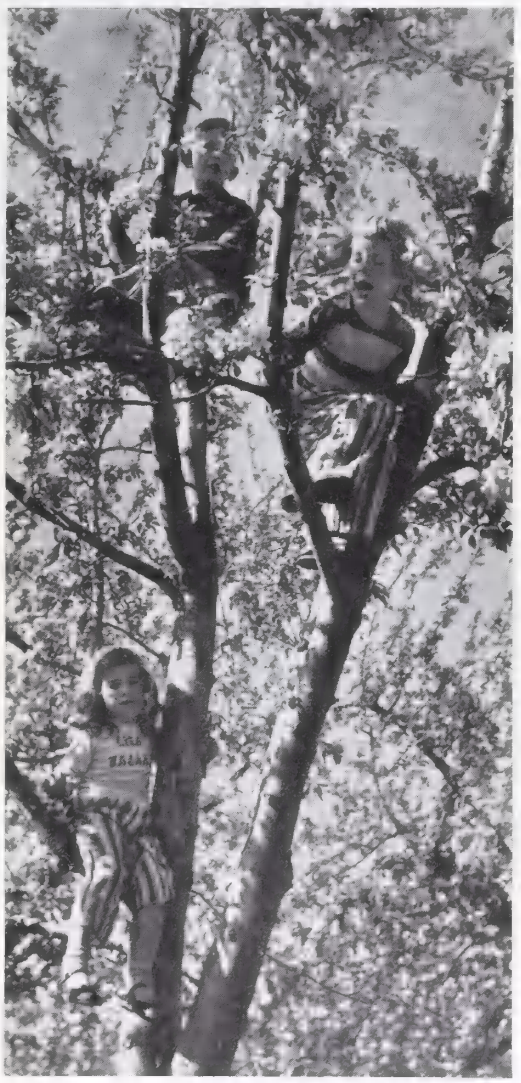


ly vacation is a 4-day camping trip—"No cost except gasoline. An s drive from home leads to big lakes, hundreds of picnic spots."



Most terrifying time: a moneyless year when Lisa, then 2 months old, fell ill. "We sold the children's bonds to break even."

Extra money goes back into the orchard.
"We eat off the land as much as we can—
wild asparagus and wild strawberries.
vegetables and fruit we plant ourselves:
we're starting to raise chickens for eggs."



After play come chores. Andy, 8, waters plants. Girls mind baby Peter. John, 10, is lawn-mowing.



"Do work most parents do—Cub Scout committees, P.T.A. meetings and such." And Valerie teaches Sunday-school class at St. Luke's Episcopal Church "on alternate years when I'm not having a baby."



Last year, Bob reroofed and painted house. Next he needs to add 2 more bedrooms for extra space.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170 Valerie's grandmother had been a practicing attorney back in the 1880's—along with bringing up six children. Her mother had traveled extensively as a child, found a good job with the highway commission after her divorce and, again in the family tradition, hired a full-time maid to do the housework.

Once out of college and ready to write, Valerie discovered she "knew nothing despite a *magna cum laude*," settled for shorthand lessons and a secretary's job; and when Topeka grew dull, migrated to California and more of the same. This, in due course, brought her to Bob.

The Valaases' war years were typical: several months together at camp where their first son, Johnny, was born; a year's separation while Bob went overseas and Valerie waited in Topeka; their big reunion at a family camp in Colorado when V-J Day came just before Bob was to leave for the Pacific. And then off to Washington to find an apple ranch.

"You can imagine how horrified Bob's mother was at me," Valerie said. "She had done housework all her life, and I knew *nothing*. My acquaintance with a stove was turning on the oven for a ready-made casserole CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

Again!...thrilling new recipes from Kraft

"Philly" pies!

The 6 most wonderful fillings you've ever made...with a fresh creaminess that's new



...really please your pie fans—
...ke a "*Philly*" pie.
...Absolutely elegant... but there's ...thing hard or tricky about the ...ipes. Philadelphia Brand Cream ...eese gives each filling a new kind ... creaminess. A light, fresh flavor, ... Just be sure the cream cheese ...u use is marked Philadelphia Brand ... the one that tastes richer, fresher, ...tter than all the rest.

...neapple "Philly" Pie: Blend ⅓ c. ...gar with 1 tbsp. cornstarch. Add ...c. crushed pineapple (not drained) and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick and clear. Cool. Combine a ½-lb. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with ½ c. sugar and ½ tsp. salt; blend smooth. Add 2 eggs, one at a time; stir well after each is added. Blend in ½ c. milk and ½ tsp. vanilla. Spread the cooled pineapple mixture in 9" unbaked pastry shell. Pour on cream cheese mixture and sprinkle with ¼ c. chopped pecans. Bake in hot 400° oven for 10 min. Reduce heat to 325° and bake 50 min. Cool before serving.

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or write for recipe booklet

Right now most grocers have the recipes for the 6 wonderful "Philly" pies printed on tear-off pads. Or you can fill in the coupon and get nine "Philly" pie recipes in booklet form. Free, of course.

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Baking bonanza COMES TWICE A WEEK



SUNBURST COFFEECAKE

I bake bread every other day, but twice a week I let myself &

We celebrate the smallest things, and when the weather permits, our party is usually a picnic. Everyone gets up and starts the day with a special breakfast. "Special" in this case means Sunburst Coffeecake.

Sunburst Coffeecake: Prepare 1 package hot-roll mix or coffeecake mix according to directions on the box. After it rises, punch down, and divide dough into 12 equal parts. Roll each piece into strips 8″ long. With 6 strips, make 6 U-shaped pieces and place on greased baking sheet with ends toward the center, forming a scalloped circle. Arrange remaining 6 strips on the baking sheet so that the ends meet in the center and each oval covers the joining ends of the U-shaped pieces. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., about 20 to 30 minutes until golden brown. Cool on a rack. Brush with confectioners'-sugar frosting made with ½ cup confectioners' sugar, 1 tablespoon milk and ½ teaspoon vanilla, and garnish with candied cherries and walnut halves.

Lisa, our Christmas baby, always has a birthday cake shaped like a Christmas tree. To the other children a cake isn't a birthday cake unless it has a hole in the middle. For me one of the happiest discoveries in the world was the cake mixes. I use a mix to make their favorite cocoa angel-food cake.

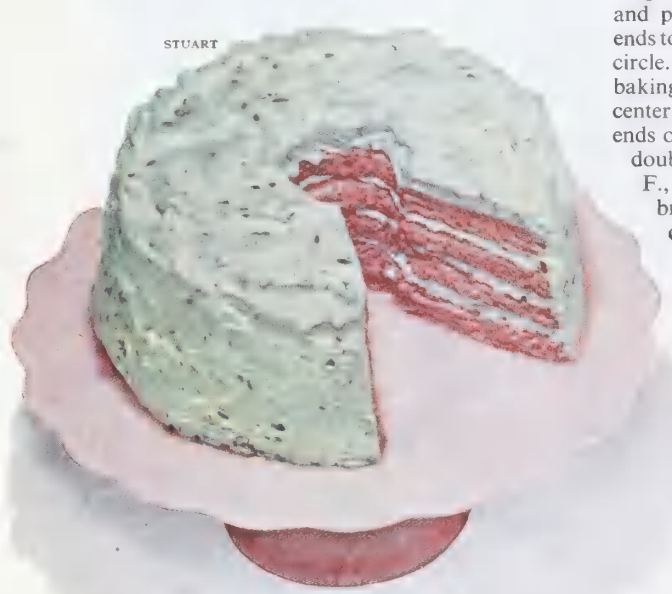
Cocoa Angel-Food Cake: Remove the egg-white package from any angel-food-cake mix. Pour 1 cup water into a large bowl. Add egg-white mixture, stir to moisten thoroughly. Then beat vigorously with a rotary beater, a flat wire whip, or use the highest speed of an electric mixer until *very stiff* peaks are formed when beater is raised. Sprinkle in 2 tablespoons sugar and beat about 10 seconds. Sift the flour mixture and ⅓ cup cocoa into a small bowl. Add 1½ teaspoons vanilla and ½ cup water. Beat until just blended, about ½ minute. Then slowly fold into the stiffly beaten egg whites until thoroughly blended. Pour batter into ungreased 9″ or 10″ tube pan. Cut gently through batter to remove large air bubbles. Bake in moderate oven, 375° F., about 30 minutes, or until cake springs back when pressed gently with finger. Cool in pan, upside down, until cold—1 to 2 hours. Then loosen from sides and center tube with knife and gently remove cake. Cut cake into 4 layers horizontally. Fill and frost with 2 cups heavy cream, whipped, flavored with 2 tablespoons sugar and ½ cup grated chocolate-mint wafers. Tint with vegetable coloring, if desired.

The children take to cookies like jets to the air. I bake gingersnaps once a week to keep them on hand for the lunch boxes and for after-school snacks, although sometimes it's like trying to hold onto an echo that's gone before you're sure it was there.

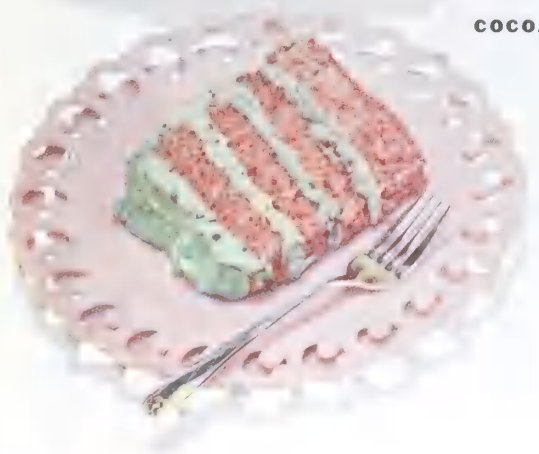
Gingersnaps: Melt ¼ cup shortening in 1 cup hot molasses. Do not let it boil. Sift 2 cups flour with 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder and 1½ teaspoons ginger. Add the molasses and shortening to the dry ingredients. Mix well. Chill dough for several hours or overnight. Roll out very thin a small amount of dough at a time on a lightly floured board. Cut out with cooky cutter and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about 6 minutes. Makes 12 dozen.

Baking bread every other day is one of my chores that isn't a chore at all. Bob likes

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES



STUART



COCOA ANGEL-FOOD CAKE







GINGERSNAPS



DI PIETRO

oan and Lisa, my little bowl scrapers, love to sample the first batch of cookies.



APPLE-BRAN MUFFINS

muffins, cake and pie for weekends.

By VALERIE VALAAS

eese bread, so I make it often to toast for ndwiches.

heese Bread: Pour 1 cup water into nall bowl. Sprinkle 6 tablespoons nonfat y milk over surface of water. Beat with tary beater just until blended. Let stand refrigerator at least 1 hour before using. ald reconstituted milk. Pour into large ixing bowl and add 2 tablespoons sugar nd 1½ teaspoons salt. Stir until sugar and lt are dissolved. Cool to lukewarm. rinkle 2 packages yeast, compressed or y, on top of ¼ cup lukewarm water and t stand until softened. Add to milk. Beat one 8-ounce package sharp process eese, shredded, until smooth. Sprinkle 2 ps flour on top of milk-cheese mixture. eat until well blended. Add about 2 ore cups flour and stir until blended. urn dough out onto a lightly floured oard and knead approximately 10 min-tes or until dough is smooth, shiny and astic. Put dough into a large greased owl. Brush dough lightly with melted utter or margarine. Cover with damp oth and set in warm place (80°-85° F.) ntil dough has doubled in bulk. Remove ough from bowl and divide in half. Shape each piece into a loaf and put into a well-greased 8½″x4¾″x2½″ loaf pan. Let rise again until doubled in bulk; bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 25 minutes or until golden brown on top. When done, loaf sounds hollow when lightly tapped with finger. Remove from pan at once. Cool on rack. Bread slices better the second day.

Without a doubt Bob's favorite dessert is apple pie. However, I like having something different when we entertain. Peach Glamour Pie is different and easy to do and still has the ageless charm of peaches and cream.

Peach Glamour Pie: Put 1 cup blanched almonds through a food chopper, using a medium blade. Chop 1 cup moist coconut and combine with the ground almonds. Work in with fingers or spoon ¼ cup sugar and ¼ cup soft butter or margarine. Press mixture evenly in the bottom and up sides of a 9″ pie plate, saving 2 or 3 tablespoons for the top. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., until light golden brown, 12 to 15 minutes. Put topping crumbs in shallow pan and toast in oven at the same time, about 5 minutes. Cool thoroughly. About 1 hour before serving time, drain one 1-pound-14-ounce can peach slices on paper toweling. Blend into 1 cup thick commercial sour cream a few grains salt, 4 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon orange juice, 1 teaspoon coarsely grated orange rind and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread this mixture on the bottom and sides of shell. Top with drained peaches. Sprinkle with topping crumbs. Chill. Serves 8.

Andy is somewhat casual about small matters like keeping his shirttail in, but never casual about breakfast, especially when we have apple-bran muffins.

Apple-Bran Muffins: Pour ¾ cup milk over 1 cup whole bran and let soak 5 minutes. Cream 2 tablespoons shortening with ¼ cup sugar. Add 1 egg, beat well. Add bran mixture and ¾ cup chopped peeled raw apple. Sift together 1 cup flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt. Add to first mixture and mix until blended. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Sprinkle with sugar; bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 25 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.



CHEESE BREAD



PEACH GLAMOUR PIE



Lisa and Joan Valaas wearing blue pinafores over striped dresses. Machine-embroidered names on belts. Vogue Design No. 2719.



Sewing-Machine Magic

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*

EVEN to Valerie Valaas, an accomplished sewing hand, the range and variety of decorative stitching which can be done on your sewing machine was a revelation. Tiny tucking, delicate scalloped edging, peasant embroidery usually seen only on handmade imports—these and many other designer touches of appliqué, insertion and colorful borders are easily achievable at home. Trying out first on a matching piece of fabric saves time in the long run and you preview two or three good ideas before settling for one. All these charming effects came after careful tryout. To duplicate them, write to us for further information.

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES



Tucks are an ideal place for decorative edgings. This organdy blouse has tucks on each side decoratively edged in red. Vogue Design No. 8320.



Clear-cut prints are ideal for appliqués, cut-outs. Our sweater neckline of flowers was done with zigzag stitch. Skirt, Vogue Design No. 8300.



Yokes and bib fronts lend themselves to trim. On this blouse we have used a twin-needle design in two colors. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 8176.



This dainty scallop, whose size is regulated automatically, is pretty for necklines, tucks. Buttonhole stitch for beading. Vogue Design No. 8493.



A simple satin stitch is effective . . . especially in two colors. Ours in black and white on geranium red. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 8590.



SHARLAND

For lace insertions or appliqués, a zigzag stitch is practical, effective. Ours, a crisscross of Irish lace on linen. Dress, Vogue Design No. 8351.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices on Page 192

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5 cents additional for each pattern ordered.



ER E SUIT, A SACONY GIRDLE

*PALM BEACH TRADEMARK REGISTERED BY GOODALL-SANFORD, INC., MFR. OF CLOTH

How to buy this $25 Sacony suit of Palm Beach* cloth

Wouldn't you like to own this suit? Particularly when you consider that Sacony makes it in that remarkably *fresh-staying* Palm Beach cloth? And that it costs just $25. You can buy this suit *right now* in any one of fifteen colors, and in misses, petite or even *half* sizes. Here's how to go about it.

Pick up your telephone and dial Western Union. Ask for Operator 25. Say, "Where can I buy a Sacony suit?" She'll reel off the answer in one minute flat. Or, if you're a letter writer, drop a note to Sacony, College Point, New York, and have your store names by return mail.

Stores have so *many* suit departments—so to avoid getting hopelessly lost, take this ad along with you. It will help the salesgirl find the right suit, too.

Sacony suits are also made and sold at 27.50 in Canada. (For *Canadian* store names, write Sacony, 423 Mayor Street, Montreal.)

MORE TIME FOR LIVING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172

on the maid's night out. I'd never seen a washing machine work, I didn't have the vaguest idea how to iron. When I asked Bob's mother how to can, she literally couldn't believe I didn't know how. It could have been ghastly, but Bob saved the day. He showed me how."

That first year on their first ranch was a test for any farm wife: "My life was dominated," Valerie said, "by a monstrous black cookstove whose oven refused to heat over three hundred degrees no matter how many slabs of wood I shoved into the fire, a hot-water tank which heated off the same beastly range, a squeaking old washing machine which had to be drained into buckets which were carried out by hand up steep cellar steps because there was no basement drain—plus being pregnant with our second baby, fifty miles from doctor and hospital. Topeka Junior League work faded gradually into the mists of another life, and I began to feel kinship with the neighbors to whom the term Junior League meant only a baseball team for small boys." Years later, when their roof caught on fire in freezing weather, Bob found Valerie pushing her new washing machine out the back door—"It was my emancipation and I wasn't going to let it become a mass of twisted metal!"

With a day beginning at six as the first young Valaas climbs into bed with her, going on until eight that night when the day "begins again" as she and Bob tuck in the oldest boys and have "two beautiful hours" to themselves before their own bedtime, Valerie says the amount of housework she does for seven people is "incredible." She has a modern washing machine, a drier ("without which I have no doubt I'd be ready for an institution"), a brand-new electric range which arrived unexpectedly just before dinner one night as a surprise from Bob—and dreams of buying a freezer she could load with home-grown vegetables, meats and her own baked goods "just sitting there waiting for the oven."

Her accomplishments are many. She taught herself how to cook ("easy because it's natural to want to eat"), to sew ("just follow the directions") and to clean ("a ghastly job no matter *how* you do it"). She does laundry seven times a week, ironing once or twice, bakes bread four days a week, and spends most of Saturday baking cakes, pies, cookies, a beef roast and anything else the family appetite demands, leaving Sunday free for an automobile ride, a family picnic or reading a good book. Everything she does is punctuated with interruptions—Peter's runny nose, Joan and Lisa arguing over a coloring book, Johnny and Andy's latest school project. If she takes a few minutes off during a weekday to come outside and relax or play with the children, they call it "mommy's vacation."

"I seem to be on the move all day long," Valerie says, "but as long as I get to bed by ten I don't seem to mind how much I do. And when I see our cellar shelves filled with 350 jars of vegetables and fruits that Bob has grown and I've canned, or see the family all ready for Sunday school in shirts, dresses and even coats that I've made myself, I get a feeling of *real* accomplishment. It means more to me, I'm sure, than any other career ever could."

The rewards of country life, for all the Valaases, are many. Some are obvious: "Up on a hilltop a good mile from the highway, we have no traffic, no neighborhood feuds to reckon with, no city temptations to battle. The children have the freedom of the whole outdoors and love it. We like the rural school and the opportunity it affords for individual participation in sports and other activities. And we love the freedom of living with no other house in sight. Our children play host to woodchucks, porcupines, pheasant, quail, rabbits—and herds of deer. They think the Seattle zoo has nothing on us!"

But the greatest rewards come in family life. "With Bob in the orchard," Valerie says, "he is close most of the time, the children know him as well as they know me, the interests of the whole family are centered here. Our home is the core of our life."

Watching Bob with his children is still something of a miracle to Valerie, whose impressions of fathers were largely created by her friends' fathers—"They always seemed like lumps behind newspapers—and definitely not wonderful the way Bob is."

For Bob helps Valerie with everything from feeding and diapering to herding the whole gang off into the orchard so she can have a free hand in the house. He is equally good at football with the boys and a "daddy kind of dolls" with the girls. While Valerie cooks dinner and cleans up afterward, he plays records or reads to the girls, gets the nightly routine of five baths well on its way, helps Johnny with his clarinet lessons.

BENJAMIN AND THE BELL

In the late 1700's Benjamin Franklin received a letter from the city fathers of a little Massachusetts community. They had, it seemed, named their town Franklin. And would Ben care to donate a sum of money to his namesake? The contribution would be used, they assured him, to purchase a bell for the church steeple.

Franklin's response was prompt: "I am very much honored and I am very glad indeed to send you a sum of money, but I do not want you to use it to buy a bell. Instead, start a public library, because I have always preferred sense to sound."

—MARY ALKUS

Millions of Expectant Mothers FIX ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN with this On-the-Spot Relief



Expectant mothers tell us, "Handy TUMS are so helpful during pregnancy... so quick... so pleasant."

It's no fun—during pregnancy—to suffer heartburn and the distressed feeling caused by an acid condition of the stomach. No fun at all!

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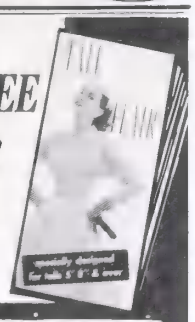
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"At a time of day when most parents find things tend to become a little thick with the children," Valerie says, "Bob maintains order with a calm and patient hand. It's just a lifesaver for me."

Another big plus in raising their family, Valerie and Bob both believe, is the fact that they agree absolutely on how to handle the children: "We make it clear what we expect of them, we try to be consistent—and we talk things out in a sane manner with them when problems do arise. Each child differs too. With Johnny and Joan, scoldings run right off their backs. With Andy and Lisa, you have to be more careful. We've worn out twelve pairs of kid gloves handling them. We spank if necessary—but probably not more than two or three times a year."

A big tribute to this type of training was Johnny and Andy's trip alone from Topeka to Denver two years ago when Valerie's mother was very ill. They were eight and six. Asked to stay in their seats, they left them only *once*—for a necessary trip—and were escorted off the train in Denver by a beaming porter who said he "never *saw* such good boys!"

Everyday rules for the children vary from traffic regulations (the tricycle going *toward* the house has to go around the tricycle coming *from* the house) to definite chores about the house—Johnny and Andy make their own beds (in a manner of speaking), take turns washing the bathtub. Johnny mows the lawn in the summer, Andy waters the evergreens. Joan is the garbage crew.

Because the house is so often a "mob scene—children and toys everywhere you look," Bob and Valerie also make a definite effort to give each child a chance to talk without competing, to feel like an individual to his parents. Bob often takes just one child to town with him, or gives just one child a chance to ride in the front seat—and lets all the children decide whose turn it is. He visits with the boys before they go to bed, answers at length their favorite question, "What did you do when you were a boy, daddy?"

Valerie has time to be with Joan while Lisa naps, time to be with Lisa while Joan, who's "all energy," plays football with her brothers. Redheaded Peter, who's just sixteen months old, receives "too much attention from everyone—and laps it up."

"Looking back," Valerie says, "it seems as if Bob and I just *slid* into all this happiness. Our personalities seem to fit in so well, despite our different backgrounds, that no matter where we are or what we're doing, just being together is wonderful. One reason there are no spats: it's completely impossible to argue with Bob. The same does not hold true for me, I hasten to add. I've seen Bob lose his temper only once—when two big boys beat up our two smaller ones. He's calm, easygoing, sincere, affectionate and *good*. Also just plain wonderful to live with."

Bob adds, "If your wife wants something you can't afford, like a new freezer, just be gay and tell little stories. Keep her diverted."

Valerie's comment: "I must be a nitwit."

Six years ago when the Valaases' did have a real difference of opinion—whether to sell their first apple farm and buy the one they now own—they talked it over thoroughly. Finally Valerie came over to Bob's side—and they never discussed the matter again.

"We've tried not to make an issue of anything," Valerie says. "We're ready to give and take, and after we've found a common meeting ground, we drop the matter. Moods and tempers are things we just *don't have* for each other."

"Except in the fall," Bob says, "and I'm allowed a few moods then. As harvesttime grows near, I start to worry about the weather ruining my apples, about harvesting them at just the right time, and then getting the best price for them. I try not to get tense, and I am better than I used to be, but it's hard not to have your mind on it every minute. This is *it:* you either make it for the year or you have to start out all over again next year—in the *red*."

Bob knows from experience what it's like to be in the red. His first ranch, thirty-five miles north of Wenatchee, which he bought with a down payment of $5000 ($2500 wartime savings, $2500 borrowed from his dad), was a success and he was able to accumulate $8000 in just three years. He also had a job managing

NEXT MONTH

Four years ago they were childless—today nine foster children fill the home of George and Josephine Morris in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Carpets wore out during the children's first year, and now the fourth set of linoleum rugs shows signs of going. The sofa seat had to be nailed down. And once-fresh wallpaper is smudged with small handprints. It's a big change, but it's a promise made to a dying sister who said,

"PLEASE TAKE MY CHILDREN..."

By ROSEMARY JONES

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES in the May JOURNAL



Gibbs perky Paddy Panda Print

In delicate pastel colors, Paddy Panda gaily romps over baby's snowy personal wardrobe! Children just love this cute little lellah—and mothers like the way they can rely on Gibbs sturdy yet "Soft as Doeskin" interlock under-alls.

(a) Baby's comfy two-tie kimono. $1.50 and $1.69.

(b) Patented shoulders allow you to slip this sweat drawstring nitie over baby's head with ease. $1.50 and $1.69.

(c) Handsome 3-pc. crib set. White polo shirt with powder blue collar to match waterproof gripper panties Paddy Panda vest with blue back. 6.12.18 mos. $3.50. Without polo shirt $2.50.

(d) Sassy Lassie side-panel panties with double thickness front and back. 2-way stretch. 69c. Topped by pullover shirt with patented shoulder. 65c.

(e) Paddy Panda face cloth and towel sets with matching pastel edgings. 59c to $2.50. Crib sheets $1.95.

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a warehouse which bought, sold and packed fruit.

But because he wanted to get out on his own completely, and also had a desire to move back to Wenatchee where he'd grown up, Bob sold this ranch and in 1948 bought the one he and Valerie now own. With his $8000 savings, plus $2000 borrowed from Valerie's mother, he made a down payment of $10,000 on a $23,000 farm, and inherited in July a crop ready for harvest that fall. This was still a good year for Bob. He paid off $2300 more on the property, had $2000 left for orchard improvements. Raising apples really looked like a good deal.

By the fall of 1950, just two years later, however, Bob and Valerie were beginning to change their minds. For Bob, who, like many farmers, borrows his year's expenses in advance from the Growers' Credit Corporation (in which he has invested $4600 as credit), had fallen $2200 short of his payments in 1949, and $4000 short the next year with "a beautiful crop and a terrible price." When two-month-old Lisa was rushed to the hospital with an acute throat infection, the financial bottom really fell out. Her godmothers paid for her special nurses, but Bob was reduced even so to selling the children's bonds to pay the hospital bill and to buy groceries for the family. "The whole thing was terrifying—the only dangerous thing that's ever happened to us."

In debt and seriously worried about saving the ranch, Bob tried another crop in 1951—and paid off most of his debts.

"That's farming," he says. "One year you're down, the next you may have a big profit." 1953 was a big profit year for Bob. In 1954 his total earnings were $8000.

"The figures look big in print," Valerie says, "but we actually have to watch our expenses closely because any extra money goes right back into improving and expanding the orchard. We rarely have money for fixing up the house or buying new furniture, which is one lesson every good farm wife learns early: the barn comes before the house, a new tractor before a new car. We eat off the land as much as we can—wild asparagus and wild strawberries in addition to the vegetables and fruit we plant ourselves; we're starting to raise our own chickens for eggs. We dress on a bare-minimum budget. What I don't make, our relatives send us, except for the rare suit or dress that Bob and I buy—one every three years or so if we're lucky. By the time Joan and Lisa are ready for formals, the 350 young Red Delicious trees we planted last spring should be bearing!"

Where the Valaases' budget draws the biggest blank is in money for recreation — "We just can't *afford* to do much. The idea is, in fact, hilarious!" Valerie's vacations from housework consist of a weekly meeting of Johnny and Andy's Cub den ("Lisa and Joan are poles for the relay race and think they're Cubs too"), a monthly meeting of the P.T.A. Preschool Committee to raise money for school projects or fight against consolidation with Wenatchee schools (Valerie helped write letters, make phone calls, go door to door, and felt a "great flush of victory" when consolidation failed), a semi-monthly bridge club ("fun because it has no worthy purpose at all"), and very occasional movies and parties with Bob when friends are available to baby-sit.

"Our mode of living is strictly simple," Valerie says. "We have lots more fun taking our children on a Sunday picnic or four-day camping trip than we *ever* have getting off by ourselves."

To old friends who can't understand why she doesn't miss city life more, Valerie sums up her deep satisfaction this way:

"It's mostly being able to do things I like for people I love, sharing good times as well as routine tasks. I'm far from being a humanitarian or one dedicated to good works. I'd be a washout in a settlement house or even an orphanage, but doing things for these children of ours is just about as much fulfillment as I ever hoped of life. Bob is so much a part of everything we do, and the children feel so close to him—I'm just plain lucky and I know it."

THE BLUE-EYED DAISY

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

"O lovey with the blue blue eyes,
O little blue-eyed daisy,
You grow so sweet," the young man cries,
"You drive a young man crazy!"

Then out he rode on an April mare
And into green woods blazing,
To light the dogwood's candle flare
And set the stars to grazing.

For a daisy girl's soft eyes kiss-blue
And cheeks thin-petal-fine
Can make the world gleam eggshell new,
Rinsed clean in dewdrop shine.

HOW THE VALAAS FAMILY SPENDS ITS MONEY EACH MONTH

Bob's income varies each year according to the size of his crop, the market demand, and current prices. Though in 1953 he had a net cash income of $13,000, in 1954 his income dropped to $8000. His operating expenses likewise vary: from $15,000 in 1953 to not quite $10,000 in 1954. His low income tax results from a dependency deduction of $4200 and nonbusiness deductions of $1000. Bob figures out his probable expenses a year in advance, borrows the money from Growers' Credit Corporation, and repays it in the fall after harvesting his apples. Below are personal monthly expenses only.

Food	$130
Payments on ranch	85
Property tax	10
Clothing	20
Fuel, light, water	24
Telephone	6
Insurance (life, house, car, Blue Cross)	42
Medical and dental (including drugs)	30
Recreation (weekly picnics, annual 4-day camping trip)	10
Church	10
Furniture and appliances	55
Car and jeep expense	45
Dry cleaning, shoe repair	2
Magazines, newspapers	3
House repairs and improvements	20
Charity	5
Income tax (two-year average)	65
Total	$562

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SEVEN SEAS CASSEROLE

Made only with Minute Rice—ready in minutes!

1 can condensed cream of mushroom (or celery) soup
1¼ cups water or milk • ¼ teaspoon salt • 1⅓ cups (or 5-ounce package) Minute Rice
1 can (or ½ lb.) sea food* • 1 box frozen peas, thawed • Cheese slices

Mix soup, water and salt in a saucepan. Bring to a boil over medium heat; stir occasionally. Pour about half into a greased 1½-quart casserole. Then, in layers, add Minute Rice (*right from box*), sea food, and peas. Add remaining soup, top with cheese, sprinkle with paprika. Cover. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 20 minutes.

This Minute Rice masterpiece serves 4. (Note: For extra flavor, add ¼ cup finely chopped onion and 1 teaspoon lemon juice to soup mixture.)

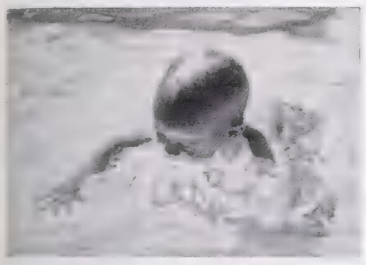
Remember, for "easy days" *any* day, there's nothing like Minute Rice—it's *perfect rice without cooking*.

* *Sauté fresh or frozen sea food in butter about 3 minutes.*

FELICE PARAMORE



They all love swimming, but only the coach is old enough to walk.



Tiny Ann displays her own style; unorthodox . . . but effective.



Miniature mermaid, Laurie, swims down to see what's on the bottom.



Julie Ann takes a quiet breather at the water's edge, and then . . .



gets back in the swim with a fast flutter kick, which takes her to the center of the pool and a big kiss from Jen, her grandmother.

They swim before they walk

"Ten days is a bit young," but these babies, 4 to 9 months, take to water like tadpoles.

By FELICE PARAMORE

"EVEN at a comparatively helpless age, a baby can be taught the rudiments that will keep him afloat and alive if he falls into the water." Jen Loven knows exactly what she is talking about; she has taught thousands of children to swim, and conducts a regular semiweekly swimming class for infants who range in age from four months to a ripe old year.

Julie Ann, Mrs. Loven's own granddaughter, started lessons when she was ten days old, but Jen thinks that's a bit young. "For most babies, from three to six months is about right. And they love it. They can't learn orthodox strokes or stylized techniques, but they can learn to relax in the water, to keep their mouths closed, and to flail with arms and legs. Those are the rudiments."

Few babies have an inherent fear of water, but they can acquire fear easily if startled or forced. Jen likes for parents to go into the pool with their babies. The water should be warm (90° F.), the instructor calm and patient, and her voice low and confident. In this happy atmosphere, the babies take to swimming like tadpoles.

Mrs. Loven puts a new "student" on his stomach, supporting him with her hands while moving him gently in the water. He gets an occasional mouthful, but soon learns to keep his mouth closed and to hold his breath and relax. Then she puts him face down and allows him to wriggle along alone, keeping her arms protectively near. The small babies are not able to hold their heads out of water, so she takes them out every few seconds to breathe. She *never* leaves a baby unguarded for an instant, no matter how proficient he becomes. As breath control increases, the distances they can swim increase also. Some of Jen's water babies, who still can't stand alone, can swim twenty feet under water. Her biggest difficulty comes when it's time to take the swimmers from the pool. They howl.



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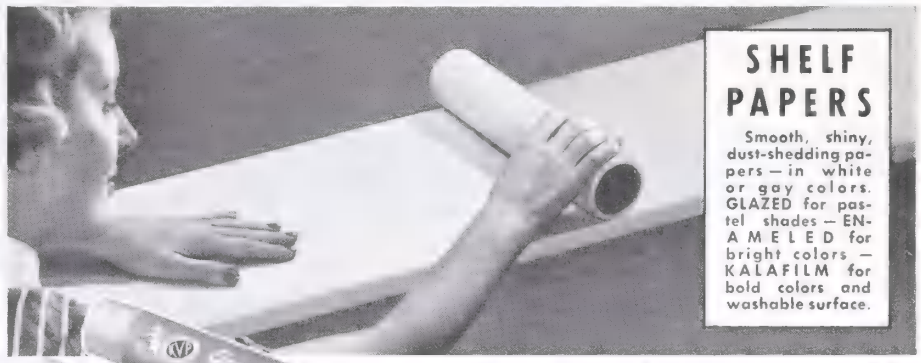
For a hearty, thrifty main dish add tasty Underwood Deviled Ham to creamed vegetables and spoon over rice. Underwood's special spicing adds zest to foods — its whole ham goodness adds nutrition, too!

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BORN TO BE QUEEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

A footman ushered them into a suite at the rear of the first floor which Juliana at once remarked had been her nursery rooms as a child. There were a sitting room, a small bedroom and a big one, a dressing room and bath.

"You may sleep in the smaller room," the princess told Sophia. "And I believe there's another bathroom above us on the second floor. Come, I'll show you."

Juliana led the way up a flight of carpeted wooden stairs to the floor above. Through the staircase windows Miss Feith could see the rear view of office buildings close by.

"This is where I went to school," the princess was saying, throwing open the door of a large square front bedroom. They could hear from below the street noises of the organ grinder and the clatter of bottles from the milk vender peddling his pints of milk. "Mother invited three friends to study here with me. *She* was tutored all alone, by university professors, starting at the age of six."

Miss Feith had heard friends say that Queen Wilhelmina had appeared unexpectedly one day at the most progressive elementary school in The Hague, run by a farmer's son named Jan Ligthart. The queen sat watching and listening from the back of a classroom for several hours, then announced to the school's founder that she was putting him in sole charge of Juliana's education. The Feiths had considered this a radical departure for royalty at the time.

"Mother had four desks moved in here, and a blackboard," Juliana told Miss Feith. "We learned our three R's and tons of colonial history.

"Once in a while my grandmother wou pay us a surprise visit. She lived right up t street from here. I remember once we we conjugating verbs, bored to pieces, when t door opened and in came grandmother. S always looked like a picture-book queen any hour of the day, with her black silk gow and high neck stocks, her white hair perfect arranged.

"Well, that day she had brought along servant with a huge tray of marvelously ric cookies and lemonade. It seemed to me it w the best and sweetest lemonade I had ev tasted, much better than here at Noordeind

"And now we had better dress for dinner remarked Princess Juliana, laughing.

Miss Feith had scarcely returned to th small dressing room when someone knocke on the door. There stood a servant in a whi apron and high chef's hat.

"Good day, Freule," he bowed. "H Majesty has put me in charge of preparing th meals for Princess Beatrix."

With difficulty Miss Feith repressed a smil

The chef produced a small pad and penc and asked, "If you would be so good as t inform me what the princess eats?"

"Why yes," replied the nurse. "At ten A.M she gets five tablespoons of strained porridg and for six-o'clock supper two ounces c puréed soup."

The chef gravely wrote down the instruc tions.

The next morning, the day of the christer ing, Miss Feith arose early. It was a beautifu bright May day, and in the gardens belo masses of tulips and daffodils made splashe of color in their tiny formal plots. Miss Feit bathed the princess much earlier than usua and carefully shampooed and brushed he spun-gold hair. Over in a corner of the dress ing room lay a mound of shimmering cream white satin and lace nested in yards of blu tissue paper, the christening gown of bot Juliana and Wilhelmina. Next to it was a gold and-crystal dressing-table set, a gift from th Belgian king to his new royal godchild.

A few minutes before ten a footman arrive bearing a massive silver tray with a domed cover. Inside was a gleaming silver porringe with a few spoonfuls of hot strained oatmeal The monogram on the dish, a crowned J, con firmed Miss Feith's suspicions that the infan Juliana's exclusive set of tableware had once more been pressed into service.

Princess Juliana came in to nurse the four teen-week-old infant, and then helped Sophia Feith dress her in the satin-and-Brussels-lace gown, grown creamy with age over the decades. There was a bonnet to match, too and a veil and cushion. Down the front of the immensely long dress was a panel of lace in which was worked the royal arms of the House of Orange and its French motto, *Je maintiendrai.* (I shall maintain.) The infant Trix laughed and kicked as her mother stood tenderly smiling down at her. The princess' cheeks were flushed pink with excitement.

THEN the room was empty, the pile of tissue paper strewn on the floor, when the nurse, hastily finishing her own toilet, heard a great commotion from the front of the palace. She hurried down the corridor to a window overlooking the front terrace and poked out her head. Directly below stood a caravan of shining black royal coaches along with Holland's great golden coach, drawn by eight matching black horses, each held by a footman in plush knee breeches and Nassau-blue jacket and scarlet waistcoat embroidered with gold braid. About the coaches surged a crowd of excited laughing people, waving orange flags and the red-white-and-blue flag of The Netherlands and shouting, "Long live Princess Beatrix!"

The turquoise-blue cloudless sky, the scent of spring, the magnificent cavalcade waiting below with horses prancing and snorting and impatiently pawing the red brick street gripped the nurse in a wave of emotion. *Beatrix, she who brings happiness—how aptly you were named!* she thought.

Down below she could see Queen Wilhelmina appear and step unassisted into the first black coach, followed by the King of Belgium, Leopold III, in resplendent uniform. Amid a surge of cheers from the moving ocean of heads and flags, the other godparents entered

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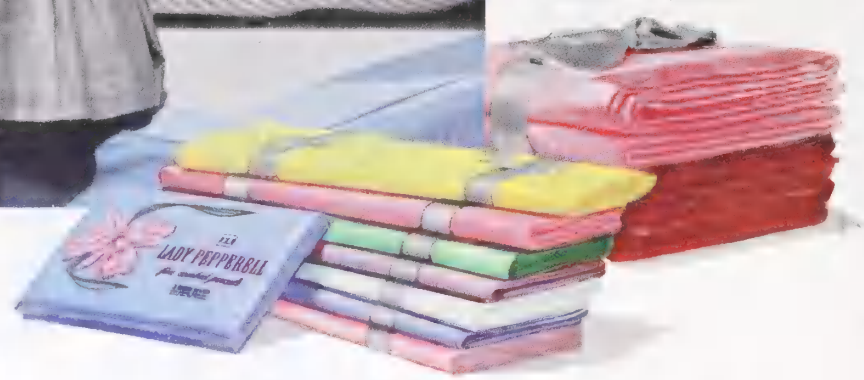
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waiting carriages—the prince's mother, cess Armgard; the Duke of Mecklenburg, e of Juliana; the Countess Athlone, her ; and Countess Kotzebue, aunt of Prince nhard. Next came Princess Juliana carry- a pillow of frothy white lace and satin from ch emerged two clenched little fists. Then ce Bernhard, in military dress and wearing vord, followed his wife and daughter into golden coach, debonair and smiling.

n a black palace limousine Miss Feith fol- ed the procession to the Groote Kerk, a ch Reformed Church, where Juliana and nhard had been married the year before. he minister intoned, "Beatrix Wilhelmina ngard, I baptize thee in the name of the ner, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." Then aised his hand over the child. "May the d bless you and protect you."

he sun streaming through the centuries-old ned-glass windows fell on the small bundle hite. Trix cried throughout the ceremony. he great formality of the occasion, the hing crowds which spilled off the side- ks into the way of the royal procession and ned to go berserk at the sight of the tiny ds waving from the coach window, left the se quite exhausted. The prince and the ncess were busy with guests in the afternoon le Miss Feith pushed the newly christened ncess along the narrow garden paths behind Hague palace. Dozens of people stopped oint and stare, pushing their noses through black iron fence which separated the ace garden from the rear yards of offices cafés.

Poor Juliana, thought Sophia. *How she st have loathed this goldfish-bowl existence!*

Later that day as Miss Feith was walking wn a palace corridor she almost bumped o Prince Bernhard, who stood with his nds in his pockets gazing up at a picture on wall. "My predecessor," he remarked, ila's father."

Miss Feith paused to look at the wedding rtrait of Queen Wilhelmina and the Duke nry of Mecklenburg. The queen was then enty, an arrestingly beautiful young man with an aristocratic profile and a wil- vy figure. Her waist appeared as though it uld be spanned by two hands. The duke oked very handsome with his cropped blond r and square powerful shoulders. In formal rtraits such as these there was not much to licate his habitual good humor and ability laugh at himself which endeared him almost mediately to the Dutch people.

As the first prince consort in Dutch history, doubt Prince Henry found a sense of humor lispensable. When he became engaged to the tch queen, he was a subaltern in the Prus- n Jägers. A special act of Parliament made n a Dutch citizen and at the same time a neral in the Dutch army and a vice-admiral the Dutch fleet. As for the financial ar- ngements necessary for a prince consort, rely he must have been amused when the o houses of government, hurriedly called gether, came to one of those cautious settle- nts so typical of Hollanders where money concerned.

PRINCE HENRY of the Netherlands was to get allowance unless his wife died first. In this ent, he was to get one *provided he remained Dutch soil.*

He never collected his allowance, thought e nurse, recalling the blinding-hot July day 1934 when his funeral procession crawled st the sorrowing multitudes lining the ague streets. Even in death, the jovial prince emed to be gay. At his request, his funeral rtege was all white. According to his wishes, s widow and daughter mourned him in hite as well.

"Prince Henry was chairman of the Red ross here in Holland, as Juliana is now," the rince told Miss Feith. "He was very much rapped up in his work, and spent a good deal time in the Red Cross building. That's where had his first heart attack. Of course a Red ross ambulance was summoned right away nd some of the volunteer workers carried rince Henry out on a stretcher. They say that lifted his head and smiled and said, 'Splen- d! Now I am myself an example of the fine ork of the Red Cross!'"

Sophia smiled. "Jula was away visiting at London, wasn't she?"

"Yes. At first the attack was not considered too serious. When she was finally summoned home he had had a second attack and it was too late. Everyone said it was a terrible shock for her. She adored her father," Prince Bernhard said.

Miss Feith remembered a story about the time Prince Henry visited Leiden University when Juliana was a student there.

One of the professors told him that his daughter was highly intelligent.

"That she gets from her mother," commented the prince.

Another professor told him that Juliana had a most agreeable and cheerful personality.

"That she gets from me," exclaimed the prince.

Miss Feith told the story to Bernhard. He laughed and said with a shrug, "It's a good story. It also shows how royalty hears nothing but flattery."

With this, he left her and ambled off down the hall. The next day they all returned to Soestdijk.

It was a relief to get back to the quiet and peace of a country house where it was always possible to go into the woods and pick wild flowers or simply lie in the sun, safe from all prying eyes.

When Trix reached the age of six months, Princess Juliana stopped nursing her. No longer tied down to a feeding schedule, she was able to take more trips with her husband, but whenever she was in Soestdijk she appeared for the morning bath and frequently escaped from her desk to push the baby's pram.

One evening when the nurse arrived in the library for evening cocktails, she found Prince Bernhard laughing uproariously on the sofa

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with a small, slender, chic-looking woman in black velvet with jade earrings.

"Mother," said Juliana, "you met Freule Feith at Trix's christening. Mother just motored in from Germany, Sophia."

"How do you do?" said Princess Armgard in a very deep, throaty voice. Like Juliana, she spoke in English. "Did you know," she remarked, turning her head to speak to her daughter-in-law, "Bernhard's first nurse was Chinese? At least her mother was Chinese and her father British. She spoke no German, but she had Bernhard prattling away in English by the age of three."

Miss Feith looked over at the prince, who was watching his mother with a fond expression.

"The Chinese amah adored Bernhard," went on the German princess. "She said he was fearless as a lion and stuffed him with red meat. Whenever he flew into one of his temper tantrums she'd hold him at arm's length while he kicked and yelled and clawed. When I asked her why she didn't spank the rascal, she explained, 'Chastisement does not convince.'"

Bernhard joined in the general laughter. "I got enough beatings elsewhere," he said.

"Not until you were twelve," his mother corrected. She took a cigarette out of a small white clay pipe and lit a new one from the stub. She had trouble igniting the cigarette and Bernhard instantly leaned over with his lighter. She puffed for a moment, then thanked him smilingly. When she looked her son, her expression changed one of radiant tenderness.

"Bernhard was tutored at ho until he was twelve," she told group, "when we decided—my h band and I—to send him to school Zuellichau. What a change for hi He slept with twenty-four boys in room and if one of them misbeha he was beaten."

"I could count on at least th beatings a week," Bernhard admitt "Some of which I deserved."

"He used to visit us weekends Reckenwalde—that's our home, n the Polish border," the princess plained to the nurse. "One Sund his father and I noticed a great rel tance on Bernhard's part to return school. Finally he confessed to that an upperclassman beat him re larly every Sunday afternoon with belt buckle."

She paused and puffed at her lit English pipe, her gray eyes so like H son's crinkled with some humoro recollection. The Dutch princess a the nurse waited silently for her go on.

"Bernhard was not very strong very big," she admitted finally. "H father could see no way to handle t bully. 'Kick him in the stomach!' said."

The nurse noted that although s laughed politely, Juliana did not lo too amused. She had a strong disli of physical violence, and had oft told Miss Feith that under no circu stances was Trix to be spanked. "Y must *reason* with her," she explain frequently.

"How is Aschwin?" inquired Ber hard.

"Still the ragged scholar," H mother announced in her deep voi "My two sons are so different," s informed Miss Feith. "I remember newspaper reporter once called the *homespun* and *ermine*. When th were both studying at the universi in Berlin, I often visited them fro Reckenwalde. They had precisely t same allowance from home, but was always the same story.

"ASCHWIN lived in the same lod ings but his clothes always looked though he slept in them. When asked him if he had enough mon he never had any idea. He would g out his checkbook and invariably fi that he was penniless. Bernhard, the other hand"—she smiled at h older son and her eyes lighted up h face in a striking resemblance "Bernhard as a student always h pleasant quarters, excellent clothe and took me to the best restaurant When I asked if he needed mo money he always said he had enou to manage until his next allowan check from home."

"Bernhard is an excellent ma ager," agreed Juliana.

"But he drives himself far t hard," frowned his mother. "H school friends thought twice befo coming to Reckenwalde for the wee end, I can tell you. Bernhard h every split second planned. Two hou for duck shooting, an hour for spee boating, perhaps some horseba riding after lunch or a trip to t airfield for some flying, a swim b fore dinner and then dancing un three in the morning. Two hou later he was ready for more du shooting."

"Come now, mother, that's enou about me!"

Miss Feith wished she would co tinue. She was fascinated by th glimpse of the plucky, highly ene getic boy who had such a temper a such drive. But the conversati changed to horses and horse sho





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and then to the present state of affairs in Germany.

"You were a lucky one to be offered a job in Paris," Princess Armgard informed her son. "Thank heaven you didn't go into the diplomatic corps as you once intended."

"What do your friends tell you about Austria?" asked Bernhard.

The princess' voice shook with feeling. "Unbelievable. Far worse than Hitler's early purges. They say the day the Storm Troopers marched in, whole families of Jews plugged up the doors and windows and turned on the gas. What is the feeling here about Hitler?"

The prince told her that the Dutch, while shocked and horrified, seemed to ignore the situation. "They will do nothing which might offend the *Führer;* they prefer to leave all action up to France and England, and bury their heads in the sand. With Belgium and Luxembourg it is the same."

"How do the German people feel about all this?" put in Juliana.

"Many are shocked," responded Princess Armgard, "but it is how Hitler feels that matters. You know, don't you, that I ran into trouble when we flew your standard, the last time you visited at Reckenwalde? It was not up half an hour before a Nazi came flying in on his motorcycle and said that the flag was not on the *Führer's* approved list."

"But you didn't take it down," remarked Juliana.

"Naturally not," replied Armgard haughtily. "I told him that the House of Orange-Nassau is not a country, it's a family."

"And you convinced him?" laughed her son.

"We reached a compromise," admitted his mother. "He said I could fly my daughter-in-law's standard provided I flew the swastika at the same time. He brought me back a Nazi flag and a flagpole and waited until my servants installed them on the roof.

"Of course, the moment you and Juliana left, I ordered both flags taken down."

After a few days' visit, Princess Armgard returned to Germany. Not long afterward, at the Munich Conference in September, 1938, Czechoslovakia surrendered its western lands to Hitler and the prince was once more plunged into a state of gloom.

But Miss Feith had other things to worry about besides the burgeoning Third Reich. There were many personal disadvantages to her new job. As the prince and princess accepted her more and more into their *gezin*, or intimate family group (and the three of them were all on a first-name basis now), the nurse felt it wise to keep herself aloof from the rest of the palace staff and their gossip. This frequently made for loneliness, especially when the prince and princess were off on a motor or airplane trip, or a cruise in the royal yacht Piet Hein. Then she ate her meals alone in the palace dining room or on a tray in her room. Her time off the job was practically nil—she was lucky if she could manage even half a day at her parents' home every other week. Her beaux had long since become discouraged, and one by one ceased trying to see her. On her twenty-seventh birthday she awoke filled with a deep sense of depression—was she doomed the rest of her life to lonely spinsterhood? More than anything else in the world she longed for a husband and children of her own.

On the other hand, she hated to think of leaving the warm family circle at Soestdijk. She felt needed, not only as a fixed and unmoving center of Trix's existence, but also as a much-needed confidante of Princess Juliana.

The baby Trix she quite adored. At the age of one, she could say eleven words. Her mother counted them herself. She was a plump, merry little child with a snub nose and blue eyes that turned into little half-moons when she laughed. And such an affectionate little thing! "Zussie, Zussie!" she would call after the nurse if she left her for a moment with a chambermaid. This was the closest Trix could come to pronouncing *Zuster*, meaning "sister," the universal name of all Dutch baby nurses. When Miss Feith returned, the princess would wrap her small arms around her nurse's knees, chortling with joy.

Princess Juliana had occasionally mentioned that she intended to hire a governess for Trix when the child was old enough to start her study of foreign languages. As the weeks slipped into months and almost a year had passed since she first came to Soestdijk, Miss Feith wondered when a governess would arrive to take her place.

Then one winter morning early in 1939, Princess Juliana summoned Miss Feith to her downstairs study.

The Groningen girl felt that of all the rooms in the palace which reflected the tastes of the royal couple, this room most clearly revealed the personality of the future queen. Done in the coppery colors of white, yellow and burnt sienna which Juliana loved so well, it was a small, sunny, intensely feminine room with a big French window opening on a stone terrace where the princess and her husband often dined in the summertime. Now thick snow blanketed the terrace and the sloping lawns beyond. In front of the fireplace was a tiny wooden footstool for Trix, and pillows of native hand-woven fabrics were heaped invitingly on a brown plush sofa pushed against the wall. As usual, the flowers about the room were of the simple field variety and not elaborately arranged.

An oil portrait of Bernhard as a lad of about ten in colorful Tyrolean costume hung

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near the fireplace; other, smaller oils, most of them Dutch landscapes, were signed by Wilhelmina. On the narrow fruit-wood desk was a pleasant clutter of friends' wedding pictures, family photos, menus for the princess to check and a small pot of pink begonias.

The princess was sitting in a chair by the French windows with her knitting. The morning sun made an aureole of her dark blond hair; she looked particularly relaxed and happy.

"Zussie," she said, for both she and the prince had begun calling the nurse by her new nickname, "have we discussed how long you would be staying here?"

Miss Feith shook her head. "No, Jula, never." Here, then, was the end. She was about to be dismissed. She was conscious of a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach and felt close to tears. She could not love Trix more if she had borne her, she felt sure. But Trix's education must be perfect in every respect. Who was she—a mere hospital nurse—to instruct a future queen?

The princess unwound another length of red wool from the knitting basket on the floor. She remained quiet for a moment and then she said, "Bernhard and I hope you will feel like staying a bit longer. You see, we're expecting another baby."

Zussie felt overcome with joy and relief. "How wonderful for Trix!" was all she could say.

"Then you will stay?" asked the princess anxiously. "I was afraid you might want to leave, and hoped that this news might lure you into remaining."

"Of course I'll stay!" exclaimed Zussie. "I'll be very happy to stay."

"I'm so glad Trix won't be an only child," Juliana went on. "I always said I wanted to have twelve children when I grew up!" she concluded, laughing.

Zussie was thinking that if the princess bore a son he would become king according to the Dutch laws of succession and Trix would remain a princess.

The last male to ascend the Dutch throne was King William III, son of the Russian beauty Anna Paulowna. That was, as Zussie realized, almost a century ago.

The days sped swiftly by and in the summer Trix was considered old enough to go wading in the big 150-foot outdoor swimming pool. It was really like a small lake. Although only a year and a half old, she showed absolutely no fear of the water and splashed happily by the hour in the shallow end, which was only a foot or two deep. Now she was allowed to join her parents at mealtime, sitting with her nurse at a separate table in the family dining room.

Trix displayed definite likes and dislikes about food, and spinach came under her list of abominations. One day she hurled a plateful of the hated vegetable on the dining-room carpet.

Her father was furious and wanted her spanked at once.

Juliana intervened in her soft voice. "No, no," she protested. "Chastisement does not convince," she reminded her husband. "Scolding is quite enough."

But when on a later occasion his daughter deliberately wet her pants (so Bernhard thought) he administered a sound spanking on the place where he said it would do the most good. At any rate, she never committed that particular *faux pas* again.

The new baby was due in August. Zussie was accustomed to hospital deliveries, which were, however, definitely the exception among most of her acquaintances. Usually the doctor arranged hospital deliveries only if they expected birth complications. The princess' personal physician, whom Miss Feith had known at the Utrecht hospital, informed the nurse that she could provide all the nursing assistance he needed. With this plan the princess concurred wholeheartedly.

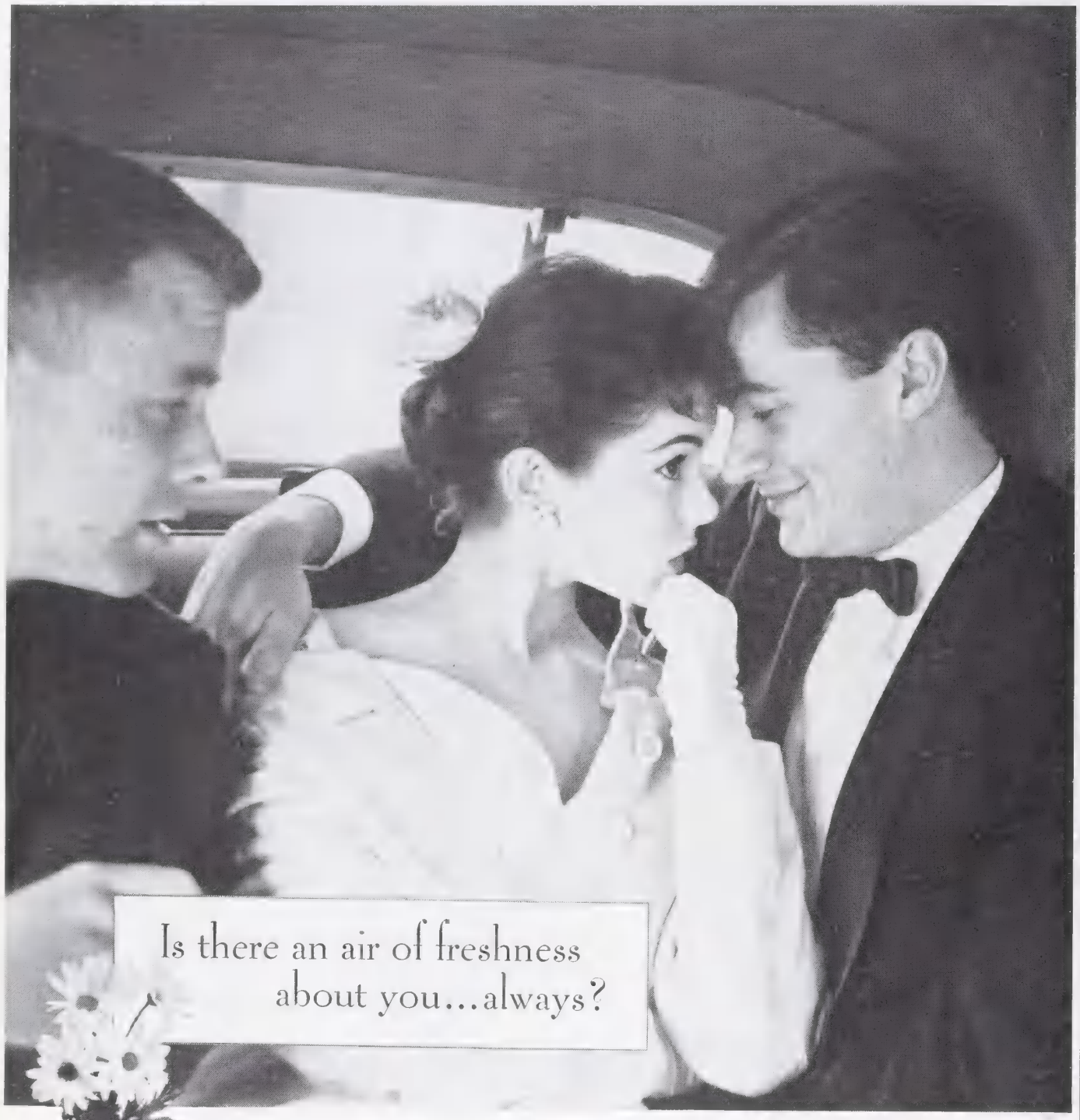
About a week before the baby was due, the princess' obstetrician moved into one of the guest suites at Soestdijk. Now once again the crowds began to gather by the black front gates and the newspaper reporters pounced upon every member of the palace staff who entered or left to ply them with questions. Even the couriers who flew in and out on their bicycles, and the postman who arrived every hour, were not immune from the curiosity of the reporters.

On the evening of August fourth, the princess' labor pains began. Zussie hastily moved into the nursery, where Juliana was going to have the baby, a small amount of emergency equipment borrowed from a nearby hospital. The doctor downstairs was notified, as well as Queen Wilhelmina, who at once left by motor from The Hague. Bernhard, barred from his wife's bedroom, paced up and down the long upstairs corridor, looking up expectantly each time Zussie came out.

AT one o'clock in the morning the child was born—a girl. As soon as she could, Zussie hurried out to inform the others. If Bernhard was disappointed, he did not show it. He raced into the room to embrace his wife, followed by Queen Wilhelmina and the prince's mother who had been hurriedly awakened.

Then every light in the great west wing flashed on and the servants and members of the palace staff went about slapping one another on the back and shaking hands. Prince Bernhard mixed highballs in the library. As he pressed one into Zussie's hand, she saw over in one corner of the room Her Majesty busy dictating to a lady in waiting. "Send that telegram to Leopold of Belgium, King George VI of England, the Emperor of Japan, the Presidents of France and the United States and all other heads of state," she instructed, sweeping out of the room and headed once more for the bedside of her daughter.

At seven Zussie was startled out of sleep by the deep-throated roar of cannon broadcasting the news throughout all the Dutch provinces. She could imagine her father, with one shoe off and one shoe on, counting the shots. Fifty-one meant a princess of Orange, one hundred and one shots would mean a prince. At the same time, church bells began to toll wildly.



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the fifty-first shot trembled away into ce, she thought, *Ah, Trix, you must still be n.*

e wondered what the new princess would lled and if she would bear a traditional ge name like Juliana or Wilhelmina.

e following day, a Sunday, Prince Bern- carried the new blond-haired princess on k pillow into the Leuven Room with its wine velvet hangings and great scenes of e in baroque gold frames. Zussie noticed several of the gold tassels on an antique were missing—pulled off by Trix on an r occasion. A great many people were to witness the birth registration of the princess, including the mayor of the tiny boring town of Baarn. About his neck ore a heavy silver chain of office, the same , he explained, that his predecessor had on a similar occasion when Queen Anna owna's son was born.

My daughter will be called Irene Emma beth," the prince announced. A startled ran around the room. Irene? Zussie d not even imagine how such a name was ed. She had never heard of it before.

he name Irene was chosen because of the al world situation," explained the prince, ully holding the cushion on which the lay sleeping. "It is derived from the k word meaning peace. This is the wish rmost in our hearts at this time. The e must be pronounced *I-rein* and is spelled *-n-e*, without an accent. I need not ex- the name Emma, our much-beloved n mother. Elisabeth is the third name. It osen because a great-aunt of the princess, rand Duchess of Oldenburg, bears that e."

the burgomaster slowly and painstak- inscribed the three names Irene Emma beth on the birth certificate and then ed his fountain pen to the witnesses of oyal birth, the baby opened her eyes for a ion of a second.

h, they are blue! Her eyes are blue!" unced one of the black-coated dignitaries tone of pleased discovery.

ssie caught the prince's eye and detected inkle. *As if everybody didn't know that all s' eyes are blue*, she thought.

e door opened and in flew the eighteen- th-old Trix with her thick straight blond tied to one side with a blue ribbon and ing a white smocked frock and white e pumps. The prince handed the sleeping t to Zussie as footmen began to serve of hot caudle and plates of buttered rusk sugared caraway seeds. Then he took s hand and introduced her to his guests. toddler shook hands politely, Zussie was to see, but just as she slipped from the n she saw Trix busily unraveling more tassels from Queen Anna's Russian sofa.

w Zussie had two small children to care as the princess did not seem to feel that additional help in the nursery was neces- Juliana often kept Irene's crib in her , and sometimes turned the Waterloo m across the hall into a playroom for Trix. e was another playroom upstairs, but this was within earshot of Juliana's desk. The e intendant was dismayed to find the im- g room with its frayed battle standards glittering crossed swords becoming a tri- arena.

metimes the princess would be busy with al visitors in her downstairs study when loor would burst open and a small child in to have her hair ribbon tied. Juliana r reprimanded Trix for these interrup- , but dutifully tied the ribbon and sent out again with a gentle pat. "Of course air ribbon is more important to her than we are doing!" she told the smiling als.

ix listened solemnly as Zussie told that there was now a new baby in the palace was not to run shouting through the airs corridors or slam doors. But her ls had little effect upon the child's exuber- energies. She treated Irene with the same like affection she bestowed upon her be- d rag dolls.

hen Irene was not yet three weeks old, many and Russia announced their non- ession pact. Juliana was stunned by the news; Bernhard announced that all his worst fears had been realized. His magnificent jumpers stood idle in their gold-and-black stalls, his tennis racket and hunting rifles gathered dust as he hastened from one meeting to another. He began to lose his habitual tan and his face looked white and drawn. Often the royal couple sat up late, listening to the foreign news reports.

A month after Irene was born—she who was named for peace—the Second World War began with Germany's invasion of Poland.

Zussie believed, as he had so often remarked, that the prince now thought of himself as a Dutchman. But as he had been a citizen of the country for only a little over two and a half years, some of Zussie's friends regarded his conversion with skepticism.

"Wasn't his father an officer in the Wehrmacht?" they asked Zussie. "Yes, but Bernhard's father hated the army and always wanted to be a doctor," Miss Feith defended the prince. "Long ago, in 1904, he resigned his commission and became a gentleman farmer. It was he who urged Bernhard to leave Germany for good, because of Hitler. If you could hear how Prince Bernhard speaks of the *Führer* you would realize how he despises him and his Third Reich."

She did not feel that her words had much effect. Many of the Dutch people, she felt, continued to have their suspicions about the prince's loyalties to his new country if war should break out between Holland and his former *Vaterland*. The matter came to a head one day soon after the war began when a Dutch scientist who was well known for his pro-German views, and perhaps anxious to curry favor with the prince, remarked, "If England should occupy this country, we would, of course, fight back, but if Germany should attack us, our close blood ties with that country would, of course, make resistance impossible."

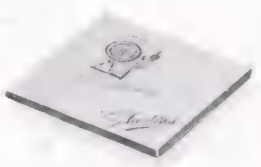
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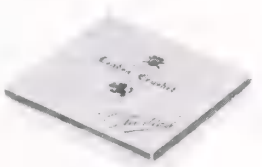


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Bernhard leaped to his feet. "If Germany attacks," he cried, "we will fight to the last Dutchman." It was obvious to all that he included himself.

Plans to christen Irene that month in the Nieuwe Kerk in Amsterdam were canceled because of the crisis. The Dutch army, numbering no more than 200,000 men, was fully mobilized, facing across its borders an army of six and a half million Germans.

"The Minister of War talks of mining bridges and blowing up dikes and saving the Netherlands by giving it back to the sea," remarked Bernhard, shaking his head.

"Now, Bernilo," said Juliana soothingly, "why don't you go for a ride in the woods? Worrying won't help the situation."

Zussie did not think that Juliana ever truly believed that the war would reach her peaceful kingdom until that fateful day in October, 1939, when a German military plane, lost in a fog and far off its course, crashed in Belgium. In the plane were found complete plans for the invasion of the Lowlands. Shortly after this incident, Juliana joined Zussie and the children one sunny autumn afternoon in the gardens of Soestdijk, which were aflame with late marigolds and zinnias and blazing yellow and cinnamon chrysanthemums.

I believe that if the rest of the world were acquainted with American women and their unbelievable energy, no man on earth would plan a war against the United States.

—ERNEST JAEGER

With Trix's help Zussie had raked together a pile of autumn leaves and the small princess was rolling in them in delirious delight while her two-month-old sister slept in her carriage.

"I suppose you realize," began the Dutch crown princess with a profound sigh, "that things are in rather an awful mess. The war, I mean. Bernhard says we must make definite plans."

Both of them gazed silently at the golden scene and the laughing golden-haired child.

"I can't really seem to believe ——" Juliana began, and broke off. "I mean, after the horrors of the last war, it seems impossible to believe that someone would launch another. But we must face the facts. If Holland is attacked, you must realize, Zussie, that our arm air force are far too inconsequential in stop them, no matter how well or how b they fight.

"Well, then," continued the princess b "we have to think of all the possibilitie Germans, naturally, will try and captu family. There is no spot in this small cou so flat and open—where we could hide for any length of time. Bernhard, partic has been so outspoken against Hitle if ——"

Trix, diving through the leaves, gave den cry of pain and rushed over to her m with a bright drop of blood on her knee.

The nurse wonde perhaps the princes going to suggest goin the palace for some fectant. But Juliana's words proved that her had been far removed the incident.

"Zussie," she cont as Trix ran happily ba her game, a clean handkerchief bound her knee, "I think yo understand what will pen if our country is run. We must seek refuge in another land.

The nurse accepted the stunning ne silence. "War refugees" were those pitifu cowed creatures clogging up the railwa tions and ship piers at Rotterdam, w hour after hour clutching their rucksack battered suitcases and piles of blankets finally they disappeared into the dark ho ships headed for America or Austral Canada. The princesses of the proud Ho Orange refugees? Torn from their be surroundings and adoring subjects and dled off to some strange wilderness? I unbelievable.

"Where would you go?" she asked.

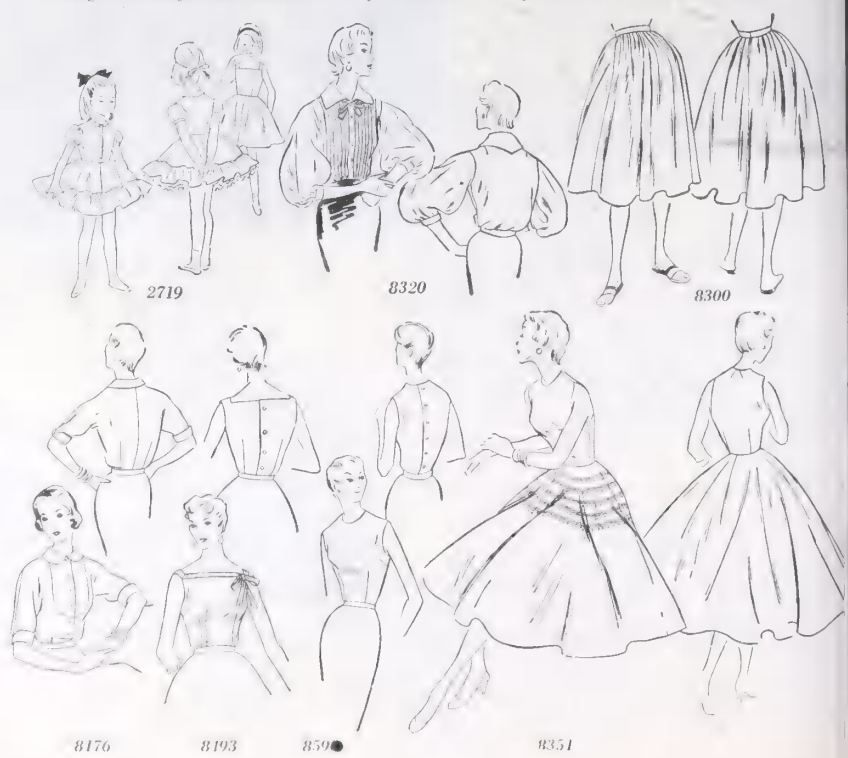
"It all depends, but probably abroad can't stay in Europe," the princess answ "Tell me, Zussie, would you be willing with us?"

The nurse felt no hesitation, only a relief. "Of course I will."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 195

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTER ON PAGE 176

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192

For the first time some of the worry left the princess' blue-gray eyes. But, "Zussie, you must consider," she admonished the nurse. "You must think what you are doing. Staying with the girls might put you in a position of great danger. You might even be captured."

The nurse had a sudden mental picture of a Gestapo torture chamber. She considered this uncomfortably for a moment. But she knew her conscience gave her no choice.

"It will be hard enough on Trix and Irene to be in perfectly strange surroundings without some familiar faces around them," she told the princess.

Juliana put both arms about Zussie and hugged her hard. "Let's hope it will never be necessary. In the meantime, don't breathe a word of this conversation to anyone, including your father and mother."

Shortly after this talk, Zussie began making little piles of the children's clothing on top of bureaus so that she could pack them quickly in case of emergency. Whenever she returned to Soestdijk Palace after a free day, she would find the piles of clothing gone. The elderly chambermaid Cornelia had neatly put each piece back in its proper drawer. Zussie could never explain to the disapproving servant the reason for the piles. She could just painstakingly lay them all out again. The next time she had some free time the clothing would again have disappeared.

The treasurer of Soestdijk at this time was a broad-shouldered young man with dark hair and a wide, infectious grin, the young Jonkheer William Roell. He was a former aide-de-camp and close friend of the prince, and his wife Martine was an intimate friend of Juliana's. The Roells had a young daughter named Renée, as dark in coloring as Trix was blond. The two baby girls were inseparable companions.

One day while Martine Roell and Juliana and Zussie were sitting out in the gardens with the children, Zussie heard the two other women discussing whether Mme. Roell and Renée should accompany the royal family out of the country if invasion made the flight necessary. Martine was torn between staying with her husband, who being a reserve officer had announced he would not leave, or taking her only child to a safe place. Her husband kept urging her to accept Juliana's invitation, she said. Juliana told her that the decision was up to her and that she would not try to influence her in any way. That afternoon Martine decided to go with the royal family. Then, like Zussie, she was sworn to complete secrecy.

In the winter months of the Sitzkrieg, or Sitting War, as it was called, it became necessary for the royal couple to spend large portions of time at The Hague, where Parliament met, in order to keep in closest possible touch with Queen Wilhelmina and her ministers. They finally decided to move the whole family down to Noordeinde Palace. Once more they moved into the cold suite of rooms on the first floor which had been Juliana's as a child.

The princesses were accustomed to spending out-of-doors two hours in the morning and another two in the afternoon. In this way they became accustomed to Holland's harsh climate and seldom took cold. Their little cheeks glowed with constant color. At Noordeinde, however, there was absolutely nothing for them to do except walk round and round the garden paths. In the wintertime, even the small sand pile which Queen Wilhelmina installed near the rear of the garden wall helped little.

One thing distracted them for a time. An air-raid shelter was being constructed under some trees in one corner of the rose garden. Made of thick reinforced concrete, it had a high peaked roof, razor thin at the top, which was supposed to make any bomb except a direct hit glance off. Trix rode her tricycle all around it and plied the workmen with questions, but no one would tell her what the queer little house was for.

Bernhard told the nurse that such shelters were being constructed in great numbers underground in England. But of course since Holland lay below sea level, all underground shelters would require water pumps. Most Dutchmen considered these too expensive to install and too wasteful of electricity. So aside from a few shelters dug into the sand dunes along the North Sea, not many underground shelters were built—and in fact, few of any kind.

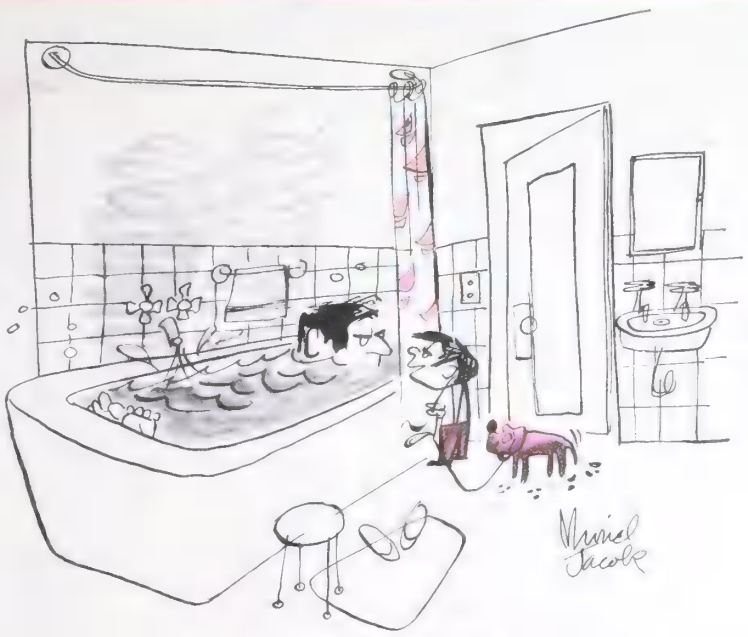
As spring approached, and the sun dried the spring rains and melted the snow from the mountain passes of Europe, everyone speculated where Hitler would strike next. The answer came in April with the invasion of Norway.

Almost immediately, gas masks were distributed to the palace staff. Zussie recoiled in horror at first sight of the grimacing things. She tried one quickly on Trix and then let her look at herself in the mirror, making a joke of it. Since Irene was too small to wear a mask, a special gastight portable crib was designed for her. It looked like a puppy's basket.

At the same time Zussie was given a first-aid kit and a list of air-raid precautions called *Wat te Doen* (What to Do). She learned that she should stay away from windows if an air raid came, and to stay off the streets. Cover windows with heavy black paper and use blue lamp bulbs inside, the instructions said. Be orderly.

Sand buckets and spades with long handles began to appear in the corridors of Noordeinde, and water buckets. Scores of impassive-faced footmen began removing the more valuable pieces of furniture and oil paintings, which were carted off to some unknown destination in great lorries. Zussie heard that Rembrandt's famous Night Watch was removed from Amsterdam's *Rijks-Museum* and hidden in the bottom of a coal mine.





"Got room for a small, muddy dog?"

If it weren't for brand names

You'd have to be a home economist to choose the food you want

You do 70% of your grocery shopping "sight unseen." The products you buy are in packages, with only the label outside to guide you.

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A GOOD BRAND IS YOUR BEST GUARANTEE



Tulip-Red Cranberry Ideas for Easter!



For Easter Turkey or Chicken . . .

Tulip-Red Cranberry Relish

Put through food chopper **1 orange** (rind and pulp). Mix with **1 can Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce,** Jellied or Whole. Refrigerate to blend flavors. Delicious with turkey, chicken, or any meat.



Tulip-Red Cranberry Glaze for Easter Ham

Mix together: **2 cans Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce**
1 cup brown sugar

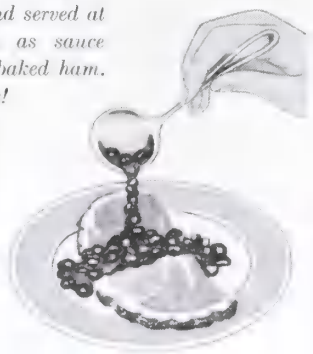
Spread *half* of this mixture over ham last half hour of baking to glaze it. Heat the rest to serve as a sauce with ham. Delicious!

Ready to Serve



Half the recipe is basted over ham during last 30 minutes of baking . . .

. . . and the rest is heated and served at the table as sauce over the baked ham. Delicious!



Ocean Spray QUALITY

This is the original canned cranberry sauce, packed by cranberry growers in their own canning plants since 1912. Always dependable . . . always finest quality. Carries Good Housekeeping and Parents' Magazine quality seals.

Each day more and more Dutch soldiers in their gray-green uniforms thronged the streets, and at night scores of planes patrolled the skies over The Hague. Princess Juliana's face became more and more strained until finally she announced that she intended to spend some weeks at Soestdijk.

The very next day the prince and princess, the children and Zussie, the gas masks and gastight crib were piled into one of the prince's sport cars. With the prince at the wheel they sped up the great highway toward Soestdijk, about an hour's drive away. Queen Wilhelmina promised to follow them in time for her daughter's birthday on April thirtieth.

Bernhard drove expertly and fast—too fast for his wife, who kept cautioning him to slow down. The wide cement highway seemed to undulate like the fluid earth beneath it as they sped along. The flat fields stretching as far as the eye could see were a patchwork of lush green, aquamarine, heliotrope and pink, with yellow buttercups along the edges of the sky-reflecting canals. Zussie could hear the frogs announcing the spring. Trix squealed with delight at the sight of so many cows and sheep and pigs on their unfenced pastures, separated from one another by a trelliswork of ditches.

IRENE slept in her basket as Trix chattered happily. Juliana's face began to lose some of its tenseness as she chatted with her husband in the front seat.

"What do you want for your birthday?" he asked her, smiling.

"To be back at Soestdijk for good, with everything calm and peaceful, as it was before!" the princess wished fervently.

Usually, on the princess' birthday, a national holiday was declared. Children stayed home from school and church bells tolled. Even in the remotest fishing villages the best Sunday clothes were brought out, the gold watch chains and starched white lace caps, the painted wooden shoes. Near Soestdijk the villagers picked great armfuls of tulips and daffodils and forsythia from their gardens and trooped over to the palace, where they were allowed to pass through the gates and lay their bouquets on the great front stone steps where the royal family waited to receive their congratulations. Juliana never left until the last well-wisher had straggled through the gates with his hand-picked bouquet.

This particular April thirtieth, however, Juliana, back in The Hague because of a new war scare, begged to have no special notice taken of her birthday. The blitzkrieg attack on Norway, Holland's close neighbor to the north, and Russia's war with Finland made any festivities in the Netherlands seem in bad taste.

On Juliana's thirty-first birthday, the family had a buffet luncheon outdoors on the back patio of Huis ten Bosch (House in the Woods), a royal summer residence near The Hague. The queen brought along a box camera and took many snapshots of the children as they played happily underfoot in the pale spring sunshine. She snapped Juliana in her cotton frock gazing apprehensively over her shoulder at the camera. Her face looked pale and Zussie thought it mirrored the unspoken fear of all of them—would this be one of the last times they would all be together?

A few days later, Queen Wilhelmina handed Zussie copies of all the snapshots she had taken.

"Thank you very much, Your Majesty," said Zussie. And then, as she leafed through them, "Does Your Majesty realize that you have given me two copies of each picture?"

The doughty queen looked at her with grave eyes. "One set is for your mother and father. They will be glad to have them."

With a swish of her long full skirts she walked on.

Zussie's heart swelled as she looked after that proud, strong back. By this simple kind gesture the Queen of the Netherlands had shown that she knew of Zussie's decision to stay with the royal family, and also that she felt Holland's crisis to be close at hand.

Next month: The war years in Canada, where Trix learns about chewing gum and American slang.

Meadow Gold Mealtime Adventures

by *Beatrice Cooke*





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Recipe for Orange Whip

3 Meadow Gold Egg Yolks
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk
1½ tablespoons unflavored gelatine
1 6-ounce can frozen concentrated orange juice, undiluted and thawed
3 Meadow Gold Egg Whites, stiffly beaten

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored; beat in sugar and salt. Stir in 1 cup milk. Cook over boiling water until the custard mixture coats a spoon. Soften gelatine in remaining ½ cup milk; dissolve in hot custard mixture. Cool. Add orange juice. Fold custard into beaten egg whites. Pour into either a 1½-quart mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with fresh orange slices. Makes 8 servings.

CALORIES: 165 a serving.



HOW TO SEND IN
Recipes and menus printed on 3 x 5" file cards. Write to: Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. LHJ-45, 120 South LaSalle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.

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After School Smorgasbord

By BETTY GILLARD

ERNEST E. RESHOVSKY



How do you get Junior and Jane to fall for all this vitamin-and-mineral routine of the smörgåsbord and drink bar? Just applied psychology!

Here's a happy, easy way to get down the often-struggled-over salads and vegetables, and to make the children love it!



WHEN the front door is hit with a shattering force and the door pops open like a cork from a bottle of champagne, it's not an earthquake or an atomic explosion; it happens every weekday at 3:10. The boys are home from school.

This is the hour when that great void below their esophagi becomes acute. I'm ready for them. They'll eat anything at this point, proximity being the only problem.

Ready on a big chop plate are carrot and celery sticks, still crisply wet from their bath in ice cubes, apples cored and quartered, a few of dates and prunes, little nosegays of colorful parsley, strips of cheese. Grapes, peaches or pears in season, dried fruit at other times. I often add whole-wheat toast sticks to these repasts. Just cutting the bread into strips and oven toasting make it more inviting. I try to avoid sweets, as they kill the appetite for essentials that come at mealtime.

How long have I slaved over this delectable and nutritious repast? Less than five minutes before the onslaught of the homecoming.

Here's a happy, easy way to get down the often-struggled-over salads and vegetables. Now, when dinner is served, the younger children enjoy their meat and potatoes without the accompaniment of that constantly repeated "Eat your salad, too, dear," or "No more baked potato till all the spinach is gone."

There's actually more thought behind that than aesthetics or peace-at-the-table motivation. There's good sound scientific reasoning and facts. Did you know a sprig of parsley is rich in vitamin A, that a carrot strip contributes a supply of vitamin B_2 (riboflavin) besides the A that it's famous for, and an apple can supply a valuable load of several minerals and vitamins? Further than that, apples, raw carrots and other foods that require considerable chewing help develop the strong bony structure of the jaw and promote healthy gums, my dentist said. He had observed in his practice that there are many less irregular teeth and narrow thin dental arches among children who were vigorous chewers.

If the day is hot, and as often as I can get by with it if the day isn't, I set up a fancy-drink bar. My crowd will drink most anything if there are enough straws to supply interest. I shake up an egg in orange juice (I have a flexible plastic shaker that's a snap to use; a Mason jar will do as well), add ice cubes and fortify my brood with an impressive plus of protein, fat, calcium, phosphorus, iron, vitamin B_2, vitamin C and vitamin D. Is your head whirling at all this? It's true, nonetheless.

And here's a cooler that beats the frozen colored-sugar-water sticks by thousands of units, grams and micrograms of nutrition. Pour equal parts of orange juice, pineapple juice and water into your freezing tray and put in the cube divider. When frozen, hand them out by the dozen—securely anchored in paper napkins—and reap the approval in the eyes of your own and your neighbors' children.

Keep your ideas young, your aim in mind, and sit back and listen to the children's confidences while you treat yourself at their *smorgåsbord.* END

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Be sure your new refrigerator is equipped with Inland "Magic Touch" Ice Cube Trays. Ask your dealer for them.

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MEMORIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

a Greenwich friend of his, asked him what train he took and Russell said, "I usually miss the ten-thirty-seven."

Lionel and Doris came back from Paris that summer and stayed with us at Greenwich for a while. It was great to be with Lionel, one of the very few times that it happened after we were small children. He seemed to know about everything in the world, just like Uncle Jack.

In the fall we moved into New York where I took the August Belmont, Jr., house on 34th Street. One Sunday morning Russell and I had arranged to go to Garden City to spend the day with Peter and Margaret Dunne. Russell was going to play golf with Benjie Guinness and Peter, and I was to sit on the porch and rock with Margaret Dunne till the men came back to lunch. But just before I got up to dress, the nurse Aunt Dodo had found for me stopped in. She asked me what I was going to do that morning, and I said I was going down to Garden City.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"I feel all right now, but in the night I had a sort of pain and took some Jamaica ginger."

"Jamaica ginger?" she said. "I don't think you'd better go. I am going to call Doctor Danforth."

She did and he came down. He said, "You're not going to Garden City today. You're going to have your baby today."

I said, "I can't. I can't have him till January."

But Sammy was born that night, November twenty-eighth, an eight-month baby. He weighed only 3½ pounds. Doctors take seven-month babies in their stride, but for some reason eight-month babies are alarming.

Doctor Danforth didn't believe in incub tors so we had an electric pad under the ma tress of Sammy's crib. Mrs. Frings, the nur stayed with me for a year and it was probab she more than anybody else who saved Sa my's life. From the moment of his arrival, s took me and the household in hand and ma aged us with a rod of iron.

It was her idea that a photograph should taken of the baby and me immediately, so photographer was summoned and I w propped up in bed with pillows, a lace cap p on my head and I, I suppose, registered mat nity under the stern orders of Mrs. Frings, a the small son was placed in my arms. Th picture went all over the world; I received co ies of it from China, Japan and India.

My father-in-law asked if I would name t baby after his Uncle Samuel, the inventor the Colt revolver, because nobody had y been named after him. (Colonel Colt w named Samuel Pomeroy Colt, but he was ways called Pomeroy.) I said I would be d lighted, and two months later there was a wo derful baptism in the cathedral. The two go fathers were Peter Dunne and Jack Barrymo and when during the ceremony the priest to them to say the Apostles' Creed, Jack beg confidently, "I believe in God, the Father A mighty, Creator of heaven and earth," a then he said, "That lets me out."

Peter Dunne knew it all, of course. He h three brothers who were priests. His face g purple trying not to laugh at Jack.

They all came back to the house, where left them celebrating and went to play "Mid-Channel" in which I had been reheat ing three weeks after Sammy's birth.

"Mid-Channel," a problem play by Arth Pinero, was a distinct departure from the pla I had been doing. It has always been one my favorites.

I had a telephone put into my dressing roo at the Empire Theatre because I was alwa wanting to call up and find out about Samm and of course I wanted his nurse to be able reach me. It was the first time, to my know edge, that a telephone had been put into dressing room, and certainly the first time f such a reason.

We went on living in the Belmont house, b I told Colonel Colt that I thought it would good for everybody if we could live in t country. Colonel Colt had recovered quick from the idea that he was bankrupt. He sai "You find a place and I'll give it to you."

So, all that summer, after I finished my to in "Mid-Channel," we looked at houses Long Island, in Westchester, everywhere, a at last we found the house in Mamarone that is still ours. I remember the first time went into it I said, "What a lovely hall for little boy to throw his cap in."

RUSSELL didn't like it. He thought I was cra to want it, and there was plenty of reason f him to think so. The house was painted red- barn red—with black shutters, and Russ couldn't see it, as I did, white, with gre shutters. It was dark inside, too, and althou all the other fireplaces (and there was one every room, even on the third floor) had whi marble mantelpieces, beautifully plain, t mantelpiece in the library was a horror wooden curlicues, with green silk backi them. I drew a perfectly plain Adamy one, a a local carpenter, Mr. Morton, made it, and made—and still makes—the room.

After Colonel Colt went to look the pla over he said I could have a desk in a real-esta office if I wanted one, because I had picked o a really marvelous piece of property.

The place is on Taylor's Lane, which w named after old Mr. Taylor, who built the b house for himself and the other houses alo the lane for his children. It is twenty-one mil away from New York and might just as w be a million miles away from it. There are ni or ten acres of land, and the young apple tre in the orchard that I planted are great tre now. My daughter Ethel and my son Jack were born there, and Ethel lives there no My chauffeur, David Britt, who came to m when he was nineteen and has been with m for forty years, looks after the place. Carve on a cornerstone of an old building in the v lage is the inscription "Britt 1682." That w when his family came from England to M

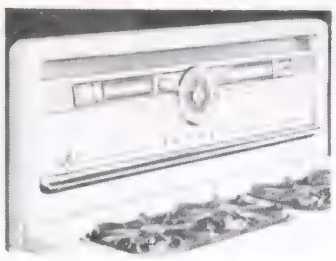


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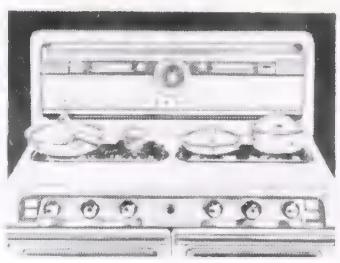
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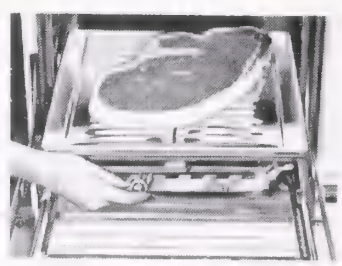
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aroneck. Britt has four grandchildren now. He has been of inestimable service to me and am ever grateful for his faithfulness.

In January I played a short engagement in Trelawney of the Wells" and followed it with Barrie's one-act play, "The Twelve Pound Look," preceded by a revival of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."

Although I loved "The Twelve Pound Look" nd it was a great success, I had no idea that it as to serve as a lifesaver for the next twenty-ve years.

Jack was with me in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." He had recently married Katherine Torri Harris, a lovely young girl, who was al-ays my favorite sister-in-law. She had just ome home from France, where she had been n school, and at the first dance she went to she et Jack, and that was the end of her as Katherine Harris. I was at their wedding in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, and I remember ow beautifully radiant they both looked with he sun shining on them through a stained-lass window. They came to live with us for a hile at Mamaroneck and then took an apart-ent in Gramercy Square.

We spent that summer at Mamaroneck, a arvelous summer for me with my year-and-a-alf-old son.

Colonel Colt made us an unbirthday present f a De Dion-Bouton car, with a hood that tretched out half a block in front of me as Britt taught me to drive on the country roads. t was a terrific car, but I was always panicky or fear children would run out in front of it.

In the fall I began rehearsing in "The Wit-ess for the Defense" in which, before opening n New York, I went on tour. Mr. Frohman rranged this so that I might open in New York n the Empire, in which invariably Uncle Jack pened on Labor Day, to be followed after ight or ten weeks by Maude Adams, and she n turn to be followed by me, as the third of Mr. Frohman's stars.

When we went on tour Sister was on the way and in South Bend I very nearly lost her. The doctor whom the hotel called for me was stonished to find that I wanted to keep my hild. He seemed to think that because I was n actress I wouldn't want to. I was almost ngry enough to kill him, but I didn't lose my emper or my baby. I came back to New York nd opened at the Empire in "The Witness for he Defense" and then played in a revival of 'Cousin Kate," followed by "A Slice of Life," y Barrie.

THIS was a sort of burlesque of domestic drama and Jack came back to me for this play. It was funny, and the audience loved it. We played it for four weeks at the Empire Theatre. At the end of March we stopped and went to Mamaroneck to wait for Sister.

I was at the stage of just sitting on the porch, not moving around much, when suddenly our English butler, a very good one, came out of the dining room, stood in front of me and fixed his eyes on me. I thought he was going to tell me that dinner was served but instead he said:

"Madam, do you know Lillian Russell?"

I said, "Yes, I do."

He said, "She must be a very beautiful woman."

I was frightened to death of him. I saw that he was staring at me, not really seeing me, I thought.

"Yes," I said. "She is, and I think I'll go in now."

We had to let him go. Afterward we had a man who had been Winston Churchill's butler. I remembered seeing him when Winston had a small house in Half Moon Street and I dined there. But one night when dinner seemed to be awfully late, I opened the dining-room door and found that nothing had been started. Russell went up to the man's room and found him lying on his bed fully dressed and fully drunk with "Tatlers" and "Sketches" scattered all over him.

That was the end of male servants in the house.

Sister was born on April thirtieth, much to the indignation of Mary, my dresser, who wanted her to be a May baby.

It was Doctor Danforth who named Sister. I was still unconscious when the reporters called and the doctor answered the telephone. He said, "It's a little girl."

They said, "What are they going to name her?"

And he said, "Ethel, of course."

I was horrified when I heard about it, but I couldn't bear to hurt Doctor Danforth's feelings.

I didn't like any of the plays that Mr. Frohman gave me to read that summer and at last I went to him and suggested that I play "The Twelve Pound Look" in vaudeville. He threw up his hands in horror.

I said, "Why not? Irene Vanbrugh, who originally played the part in London, is playing it in the halls there. Bernhardt has played in vaudeville. Why all this snobbishness?"

He had no suitable play for me and I, as usual, had no suitable income so he finally agreed to let me play it on the Orpheum Circuit because that was out West. He sent for Charlie Dillingham and said, "Ethel thinks she wants to play 'The Twelve Pound Look' in vaudeville. Take her to see Martin Beck."

So Charlie Dillingham took me to see Martin Beck, who wrote something on a little piece of paper and handed it to me. He said, "Would this be all right?"

I said, "Fine."

The paper read $3000 a week. It was a very exciting envelope to open every Saturday. I wonder where it has all gone.

I played the Orpheum Circuit all over the West. Then I wrote to Mr. Frohman and asked why I couldn't play all over the East, and I did for a whole year.

In "The Twelve Pound Look" I twice broke the Palace Theatre record. Monday-afternoon openings at the Palace were really spectacular. Dana Gibson was only one of the many, many famous people who never failed to be there.

It was demanding but very rewarding. I learned so much watching the other artists. I found out that you have to be awfully good in vaudeville. It is a real taskmaster because there are so many acts in it, like slack-wire artists, for instance, that require absolute per-

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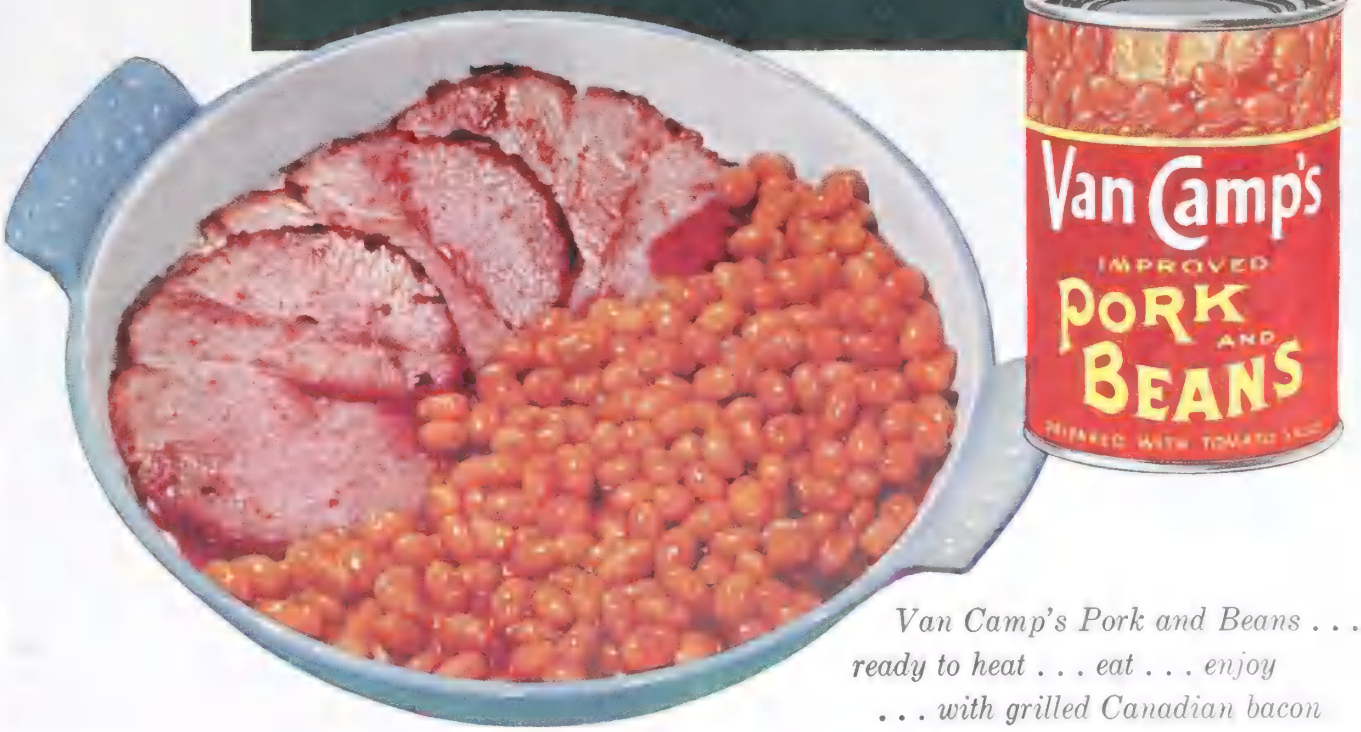
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fection. I loved everybody I met—all the people on the bill with me—and I was never tired of standing in the wings watching the different "turns."

Once when Lionel was playing in vaudeville, he was in the wings to watch Bert Williams's technique, as he did at every performance. One of the stage hands said, "Like him, huh?"

Lionel said, "Yes. He's terrific."

And the stage hand said, just as Williams came off stage and passed him, "Yeah, he's a good nigger, knows his place."

And Williams mumbled, "Yes. A good nigger. Knows his place. Going there now. Dressing Room One!"

After those two years any time I didn't have a play that I could bear to do I went back to vaudeville with "The Twelve Pound Look," and every time it was good for me. Those exacting audiences loved the play, and I played it for years and years.

When I was playing "The Twelve Pound Look" at Keith's in Washington, I came back to the hotel at ten o'clock and found that the door of my sitting room was unlocked. Just as I opened it, I heard a cry from Mary, my dresser, who had gone in through the bedroom door. My big trunk was open and its contents scattered all over the room. On the floor, empty, was the box in which I had kept my jewelry—two rings of my mother's, the only things I had of hers, and the lovely diamond watch, pearl bracelet, and big diamond pin and other things that Colonel Colt had given me. The robbery must have been done by someone who had a key to the room and knew that I kept the jewelry box in the bottom of my trunk.

The hotel people were awfully rude, practically suggesting that it was just one of those publicity schemes, and I was very angry with them. I called up Nick Longworth, who was then representative from Ohio, and as soon as he came over the hotel people were apologetic, and I disliked them more than ever.

The jewels were never recovered. They were about the only ones I ever had and I was very depressed about losing them.

Colonel Colt was always generous and kind to me and to the children. When Sammy was a year old, the colonel gave him a toy fort with soldiers from every regiment in the world in it, and of course all that Sammy could do with it at that age was to kick it to pieces. Later the colonel gave him a cart with two live goats to pull it, so well trained that Sammy could drive it himself with a nurse hovering nearby.

Ida, my Swedish nurse, came to us when Sister was about a year old. She was a superb baby nurse. She paid very little attention to Sammy, but she adored Sister until Jackie was born, when Sister ceased to exist for her.

WHEN Sister was about two, she was being treated for what was thought to be croup, but Ida didn't like the sound of her breathing and I didn't either. So I tried to get Dr. Emmett Holt, the great baby specialist. He couldn't come but promised to send his assistant, Doctor Bartlett, who, he said, was better than he was. So Doctor Bartlett came and in a matter of seconds he had diagnosed the case as diphtheria, the baby was wrapped up, and we were on our way in the car to Minton Hospital, the only place in New York that would take contagious diseases. It was a private wing of the Willard Parker Hospital, and, thank God, Doctor Bartlett knew about it.

I stayed in the room next to Sister's. Both of us were getting many units of antitoxin. It was a miracle that Sister didn't die. Once when I was standing beside her bed with Doctor Bartlett and Doctor Danforth, I saw them look at each other and thought they were going to tell me that this was it. Suddenly Sister opened her eyes, looked up and said, "Hello, mummie." And there was the miracle.

THAT was in July and in September Jackie was born. I remember calling Mr. Frohman on the telephone about two hours afterward and telling him that I would be ready for rehearsals very soon and that I had an awfully nice little boy.

He exclaimed, "It is impossible for you to be talking!"

"No," I said, "I am quite all right and will be ready soon." That was all I was allowed to say to him but I remember it gave me great amusement to do it.

So, ten days after Jackie came into the world, I was on the Empire stage rehearsing in "Tante," a play Haddon Chambers had written from the book by Anne Sedgwick.

CULVER SERVICE



"When I played in A Scrap of Paper with Uncle Jack [John Drew] he insisted that I take the No. 1 dressing room—his by right. I protested, and he said, 'Nonsense, it's where you belong.'"

The furnished house in 61st Street that I had rented for three years so as to have the children with me when I was playing in New York was no longer big enough. It had been all right for two children, but there wasn't room enough in it for three, and I took rooms for Sammy and his mademoiselle in the Netherlands, just around the corner, near enough to let me have all three children with me almost as much as if we all had been under one roof.

I always spent every possible minute with them, but I also always had the most perfectly competent nurses, because I never did presume to know all about children and I wanted everything to be right for mine. They were simply heaven, the most important thing in my life. They are the reason why I know it was written that I was to marry Russell Colt and nobody else. If anybody else had been their father, they wouldn't have been the same children; they couldn't possibly have been nicer children, or as nice.

They were so completely different from each other I always felt, as they grew up, that I might have picked them up from different orphan asylums—but believe me I didn't!

More and more as things began to go wrong, or not so well, with my marriage, they were my happiness. And more and more, as things kept on going not so well, there was blessed sanctuary, every night, in those two and a half hours in the theater.

When people ask me if it is possible to combine marriage with a career I have always replied, "I was born and so, I've always understood, was my mother." We all had careers and marriage and children. My own career, instead of interfering with my marriage, helped to make it possible and helped me to keep on trying, as long and determinedly as I did, to save it. I had waited so long to be sure it was the right one that I couldn't let it fail. I wanted desperately to save it, and for a long time, largely because of that career of mine, I did save it.

There are plenty of happy memories of those years to set off against the unhappy ones. The memory, for instance, of winter nights when the children slept on the open sleeping porch at Mamaroneck, and I would come home from the theater and go out to see them, and

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their cheeks would be like red apples from the cold, but when I put my hand down under the covers they were warm as toast.

. . . And the memory of the time I read Sammy the Mother Goose rhyme:

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider and sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffett away.

and Sammy, thinking for a minute, and then saying, "Where was her mother?"—an observation that to my knowledge no other child ever made.

. . . And I remember the sign at the end of our lane that said, "Taylor's Lane. Go slow." And Ida, the big Swedish nurse, always reading it aloud as she drove by, and Sammy and Sister saying it with her—and the great day when we were driving past it and Jackie, who so far in his two years of life had alarmingly never uttered, suddenly said, with a strong Swedish accent, "Taylor's Lane. Go slow." And how delighted we all were!

. . . And the club at Manursing Island and Sister as a little girl winning all the cups for diving—and winning them again as a young lady.

. . . And the time I called for my children at a party given by Dorothy Caruso for her brother's children and some of their little friends. I was early, and the children were still sitting around the table with their paper caps on, eating ice cream. Dorothy murmured, "Go in the next room. Enrico is in there."

So I went in. Caruso was walking up and down with the baby, Gloria, in his arms, humming her to sleep. It was a high moment.

. . . And the time I yielded to Sammy's and Sister's beseechings and had Britt drive us to Coney Island. And what a long walk it was to Luna Park from where we left the car, with Ida carrying Jackie, and me leading Sammy and Sister by the hand. And how every few steps we'd pass a hot-dog stand. I had known that we would and that as always the smell of hot dogs would make me deathly sick, but I felt I must do my duty by my children and had brought along three handkerchiefs saturated with Atkinson's White Rose and breathed through them. (Atkinson's White Rose was the only perfume I ever loved. I used to get it from London, but during the Second World War they stopped making it and afterward they were never able to get one of the vital ingredients.) I let the children ride on the merry-go-round but not on the roller coaster. At Rye there was a park with a roller coaster and I made Sammy and Jackie promise never to ride on it, but of course they did.

. . . And the Fourth of July visits to Colonel Colt's house at Bristol, Rhode Island—going up on the Fall River boat with the three children and two nurses and being met by two Rolls-Royces and by Wheeler, Colonel Colt's very English butler, who would be standing at the very edge of the dock, swaying slightly, so that I was always alarmed lest he fall between the boat and the dock. But though he always swayed, he never swayed too far and always maintained his impeccable dignity.

(Years later I went to dinner in Boston with Governor and Mrs. Fuller. One reason I was asked was that Augustus John was staying with them. He had stayed with them all summer in New Hampshire, painting the family, and he was finishing them up in Boston. I knew it was a teetotal house and I wondered how Augustus John, a convivial soul, was taking it. And when I rang the bell who do you think opened the door of the magnificent house on Beacon Street? Wheeler, still swaying. I knew then that Augustus John would be all right and he was. I sat next to him at dinner and he was feeling no pain whatever.)

Colonel Colt's house was lovely, with a wonderfully beautiful staircase. It was built by one of Russell's De Wolfe ancestors. There were always a host of De Wolfes at those Fourth of July celebrations and hosts of Colts and Senator Green, who is still flourishing, and all the Herreshoffs, the yacht builders, whose boats, especially those designed by the blind one, were never beaten. The children loved the parade, in which Colonel Colt drove

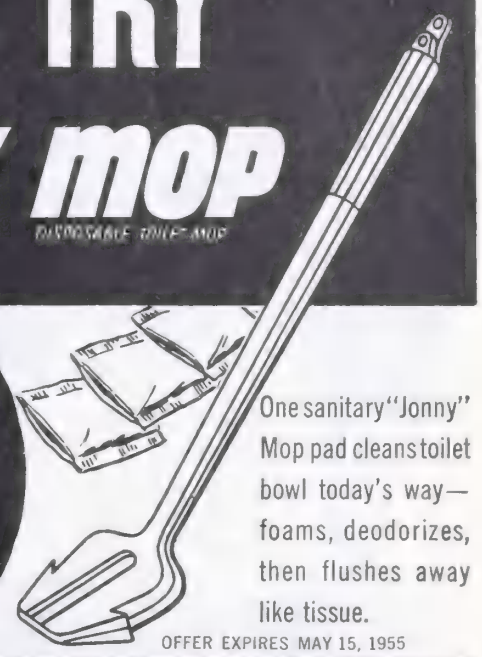
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in the big family coach, which was always brought out for the day, almost as imposing as the royal coach except for not being gilded.

Those were good years, when the children were little and I could have them with me nearly all the time. Russell had discovered bronchitis and decided to spend the winters at Palm Beach where, luckily, Horton and Company had an office, but he was at Mamaroneck much of the rest of the time, and I still hoped—and sometimes I believed—that I could save my marriage.

At the end of the season of the "Tante" year I played in the Players Club production of "A Scrap of Paper" with Uncle Jack at the Empire Theatre. This was always done for one week. It was charming to be playing with my uncle again after so long—and not carrying a tray. This is a good place, perhaps, for me to stop and talk about him.

Although I had seen him at Mummum's house and at North Long Branch in summer when I was very young, my first real memories of Uncle Jack begin when I came back from Canada and went to live with Mummum, who was staying in his apartment at the Sherman Square Hotel. But I didn't see very much of him there; he was either rehearsing or playing, and I was looking for a job. I took his charm, his urbanity, his sophistication as matters of course: he was Mummum's son, my mother's brother; what could he be but perfect? (I wasn't in awe of him, though. I was never in awe of anyone except Mummum, and that was devotion, rather than awe, the feeling that I couldn't have borne to disappoint her in any way.)

I didn't really begin to know Uncle Jack until I went on tour with him. His acting was so perfectly effortless that it didn't seem to be acting. Some people used to say, without realizing what a tribute they were paying him, that he only played himself, that "he didn't act but just behaved."

The perfection of his acting made it possib and easy for him to play jokes while he was o the stage without the audience suspecting th he was doing it.

He had a little humorous demon that alwa prompted him to try to "break up" the oth person on the stage with him. I remember h doing it to me in "Rosemary." When we ha spent the summer at North Long Branch t train had stopped at a little station called Lo Moor, and when I was on the stage with him i "Rosemary" he would keep saying, under h breath, as I talked, "The next station will b Low Moor. The next station will be Lo Moor," which of course meant that he wa amused by my voice, rising out of the depth

He finally managed to make me giggle and newspaper critic said I wasn't taking my wor seriously.

While I was on tour with him, he and A thur Byron often used to do such things t each other. One night on a one-night stan Uncle Jack's valet, Albert, whom we alway called Albert the Good, produced a dress shi that had come back from the laundry shiny bright as a mirror. Uncle Jack made a terribl row about it, but it was the only one there was and he had to wear it. Arthur Byron, as soo as they were on the stage, pretended to use th shirt as a mirror, twirling his mustache in fron of it, and adjusting his tie. And once whe Arthur had on a shiny shirt, Uncle Jack did th same thing to him.

They were so skillful that they could d such things to each other without the audienc knowing what was going on. The only perso from whom he never elicited even a smile wa Maude Adams.

One of my years with him was in a pla called "That Imprudent Young Couple" abou two Englishmen in a Middle East country, ir which Arthur was the villain. At the end of one scene Uncle Jack was supposed to say t Arthur, "You say there are 12,982 pounds ir the coffers. All I can find is 6000."

One night he said, instead, "You say there are 6892 pounds in the coffers. All I can find is 12,000." He said it with great authority and sternness. And there was absolutely nothing for Arthur to say in answer, and the curtain had to come down.

"Break up" stories aren't nearly as funny to anybody else as they are for actors on the stage. They must touch some special nervous cord that only actors know about. These jokes of Uncle Jack's seemed very, very funny to me then and they seem just as funny to me now.

Uncle Jack's house was in East Hampton, one of the most beautiful villages in America, with magnificent old trees and a village green the like of which isn't to be found anywhere else. Uncle Jack was greatly beloved there—they called him "The Squire." Everybody was always so delighted to see him when he went, every morning, to the post office, sometimes riding, sometimes driving a horse and cart, later driving a car. He loved to ride. There were stables and a big paddock behind his house.

ALMOST from the beginning of his long career he stood at the very top of his profession, as high in the affectionate regard of his fellow actors as in that of the people who knew him only as a person—the person—of the play. To all of these, all over the country, in large cities and little ones, his coming was always an event and his name on the billboards was of itself enough to make a success of any play.

He was always wonderfully considerate of others. When I played with him in "A Scrap of Paper" he insisted that I should take the No. 1 dressing room at the Empire. This had always been his as Mr. Frohman's leading star. In his absence Maude Adams and I had used it, but the idea of occupying it when he was in the play would never have entered my head. When I protested, he said, "Nonsense, it's where you belong."

I like to remember his last tour. It was an all-star production of "Trelawney of the Wells," and all the way across the country Uncle Jack, who was well past seventy, and Mrs. Whiffin, who was well over eighty, were the only two members of the company who never once made any complaint, although some of the younger stars made a great many.

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by William I. Fishbein, M.D.

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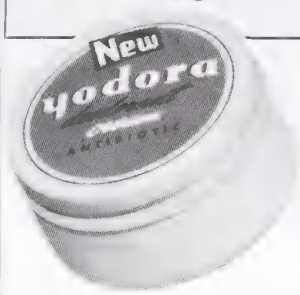
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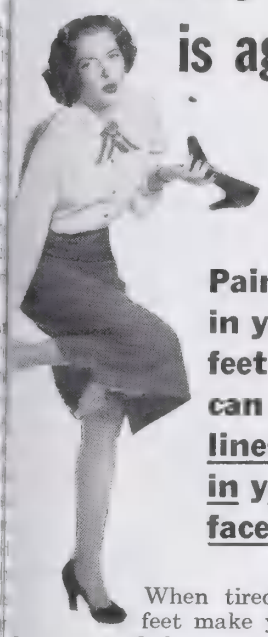
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It was characteristic of him that all through that tour when he was suffering from arthritis so that every motion caused him intense pain, he somehow managed to make his acting seem as effortless as ever. Out of consideration for the rest of the company, to some of whom closing the play might have involved hardship, he kept on acting until it was physically impossible for him to go on.

I like to remember, too, his last words, spoken to his daughter Bee just before he died: "Take care of the nurses."

After "The Scrap of Paper" I went to Mamaroneck for the summer. It is hard to believe now that it could have begun so well; that, until almost half of it was spent, most of us were happy people, living in a happy world.

The summer into which that first world war exploded seems now to have been so utterly unlike any later summer that the world has known or can ever know again! A summer of peace and leisure and decency, while life still moved afoot, unhurrying, when tomorrow or the next day or the next was soon enough for news, when the sky was clear and still and clean, when we could still hold to our faith that men had risen forever above the beastliness of beasts, when we had yet to learn how far below that beastliness men could still descend.

For me, with all my ties to England, the war began, not three years later but on that midsummer day when the Germans struck. It was the beginning, for me, of four years of dreading

A merry heart goes all the day, a sad tires in a mile.

—SHAKESPEARE

to hear news, of slowly learning to face the fact that men who had once seemed as human as the men I knew could do unspeakable things not only in anger to other men but in cold blood to helpless children, and to women, even to such a woman as Edith Cavell.

Dick Davis went as a war correspondent to Brussels, and there, from a window in the U.S. Embassy, watched the Germans entering the city and wrote his famous report: "We saw it first in the warm summer sunshine, later under the glare of electric lamps, hours later in the gray of the morning. . . . For three days and three nights through Brussels it roared and rumbled, a cataract of molten lead. The infantry marched singing, with their iron-shod boots beating out the time. In each regiment there were 2000 men and at the same instant, in perfect unison, 2000 iron brogans struck the granite street. The Uhlans followed. . . . For three days and three nights the column of gray, with 50,000 bayonets and 50,000 lances, with gray transport wagons, gray ammunition carts, gray ambulances, gray cannon, like a river of steel cut Brussels in two."

Dick was dead in April of 1916. Another correspondent, Herbert Bayard Swope, from Berlin sent to the New York World and St. Louis Post-Dispatch exclusive dispatches about the sinking of battleships by the German U-boats and, in a year of much brilliant news writing, was awarded a Pulitzer prize for the best reporting of 1917.

Uncle Sidney's son, Sidney Rankin Drew, joined the Lafayette Escadrille before we went into the First World War and was shot down in flames. Uncle Sidney never got over his death. After the war Uncle Sidney's second wife, Lucille McVey, went to France to look for Sidney's grave. She found a little garden with a picket fence around it covered with flowers, and a cross saying:

Sidney Rankin Drew, Hero.

He had fallen behind the lines, and it was the Germans who had paid him that tribute. She felt she could do no better, so left it there.

Russell went, almost at once, to drive an ambulance in France. I stayed at home until, leaving the children in the care of the nurses and their governess, Miss Jackson, I went on tour in "The Shadow" before opening at the Empire in January.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 205

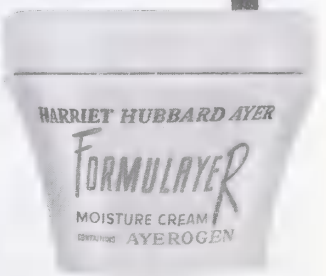


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and correspondents throughout the u

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 203

The Shadow" was a gorgeous drama from French, written originally for Réjane, but war had stopped its production in Paris. n't know that it has ever been done there. as a tremendously interesting part for me. he first act I was a paralytic and sat moless in a chair for thirty-five minutes. I ught it would be very difficult to do but, ously enough, I never even had to practice moving. As soon as I got into that chair the cover was laid over my knees and ds, the curtain went up and the play began; on't think I could have moved if I had nted to. Bruce McRae came back to me for play, which pleased me very much, as I ays entertained great affection for him.

he next piece was a decided contrast to t I had done before—an American play n the stories of Edna Ferber, called "Our s. McChesney," a comedy with a "mother e" in it.

During rehearsals and the run of "Mrs. Chesney" I got to know Edna Ferber and d and admired her tremendously. She gave pper party one night at which I sat next to liam Allen White. I found Mr. White to one of the most delightful persons I had r met. He amused us all by telling of his eriences on a recent trip to England.

remember that he told us his sense of contion had been shocked at a weekend party he country by the fact that he and his wife e put in separate rooms. He also received ther shock in the morning when the maid eremoniously entered room with a cup of tea opened his curtains. talked of many interestand absorbing things. I d him very much and ays wanted to see him in.

n April when I was playin Boston I heard that . Frohman had decided go to London, much inst everybody's wishes. as about to go to Chigo and knew that I uldn't have a chance to good-by to him unless I went to New rk. So I went down on Sunday night and ly on Monday morning I went in to see n.

He said, "What are you doing here, Ethel?" He called me Ethel, but I always called him r. Frohman.)

said, "I thought I would come to say od-by."

He said, "They don't want me to go on this at. I had a funny message from von Papen d Captain Boy-Ed, telling me not to go on Lusitania."

said, "Why go, then?"

He said, "Nonsense, of course I'll go."

When he said good-by, he leaned over and sed me on the cheek. He had never done t before. All the way back to Boston on the in I was worried, but I knew that nothing uld happen to Mr. Frohman.

I went to Chicago. During the run of "Mrs. Chesney" there a friend gave a luncheon at house for Elsie Ferguson, who was playing town at the same time. I was called to the phone by a friend, Mrs. Cecil Clark Davis, o said she had heard the most terrible news t it had not been confirmed, yet everybody s afraid it was true. I asked her what it was, d she said that the Lusitania had been sunk th all on board.

WHEN I went back to the table, they all nted to know what it was that made me ok so utterly downcast and I told them.

I remember Elsie Ferguson and myself just oking at each other and saying, "Mr. Frohan . . . Mr. Frohman . . ."

It was not long before Joe Patterson teleoned me and we had to accept the terrible t that Mr. Frohman had gone. For many ars he had been my very best friend. He had ken the place of parents and I had gone to m with not only my theater troubles, but all y troubles. He had always been understandg and wonderful.

Nothing was ever quite the same after that r me.

I shall always remember him with love. A wonderful, golden man.

Russell came back from France because he did not care to be called an *embusqué* by men who were facing no more danger than ambulance drivers, and by some who were facing far less. He went to Plattsburg, in the summer, for a month of military training, and the children and I stayed at Mamaroneck.

It was at such periods that my children and I would have uninterrupted good times—almost happy in spite of the darkening shadow of the war. The children all loved the theater, taking a perfectly natural interest in it, but I tried never to influence them for or against going on the stage. When Sister played in a school production of "Ivanhoe" I didn't help her or know anything about it until the performance, in which she was delightful, natural and at home with and aloof from the audience. Sammy played in school theatricals too.

ONCE when Jackie, about six, was home for an Easter vacation a friend asked him one day, "Well, Jackie, are you going to be an actor?"

He said, "Oh, I don't know. Maybe I might be a comedy."

They grew up just like other children—fighting like the dickens sometimes, then making up, very happy and loving each other very much.

When Russell went to Palm Beach for the winter, I brought the children in to be with me at the Netherlands, while I made my first motion picture at the studio just across the park. Metro Corporation had offered me very enticing terms to do eight pictures. I thought it was a wise thing for me to do, as things were at the time, and it was pleasant dough and no traveling.

"How," said one to Sir Walter Raleigh—of whom it was said he "could toil terribly"—"how do you accomplish so much, and in so short a time?" . . . "When I have anything to do, I go and do it," was the reply.
—MONTESQUIEU

Sammy went to St. Bernard's School and Sister to kindergarten and with Jackie old enough now to sit solidly in a saddle, they all went riding in the park on every sunny day. The great black admiral of the fleet who was the doorman at the Netherlands used to see them safely across the street and onto the path.

I spent all that season in pictures. I didn't like them very much, and was very glad when the year was over.

In one of these pictures I was a Russian princess and there was a scene in which my sleigh broke down in the snow. A lot of extras had been hired, nearly all Russians who wore funny fur caps and beards, real beards, to stand around in this scene. No one talked to them because they seemed to speak only Russian.

Years later when I was going through some photographs at Mamaroneck I came across one of the stills from this picture. As I looked at the group of peasants, one face was unmistakable.

I said, "That's Trotsky!"

And there he was. It was long after the Russian revolution, Trotsky was dead—murdered—but it was known that he had spent several years in New York, working at various things including an occasional day on the movie lot, earning a capitalistic $5—and glad to get it.

The last scenes of my last picture were photographed at Jacksonville. Afterward I went to Palm Beach, where I spent the two most miserable weeks of my life.

I came north just as, at last, America entered the war. Russell got his commission and was in France till the war was over.

The Stage Women's War Relief was instrumental in getting Mr. Al Hayman to let them have the Empire Theatre so as to produce three Barrie plays, "The New Word," "Old Friends" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." "Old Friends" was not successful but, of course, "The New Word" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" were enormously so.

In spite of the beauty of these performances the houses were not very good, and one night

CONTINUED ON PAGE 207



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Mamaroneck it occurred to me that they ght like to put "The Twelve Pound Look" the bill instead of the unsuccessful one-act ce. So I went to the telephone and called up r. Hayman and suggested the plan to him. didn't seem to understand at first that I nted to play for nothing, but when he did was delighted. We got four or five good eks out of that and made some money for arity. That was the beginning of my war rk. I was never able to do very much, but I all that I could, as we all did.

Later in the fall I played "The Twelve und Look" in vaudeville. Mr. Hayman had omised that I could have a repertory season the Empire, a thing that I had always longed have, and on the day before Christmas I ened at the Empire in "The Lady of the melias." Ned Sheldon had written a new d lovely version of the story, taking it di- tly from the book. I have always thought it st beautiful. We did it in the costumes of e period in which it was written, as I have ways felt it should be done.

The play begins after Marguerite's death, th all the great ladies of France buying her longings at an auction in her apartment. hen the sale is over, rmand bribes the ncierge to let him end the night in the artment. He cries t, "Marguerite, my ve, come back to e," the scene blacks t and the story is ld as a dream in Ar- and's mind.

At the end, after I ed and the scene acked out again, erybody in the audi- ce was blowing his se. Mary Louise anamaker and Mary own Warburton, her usin, used to come every matinee and y and cry. They ould bring men's ndkerchiefs and pin em to backs of the ats in front of them dry. Sometimes hen they were at the ollies with young en, they would say ddenly, "Oh, let's go d see her die!" And they'd fly over to the mpire Theatre, dragging the unwilling young en with them.

I don't think I have ever played a part that really loved so much. I did it about three onths and then a light modern comedy by . C. Carton called "The Off Chance." It was great contrast and a most amusing play. Eva e Gallienne was very young and gave the most autiful performance.

During this repertory season there were any benefits and pageants given for various ar charities. The first one was the big pageant f all the Allies at Madison Square Garden in hich I was devastated Belgium, with suffi- ent effect to make me go on being devastated elgium more or less indefinitely until the end f the war.

was called on constantly. It was very diffi- lt for me to know what to do, as I had lways had a horror of recitations and was rmly convinced no power under heaven ould make me recite. For any charitable vent, I always had appeared in one-act plays r in single scenes from long plays. Now that was faced with my war work, I had to learn recite.

It is impossible to convey the abject terror I as in the first time I stepped upon the stage lone, as myself, to utter. It was on the occa- ion of a benefit for the Red Cross at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was almost ntirely a musical program, orchestral and horuses, and above all, Caruso. I was the nly other soloist, which naturally intensified ny panic. The poem was "The Battle Hymn f the Republic." I had always known it aguely; in fact, that was the only way I did know it—very vaguely! I had studied it, but I had little confidence in my memory under the terrifying circumstances, so I asked my brother Lionel to go into the prompter's box, which is immediately in front of where I was to stand during the ordeal.

My feelings when coming through the famous golden curtains of the Metropolitan and facing a mammoth audience are indescribable. I began with quite a dash, a little like going over the top, but keeping firmly in my mind at the time that if I should forget, there at my very feet was my brother Lionel with the poem in his hand, ready for the worst.

JUST before the last verse, the worst happened; my mind suddenly became a hideous blank. There was a pause; I suppose it was really only an instant, but it seemed to me a million years. Suddenly a sound came to me from the prompter's box; it was Lionel trying to give me the lines. I heard nothing but what sounded like the muffled roar of a lion. He repeated it several times, but it never meant anything to me except the strange cry of some jungle beast. Finally, just as the words had gone, they came back to me and I finished the poem amid thunderous applause.

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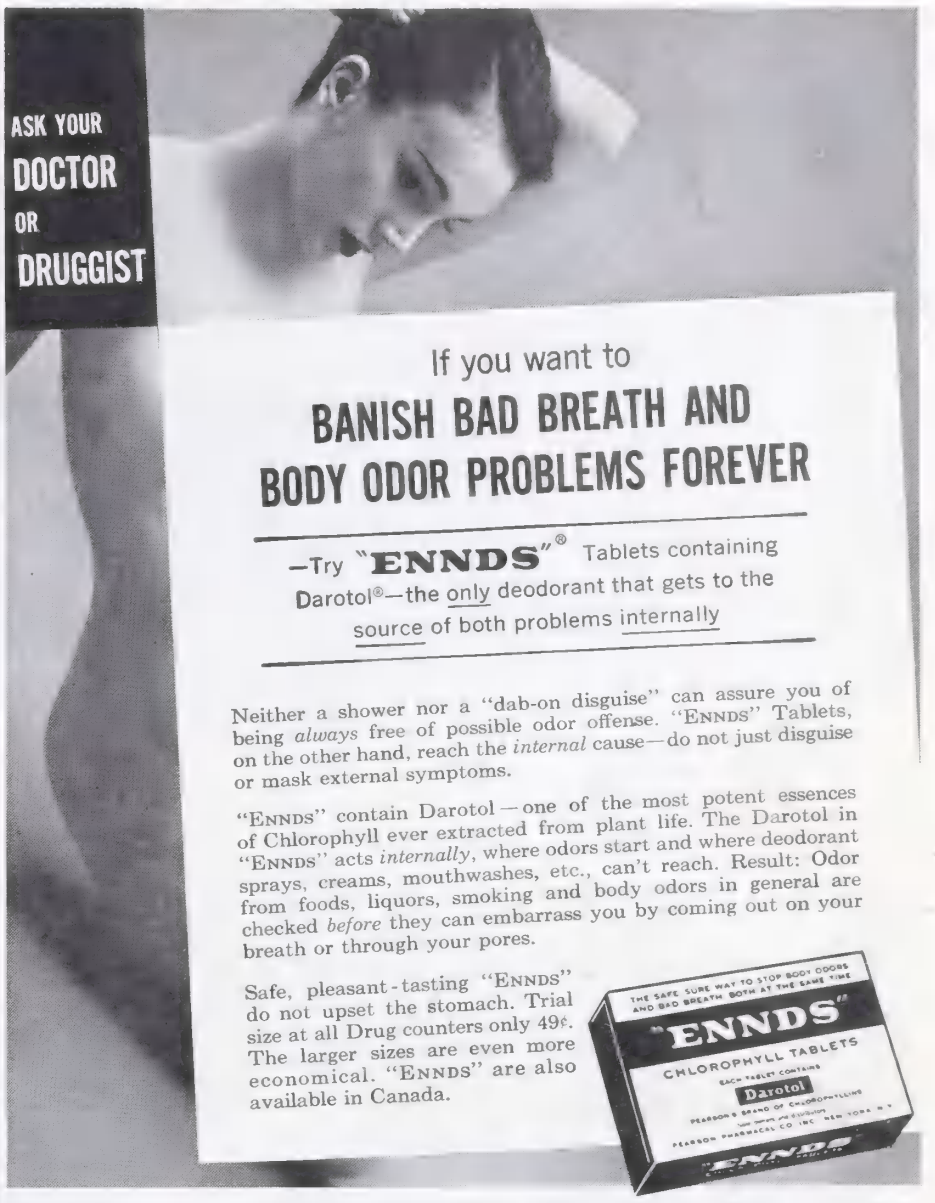
"I had the double delight of playing with Uncle Jack again in The School for Scandal—always one of my favorite plays."

After the performance John McCormack came back to congratulate me. He spoke about how wonderful my voice had sounded and how particularly marvelous was the great pause I made just before the last verse. He had thought that only a singer could produce such an amazing effect. Thus is bravery rewarded!

The next thing I did in this line was at the stadium of the New York City College, a place holding 40,000 people. I was to recite Zoë Akins' "Ode to the Allies." A glorious thing but it was very long and this time I had it largely and blackly inscribed on a scroll of parchment, which I held firmly grasped in my two hands. I was, of course, as nervous as ever, but got a certain amount of confidence holding tightly to the parchment before going onto the platform. It was at night but the platform was well lighted, so I knew I could see to read. But what I didn't know or expect was that I was flooded with enormous spotlights into which I had to look while bowing. As they kindly applauded my entrance, it was a little like looking at the noonday sun. I was completely blinded; when I looked at the parchment I saw nothing whatsoever for what seemed a space of eternity. I have always hoped that the largeness of the place and the vast numbers of people made that time seem shorter. At any rate, it was all right, and I had again done a little of my "bit."

During that summer, after the frightening weeks in the spring when the Germans had seemed to be breaking through our line, it was possible at least to begin believing that the war was going to be won and even that the winning might be worth the dreadful price that the casualty lists told us it was costing. It was possible to hold to that faith through the first months that followed the hysteria of triumph. It seems incredible now that we should actually have believed that there would never be another war, but it was good, blessedly good, to believe it, and for me it is good to remember now that once I could and did believe it.

At the Algonquin one night when I was having supper with Uncle Jack and Aunt Dodo after the theater, Jobyna Howland came to our table and spoke to us. There was a girl with her whom I didn't know. As they passed the table, the other girl said to me, in a curious accent, "I've written a play for you."



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After they had gone I turned to Uncle Jack and said, "Who was the Polish girl with Joby?"

Uncle Jack said, "I think her name is Zoë Akins."

Not long afterward Alf Hayman gave me two acts of a play and said, "Read this."

I got in my car to drive out to Mamaroneck and began reading it. By the time I reached New Rochelle I had finished the two acts. I tapped on the glass and said, "Britt, go right back to the Empire Theatre," which we did.

I said to Hayman, "Where is the third act? Get it quickly. I've got to do this play."

It was "Déclassée," the play that the "Polish" girl had spoken to me about. It turned out that she came from St. Louis and that her accent, though completely natural, was a peculiar thing of her own.

In August, as I had been doing since I had stopped going to England for the summer, I went down to White Sulphur Springs for two weeks of taking the baths and playing golf. Zoë Akins had finished the third act of "Déclassée" and I knew that I had a wonderful play for the fall. I expected to begin rehearsals as soon as I came back to New York.

But when I came back and went to see my cousin, Georgie, who was living on 45th Street, there was such a mass of people in the street that the car couldn't get through, and I had to get out and walk to Georgie's apartment. I asked what all those people were doing, and she said, "Don't you know? It's the actors' strike."

"Strike," I said, "what for?"

I hadn't been reading the papers and didn't know that nearly all the theaters were closed, that nearly all actors, including all but a few of the leading ones, were on strike.

I, who had had only the most wonderful treatment from Mr. Frohman and his successor, Alf Hayman, had no grievances of my own. It was something of a shock when Georgie explained the grievances that had brought about the strike, to find out that the members of the Actors' Equity were asking for so very, very little. It seemed a shameful thing that people should have to go on strike to gain assurance that they would be brought back to New York when a play closed on tour instead of being left penniless in Texas, that they should be offering to rehearse without pay for four weeks—six weeks for musicals—and after that to go on rehearsing for half pay!

I suddenly knew that I had to do something about it. "I ought to belong to Equity," I said.

Georgie stared at me, "You damn fool," she said, "you're a life member."

I suppose someone sometime had told me about something I ought to belong to, put a card in front of me, and I must have signed it and paid my $100. I didn't remember doing it, but I was very, very glad to find that I had done it. (Luckily for me it was in that happier era that I stopped signing things without looking at them!)

Georgie said, "You should go and show yourself at headquarters and be there, as everyone else is."

She spent a long time trying to convince me that my presence at headquarters would be of importance. I started with her eventually because I thought it would please her and because she seemed so anxious for it.

We got out of Georgie's apartment and the crowd sort of gathered me up and swept me along. It was a little terrifying; I kept thinking that things like this must have happened during the French Revolution. By the time we reached the brownstone house that was headquarters the crowd had caught sight of me and suddenly a sound went up—a great shout. It left me trembling from head to foot with a feeling of exaltation and happiness. The thought that they felt I could be of some use to them made me prouder than words can tell.

I was practically carried along up the steps and into the house. I found myself up on a table. People were crying and kissing my hands and even the hem of my dress and saying, "It's all right. We've won. We've won."

I had a moment's feeling of being a Joan of Arc. It was all terribly moving and exciting. All I said was, "I'm with you, whatever it is," and suddenly everything seemed to become organized as if all that had been needed was somebody to lead.

UNCLE JACK, who of course was with the actors, was in East Hampton, and after talking with him I wrote a letter for him to read at a meeting of Equity. It said:

While my entire theatrical career has been associated with but one management from whom I have received only fairness and consideration, I feel that the traditions of my family and my personal predilections ally me, logically and irremediably, with the members of my profession in the Actors' Equity Association.

Uncle Jack also announced that both Lionel and Jack, who were out of town, had asked him to notify the meeting that they were with the strikers.

I received various messages from Mr. Hayman during this time, commanding me and begging me to come to rehearsals, which, of course, was absurd because we were right in the midst of the strike and if I had gone to rehearsals it would have been the same thing as playing. It was simply impossible. He must have realized it, but he pretended not to.

One day when I went to see him to explain the reasons why I could not go to rehearsals, he said he could not hold them up any longer and had cabled for Mrs. Patrick Campbell to come over and play my part. I said I was sure she would be very good.



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course he had not cabled, but I didn't it, and I just took it for granted that I ost it.

and the other managers called us con- breakers and everything else they could of. Some of them sued us for fantastic nts and got injunctions against us, but and more theaters kept closing until st none were open.

hen the strikers began to get hungry— being actors a lot of them already were— rganized three weeks of benefit perform- at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. had closed all the theaters in New York the exception of this one and so, natu- the public flocked to it.

e first week I did the second act of "The of the Camellias" with my brother Lionel superb Père Duval and Conway Tearle as nd. When I made my entrance the open- ight the audience gave me a reception asted for three minutes. Alexander Woollcott wrote:

e rip-roaring and delightful entertainment d lavishly by the rebel players before huge nces over Lexington Avenue way reveals Barrymore, playing beautifully as Marguerite ier in "The Lady of the Camellias." She can step into a program of Eddie Foys and Eddie and bestow on all the evening a certain gettable radiance. . . . And Miss Barry-

BARRYMORE COLLECTION



"With Russell in military training at Plattsburg, the children and I had uninterrupted good times at Mamaroneck."

's voice! But then how can a humdrum day- ay reviewer of dramatic entertainment hope escribe that enchantment?

quote those extravagances about my voice use they reminded me, when I read them, he time when I decided that something t be done about it. Although I was being nicked everywhere on land and sea, I was ys worried about my voice because it was very low and had that sort of breathless ity. I heard of a singing teacher named . Morris and thought that she might help So, for some time, I stopped almost every on my way to the theater and had a sing- lesson from her. Curiously enough it ed out that my singing voice was a high ano. I learned several dramatic-soprano s, and there is no doubt that it helped me ch ways as voice production and breath rol. But I am afraid that God meant me ave this voice and that I'm stuck with it.)

MOST every great figure of the contempo- stage was on those Equity benefit pro- ms. I remember that Ed Wynn had to sit he audience because the Shuberts had got- an injunction forbidding him to appear on stage. Suddenly a spotlight was turned on , and he stood up and without moving a was at his humorous best, with the whole ience cheering him.

he second week Conway Tearle and I ed the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and the list of names on the program even more impressive than that of the k before. We also gave a ball at the Astor re Uncle Jack and I led the grand march. uglas Fairbanks and many other motion- ure stars purchased boxes to make it clear they were on our side in the strike. The ball netted $7000 for the strike fund and those of the strikers who could afford to contribute added $20,000 more.

It was evident that the public was on our side and the opposition began to crumble. Early in September the managers gave in on all points, even agreeing—think of it—to pay full salary after four weeks of free rehearsals, instead of the half pay we had originally asked for.

I BEGAN rehearsing for "Déclassée," and nothing was said about Mrs. Campbell or about the strike. It wasn't to be expected, though, that after such a bitter quarrel nobody should harbor any ill feelings, especially those who were on the losing side. All the time we were rehearsing "Déclassée" Alf Hayman made it clear that he hadn't forgiven me. He sulked and grumbled, but I always pretended I didn't notice any of his ill humor.

We had nothing new for the play—repainted scenery and furniture from the storehouse. In the first act we required a large sofa but Mr. Hayman, in his mood, did not feel that he wanted to get one. I insisted that we must have a sofa instead of the cane bench that went with the set of furniture wished upon us from the storehouse.

At that time "Charles Frohman, Incorporated" had become affiliated with the Famous Players and I found it very hard to talk to Mr. Hayman about anything. He was very "strikey." So I went to Mr. Lasky, or one of those at the head of the moving-picture office, to speak about the sofa, and I was told to go ahead and get it. The thought of those great magnates sitting there and saying, "Go ahead and get your sofa—you must have it" always amused me, for I paid for it, and neither Mr. Hayman nor Mr. Lasky ever paid me back. In the old days Mr. Hayman would have bought eight sofas for me, and Mr. Frohman, of course, never would have thought much about the matter—if I had asked him. Nevertheless- I got the sofa and it made the scene because it was new and very beautiful.

The first-night audience in New York went enthusiastically insane, but all Mr. Hayman would say, after the curtain, was, "Well, it may be all right—if that audience is on the level."

In the morning, though, all the critics were even more enthusiastic than the audience had been. We played it for nine months before going on tour with it; every seat for every performance was bought up and people stood at every performance.

But, ironically, while that success was at its height, I had at last to face the realization that there was no hope of making a success of my marriage.

After eleven years of trying my best to save it, I went to see Cardinal Hayes and told him that I was going to get a divorce. He said, "Oh, no, you can't do that." But after a long discussion, he said, "All right, but you mustn't marry again."

I remember that I found no difficulty in reassuring him. It never entered my head to marry again. My divorce is merely legal. It

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was granted in Rhode Island, quietly and without opposition, on the grounds of desertion and nonsupport.

I think that both my brothers and I were born under a dark star so that there was to be no such thing for us as enduring happiness in life. Perhaps it is an inheritance; I think now that the time when my mother and father were saying good-by to each other on the boat and I heard her begging him not to forget her was, perhaps, the beginning, although I did not know it then, of my awareness of the dark star.

I do not want to blame anybody for the failure of my marriage except, perhaps, that star.

Although I didn't succeed in saving the marriage itself, I did manage to save some of the pieces. Under the terms of the divorce, Russell had the right to see the children and I thought it was better for us to see them together. When he was not in Palm Beach, he came to dinner once a week at our house or took us out to a restaurant. He always came to dinner on Thanksgiving Day and on Christmas whenever I was playing somewhere nearby and had the children with me for their holidays. Our relations have remained on this amicable footing, so much so that years later, before their marriage, Russell asked me to dinner at the Metropolitan Club to meet his present wife, whom I thought perfectly charming. She had a small son and afterward Russell asked me if I had ever known an eleven-year-old boy.

I said, "Yes. Two."

He said, "Who?"

I said, "Sammy and Jackie Colt."

He was scarlet. He had forgotten all about them.

I think Colonel Colt, who was always kind and generous to me and the children, felt very unhappy about the divorce. To this day, whenever I am anywhere near Providence, all Colts and De Wolfes make a point of telephoning "Cousin Ethel."

"Déclassée" ran on and on, all through that season and the next and, except when it was interrupted by the only serious illness I ever had, through the next.

I was playing it in Cincinnati. One night when I was sitting on the sofa in the last act, just before the time for me to go out and get run over, I suddenly couldn't move. Something like a bolt of lightning had struck my back. As I was saying my lines, I kept thinking that I would not be able to get up to get off the stage; I don't know how, but I did get off. The pain was now in my knee. It was fortunate that the play called for me to be carried back onto the stage by a strong young footman and placed on a sofa where I proceeded, gracefully, to die.

After the curtain they called a cab, took me to the hotel and sent for a doctor. By the time he got there the pain had gone to my hand and I was making the most terrible sounds from the agony. The doctor said it sounded like fugitive arthritis. The next thing I knew I was in an ambulance on my way to Christ's Hospital, where I spent the next four months.

I sent for the children and their nurse and put them in the Sinton Hotel and they were brought to see me for a few minutes whenever I was well enough.

When I got back to New York I was met by Doctor Danforth and Uncle Jack and Jack and taken straight from the train to the Flower Hospital where they found the cause of all the anguish: a streptococcic infection lodged in my tonsils; they had to come out. The operation was postponed and postponed until I was strong enough to stand it. It was a major operation; it took an hour and a quarter.

The arthritis left me with a bad finger. When they took me down to the operating room I asked them if I could ever play the piano again, and they said it would be impossible. This made me feel dreadfully—but I can!

WHILE I was in the Flower Hospital my brother Jack came to see me and to show me a new play called "Clair de Lune" written by Michael Strange, Jack's second wife. He wanted me to play the Queen in it. He had gone to Mr. Hayman about it and he was much interested in the idea of the two Barrymores appearing in a play by Jack's wife.

After such an illness as I had gone through it was naturally impossible for me to go back to such a heavy role as that in "Déclassée"—nor could I have traveled. The part in "Clair de Lune" was short and I told Jack that if I didn't die, I would play it. There was at one time great doubt as to whether I would get better.

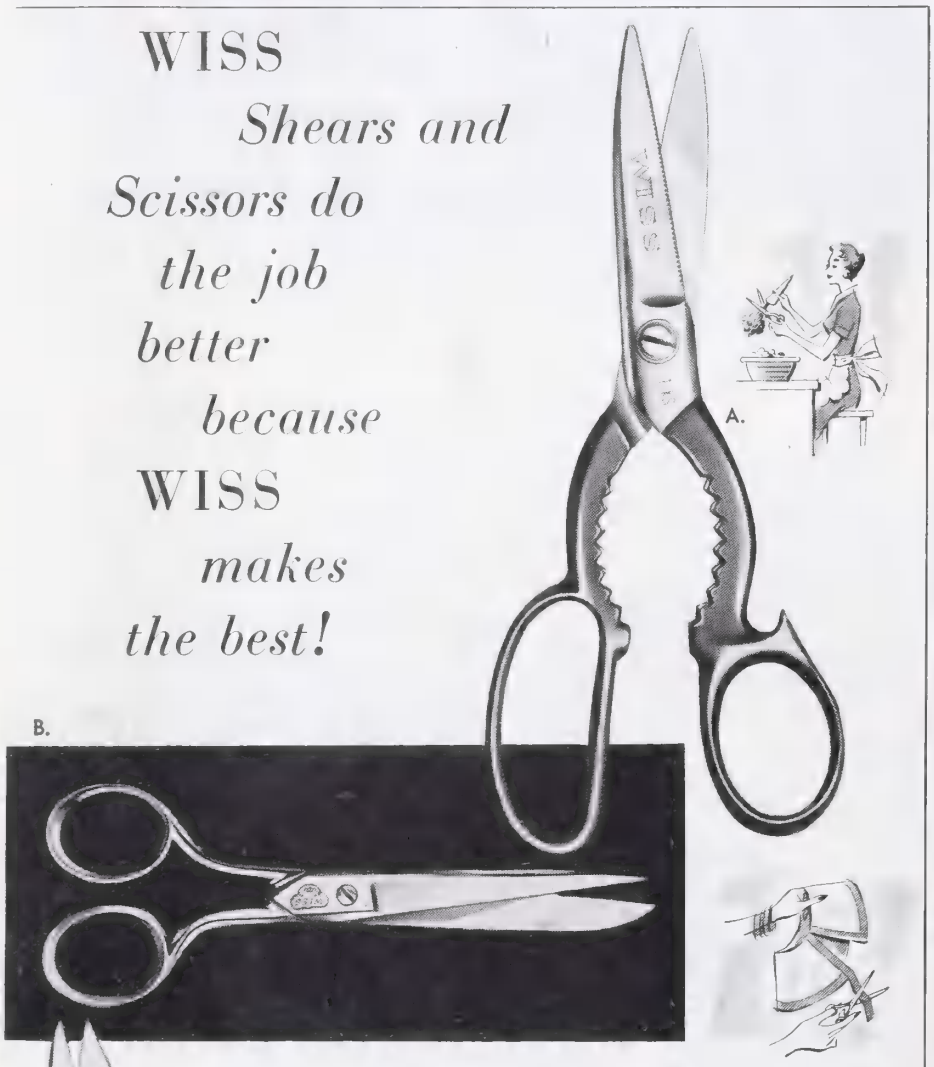
During the last few weeks that I was in the hospital Jack came to me with plates for costumes, scenery, and so on. I had never seen him so interested in anything connected with the theater. As soon as I got out of the hospital we began rehearsals and shortly afterward produced the play.

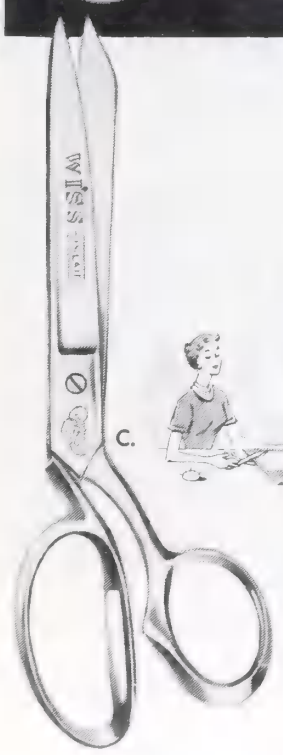
The critics castigated it so severely that Jack was infuriated. He came to my dressing room after the second night's performance and announced that he was going out in front of the curtain and make a speech in answer. I did everything I could to dissuade him, and at last I called up Lionel in Port Jefferson—the telephone that I had installed when Sammy was born was very useful—and between us, we persuaded Jack not to make the speech. But we did not succeed in preventing him from sending it in letter form to the Times and the Tribune.

When "Clair de Lune" closed, I was well enough to go back to "Déclassée," in which I kept on playing for another year.

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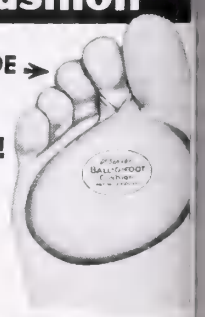
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vas during that year that we played it in ington, and President Wilson sat in a t a matinee. This was after his stroke, and ke it as easy as possible for him to leave heater, his car had been parked in the in front of the stage door. To reach it he o go right past the door of my dressing . He was leaning on a little colored man. d been crying and his eyes were shining. id, "It was beautiful, my dear. It was iful."

t was the last time I ever spoke with Wilson but not the last time that I saw A year or so later, when I was playing Twelve Pound Look" at Keith's in ington, he was in the audience. As I did ve to go on the stage until about 9:30, I one to dinner at the Longworths' before g for the theater and had promised to back after the performance. But when I out there was a solid mass of people for s around the theater, all waiting to see Wilson although he had been out of office me time. I was deeply moved and natu- waited until he had left. Then it was so nat I hesitated to go back to the Long- s', but I did. Alice asked me where I'd I said, "I couldn't get out of the theater ooner because there was such a terrific around it waiting to see Mr. Wilson "

said, "*Who?*"

en I told her, she wouldn't believe me. ated Wilson so bitterly that she simply n't believe a great crowd had waited just him pass.

the time "Déclassée" ended its three- un all the children were in school. Sammy one from St. Bernard's, in New York, to ver, but after going to see him when I laying in Boston I could not feel right leaving him there. He seemed too young ch a big school. So next year I sent him nterbury, in New Milford, Connecticut, had been established by rich Catholics e Ryans, Bradys and Mackeys, an excel- chool run by laymen and probably the xpensive school on earth.

kie went first to Fay School, in Massa- tts, and then to Portsmouth Priory at ort, run by the Benedictines.

er had gone to the Lenox School in New but I dreaded sending her to one of the nable schools there, and when I was go- a long tour I suddenly thought of the ight place in the world for her—the con- my convent.

R adored the convent and got the most ng marks, so high that I asked the sister or how it was possible. "My dear," she we have to give them what they make." as a great relief to me, knowing every of the day that she was doing exactly I had done before her. When I went to after she was settled at the convent I it just the same as it was in the days I was her age, many of the same sisters there yet. It didn't seem as if a chair had oved since I left: the same gong ringing our, the same little choir and organ— was still "Little Ethel" to the sisters. It very delightful experience.

ing the third year of "Déclassée" Alf an died and I decided that next season I like to join Arthur Hopkins, who had ced "The Jest" with Jack and Lionel and was interested, as I was, in starting a ory company in New York.

nt to see Mr. Hopkins at his office and ed if I had ever read a play by Gerhart mann called "Rose Bernd." I had not. it to me and I read it. I thought it was ficent, and when it was produced it made ound impression.

d been planned that the next play I was would be "As You Like It" and I had most of the summer and a good deal of uring the "Rose Bernd" run in studying nd. But, for some reason, after my r's great success in "Hamlet," Mr. Hop- hought it was more important to do eo and Juliet" which we had planned following season.

and out after we were rehearsing it that owl was going to do it and told Arthur Hopkins that I didn't want to do it but he insisted on going on with it, partly because Robert Edmond Jones had already made sketches for the sets. His obstinacy was the immovable object tenfold and quite impossible to overcome.

I made no impression whatever on him, but I should never have consented to do the play. It was sheer misery for me all the time we were doing it and when at last it was over, I felt as if a great burden had been lifted from me.

This was not a successful venture. The public didn't like the scenery—they didn't like the company—they didn't like me.

A curious thing happened while I was playing Juliet. When I was lying in the tomb, supposedly dead, in the last act, the fact that I had to remain so still seemed to have a hypnotic influence on me and it was with the greatest difficulty and will power that I kept myself from literally becoming unconscious. One night I did for an instant lose consciousness.

"Romeo and Juliet" was a failure but there were a lot of people who liked it. The principal one to me was Jack. This is what he wrote me about it:

Dearest Ethel: I couldn't tell you half of what I really thought of your performance, dear. It really *really* is great. It is *truly* magnificent, the finest thing you've ever done. I think I was wrong about the balcony scene not being passionate enough. It would make it too *objective* and the whole thing is just the other way.

Really Ethel, it is beautiful and you ought to be terribly proud about it.

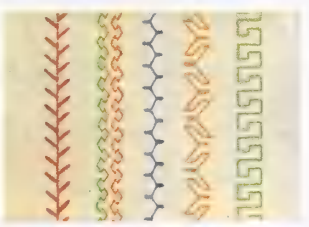
Much love,

The next piece we did was "The Laughing Lady," so different in every way. It was the sort of play I had done before, like "Lady Frederick" and "Cousin Kate," and was much harder for me to do than the big roles. A light comedy is the most tiring of all to play, the most difficult to keep up. You are taking the

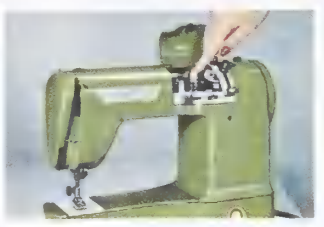


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Reminding you that someone, somewhere, would enjoy hearing your voice today

part of a person who is just like everyone in the audience. And because you have to be natural it is much harder than doing emotional parts. People don't realize this. It is much more difficult to be convincing in a modern comedy when every woman in the audience thinks she is more or less like the woman you are playing.

After that tour for a week I had the double delight of playing with Uncle Jack in the Players' production of "The School for Scandal" which has always been one of my favorite plays. I was Lady Teazle. She, in a way, is a laughing lady, too, but you have to approach her and play her in an entirely different way. Artificiality of manner, speech and gesture makes it easier to be good as Lady Teazle than as "The Laughing Lady." The very fact that one has a wig on and is in a different costume helps to make it easier.

The production had a notable cast. Walter Hampden played the part of a servant. So did Francis Wilson and Grant Mitchell, while Robert Mantell did the small part of Snake—exactly in the spirit of the repertory theater. William Seymour directed us for the first few days and gave us the traditional stage "business"—things he had in his old prompt books. We used Sheridan's original text, not Augustin Daly's version. The whole spirit was splendid, and it was a great pleasure to be in it. I did it as a labor of love and out of it came rich rewards.

After "Déclassée" had closed Jack had come to stay with me at Mamaroneck. He was very unhappy and at a loose end, his wife having gone off to Europe. So I literally took him by the hand to French Lick Springs, Indiana, with a little red Temple "Hamlet" in my pocket. At French Lick, I gave him the little red "Hamlet" and told him to learn one of the soliloquies and he did. When he read it to me, neither of us was quite happy about it, but I still knew that the spark was there.

One day after he had come back to Mamaroneck with me, we went to lunch at the Carringtons' and a little later Jack asked if Britt could take him over to see Margaret Carrington again. I said yes, and that was the last I saw of Jack until he emerged three months later. Margaret had a wonderful method of voice production and breath control which, added to Jack's native genius, gave him the supreme confidence that resulted in the "Hamlet" that the world will not forget.

Of course I saw him in it many times, but the most thrilling performance of all was a dress rehearsal just before the opening night. Jack didn't dress for it. He was just in his ordinary street clothes, and I suppose it was the greatest experience I ever had in a theater. He was superb, magnificent, unforgettable, and had in some mysterious way acquired that magical ease, as if he really were Ham was for me the fulfillment of all I had hoped for him and more.

Once while Jack was playing "Ham was playing in Washington and went to with Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge at the House. Mr. Coolidge had different food us, just a sort of pap. There were several dogs sitting about and he would throw bits of food to them. He said, "Saw brother the other night in 'Hamlet.' Very He made a speech between the acts, a funny speech. Told some stories abo Negro valet, right in the middle of 'Ha That's a good way to make speeches, stories. I know some funny stories, but I the American public likes to think of President as being a sort of solemn ass think I'll just go on being a solemn ass

I came out of the White House lau Reporters were all over me wanting to why. I said, "Just at something the Pre said," and they all fell flat on the grass

Once when I was staying with Alec V cott on his island in Vermont, he dro over to see the little town where Coo father had a store and post office. I had den terrific feeling about the night wh old gentleman answered the telephone voice asked him if the President of the U States was there.

"No, but the Vice-President is."

"No," the voice said, "Mr. Harding h died. Will you get the President to the ph

The old man called, "Cal."

"Have you got a Bible?" the voice sa

"Of course I've got a Bible."

"Then I guess you'd better swear hi

And all at once the little town in the Vermont hills was famous and telephon telegraph lines were built up to that little try store. I always thought it made a m ously American story. William Allen wrote it beautifully.

Alec and I also went to see the little yard where Coolidge is buried. His tom was small and simple just like his father only thing about it that was different w seal of the President of the United Sta

After "The Laughing Lady," my ne was "A Royal Fandango," by Zoë There was a young man in it who pl newspaper photographer, a very smal He had one line to say, and I saw that very nervous, so I said to him, "Relax. all you have to do—just relax. It'll all same in a hundred years."

The young man's name was Spencer and he has been relaxing with notable s for twenty-five of those hundred years.

Next month: Hollywood; and "the best b of all—my seventieth."



"Buy something for yourself that'll look good on me, mom."

Printed i

NEW

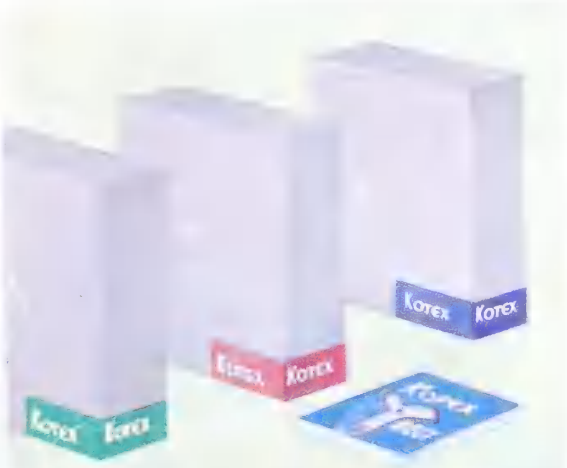


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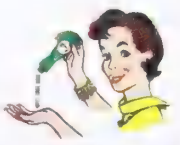
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JOURNAL

May
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The Magazine Women Believe In

PRINCESS MARGARET
AND HER BEAUX

THE CLOAK
by Isak Dinesen

WHAT A WIFE DOESN'T KNOW CAN HURT HER

FIRST TRAIN TO BABYLON
by Max Ehr… …mplete in this issue

CAN TH… …RE SAVED?



"What?...You haven't tasted NEW IPANA?"

(It's the best-tasting way to fight decay)

Chances are you'll be even more surprised than the wide-eyed girl above . . . once you do try new Ipana. Especially if you think all tooth pastes are more or less alike.

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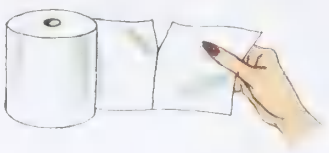
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Now, in addition to white, Delsey comes in lovely light shades of pink, yellow, blue and green to contrast, match or blend with your bath towels or tile. Delsey, too, is the only toilet tissue that gives you that wonderful Kleenex* tissue quality. With Delsey* you get Kleenex softness and absorbent double-ply strength.

Be thrifty—buy quality—buy Delsey

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Journal

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May, 1955

VOL. LXXII No. 5

Journalities

Though Rungstedlund, Rungsted Kyst, Denmark, may be no more romantic than Glenside, Pennsylvania, it always seems so when we see it on the note paper of Baroness Blixen (Isak Dinesen). But the message was down-to-earth: "I had just arranged to have a photo taken by our best photographer, and had sent in various clothes so as to have a first-class assortment to offer you, when I fell down a stair and had a concussion of the brain. I broke no bones—my doctor told me I had got a highly elastic skeleton—but half my face was blue and black for a month, and I was too ill to go to Copenhagen." Illustrator for *The Cloak*, Isak Dinesen's haunting and perplexing story on page 52, is Gladys Rockmore Davis, a fine artist whose paintings hang in twenty-five museums and in many private collections. Married to an artist, Floyd Davis, she reports they have two grown children, who are also artists, and two grandchildren, who may be artists someday.



Gladys Davis

"Born in Springfield, Massachusetts; now live in Oceanside, New York, with two children, Amy and Jane, and my wife, Doris, whom I met at the University of Michigan. Graduated from there. Studied chemical engineering, but my scientific reports tended to be fiction. Decided to be an author instead. Professors heartily concurred. Since then, have written some 700 produced radio and television shows for the national networks. I guess I'm the only person in the world who is trying to get *out* of television, and into something else. And the novel is more fun than anything else I know. *First Train to Babylon* (page 58) is my third."—Max Ehrlich.

When, and under what circumstances, is a girl *Young Enough to Know Better*? That is the title of a story by Joseph Laurance Marx on page 54, and it seems—well, you'll see. The author studied engineering, of all things, at Columbia University and was a businessman for many years. "I started writing by accident, literally, when I was laid up with a broken leg, and I have devoted full time to it ever since." So he says—but others tell us many people break a leg and never write a line.



Joseph Marx

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Cover Photograph by Louella Shouer and Donald Stuart

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Our readers write us

Thank You, Dr. Spock

Roslyn, New York

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Thank you for the recent Spock article on sweets—and for the stiffening it put in my spine. For our first child's birthday, I made a "cake" out of pure applesauce and unsugared egg white; now that he's four, he is drinking chocolate milk, eating ice cream, and even, on occasion, having a short go at a stick of chewing gum. And our poor No. 3 child is right beside him—years ahead of herself in Finding Out About Sweets. Since no one else I knew made such a fuss, I had gradually come to think I was being unrealistic about the whole question—but now you and Dr. Spock have put me back on my horse.

Sincerely yours,
MARY SCOTT WELCH

Readers' Prayers Helped Her

La Mesa, California

Dear Editors: Through your wonderful magazine there has been such an outpouring of prayers for me that not only is my panic gone completely but the 1 per cent sight of my left eye has returned!

When first I wrote you, I was more or less whistling in the dark. Then slowly I came to feel it was His will and not mine if my lot was to be blindness. With complete acceptance and renunciation came relaxation. Then came your far-reaching readers and their thoughtfulness. And then—faith and *healing! Miraculous!*

Thank you and God bless you all.

Gratefully yours,
CAROL V. SPERRY

▶ *Mrs. Sperry, the reader who wrote in December about her impending blindness, wishes to assure* JOURNAL *readers who wrote her and sent gifts that she will answer all personally in time, though she has been overwhelmed the last few months. ED.*

He Told the World

Falmouth, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: I enclose a newspaper clipping:

ST. LOUIS (AP). "I've never enjoyed anything so much in my life," said Mrs. Charlotte Lucido about her birthday present.

It was a want ad in the Post-Dispatch placed among a list of special notices telling of broken homes and shattered dreams.



Love story.

It told a story of love:

"I am responsible for all debts and obligations of my wife," the want ad read, "both present and future, and am more than happy to be the provider for a woman who has borne me six lovely children and, with an overabundance of love and care, has made the last 21 years of loving kindness the nicest part of my life.

"On this, the eve of our 21st wedding anniversary, I wish to publicly express my gratitude. (signed) Philip C. Lucido."

Sincerely,
MRS. G. G. PASLEY

▶ *It was Mr. Lucido's own idea. He deals in credit and must read the customary saddening "bed and board" notices daily. ED.*

A Flower for Mother

Savannah, Georgia

Dear Editors: Her name is Judy. Often



May's child.

weeds end up as the centerpiece on the dining table.

Sincerely,
MRS. T. H. WHITFIELD, JR.

Journal Gentleman

Winnipeg, Canada

Dear Editors: I'd like to register approval of the way you now letter your covers—keeping the "Ladies' Home" small, and the word "JOURNAL" large; because I'm sure that this magazine has many male readers, and, as in our home, when it arrives, the second in command grabs it quickly when the boss isn't looking.

Yours truly,
RON TUCKWELL

Fluoridation: Pro and Con

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: The Public Health Service has endorsed water fluoridation as a safe and practical means of reducing the incidence of dental decay. This action, I can assure you, was taken only after long and painstaking scientific investigation of the safety and effectiveness of the procedure. These studies, carried out over a period of many years, may be summarized as follows:

Observation of thousands of children throughout the nation has demonstrated the dental benefits associated with ingestion of a proper concentration of fluoride. The incidence of tooth decay was markedly reduced and the number of caries-free children increased.

Annual medical evaluation and follow-up of children from fluoride and non-fluoride cities fail to reveal differences in physical-examination findings. Among adults, even after prolonged exposure to fluorides, no relationship was found between use of fluoridated water and the incidence of adverse effects or abnormal laboratory findings.

Extensive analyses indicate no difference between fluoride and nonfluoride areas with respect to general death rates or death rates from specific causes. Furthermore, careful investigations show no correlation between fluoride content of the water and fracture experience, bone density or growth and development.

Advances in engineering technology have provided precise, simple and economical methods for introducing fluo-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

At last!

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THAT'S EXTRA RICH!



JUST POUR IT... and you'll see the glorious difference!



Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery—they're so messy, so hard-to-use, and so wasteful.



Some liquid shampoos are too heavy—contain a cloudy ingredient that can leave hair with a dulling film.



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Something to sing about—wonderful, emerald-clear Liquid Prell! No other shampoo has this unique, extra-rich new formula—and how you'll love it! Bursts instantly into luxurious, extra-rich lather . . . rinses in a twinkle . . . is so mild you could shampoo every day. And Liquid Prell leaves your hair caressably soft, a dream to manage—looking excitingly 'Radiantly Alive.' Try new Liquid Prell today, won't you? It's *fabulous!*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

rides to a water supply, and have developed safeguards for the maintenance of proper fluoride levels.

Those desiring more detail on this subject are referred to *Fluoridation as a Public Health Measure*, a recent publication of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, 1515 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., and to the report of the Water Fluoridation Committee of the St. Louis Medical Society, which appeared in the February, 1954, issue of Missouri Medicine, published by the Missouri State Medical Association, 634 North Grand Blvd., St. Louis 3, Missouri.

You may be interested to know that more than 1000 cities and towns in the United States, with a total population in excess of 20,000,000 people, are now applying this preventive method. It is important to note, however, that the decision on whether to adjust the fluoride content of a water supply rests entirely with the individual community.

Sincerely yours,
LEONARD A. SCHEELE
Surgeon General
U.S. Public Health Service

Powell, Ohio

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: As a taxpayer and citizen, I feel that the U.S. Public Health Service, an official agency of the U.S. Government, should truly serve the health of this nation. Let's apply that directly to the fluoridation issue. The USPHS has been promoting fluoridation some years now. Not only that, it has utilized highly developed public-relations techniques to build public favor. And for what? Where are the scientific reports, the research data, that prove the health values in fluoridation of water?

I, as a citizen, ask for the scientific evidence proving that fluoridation of public water contributes to public health.

It is the scientists—the biochemists, the clinical researchers and chemists—who say, in effect: "Go slowly—we need to know more about this." Some of them have turned up some rather disturbing evidence of inherent dangers. Surely an official government agency ill serves its citizens when it uses public funds to support a program not scientifically demonstrated to be desirable, beneficial or acceptable.

I feel that the first order of business is to examine the evidence of recognized biochemists and clinical researchers. With the help of these scientific data, citizens can inform themselves more adequately about fluoridation—and thus be better equipped to deal with the issue in their own communities.

Not opinions, but facts. Truly serve the public here. I do sincerely hope that not only the point above, but also adequate supporting material, can find its way to that alert and intelligent group of our nation's citizenry: your subscribers!

NANCY SEIBERLING

P.S. Quite apart from the public-health angle, I am keenly interested in the way this question has become part of the general confusion about liberty, freedom—in the jumble of so-called "controversial issues." The ability of a few to mold public opinion until it becomes an arrogant, unyielding pressure has been well demonstrated. To fly (even with facts) in the face of public opinion is not an easy thing to do these days. Yet in many places over the nation, one person with the facts has proved all that was necessary to turn the tide.

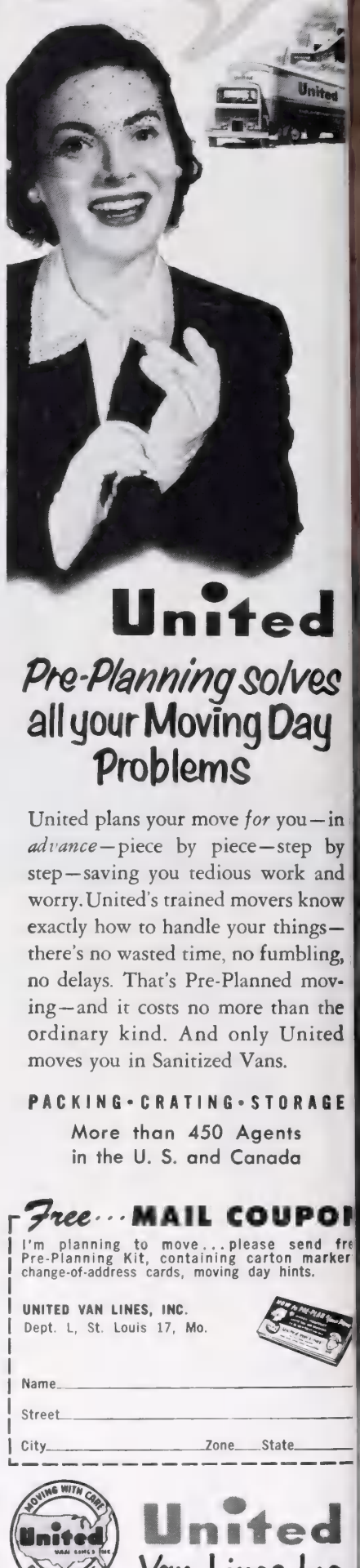
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Editors: I have conducted as much research on fluoridation as anyone in the country; I have published or in press three articles on different phases of the subject. I have collected more clinical information on chronic fluorine poisoning from drinking water than any other investigator with the exception of one clinician who is in full accord with my views.

If there were an epidemic of typhoid fever your health officials would move heaven and earth to control it. Epidemics of a new disease are now appearing throughout the country; I have the rec-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

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United plans your move *for* you—in *advance*—piece by piece—step by step—saving you tedious work and worry. United's trained movers know exactly how to handle your things—there's no wasted time, no fumbling, no delays. That's Pre-Planned moving—and it costs no more than the ordinary kind. And only United moves you in Sanitized Vans.

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Lenox "WEST WIND" lovely for a lifetime, so wise for now

It's love at first lovely sight, the first time you see the most translucent, beautiful china, Lenox! You realize why Lenox is appreciated as the truly superlative china the world over . . . why Lenox is chosen by Presidents and Kings. And do you know that *your* Lenox would be the same quality? Yes, it's true . . . Lenox makes one quality china . . . the finest.

How good to know, too, that treasured Lenox has the lifetime quality to last for generations! So why compromise? Lenox is easy to acquire, by piece or place setting; most stores extend budget-payment service.

Start with lovely, *lovely* Lenox. You'll be so glad you did . . . all your lifetime.

"WEST WIND" colorful, charming pattern. Coupe Shape. 5 pc. place setting (dinner, salad, butter plates; cup, saucer) $18.95. Do see the wide selection of distinguished Lenox in leading stores.

. . .

For pattern-price leaflets in color, the informative "Reference Book of Fine China", plus name of your dealer, send 25¢ to: Lenox Inc., Dept. E-74, Trenton, N.J.

Lenox China

WORLD'S FINEST...FOR LIFETIME ENJOYMENT

Never put make-up over a "bare" skin—

First—this satinizing base to flatter exquisitely!

Sheer, greaseless—it protects, conceals, refines!

You've surely seen how heavy make-up can work *against* a woman—rather than *for* her. Yes—instead of hiding imperfections, it actually *emphasizes* them!

The trouble is—greasy make-up applied over a "bare" skin just *will* catch, and *settle* in skin flaws. Then little lines look carved in. Pores seem larger. Oil around nose and chin muddy the make-up's color . . . skin looks streaked.

But just smooth on an invisible base of Pond's Vanishing Cream *before* making-up—and *see* the enchanting difference! This delicately scented cream is light, frothy, *greaseless* . . .

Protects just-washed skin with a satiny film

Helps powder cling smoothly—hours longer

Keeps make-up from streaking . . . looking artificial and "mask-y"

The radiant, flawless look that makes a woman truly lovely—be sure it's *yours!* Always—before you make-up—this greaseless under-film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. You'll be delighted with the new soft-toned look of your complexion . . . its fine-textured young freshness.



Charming member of New York society

Romaine, Marchioness of Milford Haven

The Pond's Vanishing Cream on the Marchioness' dressing table is one of her most depended-on beauty aids. She knows that no matter how harsh the weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream will protect her skin beautifully. "And as a foundation, Pond's Vanishing Cream looks completely natural," Lady Milford Haven says. "And it has a marvelous way of holding powder smooth and fresh for hours!"



Quick, at-home facial brightens, clears "drab" skin

Tonight—glamorize your skin with this 1-Minute Mask, as so many beautiful women do:

Smooth a lavish coat of snowy-white Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. The Cream's "keratolytic" action *dissolves away* the dead flakiness that gives your skin a dull, older look. After one minute, tissue off the Cream. Now—shadows seem brightened away . . . your skin looks "alive"—so much finer, clearer!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

ords of 18 cases of poisoning from drinking artificially fluoridated water. This disease is characterized by severe pain and stiffness of the spine, brain damage, lack of control of arms and legs, stomach disturbances and failing eyesight. Leading specialists could find no cause for the symptoms in these patients. Yet in every case elimination of fluoridated water cured this disease completely. These symptoms are identical with what has been described in foreign medical literature as beginning fluorine poisoning.

This disease is man-made by the health officials whom you are paying to guard your health. They have been told about this disease, but they have neither investigated it nor shown any interest in these patients. Instead, they move heaven and earth to deny that it exists; they even ridicule patients who complain of these symptoms.

They continue to pound on the theme that fluorine, a powerful poison, can cause no harm in the small amount in which they are adding it to drinking water. They present graphs, charts, statistics quoting averages, but do not study individuals. They quote research chemists and dentists who call each other authorities, but have never attended a patient. Their proof that there is no harm is based upon a highly biased survey by the St. Louis Medical Society in which the underlying theme is that there is no need to investigate further because no harm is contemplated. They rely on mortality statistics which are tailored to order as analyzed in detail in the current issue of the National Fluoridation News.

When the National Research Council, which is packed with health officials, finds that in the natural fluoride town of Bartlett, Texas, 10 out of 100 people have eye cataracts, 19 out of 100 hearing defects, they don't compare these figures with the averages for these diseases in the U.S., but cover up the damage in this town by comparing it with another fluoride city where the disease rate is equally as high. When they find a high percentage of bone defects among the people in that fluoride town, they don't tell you that this is the beginning of a serious disease due to fluorine poisoning, but state that it is of no consequence.

Medical societies, which should concern themselves with this purely medical subject, are remaining completely aloof and disinterested. They have done no research on their own other than asking health officials and dentists for their opinion. *These* officials in turn quote each other's opinions. For political reasons information about poisoning is being kept out of medical journals and out of medical meetings. Consequently, physicians are being kept completely ignorant of this disease. The story of fluorine poisoning will, therefore, first appear in foreign medical journals, causing a further delay in the recognition of this disease here.

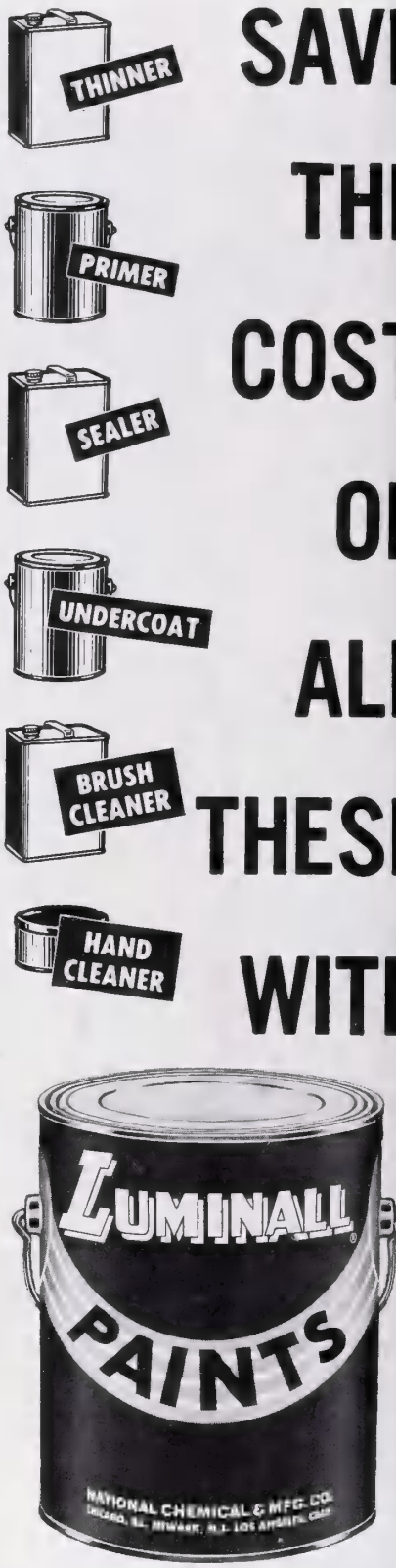
No two people react alike to the same drug, no matter how small the dose. At the so-called "safe" concentration, fluorine is a potential danger to every individual, especially to diabetics who drink more water, to nephritics who can't eliminate fluorine readily and to allergic people who have a low tolerance to drugs. That it is cumulative in the system even in the most minute doses has recently been shown in Berkeley, California, by radio-active tracer studies.

Numerous incidents of suppression of scientific data which might interfere with their promotional efforts have come to my attention. For example, a survey by the U. S. P. H. S. itself shows that excellent teeth were found where there was no fluorine at all in the water.

Opponents to fluoridation are as much concerned about the health of children's teeth as anyone else. However, the Grand Rapids and Newburgh studies have *not* proved that fluorine provides *permanent* benefits. It merely *delays* the recognition of decay by a few years. Some genuine statistics compiled by the New York State Department of Education recently slipped through the rigid censorship of health officials. They showed ⅓ more dental defects among children in fluoridated Newburgh than in the fluorine-free control city of Kingston.

Fluorides can be administered in many ways, individually and inexpensively, to those who desire them. Yours,

GEORGE L. WALDBOTT, M.D.



With Dow latex and sturdy alkyd-resin, Luminall Paints apply easier, bind tighter, go farther and look richer! Primer and sealer built-in for amazing one-coat coverage on walls, ceilings and trim. Scrubbable, satiny finish! Dries in 20 minutes! No fumes, fuss or messy clean-up problem. Nonflammable! The easiest paints to apply with brush, roller or spray!

For free color chart write Dept. 43, Luminall Paints, 3617 South May Street, Chicago 9, Illinois

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Millions of Happy Users Know the LUMINALL LABEL is the Finest Guarantee in Paints!



New Heirloom Sterling "Six-plus-One" place setting gives you *seven* pieces—with the all-important extra teaspoon! Shown, Damask Rose*

New! "*Six-plus-one*" place setting!

Seven beautiful pieces at a money-saving price!

$29.75 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED.

You always need more teaspoons than just *one* per place setting—and up until now you've had to buy your extra teaspoons separately at a regular, by-the-dozen price.

Now—the new Heirloom* Sterling "Six-plus-One" place setting gives you all six usual pieces plus an ever-useful *extra* teaspoon, at a *place-setting* price, only $29.75†! That's no more than you'd expect to pay for just *six* pieces alone!

In any of the distinguished Heirloom Sterling patterns—see the "Six-plus-One" place setting at a fine store near you now!

*Trade Marks. Copyright 1955, Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths, Oneida, N. Y.
†Extra-heavy Stanton Hall, slightly higher



Heirloom Sterling

"Whe-e-e! Look what came in our new Laundry Queen Automatic!"



Here's why TIDE belongs in your precious automatic!

The makers of Laundry Queen—in fact, the makers of 25 automatics—recommend Tide. Their machines are designed for full-action suds like TIDE'S!

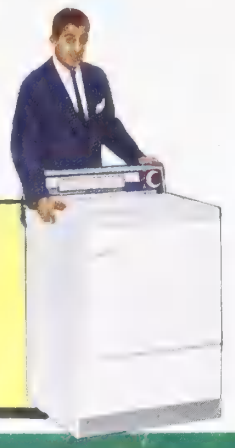
And Tide is made to give you the best possible performance... and the cleanest possible washes in them. In these top-loading automatics, nothing else will wash as clean as Tide, yet is so mild ... no washday soap, no other detergent known, and that includes the *sudsless* products. In fact ...

TIDE washes cleaner than any leading sudsless product—costs only ½ as much to use!

If you—like the great majority of automatic-washer owners—have one of the top-loading automatics, don't think you need to use a costly *sudsless* product. Tide will get your wash cleaner than any leading sudsless product, at *half* the cost! Any wonder more women use Tide in automatics than any other washing product? Use Tide in *yours!*

The new Laundry Queen Automatic Washer with Hydro-Poise for miracle quick drying

It's at your dealer's now. Let him show you this beautiful new **Laundry Queen** Automatic Washer. Let him tell you about the Hydro-Poise feature for miracle quick drying and two-hundred twenty-degree **Arc Agitation** for greater washing efficiency.



***Tide* CAME IN IT!**

This wonderful new Laundry Queen Automatic comes with a free box of Tide right in it . . . just as so many other fine automatic washers do. The makers of

25 AUTOMATIC WASHERS RECOMMEND *Tide!*

In these automatics, no other washday product know

NOTHING ELSE

(with or without suds)

WILL WASH AS CLEAN AS *TIDE*

–yet is so mild!

SEE THE NEW Laundry Queen AUTOMATIC AT YOUR DEALER'S

Bruce Gould

Beatrice Blackmar Gould

Editors

Why don't we take more time to live?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON



COURTESY OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

"Landscape With Flight of Geese," by an anonymous artist. Hanging scroll; ink and color on silk. Height 25½", width 15". Thirteenth–fourteenth century.

A FEW days ago I received a questionnaire in my mail from a person who is writing a book based on inquiries about how selected people "make every minute of the day count." She didn't say count for what, but by inference she obviously meant count for furthering one's career. I sat down and answered the lady, but not, I am afraid, as she anticipated. Instead I praised the value of "wasted time," especially to a writer, claiming my trouble to be that I don't "waste" enough of it.

For it is in hours of apparent idleness that thoughts form themselves; in times of apparently *idle* observations, recollection, meditation. One doesn't declare to oneself, "Now I will devote one hour to thought or meditation." They just creep in to occupy that hour when there is nothing else one must do—no deadline to meet, no manuscript to correct, no housework that *must* be done, no engagement—delicious time to *waste*. It is in "wasted" time that one recovers the energy and finds the ideas that give one a fresh start.

"Time," said an Arab poet, "is not measured by clock or calendar but by the intensity of experience."

The most intense experiences are not always externally stimulated, and no external experience is intense unless it is internally digested.

I agree with the lady who wrote me from beautiful Colorado regarding time and travel to the effect that the faster you travel the less you see; the farther you go the less, possibly, you may comprehend; and the best of all journeys are made for no concrete or definable purpose.

Most of my own travels (and they have encompassed a bit of the globe) have been purposeful—made with the journalist's objective of ascertaining certain facts, and planned in advance, as: On the 12th I shall arrive in Paris, and see So-and-so; on the 15th I shall spend 4 days in Berlin, then 2 in Frankfurt, and 2 in Bonn; on the 24th I shall fly to Rome; the 28th, Cairo, etc. etc., with appointments scheduled for every hour. It is useful, it is necessary, it may contribute to making me change my mind or confirm previous opinions, but it does little to re-create *me*.

This sort of travel gives one a delusion of sameness of people, problems and life the world over. One passenger airplane differs hardly at all from another, whether it be American, British, Italian, Dutch, Swiss or Middle Eastern, and neither do the passengers.

But a third-class railroad carriage is *very* different in England, Italy, Germany or Greece. All the "Ritz" hotels of the world are so much alike that one can wake up in Claridge's in London or the Semiramis in Cairo without consciousness of radical change. Externally, humanity is much alike—perhaps too much so. But internally there are deep, deep differences, and it is in the experiences of differences, and in the minutiae of observations, that the landscape of the soul is widened.

Americans travel more, and farther, than they ever have in history, but the extent to which their understanding is thereby enlarged is dubious. Travel, to serve its best purpose, requires that one ease oneself into new scenes and values; that, almost imperceptibly to oneself, one discards, bit by bit, one or another of one's own habits and prejudices. We must free ourselves of these and of normal cares in order to travel with open eyes, minds and hearts, in a condition to accept experiences. Traveling at high speed, one arrives exactly as one left home. Nothing has happened in between, as inner preparation.

My husband, who three years ago made his fourth visit to Tahiti and the South Seas, for the first time by air, to stay two months, complained, "It took me two months to become *accustomed*. Then I had to leave." CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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Recipes for Salads that go with Lamb...

LIKE ANY OTHER SALADS,

THEY'RE BEST DRESSED

BY Kraft

What kinds of salad go best with lamb? Light, bright fruit salads, say the experts . . . especially with a touch of mint. And of course asparagus is a natural.

As for the salad dressings—you've no problem there. *Kraft* has a whole line of favorites, ready and waiting. There's Miracle Whip, best-liked of any dressing for salads in the whole wide world. *Three* delightful French dressings. And the finest of mayonnaise.

So pick your salad dressings from the Kraft shelf at your store. Compliments come easy with salads dressed by Kraft!

Kraft Salad Dressings are also available in Canada

WITH LEG OF LAMB . . . MINTED PEAR SALAD

Heat together a 10-oz. glass of mint jelly and ½ cup canned pear juice. Add several drops of green food coloring. Place 8 canned pear halves in the melted jelly. Let stand, basting occasionally, until light green in color. Drain the pears. For ea serving, place 2 halves, cut side on a plate, with a spoonful of *Kr Mayonnaise* or *Miracle Whip* in ea half. Arrange Bibb lettuce on eit side and garnish with tiny leave





Tastes different because it is different There's nothing else anywhere like Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. It's a unique *type* of dressing, combining the best qualities of good old-fashioned boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise. No other dressing has ever even approached the one and only Miracle Whip in popularity. Taste it and you'll see why!

Such rich, firm-bodied mayonnaise Kraft *Kitchen Fresh* Mayonnaise is made with extra egg yolks for extra richness and firm body. Even when you mix it with tart juices, it never curdles or separates. Try diluting it half-and-half with tomato juice. You'll find it's still deliciously rich and smooth.

WITH LAMB STEW . . . FRUIT SALAD BOWL

For each serving, tear curly endive and head lettuce into bite-sized pieces—enough to fill an individual salad bowl. Add orange sections, pineapple chunks and halved strawberries. Toss with *Miracle French* or *Kraft French Dressing*. If you like a touch of onion and garlic, you'll enjoy Miracle French. If you like a thick French dressing that doesn't separate, Kraft French should be your choice.





Touched with onion and garlic When you want a robustly seasoned French dressing—on seafood for instance, or tossed greens—try Kraft's famous *Miracle French*. Also, compliments will come your way if you brush Miracle French Dressing over lamb chops before you broil them.

Most popular French dressing Kraft French is far and away the most popular French dressing ever offered for sale. Not too sharp, not too bland, it has a just right flavor that appeals to children as well as grownups. This is a thick French dressing that doesn't separate.

WITH LAMB CHOPS . . . ITALIAN ASPARAGUS SALAD

For each serving, arrange leaf lettuce on a salad plate. Place a slice of head lettuce on it and top with several cooked asparagus spears. Sprinkle with sliced green onions. Serve with *Casino*. Casino is the newest of Kraft's three French Dressings, and a big hit. It's somewhat garlic-y, somewhat sweet, a perfect base for variations like Roquefort dressing as well as to serve "as is".





A little bit sweet—a little bit garlic-y New Casino has a most intriguing flavor . . . sweet, with a tang, and a touch of garlic too. It takes *twelve* different seasonings to get this special flavor! For easy, delightful variety in your salads, it's a good idea to keep all of Kraft's three French Dressings on hand.

For homemade French dressing, Kraft has a very special, smooth-blending Oil that mixes superbly with other ingredients. Kraft all-purpose Oil gives beautiful results in cooking, too.

KRAFT
THE NAME THAT MEANS
WONDERFUL

new WEST BEND®

2 to 5 and 6 to 8 cup
Flavo-matics®

Set of two AUTOMATIC PERCOLATORS... $23.45*

... less than you'd expect to pay for one!



6 TO 8 CUP
POLISHED
ALUMINUM
$12.50*

2 TO 5 CUP
POLISHED
ALUMINUM
$10.95*

Mother's Day Gift
OR WEDDINGS,
ANNIVERSARIES,
BIRTHDAYS

the automatic percolators
that make coffee taste better

With West Bend's new Flavo-matic Twosome you can make the right amount of coffee for any occasion—no more, no less—and save coffee every day. Beautifully matched in design, these Flavo-matics provide automatic coffee service from 2 to 13 cups or more. The set (2 to 5 and 6 to 8 cup) costs a total of *only $23.45—two for less than you'd expect to pay for one!* You'll trim your coffee bills, too—because the exclusive percolation method actually uses less ground coffee. And you'll brew the most delicious coffee —unequaled by any other coffee maker, regardless of price.



2-5 CUPS—BREAKFAST



6-8 CUPS—DINNER



13 CUPS OR MORE—PARTIES

* Prices include cord and excise tax

Flavo-matics also available in copper color and gleaming chrome; ask your dealer

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO.
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at leading housewares, gift and appliance stores; prices slightly higher in Canada.



FRYER-ROASTER-SERVER
$24.50*



STAINLESS STEEL MIXING BOWLS
SET OF 3
$6.75



ELECTRIC BEAN POT
$7.50*



ELECTRIC TEA KETTLE
$10.95*
NON-ELECTRIC TRIG. $4.95



ELECTRIC CORN POPPER
$6.95*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Of all the ways to see and *feel* the unfamiliar, the best way is to walk. Many years ago I walked in a party of three from Innsbruck to Venice. Since then I have traveled widely in Italy, mostly by car, but never have I had such an unforgettable journey. Its memory is a treasure.

I suppose the distance, on the roads we took, avoiding where possible the main highways and zigzagging, is something over 300 miles. We started in early September and arrived in Venice six weeks later, which is no athletic record—an average of about seven miles a day. But, of course, we did not press ahead every day. In lovely or fascinating places we lingered, tempted to stay a week, or a month, or forever. The longest distance we walked in one day was twenty dull miles.

The incalculable charm about that journey was that we never knew where we would find a meal or spend the night. We walked until we began to be tired and then kept our eyes peeled for any kind of promising tavern or *albergo*.

I had, from the beginning, gone on strike against a knapsack. I would use my legs but not be a pack horse. I wore a tweed suit, a pull-over, and carried or wore a hooded lightweight but many-pocketed raincoat, which stored a nightgown, dressing gown and folding slippers in an eight-by-ten-inch pouch, a pair of rubbers, and a small kit with comb, tooth paste, toothbrush, soap, washcloth, powder case and lipstick. At night I washed my underthings of cotton tricot—nylon was not yet invented—and when anything wore out discarded it and bought a substitute. We all wore strong handmade shoes of the ski type and they lasted the journey.

Sinclair Lewis, who had initiated the journey—he was a great walker—was laden like a burro, chiefly with books, for the thought of spending a night with nothing to read appalled him more than the possibility of bugs. Neither appalled me. After a day from dawn to dark in the open air, I slept the moment my head touched a pillow and regardless of comfort or convenience. Nor did we encounter serious uncleanliness—although we noticed other differences!

ALL of the South Tirol belonged to Austria before World War I, and the northern part where we started out is still Austro-German, partly in population and distinctly so in civilization. There, in whatever little inn we stopped, we found if not a bath, hot water, and if not from a tap, out of a copper can, so we could have a sponge and foot bath. Bed and table linen were always clean and dry. In the tinier places, strong-legged maids or the daughter of the tavern keeper would drag a "sit-bath" into our rooms.

As we moved south into territory culturally and indubitably Italian, the sit-bath disappeared, along with the tiled stove to heat the rooms. The linen was just as clean as ever, but it was usually damp—and why this is so in Italy except in classy hotels, I never could find out.

The food changed too—from *Schnitzels*, and *Bratens* with varieties of vegetables, and the ubiquitous and delicious Austrian sweets, to *pastas*, bits of veal cooked in Marsala, tomatoes cooked and uncooked, cheese and fruit. No more whipped cream but blacker, stronger, sweeter, bitterer coffee. The wayside crosses changed, too, as we moved southward. The severe Gothic Christs became more ebullient, and, somehow, indescribably, more pagan.

One would think that people living cheek by jowl with each other would adopt each other's ways, but they do not. Precisely at the places where they begin to mix—at the frontiers—some stubborn pride, or fear—I don't know what—make them think of themselves as "outposts." Why is it?

AT any rate, those who have traveled slowly through the uncosmopolitan parts of Europe, staying in wayside taverns or cheap pensions, shopping in little towns, talking with unimportant people, are unlikely to share the easy optimism of those who have thought one could, at a stroke, create a United Europe. The peoples set themselves apart from each other, cherishing in their unconscious depths what is peculiar to them, guarding it even against the outwardly "superior."

Bolzano or Merano might as well be on the other side of the Brenner Pass in the North or Austrian Tirol for the look and feel of them, and they are full of German lore. Bolzano has been ruled by Bavarian counts and German bishops and then for over 500 years by the Austrian Hapsburgs. But south of Cortina d'Ampezzo, a lovely mountain resort, everything is as Italian as though no German rulers had ever set foot there, though it, too, was once part of Austria.

In Vicenza we stayed at a second-rate hotel, for we were three tramps with no clothes but those on our backs, and wandered with a guidebook but no guide, not in any hurry, not determined to absorb culture—just to see, drink in beauty, and idle over coffee on the piazza.

Verona is only 20 miles away, but we started late and didn't make it in one day, chilly as it was with drifts of rain—and to the weather I owe the memory of an unforgettable inn by the roadside, largely for cattle traders en route to the market in Verona. Few guests halted there overnight and certainly never in its history three Americans. The very idea of Americans *walking* so amazed the keeper and his buxom wife that they gave us two rooms—I shouldn't be surprised if they were their own—with enormous, very lumpy beds, but with clean though coarse linen, and washbasins, and big copper cans of hot water, and damp towels.

We were terribly hungry and for supper were shown into one of the most beautiful rooms I have ever seen. A true "common room," fully forty feet long, the floor paved with flagstones, and the vaulted ceiling crossed by dark oak beams. It had an open fire burning brightly under a beautifully vaulted arch and next to it, also set back under a matching arch, a tiled cookstove, with circular openings for charcoal fires, each made separately and kept blazing with a fan of turkey feathers.

There the wife of the tavern keeper was preparing the meal. Stretched through the center of the room was an oaken table four-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

PEONIES

By JOHN ROBERT QUINN

As long as peonies unfold
Their faultless plumage, white,
Plum-red and pink,
I know that I shall think
Of other peonies—
Floating along the edge
Of grassy memories,
Drowsing upon bent stems
In the transitory shade.

Old neighbors come to mind:
The Thurstons, Galloways,
Missouri Riggs, who sat
At the window, sewing the seams
Of overlapping years.

The housewives took their shears
And cut immense bouquets
Whose fragrance filled
Cool dining rooms and spilled
Upon the parlor rug.

Sometimes they filled a crock
And when their work was done,
Went to the resting place
Of some deep-rooted one
Who loved, perhaps too well,
Beauty that throbbed like a bell.

General Foods, creators of timesaving Minute Rice, Jell-O Instant Puddings and Instant Maxwell House Coffee, proudly present the...

NEW FROSTING SENSATION!

MAKES "CAN'T FAIL" FLUFFY FROSTING WITHOUT COOKING!

Even if you've never made a fluffy frosting before, you simply *can't fail* with Minute-man Instant Frosting Mix!

No cooking! Just add to cold water and beat. Presto! You've got all the frosting you need—and more—for two big 9-inch layers.

So smooth, so luscious, so easy-spreading—"can't-fail" Minute-man is even better than homemade! Its glossy good looks—and good taste—last as long as the cake.

Minute-man won't get sugary, won't soak into the layers. Buy a box *today!*



NO COOKING!
NOTHING TO BOIL. JUST ADD TO COLD WATER AND BEAT!

FOOLPROOF!
TURNS OUT PERFECT EVERY TIME —AND STAYS PERFECT!

BETTER THAN HOMEMADE!
ALWAYS SMOOTH AND FLUFFY. DOESN'T GET "SUGARY" WON'T SOAK INTO CAKE!



FRANCES BARTON
Consumer Service Department
General Foods Corporation

Smart Girl!

SHE USES CUTICURA!

Hateful blemishes are cleared up—
her skin is baby-soft, alluring!



GOWN AND VEIL BY BONWIT TELLER. COMPLEXION BY CUTICURA.

He fell in love with her clear, smooth, naturally radiant complexion—that unmistakable Cuticura look!

Unlike most medicated skin preparations, Cuticura does far more than help clear up externally caused pimples. It also helps counteract blackheads, flaky dryness, oily shine. Helps repair damage from washing incorrectly or using preparations that starve and dry the skin. Wakes up your complexion tone.

It's a medically-tested fact! When you start using Cuticura Soap and Ointment regularly, your skin begins to glow again—often in just 7 days!

A two-way treatment—that's what most skin needs. And Cuticura gives you: An exquisite soap that *alone of all leading soaps is superfatted and mildly medicated* to help maintain the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of your skin. An effective ointment that contains a precious blend of softening and medicated ingredients that work while you sleep.

Cuticura is best! Hundreds of doctors say it. Clinical tests, use by certain leading hospitals, and the joy of thousands of happy brides prove it beyond question! Do get Cuticura Soap and Ointment today and see for yourself.



Available in Canada

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Cuticura

Proved Way to Lovelier Skin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

teen feet long, its top a slab of wood four or five inches thick and scrubbed and sanded white as marble. Soon the room was full, obviously of cattlemen from the way they smelled, and we all sat together at the one table, with the tavern keeper and his sons and daughters. The meal was as simple as could be: mountains of *pasta*, every tendril coated with a hot and savory sauce of oil, saffron, onions, tomatoes, cheese, and a little ground meat; a huge bowl of salad greens, another huge dish of fruit—oranges, tangerines, and grapes—and bottles of north-Italian red wine.

We talked with our fellow guests in what halting Italian we commanded and they asked every sort of question and we did, too, including political questions about the Duce, already in power in Italy, and found among the guests both defenders and detractors.

We left after a wonderful breakfast of eggs poached in olive oil, and as I recall it our stay cost us less than $1.50 apiece.

We lingered in Padua, a larger city, where there was much to see and to remember. Galileo taught at its university. The little church of Madonna del'Arena has every inch of its walls covered on three levels by frescoes by Giotto. After the war I heard in Rome that our bombers had demolished this forever irreplaceable treasure, and burst into tears. But it was not so. God (I am firmly convinced) had protected it.

But this is not a travelogue, it is but to make the point that the slower one travels the more one sees, and recollections are etched upon memory for a lifetime. A part of the experience is its discomforts and, then, the ecstasy of a fire when one is cold, of a simple meal to assuage a ravenous hunger, and of a warm bed, however lumpy, when one feared one might find none at all.

We had sent trunks ahead to Venice, where we had engaged rooms in the Royal Danieli. Now what *luxury:* a Lucullan bath; dressing for an exquisite dinner in our finest clothes; calling up friends.

Experience is intensified by need, and contrasts. But who, today, has "time" for such experiences? Who has time to accumulate indestructible memories?

One need not go so far or take so long for such a journey. It may be around the next block or up a neglected nearby road. It is wherever one goes traveling light, divested of one's habits and prejudices, incognito, even to oneself. The open road is the road of the open mind, the open senses, the open heart.

CP

UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY

Every year in the United States, approximately 10,000 babies are struck by cerebral palsy. Without help, many of them will never stand alone, walk or speak. With proper treatment, many can go to school, receive job training and become self-supporting.

During May, UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY is holding its sixth annual campaign. The goal is $10 million—to provide more research programs, trained specialists, schools and workshops.

"You Are Their Hope"

SUPPORT

UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY

On Mother's Day give her a



Camfield

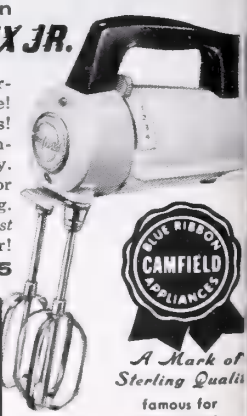
CAMFIELD
is for CAMFIELD (no need to say more)
is for ALWAYS the gift she'll adore!
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is the 10-day FREE TRIAL TEST!
INSTANT SETTING that's quick as a flash!
EASY MIXING from cookies to hash.
is for LASTING with beauty and "snazz"
is the DARLING she'll think of you as!



WITH TWO LIFETIME STAINLESS STEEL BOWLS!
10-DAY FREE TRIAL!
2-YEAR WARRANTY!

CAMFIELD
Blue Ribbon
POWER-MIX
Electric Grinder! Built-in Power drive! 10-kitchen-tested speeds! Portable mixing head! Folds, blends, beats, juices, grinds—takes the work and drudgery out of meal preparation!
ONLY $42.50

CAMFIELD
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Five speeds! Finger-tip beater release! Full size beaters! Lightweight, compact, stores easily. Stands on end for easy draining. America's *newest* portable mixer!
ONLY $19.95



BLUE RIBBON CAMFIELD APPLIANCES

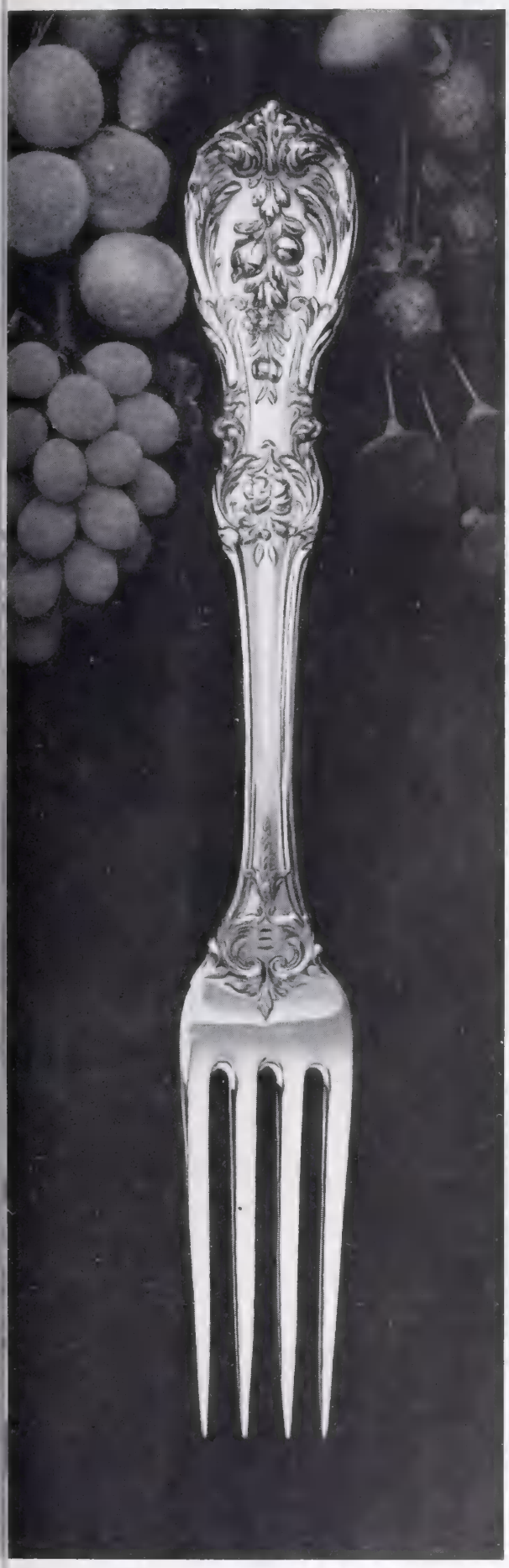
A Mark of Sterling Quality

famous for
FRI-COOK
KNIFE SHARPENER
AUTOMATIC TOAST MAID
STAINLESS STEEL COFFEE MAID

FREE!
With Purchase of Either Camfield Mixer.
Hi-Gloss Food Warmer
$2.00 Value

CAMFIELD
Grand Haven, Michigan
In Canada distributed through Maurice I. Ensley, Toron

Reed & Barton puts excitement into sterling



FRANCIS I

Solid silver at its most magnificent! Here is a truly remarkable pattern displaying a profusion of fifteen different fruit motifs. A 6-piece place setting, $36.50.*



SILVER SCULPTURE

Here is beauty that could come only from the gleam of silver itself. Reed & Barton's dramatic new pattern *is* sculptured sterling silver. A 6-piece place setting, $32.50.*



CLASSIC ROSE

A sterling marriage! This pattern combines a functional modern shape with a deeply carved rose—symbol of chivalry and romance. A 6-piece setting, $31.00.*

*Price per 6-piece setting is for knife, fork, teaspoon, soup spoon, salad fork, and butter spreader. Federal Tax is included. At all leading silverware stores. Write Reed & Barton, Dept. J-52 for information and free booklet.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

What's New? What's Wonderful? Corn Meal with

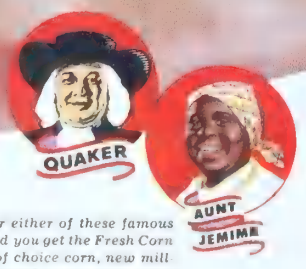
Fresh Corn Flavor

Be sure it's Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal

Put Fresh Corn Flavo
table tonight, with this
Frankie 'n Johnny 1-dish d
easy recipe is on the next
new-day corn meal with
Corn Flavor—Quaker
Jemima)—is at your groce

Quaker CORN MEAL

. . . HOMINY GRITS AND QUICK GRITS, TOO



Look for either of these famous faces and you get the Fresh Corn Flavor of choice corn, new milling methods, new packaging.

Aunt Jemim CORN MEAL

. . . HOMINY GRITS, TOO



New Corn Meal Idea!

Frankie 'n Johnny 1-Dish Dinner

Barbecued Franks meet Corn Bread in a quick and easy dish

And such corn bread—so simple to make, so rich with Fresh Corn Flavor!

(8 servings)

Corn Bread:
1 cup Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal (white or yellow)
1 cup sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup shortening, soft
1 egg
1 cup milk
¼ cup chopped onion
½ cup grated cheese

Topping:
8 frankfurters
¼ cup pickle relish
¼ cup chopped onion
Barbecue Sauce

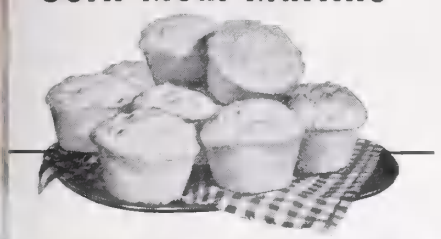
For Corn Bread, sift together dry ingredients into bowl. Add shortening, egg and milk. Beat with a rotary beater until smooth. *Do not overbeat.* Stir in onion and cheese. Pour batter into greased 9 or 10-inch baking pan or skillet. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

While corn bread is baking, slit frankfurters diagonally almost all the way through. Combine pickle relish and chopped onion; fill slits with mixture.

Arrange frankfurters over corn bread. Spoon part of the barbecue sauce over franks; broil until franks are lightly browned. Serve immediately with additional sauce.

What do husbands order when away from home? Corn Muffins! Here's tasty new muffin variation:

New Quick Trick with Corn Meal Muffins



Hawaiian Corn Muffins Easy as 1-2-3



Use the recipe for corn bread on your box or sack of Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal, simply add ⅔ cup drained crushed pineapple. Bake in greased muffin tins.

So modern with Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal. These new-day corn meals mix so faster, cook faster, and have that wonderful Fresh Corn Flavor. Easy recipes on every package.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



Holly and Sister—windows are for looking out of.

JILL

FAITH is a strange and wondrous thing. All winter the lilacs stand with bleak gray branches leaning into the icy wind. They look as dead as anything under the sun could possibly look. Sometimes as I watch the chickadees swinging on sweet doughnuts in the middle of the biggest white lilac, I wonder at the perfect knowledge I have that lilacs will bloom again.

And now, quite casually, the miracle begins again and the purple cloud of lilacs fills the air with deep rich fragrance. The white lilacs open pearl-colored clusters by the well house. One would think it had been forever spring!

Lilacs seem to me to be more the theme of New England than even the rosy ramblers that come in June. And yet they are not only in New England, for I remember in Northern Wisconsin, in Door County, how we used to drive out to gather lilacs from deserted gardens. We would find a blackened stone chimney where once a house stood, and the lilacs still faithfully blooming, giving a kind of sweet immortality, I thought, to the home that was gone.

Now Jill comes in, smudged with garden dirt after putting in more beans. When the maples are in leaf most of the planting must be done. How wise the maples are to set our calendar! From now on until the black frost, the garden is a constant excitement. The crisp pink rhubarb, the delicate green asparagus, the ruby radishes are succeeded by the lettuce, the peas and the scallions. (We always think with pleasure of the day Jill's daughter, aged ten, said she was tired of being the family scallion.)

The edible-podded peas, sometimes called snow peas, sometimes Chinese peas, make a whole supper for us as soon as they come in. Pods and all, translucent jade, they go in the pot with a few drops of water—and we are misers with water for all vegetables. Seasoned with freshly ground pepper, a dollop of butter or margarine, and salt—and if we are not dieting that day, a spoonful of sweet cream at the very last—they go in deep bowls. Crispy, crusty French bread done with garlic and paprika until it pipes with splendor goes with them. And coffee, and that is that. We take seconds and maybe thirds and then recklessly dunk the wedges of bread in the juice in the bottom of the bowl!

"Next year," Jill always says, "I'll plant more of these."

We eat in the Quiet Garden, where the Lincoln lilacs hang over the picket fence, and the narcissus and late tulips glow in the sunset light. Even if we have to wear sweaters, we eat there, it is so lovely.

The lilies of the valley are spreading, we note, and the roses budding. The lemon thyme covers half the flagstones in the center of the little plot, and when you step on it, such a sweet odor comes forth.

And then between every pair of pickets is a face, either a cocker or Irish face. For the Quiet Garden is the sole and solitary spot we inhabit that is closed to the dogs, and that is because one step mows down a whole border of bulbs and I do like a few spring flowers. They all go out with us as we carry the trays, and they help. Then they line up and watch as we eat, and before we know it, we begin to feel guilty and promise we shall be right out, just in a few minutes!

Actually they are only a hand's reach away, but there is that fence, and they all feel no fence should ever be between them and us. Jill says any day Holly will appear with a placard, done by Sister, who is the intellectual, saying "Unfair to cockers and Irish!"

The children were here for the week-end, and I am constantly amazed at how much they know, and how much they can eat. Over Saturday and Sunday, the biggest roast in the freezer was consumed to the last sliver, along with quarts of vegetables from the freezer, since there is not yet enough in the garden. One pie, a dozen frosted cupcakes, about a pound of fresh Cheddar, a batch of chocolate pudding, a round of Yorkshire pudding with the roast, two heads of lettuce in salads, and at the end I made a big spaghetti casserole of which one spoonful was left.

We simply love to see them eat. It is so tiresome to count calories week after

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

Nothing shines aluminum like BRILLO Soap Pads



Brillo® polishes as it cleans! With these sturdy metal-fiber soap pads you can forget about scouring powders, brushes, dishrags. No soaking, no hard scrubbing . . . aluminum gleams like new! Dandy for stove-tops, burners, casseroles, too.

Brillo Soap Pads (*red box*) Soap-filled pads
Brillo Cleanser (*green box*) Pads plus cake soap

There's polishing soap in every BRILLO Soap Pad



THRIFTIER!
5 and **12** pad boxes

Slimming Salad Meals...

. . . with the lighter touch of
your homemade Wesson French dressing





Isn't it nice to know that these hearty well-balanced salads make complete meal —*low in calories?* And—more good news fo weight-watchers: your light, homemad Wesson dressing helps *keep* salads slim ming. You can make it *lower in calorie* than heavy bought dressings by varyin ingredients as you choose. It *goes further* too, so you naturally use less. It make salad meals *satisfying*, dieting *easier*.

In all the world, there's no other oil s light and delicate and fresh as Wesson Oil That's why your Wesson dressing is *freshes* of all. It has the delicacy of flavor, the home made goodness that bring out the best i salads. You make French dressing in jus *one minute* with Wesson Oil and Hein Vinegar, season it to suit your family' taste exactly. It costs less than bough dressings, so you *save* on every salad!



WESSON 1-MINUTE FRENCH DRESSIN

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon pepper
***¼ cup Heinz Vinegar**
***¾ cup Wesson Oil**

Combine and shake well in covered ja Shake well before using. Makes 1 cup.

**For a sharper dressing use ⅓ cup vinegar an ⅔ cup Wesson Oil.*

Chef's Salad Plate *(447 calories)*

3 ounces of chicken (about ¾ cup) and carrot, cut in Julienne strips, 1 tomato an 1 hard-cooked egg, sliced, on bed of curl endive, centered with a cauliflowerет. (Whe you are not counting calories so closely, yo may want to use lean ham strips instead chicken.) Serve with 2 tablespoons of—

Ketchup Dressing: To ½ *cup of 1-Minute French dressing* add *2 tablespoons Heinz Ketchup* and *1 tablespoon chopped chives.*

Shrimp Plate *(346 calories)*

Tomato aspic ring (½ cup) filled with ½ cup of shrimp (such as Blue Plate or Gu Kist brand shrimp), 8 cucumber slices, 1 asparagus spears and sprigs of water cres Serve with 2 tablespoons of—

Nippy French Dressing: To ½ *cup of 1-Minute French dressing* add *2 tablespoons chopped green onions, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard* and *1 teaspoon horseradish.*



AMERICA'S FAVORITE

— for Salads, Frying, Chiffon Cakes, Stir-N-Roll Pie Crust and Biscuits

Wesson Oil

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



"Maybe I should try some other line of work."

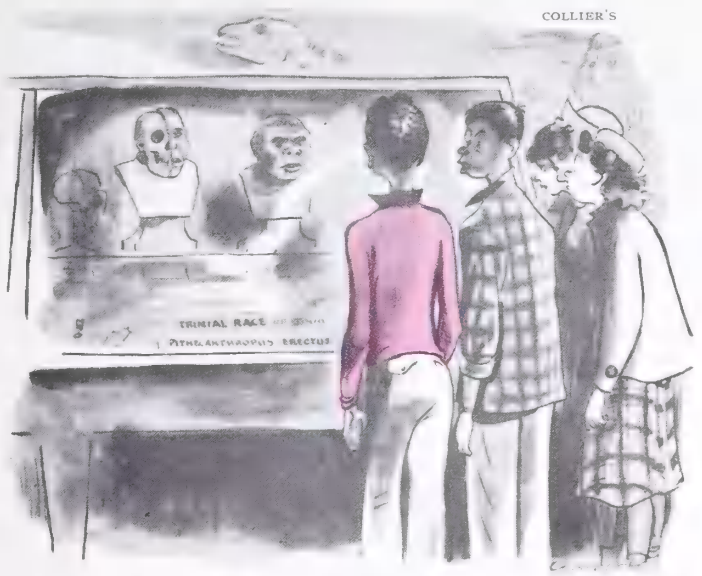
ASSIGNMENT CHILDREN is a motion picture of the most engaging children in the world, and of Danny Kaye at his most sprightly, his most gay, his most kind. It is a movie not to be missed—the record of a visit made last year by Danny Kaye to six countries in Asia where the United Nations, through UNICEF, is doing such wonders for children. Danny himself trots merrily through every scene and tells the story as he trots. He tosses a ball to one solemn-eyed youngster, he visits another in a hospital, and he brings smiles—often laughter—to all those brown-skinned broad-faced little Asiatic boys and girls who can't understand a word he says. When you've seen it you'll have the heartiest respect for the UNICEF and real affection for Danny Kaye.

●

Children are always important. Their reading is important. WHY JOHNNY CAN'T READ, and What You Can Do About It is a serious, provocative book about the way to teach children to read. It is by *Rudolf Flesch*, of Teachers' College, Columbia, author of *The Art of Readable Writing*, *The Art of Plain Talk* and other crystal-clear books on the use of our language. This one is a pretty severe indictment of the method of teaching reading used in most of our schools, but not *all* our schools, and therein lies the burden of his argument. Completely inexperienced, I naturally cannot recommend Doctor Flesch's method, which is "phonics," but I can recommend that anyone concerned with the subject should read his book.

●

In UNDERSTANDING TEEN-AGERS, *Paul Landis* explains to us adults how to help adolescents. Better yet, how *not* to *hinder* them. He bases his advice on a thousand autobiographies written by college students, in which they tell about the experiences that they believe helped them most during adolescence. We have to face it: the adolescents of today are more grown up than their parents. They have to make more moral decisions before they're twenty than their grandparents made in a lifetime. Their burden is as great as ours, but there are many ways by which we can lighten it. OVER



"It took thousands of years for the human race to become civilized, but you and I are supposed to do it in fifteen."



have grapefruit instead



Worth its weight in health

Overweight comes from calorie-loaded drinks as well as heavy foods. So pick your drinks with care. A chilled glass of grapefruit juice quenches your thirst, perks you up, *yet lets you keep your weight down, too.*

You'll get lively, refreshing, *Florida* flavor and lots of vitamin C—one vitamin you need every day. Florida grapefruit is strong on vitamins, low on calories.

Don't overlook the calories that come in glasses. *They* can make the difference. Have grapefruit juice instead. And have grapefruit sections, too—in appetizing salads and desserts. Keep in mind—Florida grapefruit is low in calories, kind to your waistline.

Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Florida

FLORIDA Grapefruit



Can makes 4 big servings, less than 5¢ each. Keep pitcher chilled and filled



Ready-to-drink Florida Grapefruit juice in cans is a handy refresher



Luscious! Have them as is for breakfast or dessert. Have them in salads

a NEW KIND of deodorant!



ban lotion deodorant rolls on

More effective than creams! Easier to apply than sprays!*

This is BAN—the new lotion deodorant that *rolls* on with a revolving marble built into the bottle top. BAN automatically applies just the right amount of pleasing lotion to check perspiration moisture . . . stop odor for a *full* 24 hours. Get new BAN today —98¢ wherever fine toiletries are sold.

- no drip—no waste—no messy fingers
- safe for normal skin
- protects round the clock
- keeps underarms dry for hours
- can be applied even after shaving
- won't stain clothes

Deodorant, Anti-perspirant, Pleasing lotion —all rolled into one —that's **ban**

A Product of Bristol-Myers



**In a recent survey against the leading cream and spray deodorants, 7 out of 10 prefer BAN.*

One good way to take your mind off your troubles is the information test. NATURE ROUNDUP, by ***Robert E. Pinkerton***, covers the field in question-and-answer form. *Is there a mongoose in the United States?* No. *How do Siamese cats differ from the domestic variety?* "A half-grown kitten will jump to the top of a six-foot post without a running start, but straight up. . . ." *What is the most dangerous fish?* No, it is not the shark, but the *caribe* of the Amazon River. *Which is the oldest science?* Astronomy. And did you know that because they understood the skies, the Egyptians in 3000 B.C. built the Great Pyramid so that light rays from the star Sirius-in-transit would pass down an inclined tunnel and touch the head of the dead Pharaoh? *How deep is the ocean? Does altitude affect alcohol intake?*

●

If you're in love—if you're a bride—if you've a home to furnish, take a look at OFF TO THE RIGHT START, by ***Marjorie Woods*** and ***Justine Feely***. These two will tell you the difference between fine china and earthenware; how to test for "real"; the silver you can do without; where to get the lace tablecloth you dream about; why to use blanket covers.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Believe me, this is the last time I ever buy a four-poster bed."

Incidentally, beds or men must be getting longer because the new standard-size mattress is 82½ inches long.

●

The spring book list this year is bold, vigorous and dramatic. It's not a poetry-and-moonlight year, or philosophy and the ivory tower. The books are powerful.

SOMETHING OF VALUE will probably be the most talked about book of the year. This is ***Robert Ruark's*** novel about the Mau-Mau in Kenya, the terror, the outrages, the reprisals; the hard-drinking, enduring, tough British planters; the witchcraft religion, the ritual ceremonies, the cults of death and torture of the Kikuyu tribe. Specifically it is about one of those romantic White Hunters and his Kikuyu companion from childhood days on. It is a terrific book. It is violent, gory, brutal. But it tells the truth about Africa so that you can never forget it. It seizes you and hurls you out of your complacent safety.

●

Another strongly masculine novel is THE DAY THE CENTURY ENDED, by ***Francis Irby Gwaltney***, a war novel with a monster of a captain, a soldier who fights back, and a penal battalion fighting the Japanese in the jungle.

●

A delicious lighthearted book is THE DINNER PARTY, by ***Gretchen Finletter***, who wrote *From the Top of the Stairs* some years ago—about the three little Damrosches looking over the banister and watching the big Damrosches.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

You'll find the dress in the

Celanese

advertisement on page 88

at all these stores:

New York City	Lord & Taylor
Albany, N. Y.	M. M. Whitney
Appleton, Wisc.	H. C. Prange
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison-Paxon
Baltimore, Md.	Blum's, Inc.
Billings, Montana	Hart Albin Co.
Birmingham, Alabama	Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Brockton, Mass.	Fraser Dry Goods
Brownsville, Tenn.	Felsenthal's Dept. Store
Buffalo, N. Y.	L. L. Berger, Inc.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Newman's
Chambersburg, Pa.	Leiter Brothers
Champaign, Ill.	G. C. Willis
Charleston, W. Va.	Stone & Thomas
Charlotte, N. C.	Belk Bros.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Loveman's
Chicago, Ill.	Charles A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Clinton, Iowa	J. D. Van Allen & Sons
Columbus, Ohio	Morehouse Fashion
Council Bluffs, Iowa	John Beno Co.
Dayton, Ohio	The Elder and Johnson Co.
Denver, Colorado	The Daniels & Fisher Stores Co.
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Dubuque, Iowa	Roshek Brothers
El Dorado, Arkansas	El Dorado House
Elgin, Ill.	Ackeman Brothers
Erie, Pa.	Erie Dry Goods
Evanston, Ill.	Lord's, Inc.
Fayetteville, N. C.	Fleishmann Style Shop
Ft. Wayne, Indiana	Earl Groth
Ft. Worth, Texas	Stripling's
Fresno, Calif.	E. Gottschalk & Co.
Galesburg, Ill.	Kellogg Drake Co.
Galveston, Texas	E. S. Levy Co.
Green Bay, Wisc.	H. C. Prange
Hagerstown, Md.	Leiter Brothers
Hartford, Conn.	Sage Allen
Harrisburg, Pa.	Bowman's, Inc.
Houston, Texas	Sakowitz Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Cohen Bros.
Kansas City, Kansas	Gormans, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfelds
Kokomo, Ind.	William H. Turner
Lafayette, Ind.	The Fashion, Inc.
Lexington, Ky.	Purcell Co.
Lincoln, Nebraska	Gold & Co.
Long Beach, Calif.	Buffums
Lynn, Mass.	Burrows & Sanborn, Inc.
Manistee, Mich.	A. P. Kennedy & Son
Memphis, Tenn.	Lowenstein's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Gimbels
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Naugatuck, Conn.	M. Freedman
Newark, N. J.	L. Bamberger & Co.
New Haven, Conn.	Ed Malley
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche Co.
Oakland, Calif.	Hale Bros.
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Kerr's
Omaha, Nebraska	J. L. Brandeis
Peru, Ind.	Senger Dry Goods
Philadelphia, Pa.	Bonwit Teller
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbels
Plainfield, Ind.	Paul Harris Dept. Store
Portland, Oregon	Meier & Frank Co., Inc.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Wallace Co.
Providence, R. I.	Gladdings
Racine, Wisc.	Zahn, D. G.
Roanoke, Va.	S. H. Heironimus
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Sacramento, Calif.	Weinstock Lubin and Co.
Saginaw, Mich.	Seitner Bros.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Paris Co.
San Antonio, Tex.	Joske's of Texas
San Diego, Calif.	Walker Scott Co.
San Francisco, Calif.	Macy's
Santa Ana, Calif.	Buffum's Santa Ana
Schenectady, N. Y.	Wallace Co.
Seattle, Wash.	Bon Marche
Sheboygan, Wisc.	H. C. Prange
Sioux City, Iowa	Younker Davidson's
South Bend, Ind.	Robertson Brothers
St. Joseph, Mo.	Hirsch Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
St. Paul, Minn.	Schuneman's
Stockton, Calif.	Smith & Lang
Sturgeon Bay, Wisc.	H. C. Prange
Superior, Wisc.	Roth Brothers
Syracuse, N. Y.	C. E. Chappell
Topeka, Kansas	Pelletier
Trenton, N. J.	S. P. Dunham & Co.
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown Dunkin
Van Wert, Ohio	John Earl
Vincennes, Ind.	Strashun-Hasty
Washington, D. C.	Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.
Waynesboro, Pa.	Leiter Brothers
Wheeling, W. Va.	Stone & Thomas
Williamsport, Pa.	L. L. Stearns
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More vintage tobacco makes PHILIP MORRIS naturally gentle and mild





More delicate in flavor, too . . . for those with keen, young tastes

Only a perfect balance of sunshine and moisture produces vintage tobacco—with its qualities of gentleness and delicate flavor. These qualities tell why PHILIP MORRIS has made so many friends among younger smokers—with their fresher, unspoiled tastes. Follow Young America's lead. Enjoy PHILIP MORRIS in the convenient Snap-Open pack.

Philip Morris

KING SIZE or REGULAR

To celebrate our 120th Anniversary

we, the makers of WALLACE STERLING, *bring you this*

UNPRECEDENTED "TRADE IN

to enable you to own the most beautiful sterling ever sculptured

Now you can turn in your old sterling or silverplated flatware and get an amazingly generous allowance toward a brand new and complete 52-piece set of beautiful Wallace Sterling—in any one of the eight famous "Third Dimension Beauty" patterns, shown below.

Save as much as $50 or $75 or even more. Actually the flatware you trade-in could be worth as much as $130 depending upon the value of the pieces you turn-in. See the column at the right for trade-in allowances. Visit your local Wallace dealer to select your favorite Wallace pattern.

In addition you will be given *absolutely free* a handsome solid mahogany drawer chest, regularly valued at $30. Never before, and probably never again, will your old outmoded flatware be worth so much.

But you must act quickly. This big anniversary trade-in offer is only good for a limited time—April 24th to June 30th! Only available through authorized Wallace dealers.

HERE'S HOW THIS UNUSUAL PLAN SAVES YOU MONEY:

- Collect the pieces of your unwanted or outmoded silver flatware. It may be old or new—all sterling or silverplate—or an assortment of both.
- *Any* make, *any* pattern, *any* pieces are acceptable—no matter how battered, beaten or tarnished they are.
- You may "Trade-in" any number of pieces from 1 to 52—the greater number of pieces—the greater your credit will be.
- You can arrange easy budget terms. Your turn-in silver can serve as your first payment and pennies a day afterward can take care of the balance. But you can enjoy the thrill of your new sterling right away.
- This offer is good for a limited time—April 24th to June 30th—and is good for the purchase of Wallace 52-piece Anniversary Sets only.

HERE'S HOW THE PLAN WORKS!

Suppose the silver you have has a trade-in value of $82.00 and the Wallace pattern you select is Rose Point:—

52-piece set of Rose Point in drawer-chest. Retail Value	$332.00
Your trade-in allowance	82.00
Cost after trade-in credit	$250.00
Value of Chest, FREE with each purchase	30.00
YOU PAY ONLY	**$220.00**

THE 52-PIECE ANNIVERSARY SET!
Contains 52 pieces, service for eight, in your choice of pattern. Set includes:

8 teaspoons	8 salad forks
8 luncheon forks	8 butter spreaders
8 luncheon knives	2 tablespoons
8 cream soup spoons	1 butter knife
	1 sugar shell

ASK YOUR WALLACE DEALER ABOUT HIS BUDGET PLAN.



OFFER



YOU RECEIVE THE FOLLOWING FOR SILVER FLATWARE:

(All sterling is stamped "Sterling" on back)

Sterling	Trade-in Value per piece
teaspoon	.89
luncheon knife	.70
luncheon fork	1.38
butter spreader FH	.81
cream soup spoon	1.04
salad fork (indiv.)	1.11
dinner knife	.84
dinner fork	1.60
dessert spoon	1.38
soup spoon	1.34
bouillon spoon	.77
butter spreader HH	.55
oyster fork	.66
coffee spoon A.D.	.48
ice cream fork	.70
iced beverage spoon	.93
orange spoon	.96
salt spoon (indiv.)	.34
berry spoon	2.50
bon bon scoop	.78
butter knife	1.15
cheese server	.55
cold meat fork—large	1.94
cream ladle	1.00
gravy ladle	1.64
jelly server	1.00
lemon fork	.63
olive fork	.70
pie server	.84
salad fork serving	2.35
salad spoon serving	2.50
salad fork (wood)	.84
salad spoon (wood)	.84
sugar spoon	1.04
sugar tong	.78
vegetable spoon	1.83
table spoon	1.83
tomato server	1.75
roast knife	1.52
roast fork	1.52
steak fork	.84
steak knife	.84
child's knife HH	.55
child's fork	.81
child's spoon (teaspoon small)	.70
baby fork	.70
baby spoon	.70

Silverplated flatware
25¢ for each piece

Now... discover how good *really fresh* tea can be!



You'll be amazed—*as tea experts were*—at the difference Tender Leaf's New Seal-Tight Foil Wrap makes in freshness, fragrance and flavor!

It's a fact—only *really fresh* tea is full-*flavored* tea! We proved this in tests all over the country—compared tea in ordinary packages with Tender Leaf protected by this new seal-tight aluminum foil wrap. Frankly, *even we* were amazed at the difference! You can actually *see* Tender Leaf's brighter color, *smell* its finer fragrance, *taste* its richer, deeper flavor. Discover for yourself how good *fresh* tea can be . . . try Tender Leaf Brand today!



TENDER LEAF—FRESHEST, MOST FLAVORFUL TEA YOU CAN BUY!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Now she is picturing family life in the suburbs. The family consists of three daughters, a father who is always leaving the family group to go write his book, and usually ends up taking a nap; and mother herself, who writes the journal that is this book. It is very funny, in the Ed Streeter, Kimbrough-Skinner tradition, but special and individual. It's funny because you see yourself on every page.

●

Another charming novel is **FATHER VIKENTY**, by ***Paul Chavchavadze.*** In this one you do not find yourself, but a handful of people tucked away in odd corners, of whose existence you would normally be quite unaware. They are of all sorts, old Russian aristocrats, Russian-born socialists who regard the Reds and the Whites with equal animosity, even a few escaped Bolshevists. All that these people have in common is a language and Father Vikenty.

Father Vikenty is priest in the Russian Orthodox Church in uptown New York. His real vocation was wrestling, and his truest friend is a boxer dog. Yet his heart is truly with God. It's a heart-warming, glowing story, often very amusing, sometimes very touching. It may remind you in spots of Anything Can Happen, *by the Papashvilys, also of* Father Malachi's Miracle. *It's caviar, but cozy.*

●

Then there's **LAURETTE**, by ***Marguerite Courtney***—the biography of Laurette Taylor told by her daughter. Like ***Lillian Roth*** **(I'LL CRY TOMORROW)**



Laurette Taylor.

Laurette Taylor lived for many years in the dark oblivion of alcohol, made a comeback and, as many of us remember, appeared in *Outward Bound* and later as the star in *The Glass Menagerie.*

●

There's also a good spy story: **THE PINNED MAN**, by ***George Griswold.*** It's the Russians, the British and the Americans, pitting their Intelligences, two against the other, and all three way out ahead of the reader in guesses. A smart book.

●

If you're going to Maine this summer, or if you're a down-East old-timer who has raised coon cats and fished for cunners off the rocks, you'll enjoy **CAMPING CHARACTERS ON CASCO BAY**, by ***Katherine Berry.*** Perhaps you remember in the Regional Homes series in the JOURNAL a picture of "Spite House" in Maine. Miss Katherine Berry is one of the descendants of Spite House.

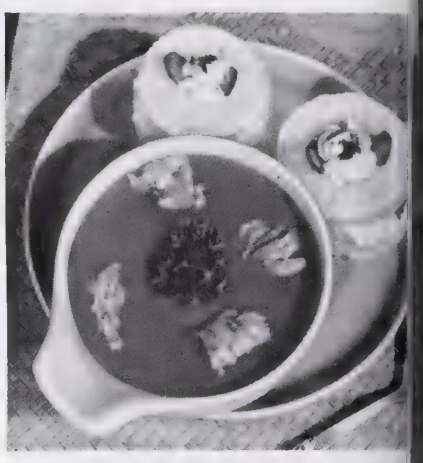
●

There's also **MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE STATE OF MAINE**, by ***Gertrude Mackenzie*** with ***Ruth Goode.*** I haven't read it yet, but I've fallen in love with the title. END

Meadow Gold Mealtime Adventures

by *Beatrice Cooke*





FREE! NEW SANDWICH AND SOUP RECIPES!

Piquant Egg Sandwiches
Toasted Ham Roll-Ups
Toasted Cheese Puffs
Seafood Fan Tans
Club Sandwich DeLuxe
Salmon Tomato Bi
Cream of Corn Sou
Tuna Chowder
Chicken Mushroon Soup
Cream of Tomato Cheese Soup

Looking for unusual soup-and-sand combinations? I'm sure your family enjoy these. The soups (5 in all) are cious and different—made with Mea Gold Milk as a creamy base. (Meadow G you know, is always pure and fresh as can be!) The 5 tempting sandwich re are widely varied—including types that for meat, poultry, seafood, eggs or ch Just be sure you use plenty of Mea Gold Butter in each. It's churned every day and wrapped in aluminum to protect its delicate flavor and ar Why not start with this Salmon To Bisque tonight?

Recipe for Salmon Tomato Bisq

2 tbs. Meadow Gold Butter
1 small onion, grated
1½ tbs. flour
1 cup Meadow Gold Coffee Cream
3 cups Meadow Gold Homogenized Mi
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
1 8-ounce can red salmon, drained and flaked
Salt and pepper
2 tbs. finely chopped parsley

Cook onion in butter; stir in flour. Add coffee cream and milk; cook until slightly thickened. Stir in tomato sauce, salmon and seasonings. Heat until hot. Garnish each serving with parsley. Serves 4.

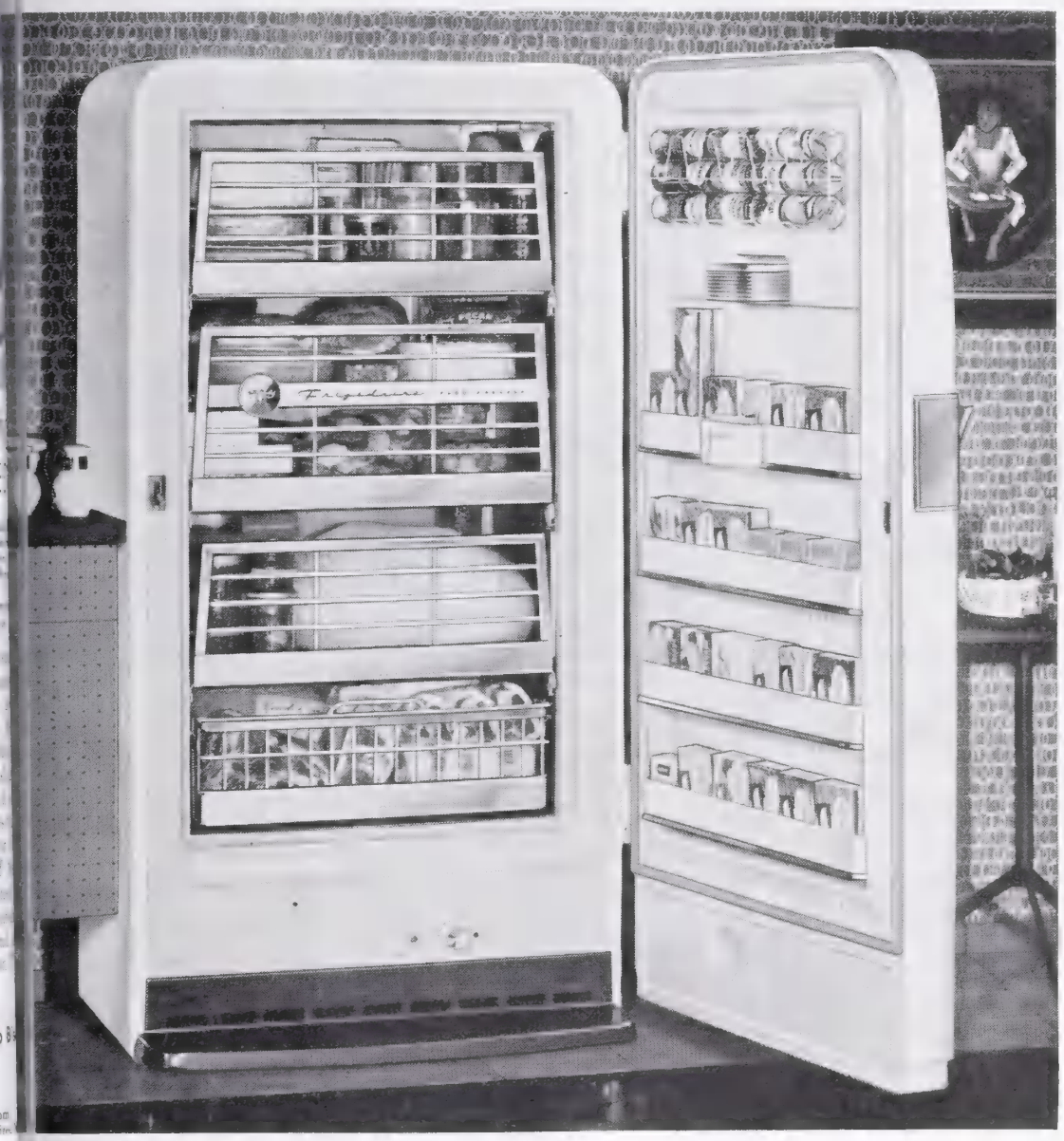




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NOW YOU CAN RUN YOUR OWN FOOD PLAN

...and save even more money!



4.14* **ER WEEK**

New Frigidaire Imperial Upright Food Freezer—12.5 cu. ft. storage space holds 438 lbs. of frozen foods. Three refrigerated shelves. Drop-leaf Grille Fronts. Big Basket Drawer. Removable door shelves. Handy food file index. Left or right hand doors at no extra cost. Choice of Sherwood Green, Stratford Yellow or Snowy White exteriors in Dulux or Lifetime Porcelain finish.

See your Frigidaire Dealer. Ask him about the Upright and Chest-type Food Freezers Arthur Godfrey recommends on radio and TV. Learn how the Frigidaire way gives you a Dividend in Extra Savings year after year.

Frigidaire Food Freezers

Built and backed by General Motors

Frigidaire Food Freezers give you a dividend in extra savings!

Before you buy any food freezer or food plan, why not check with your Frigidaire Dealer. Compare what you get owning a food freezer his way and what you *think* you get in so many food clubs or plans.

Compare weekly payments! Check the weekly payments you see on this page with the weekly payments you have to make on almost every food plan.

Compare total cost! You don't have to invest in a freezer-load of food to enjoy the better meals and better living that a Frigidaire Food Freezer brings you.

Compare actual food savings! See how much more you save when you buy at special sales, buy foods in season, freeze lower cost fresh foods . . . take advantage of every buying economy.

Compare the quality! After the first freezer-full of food is gone you have to live with the food freezer you buy. You want the same lifetime of service you'd expect from a refrigerator—low operating cost, dependability, and quality. What better guarantee than a Food Freezer made by the makers of America's number one refrigerator—FRIGIDAIRE!

So enjoy your favorite foods often. Be ready for any meal-time emergency. Save time, energy and money. Shop less often. Save at special sales . . . buy at quantity prices . . . buy when foods are plentiful and prices are low. Be boss of your own food plan with a Frigidaire Food Freezer today!

See Frigidaire's New Chest-type Food Freezers, Too!

Styled and designed to add many cubic feet of zero zone storage space *inside* the freezer without increasing cabinet size outside! New 12.5 cu. ft. model holds 438 lbs. of frozen foods. New 17.5 cu. ft. model stores 612 lb. load. All-steel cabinets seal heavy all-around insulation from air and moisture. Concealed wrap-around refrigerant coils keep frozen foods "wrapped in cold."

**After minimum down payment. See your dealer for exact terms.*



ALTOGETHER NEW

...a **new** way to make a cake

INSTANT SWANS DOWN CAKE MIXES



A product of General Foods

Look! Only **one** mixing step!

- Everything goes into the bowl all at once.
- Beat only once . . . and in ⅓ less time.
- Only Instant Swans Down Mixes mix in just one step . . . so simple you can't go wrong.
- The only mix with famous Swans Down Cake Flour, so you know how good every cake will taste.

It's "Swansational"

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

Making marriage work

Happiness doesn't depend on the flawless character of husband or wife—nor on the absence of problems either.

Recognizing Faults

A TROUBLED wife seeking counsel usually believes she has explained her problem fairly and honestly. She does not intend to distort, exaggerate or suppress important facts. But, naturally, she describes the situation as she sees it, and as it affects her. The same facts might appear different if considered from her husband's point of view, or as reported by an outside observer.

One of the counselor's major roles is to help wives—and husbands—see their problems in broader perspective. As counseling progresses, most people gradually attain understanding.

Sometimes, though, even after several conferences, a woman's point of view is as limited as ever. In such cases I change my technique to help her approach the problem as though she were not involved. Then she is able to consider it without the handicap of her emotions.

Using the basic facts she reported, even some of her own words, but disguising circumstances and identities, I construct a "case history." Explaining that her opinions will be helpful, I ask her to read it and tell me her reactions. Usually she is glad to comment; her suggestions are sometimes quite constructive, and often she criticizes the wife more severely than the husband. But she never suspects that the wife we are discussing is herself, until I ask her if she sees any similarity between the situation and her own. Even then, full recognition and acceptance are often slow to come. But gradually, if she is honest and sincere, she realizes that some of the comments she has made about the "other" wife also apply to her.

Once she admits she interpreted facts one way when they related to an unknown couple, and quite differently when they concerned her husband and herself, she has taken a long step toward solving her problem and improving her marriage.

Fortunately, happiness in marriage does not depend on the absence of problems, nor on the flawless character of either husband or wife. Disappointments as well as achievements are a part of life; both faults and virtues are part of human personality. The crucial factor is the way we meet difficulties, trivial or serious, as they arise.

The wife who tries to solve problems by blaming her husband, by emphasizing his mistakes or character faults, will aggravate immediate difficulties and invite others in the future. In a very real sense, she is asking for trouble.

The constructive and realistic approach is to concentrate on correcting the traits in you which distress your husband; your example may induce him to modify his behavior, but your lectures, tears or complaints are not likely to.

But in appraising your faults, or his, remember that it is almost impossible to see ourselves as others see us. You may pride yourself on qualities which you regard as virtues, but which he considers faults. Do you boast of your thrift? To him, it may appear stinginess, or an undue concern with money. Do you complain when he picks up a check, scold when he lends money to a down-and-out friend? Perhaps you are justified, but most faults are the opposite side of a virtue. What you regard as recklessness may seem to him generosity, or just ordinary decency.

Chronic faultfinding takes the joy out of life. If you are cheerful, patient and forgiving (when necessary) your husband will want to please you, and will try to correct any weakness that seriously disturbs you. Meanwhile, accept the character flaws you can't change (his) but improve those you can (yours).

Are You a Climber?

"AFTER three years in this suburb, my husband and I are quite active socially and I'm proud of our group of friends. But Tom says they're climbers, especially the wives. He doesn't want to be like them, and he's even talking about moving away. I've never thought myself a climber, but maybe I don't understand what climbing is. Does it mean ambition? Wanting to get ahead? Liking to know the nicest people and enjoying their parties? What's wrong with any of those things? They seem natural to me."

Every normal individual wants to get ahead; ambition in itself is praiseworthy. The respect of the community and the affections of congenial friends bring satisfaction to you and enhance your worth to others. Unless they seriously disrupt routine or interfere with basic responsibilities, social activities provide wholesome recreation and needed stimulation.

No wife can be criticized for wanting her husband to succeed in business, for cultivating the friendship of people she likes and admires, or for enjoying parties. But too many wives prize these things, not for their inherent worth but because they consider them symbols of prestige and material success. The climber is revealed less by her goals than by her reasons for wanting to reach them. She may know where she wants to go, but getting there may not satisfy or make her happier.

Social prestige and material possessions enhance the enjoyment of life only so long as they do not interfere with your appreciation of other deeper values. Sometime soon, spend an hour or two thinking about what you and your husband want most out of life. What are the factors you consider really vital to family happiness? Good health? Mutual love and trust? An imposing home or expensive car?

Then ask yourself how many of the things you are now working for and worrying about are really concerned with those essentials. The meaning climbers attach to certain familiar phrases reveals their false values. Your interpretation of these expressions may be enlightening.

"*A good neighborhood.*" To the climber, this means a fashionable address and socially prominent neighbors. Are these things as important to you as your husband's convenience, a wholesome atmosphere for the children, and an investment within your means?

"*Worth-while people.*" The people worth while for you and your husband are those you both like, respect and enjoy for their personal qualities, with or without wealth, social distinction or fame.

"*The best schools.*" Are you satisfied if the pupils are expensively dressed, socially at ease, and well connected? Or do you consider the quality of teaching, the attitude and morale of the pupils?

"*A suitable car*" for you is one you can afford, not one that equals or surpasses the neighbors'.

"*Nice playmates for the children.*" Do you choose playmates whose parents you wish to cultivate, or those whom your children like and enjoy?

Goals worth working for impose no strain on your conscience, no tax on the budget, no burden on your husband. The pursuit is satisfying as well as attainment. Material achievements bring temporary satisfaction; spiritual values endure. If your standards are false, they can never be permanently met.

Ask Yourself: Do I Respect the Dignity of Marriage?

In marriage, a couple must preserve and respect each other's rights and privacy, otherwise the individuals and the marriage lose dignity. By answering these questions honestly and frankly, you can judge whether your relationship with your husband is one you can both be proud of.

Do You:

1. **Ask him personal questions in front of others?**
2. **Attribute his faults to his parents?**
3. **Lend his things to others without consulting him?**
4. **Check up on his activities?**
5. **Joke about his faults or physical defects?**
6. **Accuse him of suspected but unproved indiscretions?**
7. **Verify cost of his gifts to you?**
8. **Pry into his relatives' affairs?**
9. **Interrupt when he is talking?**
10. **Intrude when he's shaving in the bathroom?**
11. **Trap him into answering personal questions?**
12. **Open his mail or search his pockets?**
13. **Encroach on space he considers his own?**
14. **Use his personal belongings without permission?**

Nine or more "yes" answers suggest that your lack of respect is damaging your marriage. Average score totals six or seven, but in the happiest marriages wives have only three to five "yeses."

Do You Agree?

When my wife has a temper tantrum, she holds her breath until she is blue in the face or until I give in. Is this dangerous?

Holding her breath, no; giving in, yes.



You look wonderful

because you feel wonderful

when you use

Yardley Lavender ..... **for the freshest, youngest feeling in the world**

It's so much more than a delightful essence. Yardley Lavender is a *feeling*. There's no lift like its crisp coolness, no other fragrance that makes you feel so fresh so long. Enjoy Yardley Lavender in its many other forms. The essence, from $1.10; Dusting Powder, $1.75 (all plus tax). Created in England, made in U.S.A. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.



What do you mean NO?*

A girl can refuse anything from a kiss to a cream puff—and not be a wet blanket, a goody-goody or a drag—if she's sure of her answer before she must make a choice.

IF a girl says *no*—and means *maybe*—she can expect an argument. But if her *no* really means NO, even the tone of her voice rings with decisiveness. Secret 1 of the successful *no* is a knowledge of the kind of person you want to be and how *that* person stands on crucial choices. Secret 2 is a ready answer to give *before* a decision must be reached. To say *no* without words—just a meaningful shake of the head—is difficult, but ideal. Second best is the brief and direct *no.* (A white lie, a sermon or a lengthy explanation only gives your "enemy" more words to argue about—and so more time to try to change your mind.)

I mean "I like you but. . . ."

to a **kiss:** Because you anticipate the kiss to come, you could take the boy's hand in yours, give it a little squeeze, say, "Good night," and disappear at the door; or, "Sorry, Bill, not just now. Good night." Just as every girl wants to feel that she's kissable—even when she doesn't want to be kissed—every boy wants to feel he's not repulsive—even when he's being repulsed. Your objective: to make the boy understand, by words and smiles, that it is the kiss you are refusing, not the boy.

to **more than a kiss:** "Why, this isn't New Year's Eve, is it?" (Or anything equally corny.) That will give you an excuse to laugh and time to straighten up and change the subject.

to **parking:** Put the key in the ignition (if necessary) and say something (more corn again, possibly) like, "Will you drive or shall I?" in a firm but sweet voice.

to an **out-of-bounds place:** "Sorry, that's not for me." If it makes you feel any more comfortable to add a word to your refusal, you could say, "No. . . . I'm in the mood for an ice-cream cone." Or, if you're a pixy, why not, "Let's go climb trees," or, "Kites, anyone?" (in mock desperation).

I mean "I'd like to but. . . ."

Even some very worth-while projects can be time-wasters—if you let them. No one can do *everything* and do it well. Can you say *no* to an additional **school activity**, even when it's an honor, if you have as many as you can handle well now? Or *no* to **things that just don't interest you** that the crowd does—like collecting pop records when your heart's with Rachmaninoff? Or *no* to a **good movie** with the girls when you want to study for a test or just plain read a book?

Everyone wants lots of friends—but do you say *no* to a friendship with a person who really isn't good for your best self? A girl, for instance, who always teases you because you tell your parents where you're going on a date. (She insists that it saves arguments if you tell your parents what they want to hear—instead of the truth. Why not say "drugstore," she says, if you know they'll never let you go for "a ride" with Jim? You know *why* and so does she—but she thinks she's acting sophisticated if she can "put something over.") Or to a girl whose favorite line is "just this once" . . . to something questionable, such as going to a boy's house if you're not sure that his parents are home. Or to characters who want you to write their themes, do their Latin translations, or pass them your answers in an exam.

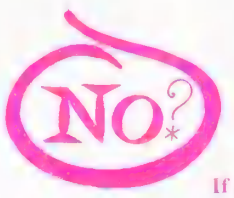
I mean "Don't tempt me."

No two lists of little spur-of-the-moment temptations are the same, but many girls have trouble saying *no* to a piece of **cake** if they're overweight, to a boy's **class ring** just because everybody else has one, to a **bright red winter coat** when neutral tweed would go with everything. And every girl wrestles with the **telephone** even if she *knows* it's *no* (1) when you have no urgent message or an invitation to offer a boy, only chatter, (2) when the romance is over and you're just lonely, (3) when you just want to hear his voice and intend to hang up without speaking a word! (Boys do dislike the teasing they get from their families if girls call them up at home—and who can blame them?)

And name one girl who doesn't wish for the strength of character (she does if she uses it often) to say *no* to the impulse to make an **empty promise** to do something for someone or a committee that she knows she'll never get around to—or *no* to that impulse to **tease, laugh at, or snub** someone at school because other people she's with do. And there must be more than one girl who'd like to say *no* to **laziness**—who wouldn't glow with self-righteousness if she *always* scrubbed the tub after the bath, made her bed in the morning, returned the library books on time, hung up her coat instead of throwing it on a chair, etc., etc., etc.!

As for big spur-of-the-moment temptations. . . . If you do not want a **drink,** for instance, the best way is to *avoid* going around with people who do. But if it comes your turn to order, have your answer ready: "Make mine a root beer, please." This is not the time to hesitate, or to apologize or mention that your family disapproves. *Any* person who makes it horribly awkward for you to refuse is a no-person for you. *No elaborate explanations are ever necessary.* To an offer of a **cigarette** a girl has *only* to smile and say, "No, thank you."

THE SUB-DEB EDITED BY Ruth Imler



WHAT DO YOU

If you were giving a party, would you invite someone you didn't like very much if you knew he was giving a party next week?

No, of course not. You invite people to parties (or give them gifts) because you like them for themselves, not because you expect something in return.

If your best friend urged you to vote for someone in a club or class election, would you?

No—you'd make up your own mind about the abilities of the candidate and vote accordingly.

If you met a nice boy at a party, and saw him again later at school, would you wait until he said hello first?

No—being friendly, not forward, first is the magic in helping people to like you.

If you planned to write a certain letter one night and a friend offered you a ticket to the ballet that night, would you go?

Yes, why not? You have to learn to temper your "no's" with good sense too.



…n of Mrs. Louis Sturtevant's hands were soaked in detergents. Only the right hand was treated with Jergens Lotion. Compare the two! ***This photograph is unretouched.***

…xciting Proof: Jergens Lotion stops "Detergent Hands"

…ational research laboratory* proves …gens Lotion more effective than … other lotion tested for stopping …ergent damage.

…our hardworking hands can be beautiful. If …re having the usual trouble with everyday …rgents (rough, red hands), listen to this!

…nder supervision, 447 women soaked both …ls in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens …on was applied to the right hand. Left hands …e untreated.

…hat a difference in 3 or 4 days! Untreated …ls were roughened and reddened. In severe …s they were even cracked and bleeding. The Jergens Lotion hands? They were soft, smooth and lovely.

Of all the lotions tested this way, not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. When the women saw there was *real help* for their hands, they were delighted. And how pleased they were to find it was never sticky or greasy!

Jergens has been steadily perfected for 50 years. You'll find it's just as good for wind and weather chapping as for "Detergent Hands," and takes just seconds to use.

Get a bottle today. Notice how much heavier and creamier it is — with a delightful new fragrance. And still only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.



Jergens Lotion *positively stops "Detergent Hands"*

These new longer hair styles call for Prom...

...the easiest way in the world to get a wave that hold



3 Prom Lotions: super, very gentle, regular. Also, Children's Prom.



Prom makes it far less work to get the deep, long-lasting waves you need for the "Cascade" hair style in the ad picture, and for this "Coronet" style.



Prom really holds hair styles like "Eve". It lasts longer than a pin-curl permanent . . . even longer than other curler-type home permanents.

This is the new look in hair fashion: longer ha and deep, smooth waves. Prom, the self-neutra izing home permanent, is just made for the new hair styles.

Prom *holds* your wave even in the new longe fuller hair. It lasts far longer than pin-curl perm nents, even longer than rod-curler home perm nents with a separate neutralizer. That's becau Prom is the only rod-curler home permane that's self-neutralizing.

That means less work, of course. And se neutralizing also means *thorough* neutralizin That's why Prom lasts longer than any oth home permanent of any kind. Laboratory tes prove it. So have a Prom.

12 New Hair Style
For pictures, diagra easy directions, s 10¢ to Prom, Box 35 Chicago 54, Illinois

$1.50 plus tax

Prom

Self-neutralizing Home Permanent

Use Spin brand Curlers or any plastic home permanent curl

Disturbed children find loving care

. . . with foster parents

Never Enough Homes

By MARGARET HICKEY

"WOULD you be willing to take a strange child into your home?" Twelve Queens College students asked residents in a neighborhood of Long Island, New York, this question recently. This was not only a sociology-class survey, but much more: part of a desperate search by the New York City Department of Welfare for homes for children whose parents were unable to care for them for various reasons.

It is a question more and more public and private child-welfare agencies are asking—in newspaper ads, over radio and television and in carefully prepared brochures describing the foster-parent plan. Too many people still think of dependent and neglected children as "orphans" or "homeless waifs," not realizing that many have one parent or an interested relative willing and able to contribute to their support, though unable to provide a home.

The 1950 census estimated 175,000 children in foster-family homes. With the largest child population in our history (47,000,000 under 18), more mothers working, family breakdowns increasing, the need is greater than ever for steady, secure families who can take in a child for a few months or a few years, give him loving care and let him go when his own home is re-established or a permanent home is arranged.

There are many reasons a child needs a temporary home: physical or mental illness of one or both parents, marital discord or breakup, or mistreatment or neglect. Foster homes also may be used for emotionally disturbed children (the Baltimore, Maryland, Family and Children's Society program is described this month), handicapped children, those in detention prior to court hearing, or those requiring convalescent care.

How can we help children who need a temporary home? In Los Angeles, California, volunteers and representatives of child-placing agencies have formed a Foster Home Interpretation Committee in affiliation with the Child Welfare Division of the Welfare Planning Council. A speakers' bureau shows a film and explains to clubs, P.T.A.'s, church groups and other organizations the need for foster homes. One member of the volunteer publicity committee set a good example by welcoming twin foster children into her own home.

In Detroit, Michigan, 45 women volunteers formed a "contact committee" to tell the foster-home story of the Jewish Social Service Bureau. Several arranged neighborhood teas so that foster mothers could tell their friends about their experiences caring for children.

San Francisco, California, volunteers actively staff the office of JACKIE (Joint Agency Committee for Kiddies—an Interdenominational Effort), which represents four child-placing agencies faced with the problem of finding 60 new foster homes a month. The San Francisco Volunteer Bureau, Junior League and women's service organizations are among the groups that help out with publicity and speaking engagements and answer inquiries from prospective foster parents. END

"THIS lad," the bailiff said with a half-smile, "has been in and out of court more than the judge." With his strong hands he lifted a squirming boy onto a chair. The child, about seven, wore an old pair of men's shoes, ragged shirt, and pants, not his size, held up by a safety pin. You could tell just to look at him that he seldom, if ever, had a good home-cooked meal.

"Meet Mrs. Harris, Joey," the officer said. "She's going to find a home for you."

Mrs. Harris, a pleasant-faced woman in her middle thirties, was a caseworker with the Baltimore, Maryland, Family and Children's Society. As she reached out to take the boy's hand Joey pulled away violently, jumped down and darted across the empty courtroom. The bailiff shook his head sadly. "That's all the boy knows—running away."

With the officer's help Mrs. Harris finally got Joey into a taxicab, keeping her arms tightly around him all the while so he wouldn't jump out. When the car pulled up at 204 West Lanvale, the large white residential building that houses the Family and Children's Society, she took him upstairs to the playroom. Joey just looked at the wooden rocking horse with its tiny rein and stirrups and turned away. Then he rubbed his eyes and stared at the clock on the wall.

"I want to get to know you, Joey," Mrs. Harris said, smiling, "because I'm going to try to find a home for you where you'll be happy."

Joey was too young and confused to understand that for the first time in his young life he really mattered to somebody. The only home he had known was a small, dirty room, which he had shared with a drunken father. His mother had deserted, leaving him to spend his days playing in a filthy alley. Attendance officers had tried to keep him in school, but Joey always ran away. After a number of encounters with Joey in Juvenile Court, the judge decided to place him—not in a correctional training institution, but with the Family and Children's Society, which, within the range of its limited finances and community resources, tries to find foster families willing and able to care for emotionally disturbed children.

Mrs. Harris had a family in mind for Joey, and after consulting with her agency's psychiatrist, drove out alone to see Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. The couple lived about twenty miles outside the city in a plain, but comfortable, frame house near a beautifully wooded hillside. They had answered one of the agency's newspaper CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

BERNIE CLEFF



Eight years old and happy in the love of a family now his very own. Joey, once fearful and neglected, is growing into a normal active boy through the patience and care of foster parents and the Baltimore, Maryland, Family and Children's Society.



fresh...



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Star White—a new, satiny-soft white!

Dawn Yellow—soothing, and easy to live with!

Meridian Blue—cool, refreshing . . . to give you a lift!

Sunset Copper—rich, warm, *inspired!*

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You can use any Go-Together Color alone!
You can combine units of different color!

And you *can't* go wrong!

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a fresh, bold, beautiful kitchen!

See them at your Youngstown Kitchen dealer's today!



Dawn Yellow wall cabinets and Meridian Blue base units—beautifully and imaginatively combined!



Ever-popular Star White sets off the beauty of an inspired decorating scheme!



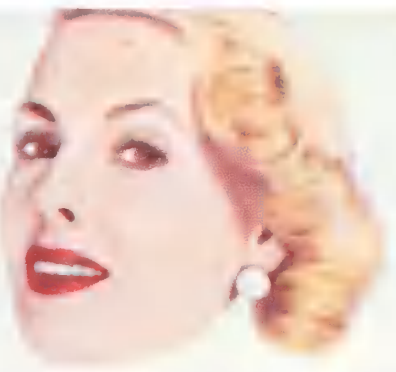
Rich Sunset Copper—as warm and beautiful as a Western sunset, in a kitchen in typical California styling. Like *all* Youngstown Kitchens, this one is constructed of sturdy steel throughout. It will never absorb cooking odors—never warp, rot, swell or stick. Its beautiful finish has been baked-on to *last*. Whether you're building or remodeling, tell your dealer or builder you want a Youngstown Kitchen. It's your *best* buy!

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ngstown Kitchens dealer is displaying -Together Colors *now*. Drop in. Learn y it is to own an all-steel dream kitchen o money down and three years to pay, on erms. You'll want to take advantage of kitchen-planning and decorating advice,

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JUST SWISH Niagara in cold water—it's ready to use. It is pre-cooked...gives you perfect results, no white spots or streaks. With Niagara there are no hard lumps to stick to your iron...it stays clean, glides smoothly. Next time, Niagara instant laundry starch for you.

Niagara®

INSTANT STARCH...costs only 1¢ to make a quart
medium starch solution.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

advertisements for foster families and, according to the children's division home finder, seemed happy, attended church, had raised three sons of their own, now were "lost without children to care for." But nothing had been said to them about a "disturbed" child.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Barnes told Mrs. Harris, "I don't think I'd be able to ——" Mrs. Barnes was a large woman whose face crinkled all over when she smiled. Her red flowered apron, it seemed to her visitor, made her look all the more motherly. Mrs. Harris began talking about Joey.

"Why, he acts just like Janie, a neighbor girl we took care of for almost a year," Mrs. Barnes exclaimed. "She didn't know what loving or kindness was."

"She improved after a while," her husband explained, "but it takes longer than that to make up for the years she went without."

Still Mrs. Barnes admitted she was a bit frightened. "How will I ever stop worrying about him when he runs away? How will I explain to his teacher when he's not in school? What will the neighbors think when they see the police bringing him home?" she wondered.

Mrs. Harris, certain that this couple could offer Joey a good home, assured them that she would visit at least once a week and that they could call the agency at any time for help and guidance. In the beginning, Mrs. Harris would take Joey to weekly psychiatric appointments. At the clinic, the therapist would help Joey to act out his feelings through "role playing" with dolls and by painting pictures, to learn more about his hurt and to develop new ways to help him.

The feller that puts off marryin' till he can support a wife ain't very much in love. —KIN HUBBARD

"Let's try it," Mr. Barnes urged. "We'll write him a letter today."

In the agency playroom, Joey sat silently at first when Mrs. Harris told him about his new home, then let out a howl and raced around the room. Mrs. Harris made no effort to quiet him, simply read in a loud voice: "Dear Joey: We want very much to have you come to live with us. My husband and I want a boy, and we especially want *you*. We know all about you."

Joey stopped howling long enough to ask sulkily, "Do they have a dog?"

"A big collie. Chickens and ducks too," Mrs. Harris said.

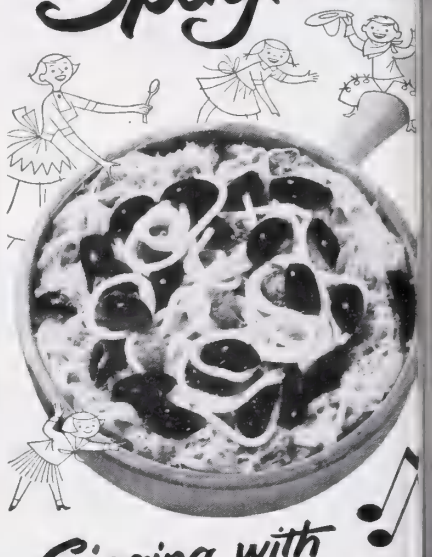
And that was how Joey became the foster child of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes.

Joey is one of sixty emotionally disturbed children the Baltimore Family and Children's Society has tried to help through specialized foster-home treatment during the past four years. Temporary or long-term foster-home placement for children of parents unable to care for them has been part of the agency's service for many years. But children who had been hurt emotionally by parental rejection or neglect often had no place to go, except correctional institutions, because of Baltimore's lack of sufficient residential-treatment facilities. Juvenile Court officials, concerned about the situation, from time to time sent a "problem" child to the Family and Children's Society, which managed somehow to find a foster family willing to care for him, almost always with good results. Then in 1950, the Council of Social Agencies, having just completed a study of the community's needs, asked the Family and Children's Society to set up a special program to help more of these youngsters.

At first several of the caseworkers feared such a program couldn't succeed. Each child would require infinitely more time and attention than the children with normal problems usually placed in foster homes. It would mean more home visits, more school visits and, because of the likelihood of continuing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

Make it Monterey Spaghetti



Singing with California flavor!

Quick to make—that's one specia feature of this spaghetti dish. But it' the flavor that's really special—th sunny, satisfying *flavor* of California' own ripe olives. Try it for yoursel this easy way:

2 cups (½ lb.) uncooked spaghetti	1 tbsp. olive oil
1 cup ripe olives	1½ tsps. salt
1 lb. ground lean beef	1½ tsps. chili powde
1 minced clove garlic	2 cups tomato sauce
½ cup chopped onion	Sharp American cheese, grated

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted wate until tender. Cut olives into large pieces. Fry beef, garlic and onion in hot oil about 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Blend in salt, chili powder tomato sauce, olives and spaghetti Cook about 5 minutes. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 5 to 10 minutes or until cheese is melted. Serves 6.



Make more meals sing with Californic flavor by featuring ripe olives as "finger food" at table...while watching TV...when guests drop in. Let a bowl full of ripe olives be your friendly "welcome bowl."

Free Ripe Olive Recipe Booklet. Write today for your free copy of the beautifully illustrated 16-page booklet "Elegant but Easy Recipes with California Ripe Olives." Address: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. D-58, 2 California Street, San Francisco 11 California.



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(and it's a story to invite sweet dreams)!

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g softness in slips and nightgowns . . . its
veliness in stockings . . . its long. long wear
blouses . . . and you certainly know its easy
re! Now you can enjoy all of these advantages in sheets that invite such sweet dreams.

Once folks try these new sheets of Du Pont nylon they won't use any others. Why don't you try them? We think you. too. will say sheets of Du Pont nylon are made to dream on!

Exciting new things are happening in NYLON—one of DU PONT'S modern-living fibers.

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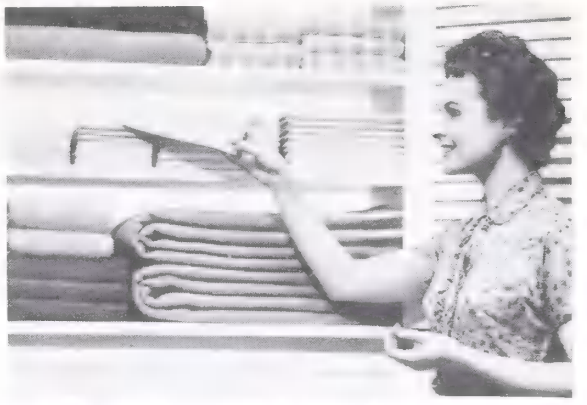
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eather-light sheets of Du Pont nylon are easy to
ndle...a snap to wash because they never become water-
gged, are never heavy to lift.



Quick-drying sheets of Du Pont nylon are washed, dried and put back on the beds before lunch. Of course, they seldom need ironing!



Space-saving sheets of Du Pont nylon fold compact as an ordinary pillowcase. Look for them in regular and fitted-bottom styles when you shop.

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uttery hot breads...

BETTY CROCKER'S NEW

Butter Dips!

Dipped and baked in <u>real</u> <u>butter</u>!

u just can't beat the real thing—
l butter. Take one taste of these new
tter Dips Betty Crocker has come
with and you'll know it for sure.
ey're chewy on the inside. Crispy
the outside. Golden-brown all over.
u just can't beat real butter, espe-
lly on hot foods.

So do this. Get some flour. Get some
l butter. Make a batch of these
sp, oven-fresh Butter Dips for your
nily tonight. They deserve real
ter as much as your guests.

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iry farmers
the nation
t of their
n to show
can live
ith foods
m milk.

sneyland"
See Bob
CBS-TV





BUTTER DIPS

⅓ cup butter
2¼ cups sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour
1 tbsp. sugar
3½ tsp. baking powder
1½ tsp. salt
1 cup milk

Heat oven to 450° (hot). Melt butter in oven in oblong pan, 13 x 9½ x 2". Remove pan when butter is melted. Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder, salt. Add milk. Stir slowly with fork until dough just clings together. Turn onto well-floured board. Roll over to coat with flour. Knead lightly about 10 times. Roll out ½" thick into rectangle, 12 x 8". With floured knife, cut dough in half lengthwise, then cut crosswise into 16 strips.

Pick up cut strips in both hands (see picture) and dip each strip on both sides in melted butter. Next lay them close together in two rows in the same pan in which butter is melted. Bake 15 to 20 minutes until golden brown. Serve hot. Makes 32 sticks.

Note: If you use GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour you should omit the baking powder and the salt.

Betty Crocker of GENERAL MILLS

VARIATIONS:

1. Add ½ cup grated sharp American Cheese to dry ingredients.
2. Add ½ clove of finely minced garlic to butter before melting.
3. Sprinkle paprika, celery seed or garlic salt over butter dips before baking.
4. Add ¼ cup minced chives or parsley to flour mixture.

Your family deserves <u>real</u> <u>butter</u> as much as your guests!

With cool regards to Summer,
Gossard's fine cottons keep you calm and
well-collected, their own sweet way.

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or write us, we'll tell you where



#1871 cotton uplift with embroidered cotton, has reinforced undercups. A, B, C. White. $2.50

#514 cotton leno girdle with embroidered cotton panel, is a boneless molder. Pull-on. S-M-L. White. $5. Matching pantie #614, $5.95

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

delinquent behavior, more court visits. And would it be possible to find enough foster parents willing to handle these youngsters? Verna Waskowitz, director of the children's division, and one of the casework supervisors, Betty Gray (who now supervises the specialized foster-care project), thought so, and their confidence and concern for the children convinced the others it could be done. They began by selecting foster homes already in use—couples who had shown understanding, patience and strength in dealing with children. A recruitment campaign, using newspapers and radio and appeals to churches, brought in new volunteers. On June 1, 1951, the new program started.

Today there are about thirty-five foster homes (all licensed by the agency in accordance with standards set by the state department of welfare) in the special program. You will find the heads of the family in most occupations—fire-patrol-boat captain, construction worker, truck driver, city bus driver, retired railroad worker, several farmers. All average couples, yet amazingly *un*average in kindness and sensitivity. Every one of them has suffered through sleepless nights, the continuing hostility of the children, damage to personal property. But it's almost always worth it—not for the board money paid by the agency (never more than $15 a week), because that seldom is enough to feed an affection-starved youngster; nor for community prestige, because disturbed children are headaches to schools, police and neighbors; but because, as one buxom, middle-aged foster mother said, pointing to her heart, "It makes you feel good in here."

No woman should ever be quite accurate about her age. It looks so calculating. —OSCAR WILDE

The going is especially difficult at first. Joey, attired in a new navy-blue suit and shiny shoes, arrived at the Barnes home looking quite different from the way he did at his last courtroom appearance. As soon as he had finished the bowl of homemade chicken soup Mrs. Barnes had ready for him, however, he charged around the living room, knocking over lamps and chairs.

That was only the beginning. Joey ran away nearly every day. Sometimes he didn't go very far, and Mrs. Barnes brought him back. Occasionally the police picked him up. But usually Mrs. Harris went after him, each time assuring him that she cared what happened to him and would always find him. At night all his subconscious fears broke loose. He wet the bed, screamed during his sleep.

The first two times Mrs. Harris came to call, Mrs. Barnes wept. "Why does he hate me? I try so hard to show that I love him."

"Joey hates everybody," Mrs. Harris said kindly, "because the world has always seemed to hate him. He can't believe anybody loves him." This reassurance helped relieve Mrs. Barnes' feeling of guilt and failure.

Joey also acted out his hating on neighbor children—took away their toys, knocked them down. Sending him to school was out of the question, so Mrs. Harris made arrangements for a home teacher. At Mrs. Harris' suggestion, Mrs. Barnes began to keep Joey very close to her, watching him every minute of the day. At first he acted like a caged wild animal, tearing around the house. Mrs. Barnes would offer him an apple, later a banana, then a cooky or two. These snacks helped calm him and seemed to reassure him that Mrs. Barnes was really his friend. In the evening Mr. Barnes often brought home a new but inexpensive toy, which also attracted the boy's interest. One day Mrs. Barnes read a story aloud. To her surprise Joey sat quietly by her side for ten whole minutes. This mothering was something he had never had before, and slowly he began to respond. After that Mrs. Barnes read to him every day.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN
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The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend
Here's Why... Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today



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Hurting You?
Immediate Relief!
A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

Worry of
FALSE TEETH
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Don't be embarrassed by loose false teeth slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, talk or laugh. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This pleasant powder gives remarkable sense of added comfort and security by holding plates more firmly. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. It's alkaline (non-acid). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

FOR A WONDERFUL FEELING—USE
LACTOPINE
Swiss Pine Bath Oil



Refreshing, Relaxing!
Gives you new life and zest at the end of the most wearisome day. So potent, a spoonful is enough for a bath. From $1 to $6 at your favorite cosmetic counter.

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381 4th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.
Enclosed find 25¢ for generous trial bottle.
Name_____
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NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS, OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!



Billows of Fleecy Foam Leave Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has *any* shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy lanolin lather—lather that actually *polishes* hair clean. Only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic.

No old-fashioned "lazy-lather" shampoo can shine your hair like this—'til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

Try This Test

The radiance of hair lathered this new way will be instantly visible to everyone—but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. After you've dried your hair and brushed it take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll *see* how much more brilliance dances in your hair, thanks to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo.

This shampoo is so *good* for your hair . . . because there's *twice* the lanolin in it! It *can't* dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. No indeed! Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, soft . . . easier to manage after your shampoo than ever before.

Tangles slip away at a comb's touch . . . your waves ripple back into your hair deeper, firmer, more pliantly lovely than ever.

So let this sensational new shampoo formula bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in *your* hair! The vibrant, glowing tone. The natural softness. More manageability than ever before! Treat *your* hair to the richer lather of this amazing, gentler double-lanolin shampoo. Get Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo today—29¢, 59¢ and $1. On sale everywhere!

OCEANS OF LATHER EVEN IN HARD WATER!

An amazing *built-in water softener* in this Lanolin Lotion Shampoo gives you piles of lather that rinses quick, leaves hair bright—even in the *hardest* water!



oubles Its Romantic Softness With Double Lanolin

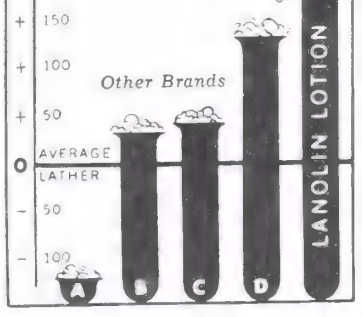
air's so satiny after a rich Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irristibly calls for a love-pat! You can't always wear a satin ncing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Lanolin tion Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair *every ay!* You'll find that never in your shampoo experience has ur hair had so much shimmer and softness!

uble Lanolin Is The Reason

nriches Your Hair With Beauty nstead of Drying It!

nolin Lotion was purisely formulated with ice as much lanolin as dinary shampoos. That eans double the lanolin otection against dryness . double the lanolin polish d beauty for *your hair.* r even problem hair—ir that's had its beauty s dried away . . . washed ay . . . bleached away . . . nefits astonishingly from is double-lanolin lather. not only *feels* twice as h—it actually *is* twice as h! Don't confuse this utrly new Helene Curtis nolin Lotion Shampoo th any so-called "lotion" "lanolin" shampoo u've ever tried before.

***PROOF THAT NEW SHAMPOO OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS**



Rigidly scientific Cylinder Foam-Test shows Lanolin Lotion Shampoo led four other brands tested by actual volume of sudsiness.

Double-Lanolin Magic

HAIR OBEYS—NO SNARLS—NO WISPS!

"With little children, tangled hair after shampoo can be a tearful problem. But now snarls slip away . . . my five daughters and I all like Lanolin Lotion Shampoo best of all!"



MRS. JOHN STERNIG
Glencoe, Illinois

Mrs. John Sternig, Glencoe, Illinois

"With my casual hair-do, it's important my hair falls easily into place and Lanolin Lotion Shampoo did the trick for me. I find this shampoo leaves my hair far shinier and far easier to manage right after a washing."



PATRICIA CURRAN
New York City, N.Y.

Miss Patricia Curran, New York City, New York



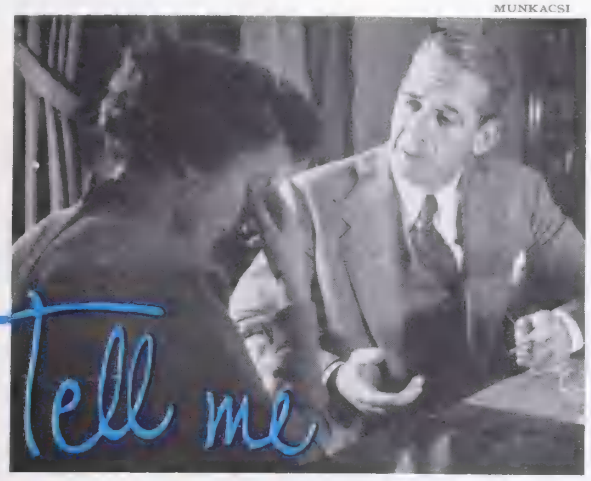
UNDER THESE DRESSES, A SACONY GIRDLE

How to buy these Sacony dresses (12.95 and 14.95)

Sacony makes these dresses in *Ciella*—an acetate jersey with really astonishing faculties. Ciella is hard to wrinkle. It never sags out of shape. It's cool but not clammy. It washes and dries rapidly. And if you dry your dress on a hanger, you can often skip the ironing.

All you need is one minute and a telephone to find out where to buy these dresses *right now*. Dial the number of Western Union. Ask for Operator 25. *She'll* tell you. (Or you can write Sacony at College Point, New York.) One more tip. Take this page shopping with you. That way you won't get into the wrong department—*or* the wrong dresses. Stitched dress, 14.95. Two-tone dress with elasticized Waistbander (registered U. S. Patent Office), 12.95. Both in misses or petite sizes. (Other styles in *half* sizes, too.)

MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In a continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers. The questions are all real but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

"Not having children is more than disappointment — it's becoming a tragedy to my wife. Why shouldn't we try artificial insemination?"

A LITTLE late for the first appointment of the afternoon, the doctor hurriedly entered his consulting room to find a couple already sitting there, obviously ill at ease. He noted with approval that a folder containing their case records had been placed on his desk by the office nurse, and with a murmur of apology for his tardiness he hastened to greet the visitors.

"I have been expecting to see you," he continued. "I hope you have some good news for me."

The woman shook her head sadly. "I only wish we had. No, we have nothing to report."

The doctor shuffled through the sheaf of laboratory data before him. "I scarcely need to examine these records again," he said, because I remember the facts very well. About six months ago I made as complete a sterility study of you two as we can make, and found nothing amiss. So far as we have been able to determine, you are both as nearly normal for your ages—which are not youthful, of course—as any couple I have ever seen."

"Then why can't we have a baby?" the man asked. "We have followed every bit of advice that you gave us. Why do we have to be the only couple, of all the people we know, without children? Everyone else has them—some more than they want."

"You must not forget that about twelve per cent of all marriages are sterile," pointed out the doctor. "You have plenty of company in your disappointment."

"It's much more than a disappointment. For my wife it is becoming a tragedy."

"Continual brooding upon a subject can make a tragedy out of something much less important than childlessness. Granting that the maternal instinct is strong in most women, there is no reason why its frustration should cause anyone to feel that her life has been wasted."

"What do you mean, Doctor?" asked the woman.

"If you feel an overwhelming desire for children," the doctor told her gently, "it can be satisfied, to a degree, even though you have none of your own. There is the greatest need for nurses' helpers in the children's wards of some of our large hospitals. A few hours two or three times a week spent in ministering to some of these children would do much to satisfy your maternal instinct."

"But that isn't like having a child of my own."

"Of course it isn't. Nevertheless, this type of mothering has its compensations—for instance, there are countless disappointments and heartbreaks you might be able to avoid by doing your share in caring for children who are not your own flesh and blood. And there is yet another recourse."

"Yes, Doctor? What is that?"

"It seems highly probable that you two, with such an excellent home background, could find a healthy, lovable infant to adopt, to whom you would soon be completely devoted."

"We've thought of that, but we have no intention of trying it until every other means has failed."

"That is understandable. Now, to return to your problem of the moment ——"

"Doctor, we cannot understand why, if we are both normal and presumably fertile individuals, we are unable to conceive a child."

"It is an unfortunate fact, proved many times, that even though a man and a woman are both anatomically and physiologically normal in every respect, there is no assurance that they can accomplish a pregnancy."

"But why not?"

"It is unexplainable in the light of our present knowledge, and I will not harass you by theorizing. Nature has some laws that are inscrutable."

"When we last consulted you, Doctor, you gave us a set of instructions which we have carried out meticulously. Please tell me this—have you exhausted every means at your disposal to help us?"

"No. There is one which I have been holding in reserve. Before I say anything further I would like to have you tell me what you know about artificial insemination."

"Only what I have read in the papers about 'test-tube babies.'"

"Would you be willing to try that method of providing yourself with an offspring?"

"I've already told you that I would try *anything*. What's wrong with it, anyhow? If there *is* anything wrong about it, why is it permitted?"

"I haven't said that there is anything legally wrong, although there are some strange legal problems concerning pregnancies ar-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

Doctor Safford's new book, The Intimate Problems of Women, containing several chapters which have not appeared in the Journal, has been published by Hawthorn Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

rived at by this method. Wait just a moment ——"

The doctor rummaged in a desk drawer and drew out a sheaf of newspaper clippings held together by a metal clamp.

"Let me read you this from the United Press. It has a London date line:

"'The Journal of the British Medical Association said today that adopting a child obviously involves fewer risks and difficulties than artificial insemination from a man other than the husband. There are religious as well as ethical objections to artificial insemination by a donor,' the Journal said.

"'There seems little doubt that any child resulting from artificial insemination by donor is illegitimate, that registration under the husband's name is illegal, and that it is not entitled to the rights of inheritance.

"'Some authorities take the view that a court of law would regard the act as one of adultery on the part of the woman and, if donor is married, on his part too. Also, the donor might be liable for maintenance of the offspring.'

"Now, that shows how the English feel about it. I might add that the laws governing inheritance in England are different from those in the United States. The doctor who goes out of his way to lend Nature a kindly hand in this country, however, has plenty of complications to worry over. Let me point out a few.

It is good to have the things that money can buy, but it is also good to check up once in a while and be sure we have the things that money cannot buy.

—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

"Take the birth certificate which must be filed after the birth of every infant—and I can assure you that our health departments are very insistent about the strict observance of this law, as they should be. In the case of an artificial insemination by donor, the doctor cannot honestly state that the husband is the father, can he? But if the father's name is not stated on the birth certificate, except as 'unknown,' illegitimacy of the child would be the natural assumption of anyone who might have occasion to see that certificate. Suppose that years later the child had reason—as often happens—to obtain a photostatic copy of the birth certificate. You can see that the result might be close to tragic.

"Suppose, again, that a single donor might father a large number of children with no one except the doctors having knowledge of the details. It would be quite possible that in the course of a generation or two certain of these children might mate incestuously, while being entirely ignorant of such a crime.

"In fact, the entire subject of artificial insemination appears bizarre to me. There are legal issues which have not yet been decided or even posed. There is a premise in law, however, that a child born in wedlock is presumed to be legitimate; and I imagine that in time special laws may be needed to cover various phases of insemination by donor. Recently I read a ruling by a Chicago judge that 'children conceived of sperm other than that of the mother's legal mate are illegitimate.' Now you see why I am wary about all this. The subject is too controversial to waste any more time considering, in my opinion."

"Then you won't help us further, Doctor?"

"I didn't say that. I am willing to go all the way with you, provided we use your own seed instead of that of a professional donor. While I know positively that your seed is active and abundant, it is possible that, for some reason we have not discovered, it is not reaching the right place. There are two ways to try to assist Nature. One is to deposit the husband's semen on the inside of a vaginal diaphragm which is fitted accurately

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

Keeping cool is a
matter of food and fashion.
A frosty salad bowl,
a tinkling iced drink—
and the sweet serenity
of a sleeveless Ship'n Shore!

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Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

FROM broad verandas one could hear the soft strumming of mandolins and the harmonizing of Glow Worm and The Shade of the Old Apple Tree in May, 1905. On the eve of May Day, New England swains left fragrant bouquets of spring flowers at their sweethearts' doors. American soprano Geraldine Farrar made her Paris debut, Edith Wharton's House of Mirth appeared, and Trilby hypnotized Broadway.

In the May, 1905, JOURNAL, ex-President Grover Cleveland characterizes many women's clubs as "harmful" and "menacing," concludes "the best and safest club for a woman is her home."

Admonishes the Lady From Philadelphia: "A woman should never accept the shelter of an umbrella from a man who is a stranger to her—even when worried about ruining her best bonnet."

Bride's budget: Cleaning woman, 50¢ a day; laundry, 75¢ a week; food for two (plus entertaining), $5 a week.

"On what income should a man marry?" the JOURNAL asked 100 bachelors, got this typical answer: "On savings of $300 and a salary of $10 to $15 a week."

On the next question, "What is the ideal size family?", most bachelors said four children, one wanted six or eight. "Like my grandmother used to say, rearing a family is like putting up preserves for the winter: the more you put up, the more enjoyment you have."

"How to Dress on $50 a Year." Fashion expert Mrs. Ralston advises, "Buy a suit and blouse to serve one year for best, one year for afternoon wear, and finally, a year in the kitchen."

This was the year of immensely wide hats, veiled faces, frothy white confections of gowns. Some of the materials popular for summer: "flowered lawns and organdies, silk muslin, dotted Swiss, Irish dimities, pale pink and pale blue voiles, white China silk, and India chiffon."

Hair styles: "The pompadour is much worn, a knot at the neck just clearing the high collar."



Just as with these Cambodian kids on the stairway to the temples, Danny Kaye needed no translator anywhere in the Far East. They all hilariously understood the language of his funmaking.

WE couldn't help thinking again the other day, over at the United Nations, how much louder actions often speak than words—especially when the actions are *Danny Kaye's*. We'd just been watching a little movie of his activities among the underprivileged children of the Far East; and the way these agonizingly gaunt kids and their parents responded to the universal language of Danny's pantomiming was like the sun coming out from behind a cloud. It was on a par with what Danny points out wherever he shows up in the picture—the work that's being done by the U. N. International Children's Emergency Fund with its powdered milk, its penicillin, and all its other remedies for hunger and despair. Don't miss it. You'll see the U. N. and Danny at their best.

Everywhere we go we still hear about the Queen Mother's visit as though it were yesterday; for instance, at Williamsburg recently, looking in Bruton Parish Church, we met the rector, the ***Rev. Francis H. Craighill***, who told us about the Q. M. coming there on Armistice Day. Mr. C. related how he led her to the royal governor's chair, all canopied in gold, and how she smiled and asked, "Which was George Washington's pew? I want to sit in *it*." "So later," Mr. Craighill told us, "I showed her this eighteenth-century prayer book." On the title page the name King George III had been scratched out, and in its place had been written the name of the first President.

Britain's Queen Mother (in hat) at famous old Bruton Parish Church.



COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG

One out of every two persons in this country has trouble sleeping; women are more often troubled by sleeplessness than are men. . . . Research shows that a sudden large increase in wages tends to make employees extravagant, irregular in work.

At a luncheon the plywood people gave recently, *Cynthia Wheatland* noticed that nearly all the men from the organization either wore strips of bandage on their hands or gave other evidence of skinned knuckles, scratched fingers. Tactfully, Cynthia asked one who was apparently unscathed if he could explain. "Oh, that," he told her—"they've all been taking part in the company's do-it-yourself campaign."

To give you an idea of how free enterprise carries on behind your backs, ***Mary Bass*** at luncheon the other day was listening to what R. K. Brodie, president of the Procter & Gamble Fund, had to say about his company's plan to establish 40 four-year scholarships at women's colleges, the first program of this kind specifically for women ever to be sponsored by a big business concern in this country. It seems that on the side his company also sponsors 200 scholarships open to both men and women, and makes other substantial aids to education. Anyway, when Mary said how wonderful it was of them to weight the scales in women's favor, Mr. Brodie pointed out it was the least they could do. For after 118 years of such intimate association with women in the washtub, so to speak, his firm felt it was only fair to give some thought to women's higher aspirations. Especially, he went on, when what's at stake is the welfare of the whole United States.

Studies show that 32 per cent of men and 28 per cent of women consider women more selfish than men: 47 per cent of women think men are more selfish—and nearly 40 per cent of the men agree! . . . It has been found that military training, contrary to popular opinion, does not tend to make men "war-minded." . . . Statistics show that a million and a half women over sixty-five have no regular income of their own: only 8 per cent of elderly men are without income. Although older people prefer to live independently, one out of three without regular income lives in his own household.

Had you ever heard of a courting tube? Nor had we until our Early American Homes man here turned one up in the inventory of an Indiana log cabin. It was the only way two young people could have a private conversation in a crowded one-room cabin of a winter evening—through a hollowed-out elderberry branch.

Remember the "stir-off" in *Jean Ritchie's* Yonder Comes My Beau in the April JOURNAL? Here is Jean herself, adeptly handling the "skimmings" at a stir-off down in the Cumberlands last fall. *Nelle Perry*, who knows about stir-offs from her Tennessee childhood, explained the picture for

GEORGE PICKOW



Jean Ritchie, chronicler of the Cumberland Mountains, deftly handles a ladle at a stir-off.

benefit of city slickers here. The sorghum cane is stripped and crushed to extract the juice, which is then boiled in the long flat pans, being carefully and frequently skimmed until it becomes pure molasses. At that moment, says Nelle, a freshly baked pan of buttermilk biscuits is a mighty handy thing to have around.

Being President always seemed to us a fairly hazardous job, what with long hours, fateful decisions to make, and always being on your guard; yet actuarily speaking it's way above average, the average age at death, from Washington to F.D.R., being over 68. Keeping their men fit (only Buchanan was a bachelor) was a little harder on Presidents' ladies, though they, too, were a stalwart group. Their average age, over 65.

COMBINE PHOTOS



Viscount Hambleden, one of HRH Princess Margaret's four favorite escorts before his recent marriage, strolls with her at Ascot.

Margaret's Coronation robe was white satin with broderie anglaise medallions in pearl and silver. When her sister became queen, the princess stopped calling her the hated nickname, "Liz."



PAUL POPPER LTD.

The Earl of Dalke was embarrassed b mors linking his na with Margaret's ju when his engageme his present wife wa be announced.



TROPICAL

Princess Margaret and her Beaux

There is to be no royally arranged marriage for her, Britain's debutante daughter has made clear—when she marries, it will be for love, as it was with all her family.

By NOYES THOMAS



UNITED PRESS PHOTO

With Peter Townsend. After her 25th birthday in August, Margaret can marry any man she pleases, with Parliament's consent.

AS August approaches—and with it Princess Margaret's birthday—each year, speculation about a marriage for the princess always climbs to a new climax. Everyone takes it for granted that the announcement will be made from Balmoral, where Margaret goes to spend her summer holiday and her birthday.

If at the appropriate season there does not happen to be some particularly eligible bachelor on the scene to be dubbed a suitor, then one is swiftly found. Almost any well-connected young man will do, particularly if he has been seen out and about a couple of times recently with the princess.

For the alleged suitor, the publicity sometimes is distinctly unfortunate, particularly if at the time he happens to be the swain of some other fair lady. That was the plight in which the young Earl of Dalkeith, heir to the Duke of Buccleuch, found himself during the summer of 1950, when he was hoping to announce his engagement to the lovely Jane McNeill, now his wife.

Long-range matchmakers are inclined, as each new fancy comes into the headlines, to overlook the fact that there has been a different favorite in the Margaret marriage stakes each summer since the princess' seventeenth birthday. First it was Prince Michael of Rumania. At eighteen came Lord Blandford, also now happily married. At nineteen there was Lord Ogilvy. Margaret's twentieth year produced Lord Dalkeith's embarrassing experience. Then came Billy Wallace, Mark Bonham Carter, Lord Hambleden and Colin Tennant. Group Captain Peter Townsend, who was a midseason "extra" in 1953, is again rumored to be the princess' choice.

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Second favorites at different times have been Robin McEwen, son of an old friend of the royal family, Capt. J. H. F. McEwen; Tom Egerton, a wealthy Guards officer turned gentleman farmer; Lord "Jimmy" Carnegie, son of the wealthy Earl of Southesk and a second cousin of the princess; Lord Plunket, another ex-Guards officer who took over Peter Townsend's post as equerry at the palace; Lord Porchester, who has stayed in the Margaret "set" longer than most, has been a guest at Balmoral several times and is heir to the Earl of Carnarvon; and the Hon. Peter Ward, who is the second son of the Earl of Dudley.

Many others have been named as outside chances. In fact, the popular list of potential husbands has at one time or another included almost every young man who has ever been numbered among Margaret's widening circle of friends. It has embraced several who became associated with the "set" only because their sisters were members of it.

And it has always ignored altogether the presumably vital facts that Margaret is *never* escorted by one young man but always by two or more; that (in spite of several racy reports) no escort yet has so much as seen the princess home after a dance; that few of the "suitors" have ever had the opportunity to spend so much as a few minutes alone with her.

Margaret, at twenty-three years of age, had never been out alone; had never been to school; had never bought a bus or subway ticket; had never had a date that another girl would recognize as such; had in fact lived a life almost as remote from that of the ordinary person as if she had been in another world.

Consider, for a moment, what happens before any young CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

COMBINE



Churchill's cousin, the Marquis of Blandford, was frequent escort of the princess before his marriage. At Epsom Downs.

...in's Eligible Bachelor ... Billy Wallace, dances ...nba with Margaret at ...ank-You-Nurse ball. ...ort has yet seen her home.

COMBINE



Scots approved Lord Ogilvy's friendship with Margaret, the first royal child born in Scotland for three hundred years.

The Cloak

By ISAK DINESEN

"What is a woman?" Angelo asked.
"She does not exist until we create her and she has no life
except through us." Yet he had been unfaithful for the sake of a woman . . .
and no one could save him,
for to be unfaithful is to be annihilated.

WHEN the great old master, the sculptor Leonidas Allori, whom they called the Lion of the Mountains, was arrested for rebellion and high treason and condemned to death, his pupils wept and stormed. For to them he had been spiritual father, archangel and immortal. They assembled in Pierino's hostelry outside the town, in a studio or in an attic, where they could sob, two or three, in each other's arms, or—like a big tree in a gale with its bare branches reaching upward—crowded in a cluster could shake ten pairs of clenched fists to the sky, in a cry for rescue of their beloved, and for revenge on tyranny.

Only one out of all of them in those days continued to live as if he had neither heard nor understood the terrible news. And that one was the disciple whom the master had loved above all others, whom he had called son, as the young man had called him father. Angelo Santasilia's schoolfellows took his silence to be the expression of infinite sorrow; they respected his pain and left him alone. But the real reason for Angelo's absence of mind was that his heart was filled with passion for the master's young wife, Lucrezia. The love and understanding between her and him just at this time had gone so far that she had promised him her total surrender.

In vindication of the faithless wife it must be pleaded that for a long time, and in deep agitation and alarm, she had resisted the divine and merciless power which held her in its hands. With the most sacred names she had sealed—and had made her lover seal—an oath: that never again should word or glance at which the master himself could not have rejoiced pass between the two. As she felt that neither of them could keep the oath, she entreated Angelo to go to Paris to study. Everything was prepared for his journey. It was only when she realized that this resolve could not be carried out, either, that she gave herself up to her destiny.

The faithless disciple, too, might have pleaded extenuating circumstances, even if these might not have been accepted by every judge or juryman. Angelo in his young life had had many love affairs, and in every single case had surrendered himself utterly to his passion, but none of these adventures had ever for any length of time left a deep impression on his being. It was inevitable that, someday, one of them must become the most important of all. And it was reasonable, it was perhaps inevitable, that the chosen mistress should be the wife of his teacher. He had loved no human being as he had loved Leonidas Allori; no other human being had he at any time wholeheartedly admired. He felt that he had been created by the hands of his master, as Adam by the hands of the Lord; from these same hands he was to accept his mate. The Duke of CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

"Lucrezia," said Leonidas,
"has been to me all the glorious works of art
of the world,
all of them in one single woman's body."

ILLUSTRATED BY GLADYS ROCKMORE DA

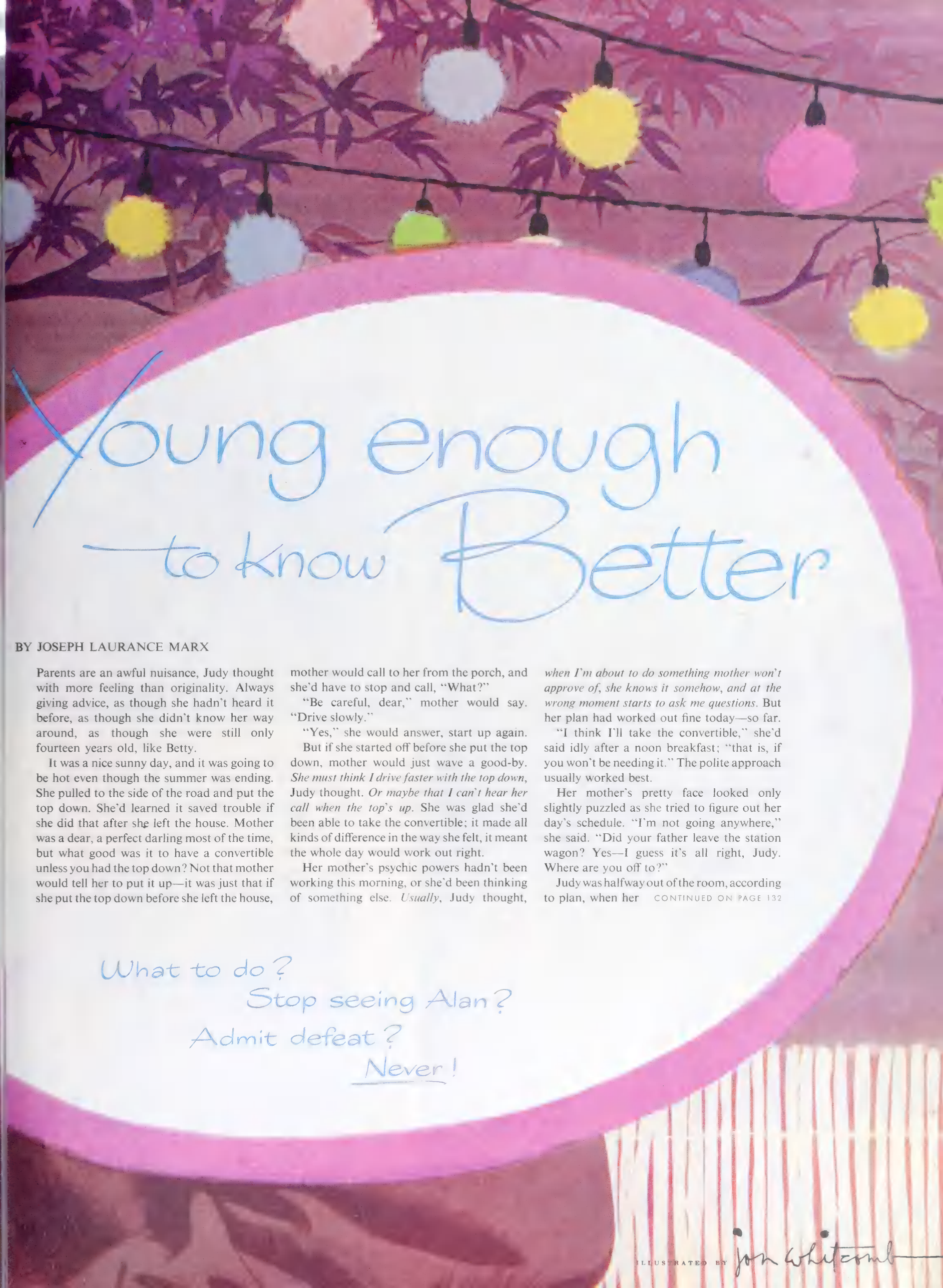




"Now I've hurt him,"

she thought. "He won't ask me

out again now."



Young enough to know Better

BY JOSEPH LAURANCE MARX

Parents are an awful nuisance, Judy thought with more feeling than originality. Always giving advice, as though she hadn't heard it before, as though she didn't know her way around, as though she were still only fourteen years old, like Betty.

It was a nice sunny day, and it was going to be hot even though the summer was ending. She pulled to the side of the road and put the top down. She'd learned it saved trouble if she did that after she left the house. Mother was a dear, a perfect darling most of the time, but what good was it to have a convertible unless you had the top down? Not that mother would tell her to put it up—it was just that if she put the top down before she left the house, mother would call to her from the porch, and she'd have to stop and call, "What?"

"Be careful, dear," mother would say. "Drive slowly."

"Yes," she would answer, start up again.

But if she started off before she put the top down, mother would just wave a good-by. *She must think I drive faster with the top down,* Judy thought. *Or maybe that I can't hear her call when the top's up.* She was glad she'd been able to take the convertible; it made all kinds of difference in the way she felt, it meant the whole day would work out right.

Her mother's psychic powers hadn't been working this morning, or she'd been thinking of something else. *Usually*, Judy thought, *when I'm about to do something mother won't approve of, she knows it somehow, and at the wrong moment starts to ask me questions.* But her plan had worked out fine today—so far.

"I think I'll take the convertible," she'd said idly after a noon breakfast; "that is, if you won't be needing it." The polite approach usually worked best.

Her mother's pretty face looked only slightly puzzled as she tried to figure out her day's schedule. "I'm not going anywhere," she said. "Did your father leave the station wagon? Yes—I guess it's all right, Judy. Where are you off to?"

Judy was halfway out of the room, according to plan, when her CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

What to do?
Stop seeing Alan?
Admit defeat?
Never!

ILLUSTRATED BY Jon Whitcomb

a Guest House and Patio IN THE BACK YARD for $2000

By RICHARD PRATT

FROM spring to fall a guest house and garden layout like this can be as good as a long vacation. It is a thing you can create all in a few short weeks, or take it step by step to spread out the cost and effort over several seasons. Either way, the money goes right into raising the value of the property. And as maintenance is nearly nil, running expenses are likewise.

You buy guest house prefabricated for simple assembly on the site. The two-bedroom, bath and breezeway shell in summer construction cost $1200, erected. That could be step Number 1. The partitioning and plumbing ($260) and permanent planting of evergreens and vines ($80), step Number 2. The paving laid ($176), fences built ($124) and reflecting pools ($36), step Number 3. Window boxes, plant benches, pots and tubs, plus a few flats of assorted annuals, take what's left out of $2000, and there you are.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESLEY BALZ

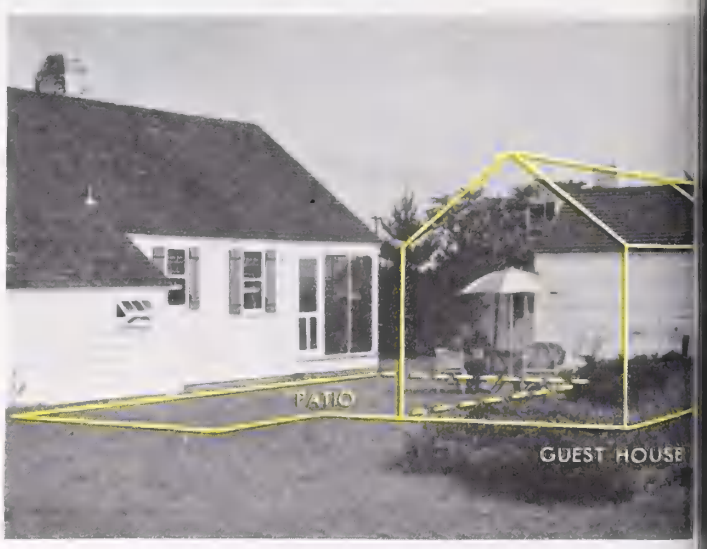


For the floral effect, every spring you buy a few flats of assorted annuals, set them out in the various beds, boxes, pots and tubs. Or raise them yourself from seed, and save.

Any local sheet-metal shop can make these shallow pans to set in the paving as reflecting pools. Paint them inside with a good waterproof blue and keep them filled with the garden hose.



The before-and-after pictures below tell the story in a double-take: how an empty open back yard was transforme



Superimposed on the existing Cape Cod cottage and garage are the lines that indicate the shape and size of the contemplated guest house and patio. The picture shows how bare and open the back yard was.

Here you see how snugly the now vine-clad guest house ties into the existing garage, and with the simple lattice fencing at either end creates a wonderfully pleasant open-air enclosure.

ide-to-order holiday spot, as carefree, pretty and private as you please.



The effect a few years later when the vines and vines were well under way is a dramatic demonstration of a property-improvement project that pays dividends of pleasure indefinitely.

Each house-and-lot will make its own adaptation of the plan. Floor plan at right places entrances to bath and one guest room in rear instead of facing patio as shown in photograph above.



C. CLOSET
S. SINK
SH. SHOWER

1. BOSTON IVY
2. FLOWER BOX
3. ANNUALS
4. BLACK PINE
5. MUGHO PINE
6. JAPANESE BLACK PINE
7. BENCH OF POT PLANTS

"You still think I killed Spindell?" asked George.

"I don't know," Martha said miserably. "I don't know."





FIRST TRAIN TO BABYLON

When a woman is told,

"Your husband is a murderer," what can she do?

Trust him? Or search for the truth,

no matter what the cost?

BY MAX EHRLICH

SOME might have called it an accident. Others might have called it by a more profound word, "fate." But the fact is, the two stories appeared in the same issue of The New York Times. They were both widely separated, in terms of the pages on which they appeared, and in what they said. The first appeared on page 1:

June 14—Echoes of a sensational murder trial of ten years ago were heard today when the Parole Board flatly refused to recommend a pardon to William Lehde, convicted murderer. This was Lehde's second petition for a pardon.

Lehde, a former shipping clerk at the Atlantic Carrier Corporation, had been accused of murdering Eli Spindell, paymaster of the firm, and stealing $75,000 in cash and another $25,000 in negotiable securities. An officer of the firm, George Radcliffe, who had seen Lehde run from the building with a suitcase containing the money, was the key witness, and instrumental in the conviction. Lehde was found guilty, and sentenced to life imprisonment at Sing Sing, on December 22, 1944.

Copyright, 1955, by Max Simon Ehrlich. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Harper & Brothers.

Although the Parole Board issued no official statement, it was believed that there was no possibility of a pardon unless Lehde made a full confession, and then informed authorities where he had hidden the money, which has never been recovered.

The prisoner, however, refused to make any confession. He stated that he had none to make, since he was an innocent man.

"I never stole the money, nor killed the paymaster," insisted Lehde. "I am innocent, and others have crucified me. Why should I say I am guilty when I have committed no crime? I can only hope for a miracle now. I can only pray that someday, somehow, the real murderer will be found. Then the truth will be known, and the world will see what injustice I have suffered."

There were pictures of William Lehde, a haggard, haunted-looking man, and his wife, Mildred, who had fought unceasingly for his release throughout the ten years. Her address, on East 106th Street, was given, and also the fact that the Lehdes had two children, a twelve-year-old son named Thomas, and a ten-year-old daughter, Carla. CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

Born to

"We're going to visit granny," Juliana told her daughters cheerfully as they fled Soestdijk when Nazis reached the Dutch border.

ANPFOTO



be Queen

By BETTY HOFFMAN and A. N. P.* (Netherlands News Agency)

"Your mother and I must stay," said Bernhard, "but if the next generation of the House of Orange is safe in America, it will help keep Dutch hopes alive."

"It is very difficult to bring up children in a palace," Princess Juliana told Sophia Feith, the girl she had just engaged as nurse for the new Crown Princess of the Netherlands, "but our daughter will *not* be raised in tissue paper. While she is still small she is to be called Trix, even by the servants. We do not want her even to *hear* the word *princess*." Bernhard was a devoted visitor to the nursery, and Juliana spent there every moment she could snatch from her official duties. She liked to give Beatrix her bath, and on Miss Feith's days off Juliana took over entire care of her daughter, keeping the child's crib by her desk as she worked on official papers. Both young parents were so friendly and informal that Miss Feith had difficulty remembering that they were royalty. When Trix was eighteen months old, Juliana's second daughter, Irene, was born. One month later, World War II began when the Nazis marched into Poland. As the blitzkrieg rolled over Norway, the Dutch army mobilized on the borders. It was increasingly apparent that Holland was next.

III A WEEK later reports came through that large numbers of German troops were heading for the Dutch border from Bremen and Düsseldorf. Zussie heard the disquieting news on the radio in her room. That afternoon Princess Juliana suddenly appeared at the rear door of the palace playroom and beckoned to the children's nurse.

Trix waved to her mother from a rocking horse. Just past two years, she was a vital, outgoing child with eyes dark blue as cornflowers in a heart-shaped face. The baby Irene, now nine months, crowed at them from a pink play pen.

Juliana informed Zussie that she was taking the girls to The Hague at once. "Bernhard will be ready to drive you down in two hours," she added, speaking very softly so that the children could not overhear. "In the meantime, please pack the girls' things. Take everything we may need in an emergency, but no more than one suitcase apiece, please." Then she raised her voice and called cheerily, "Let's find our coats, children. We're going to granny's."

As soon as the princess and the children left in a high black palace limousine, Zussie ran to the nursery and with

Copyright, 1955, A. N. P. (Netherlands News Agency).

*This series was written by Mrs. Hoffman, working in collaboration with A.N.P. (Netherlands News Agency) and with full cooperation from Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard. Mrs. Hoffman, a former JOURNAL editor, spent months in Holland (where she had free access to the palace), and in Belgium and Canada.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Queen Wilhelmina reached England with only the clothes on her back. With Bernhard (4th from left), she visited ruins of Dutch church, Austin Friars, bombed by Nazis.



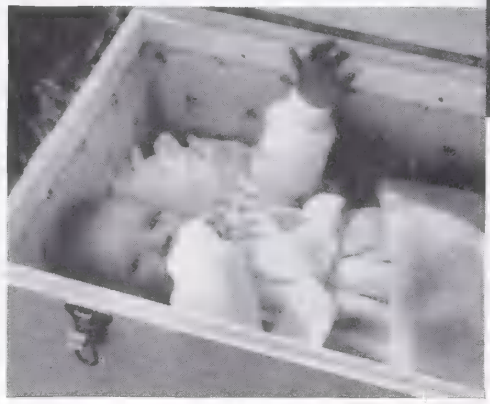
BERT BUURMAN

Royal family slept, "too close to turn over," in 8'x10' air-raid shelter as Luftwaffe bombed Amsterdam. Juliana (holding Irene), nurse "Zussie," Trix.

Zussie carries infant Irene out of Holland.



BERT BUURMAN



BERT BUURMAN

Too tiny for mask, Irene had gastight crib.



UNITED PRESS PHOTO

With nurse ill, steward aboard Sumatra who "knew all about feeding babies" fed Irene. She thrived on huge portions of baked beans and pea soup.

NETHERLANDS INFORMATION SERVICE



In Ottawa Juliana had first automatic dishwasher. For household of eleven, she marketed unrecognized, Zussie did laundry, Baroness Roell cooked.



NATIONAL FILM BOARD, CANADA

Bernhard, inspecting flight training in Mississippi, visited his family when possible, delighted in his Dutch children's speaking American slang with Canadian accent. His life was saved, indirectly, because Trix caught mumps.



BLACK STAR

Queen Wilhelmina came from England for Margriet's christening at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ottawa.

EUROPEAN



With some help from granny, whose visit lasted only a few days, Irene keeps Trix up in air.

Irene, snatched from the Nazis in a "puppy basket," had her first five birthdays in Canada. Neither she nor Trix could remember life in Holland.



BERT BUURMAN

Born to be Queen

quick fingers began packing the little piles of fresh clothing she had set aside for this day. In Trix's suitcase she had room for her tea set and rag doll, but Irene's bag, she was dismayed to find, was almost completely filled with diapers. She finally packed most of Irene's outer clothing in her own suitcase and took only a change of underclothing and some sweaters for herself. It mattered little whether they were headed for a hot or a cold climate, for days, weeks or months—the suitcase was already bulging.

Two hours later she was ready and waiting in the front hall. She wore her navy nurse's uniform and carried a light coat which she felt could also serve as a blanket for the children.

The three Roells came to say good-by to her. William, broad-shouldered and blue-eyed, was smiling and joking, as usual. The dark-haired Martine, looking pale and beautiful, said little, clinging to her husband's hand. The baby Renée kept asking for Trix.

Then Bernhard came downstairs in a tremendous hurry, followed by a palace porter with a tin foot locker. He was wearing the gray-green uniform of a captain in the Dutch army.

"So long—see you later," he told the Roells, and taking Zussie's arm, propelled her to the car waiting outside. As they raced down the drive with the prince at the wheel, the nurse turned to wave to the Roells, standing on the broad palace steps. Far above their heads the bare flagpole announced that all royalty had left Soestdijk.

The family, with the exception of Queen Wilhelmina, was reunited that day at Huis Ten Bosch just outside The Hague, a royal residence which had a very well-equipped air-raid shelter of several rooms. It was decided, however, that everyone would go to bed in the palace bedrooms, as there was no telling when the attack would come and there was no use upsetting the children.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



Margriet quickly became "Pietie."

Trix reveled in the freedom of America,

walking to school, roller skating in the streets

with her Canadian friends—and *almost*

all the ice-cream cones she wanted!

With Trix, Pietie and Irene, Princess Juliana spent summer of 1944 on Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

OFFICIAL NETHERLANDS PHOTO



Up Home

By ARDYTH KENNELLY

Linnea Ecklund knew that her husband, Olaf, tried to divide his time, money and love honestly between her and his other wife, Sigrid; but she knew, too, that on the nights Olaf spent down home with Sigrid, he closed the tailor shop reluctantly, while he hurried to his nights up home with Linnea and the children as to an oasis of warmth and happiness. As the younger wife, Linnea had faced losing Olaf when polygamy was outlawed in Utah Territory, but amnesty was granted established families; so she counted her blessings and tried not to mind Sigrid's insinuation that baby Myra could not win the Most Beautiful Baby in Salt Lake contest. The children, Bertha, Gertrude, Stellie and Rudie, were all firm in their faith in Myra, and busy Linnea had scant time for resentment. She had given refuge to homeless old Mrs. Troon. Then, as midwife, she was part of the excitement when meek little Mrs. Lilygren had her baby in the middle of the temple dedication. And she looked on approvingly as Mrs. Lilygren found courage to rise from her bed and order her abusive husband from the house and from her life.

II "SO they picked on Temple, did they?" old Mrs. Troon said, rocking by the fire. It had turned off so warm that they wouldn't have had one, only that Linnea had bread in the oven.

"They're just calling her 'Baby,' now. Her middle name's Dedication, so I don't know what they *will* call her, later on," Linnea said. She reached over and pulled a green blind still lower, so that only a slit of white sunlight showed under it.

"They ain't seen hide nor hair of him, h'm?" Mrs. Troon rocked contentedly.

"Neither hide nor hair," Linnea said. "He's living in back of the carpenter shop, cooks for himself, they hear. He figured she meant what she said, I guess. For that matter, I did, too, till I shook myself. She claims now she wouldn't of prob'ly done it, but she looked capable of it."

"A worm will turn," Mrs. Troon said, "as the saying goes."

Mrs. Troon did not look better after over a week at Linnea's. She looked, in fact, a little worse, a little paler, a little more shriveled, and nothing seemed to tempt her, not even cornstarch pudding with cream poured on. She seldom moved from the Boston rocker during the whole day, but she liked it there. She said theirs was a happy place to be and she thought she was improving.

"You see this here broach?" the old woman said suddenly, reaching up to it with an unsteady hand. "I might as well tell you a little something. Not all, but a little something. You see these here two strands of hair?"

"It's beautiful. I been admiring it."

"You want to make a guess whose hair this is?"

Linnea bent closer and examined it. "Well," she said, "maybe the brown one's yours, and the black one, that would be your husband's!"

"Wrong. My hair was auburn!" Mrs. Troon said triumphantly. "I had many and many a compliment give me on my hair."

"I bet you did," Linnea said. "Then whose ——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Copyright, 1955, by Ardyth Kennelly Ullman

I could just imagine what kind of a hullabaloo there would be. Olof's eyes were on the clock of the hour in the limelight, and finally I just couldn't stand it no more.

Linnea stared at Olof— she knew she was married to a brave man, but was he as brave as that?

MORGAN KANE

Figures made to order



Mrs. Hugh Cullman, housewife and mother, beautifully illustrates our belief that model figures need not necessarily be confined to models! Nan exercises regularly, eats intelligently, and feels as fit as she looks.

This material is taken from work being compiled for a complete study of nutritional and physical fitness needs for today's living by W. Coda Martin, M.D., and Nicholas Kounovsky.

LILLIAN BASSMAN

Do you have a special figure problem? The first step toward overcoming it is to know your figure *type*. The sketches and descriptions at the top of the opposite page will enable you to pick out your particular figure frustration. When you have, follow the individual diet and exercise instructions worked out for you by two experts, Dr. W. Coda Martin, specialist in preventive geriatrics, and Nicholas Kounovsky, physical-fitness instructor.

"Keep in mind," caution the gentlemen, "that you probably are a *combination* of types." For instance, a true Mesomorph is overdeveloped muscularly, but has *no* excess fatty tissue. The "solid" woman who bemoans unwanted weight is more likely to be a combination Mesomorph-Endomorph, her problem being hard muscle *topped off with* too much fat! In such a case, she would follow exercise instructions for the Endomorph (soft fatty), avoiding only those exercises that might overdevelop a singularly solid area—such as calves or upper arms.

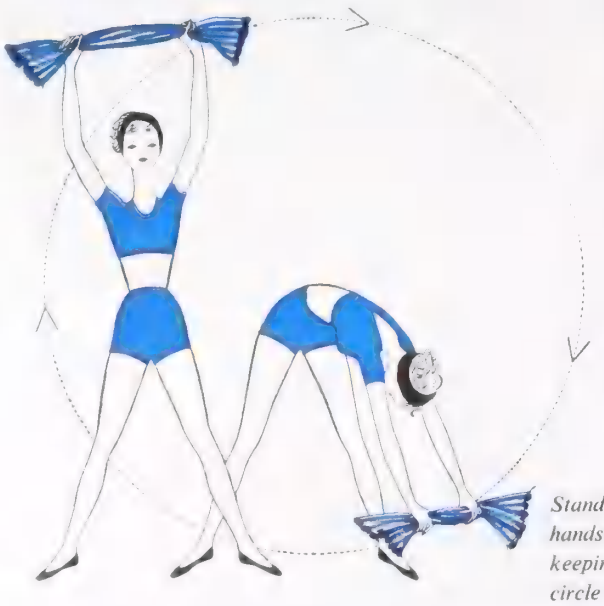
Doctor Martin and Mr. Kounovsky believe if you follow your personalized program faithfully and accurately, you will reach a peak in good health that will make you feel just as streamlined as you will look. (For reducing and building-up diets, turn to pages 186 and 187.)

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal



Lie on back, knees flexed, feet together. Holding a weight in each hand (a pint-sized soft-drink bottle will do), raise arms so that hands are slightly wider apart than shoulders. Inhaling, lower arms back beyond head, almost touching floor. Exhaling, return arms.

For Prettier Posture, Firmer Bustline, Stronger Back



Stand erect, feet apart, arms up, holding towel with hands that are shoulder width apart. Bend from waist, keeping knees stiff, and describe wide clockwise circle with towel, touching floor. Alternate direction.



Stand with feet apart and bend over in relaxed po sition, back humped, arms and head hanging, weigh in each hand. Now, lift head and shoulders, arch yo back, raise arms out to sides and up as high as possibl



ENDOMORPH
(Soft, fatty)

Flabby and spare-tirish, you have poor muscle tone. A normal day's work exhausts and weakens you. You may love summer sheaths but you wouldn't be caught bulging in one for your life. Your social and emotional happiness may be limited in direct relation to the number of excess pounds and puffs you carry.



MESOMORPH
(Firm, hard flesh)

Yours are solid, seemingly unbudgeable bulges. You are "sturdy." You overexert. When you sweep, you get a *strong* hold on the broom and *bear down*. You tend to create hardy effects in clothes and manner—while secretly you yearn for a feminine look to melt men's hearts. (Who doesn't?)



ECTOMORPH
(Skinny)

Bony and angular, you'd love to be able to fill out a bathing suit. You may be finicky about food or eat like a horse, but nourishment refuses to turn into curves. Tense and high-strung, your muscles and nerves are always in action. Just "sprawling," you use more energy than the average woman on cleaning day.

Exercise Rules for All Types. Have doctor's approval. Breathe deeply. Never force, but reach a pleasant feeling in area involved in exercise. End exercises with complete s-t-r-e-t-c-h, complete bend, deep breathing, relaxation.

Your exercise rules: Do *all* exercises shown below, especially those involving fattiest areas. Begin with slow rhythm, gradually increasing speed of rhythm to "fast," and repetition of exercises to "often." Work up to twenty times, each exercise. Repeat if not tired.

Your exercise rules: Strive for easy grace. Try posture, breathing, back exercises (page 66). Do small quantity. Make motions fluent, rhythmical, r-e-l-a-x-e-d. Do not exceed six times each exercise. Avoid exercises which might overdevelop muscular areas.

Your exercise rules: Do exercises involving undeveloped areas, *as well as* abdominal exercises which will improve general health. Employ s-l-o-w rhythm, complete contractions and relaxations. Gradually reach maximum of ten times each exercise.

Diet Rules for All Types. Have doctor's approval. Ask him if vitamin and mineral supplements are necessary. Avoid fried foods, excessively rich foods. Be sure diet includes all Essential Foods (listed on page 188).

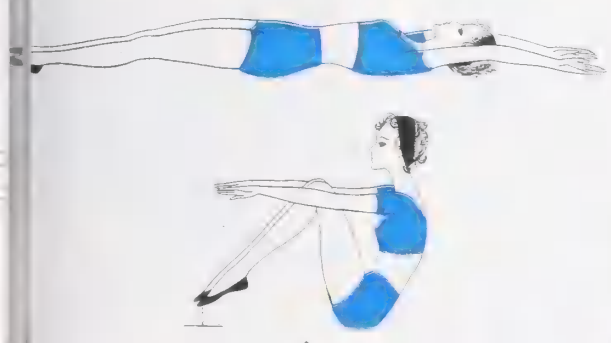
Your diet rules: Keep written records of your progress to make you proud and purposeful. Your reduced weight will increase resistance to: high blood pressure, heart trouble, hardening of the arteries, liver disease. Envision the figure you *can* have if you refuse to falter.

Your diet rules are the same as those outlined for Endomorphs. One exception. Because solid weight is difficult to reduce, you may have to diet longer to achieve comparable results. Don't give up. Curves—and compliments—*are* around the corner.

Your diet rules: Calm down! Physical and emotional tensions discourage proper digestion and assimilation of food. Eat s-l-o-w-l-y, in a pleasant atmosphere. If you want curves, make a conscious effort to r-e-l-a-x. Treat yourself to lots of rest and sleep.

For Tinier Waist, Flatter Midriff.

DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE KEVESON



Lie on back, feet together, arms overhead, backs of hands touching floor. Flex knees and simultaneously swing yourself forward and up to a sitting position, lifting feet and legs slightly from floor. Return. Repeat.



Lie on back, arms outstretched, left leg flat on floor, right leg perpendicular to body, knee straight. Without moving shoulders or back, lower right leg over and up toward opposite hand. Return. Repeat, other leg.

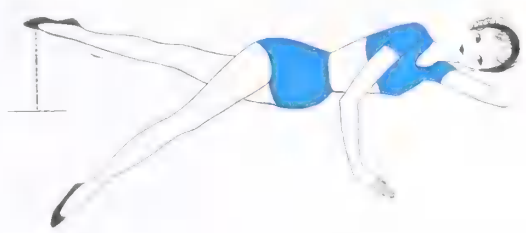


Lie on back, right leg on floor, left knee flexed, arms stretched up and forward. Swing up to sitting position, twisting toward left so that hands reach toward floor outside left foot. Return, repeat on other side.

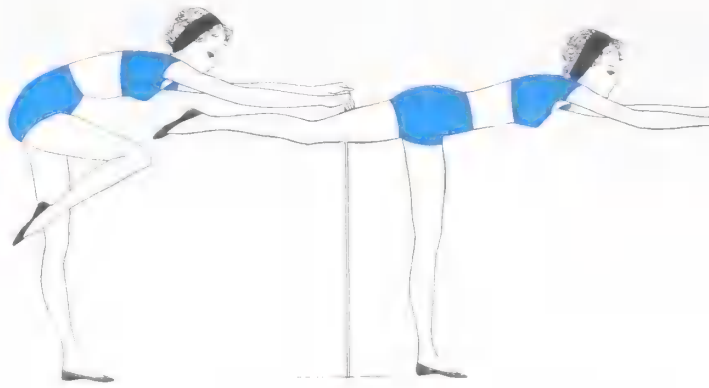
For Flatter Hips, Firmer Thighs.



Stand erect, feet very wide apart, toes pointed to sides, hands on hips. Holding body straight, bend left knee, lowering yourself as low as possible, without bending the right knee. Return. Repeat other direction.



Lie on left side, right hand on floor in front for balance, legs outstretched in scissors position. Raise underneath leg as high as possible from floor. Return. Switch position of legs, repeat. Turn other side. Repeat



Stand on left foot, body bent forward, arms outstretched, hands holding firm support (edge of desk will do), right knee flexed and forward. Unbend right knee, extending leg as high as possible in back. Hold for a moment. Repeat. Do same, with other leg.



Lois Smith, playing in East of Eden, wears a party shirtwaist dress of polka-dot organza by Rappi for afternoon, daylight dinner.

BRIGHT

Like millions of other girls in their teens and early twenties, they love "something simple," "someth comfortable," pretty skirts, gay prints. They like "anything pink," many shades of blue, apple green— and, as Debbie Reynolds says, "all happy colors." We've photographed them in gingham and organza, chintz and piqué, in clothes they would wear at brunch teatime or for small gay parties.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Anne Francis in a flowered organza for summer evening at home, by Christian Dior—New York. She stars in Blackboard Jungle.

Shirley Jones, star of her first picture, Oklahoma!, in a blue-and-white checked gingham edged with baby Val lace.



YOUNG STARS

IN FASHIONS FOR OFF-STAGE HOURS



JOHN ENGSTEAD

Pier Angeli in a black piqué dress with white organdy jacket by Sam Friedlander. Her next picture will be Romeo and Juliet.



Janice Rule, playing in The Flowering Peach, wears a knife-pleated cotton Paisley by Morgan Fauth.



Debbie Reynolds, starring in the picture version of the musical Hit the Deck, likes checked gingham with lace, by Mr. Sidney.

Julie Andrews, lovely young English star of The Boy Friend, spends an hour of leisure in a long white acetate housecoat by Robert Rosenfeld.



FASHIONS FOR TWO

She has new loves in summer fashions—the hem-length cotton-coat-and-silk-dress costume, beautiful Paisleys from daytime dresses to bathing suits, the long basque and middy silhouette, the new range of lemon and golden yellows and sharp greens. She likes HIM in plain color shirts, everyday suits in fabrics that practically *won't* wrinkle, dress-up suits in cool dark shades of silk-linen. Men also note: pin-striped slacks and white ducks returning to fashion, worn with simple pull-overs or denim-blue jackets. These fashions for two are right for all hours of the day.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



WILHELA CUSHMA

Poolside cafeteria lunching—note covered-up look. The blue-and-white Paisley cotton bathing suit by Clare Pot has a tunic coat: Mexican pink wool-jersey slacks have a matching boat-neck-jersey pull-over. The wide-brimmed l and cotton-top bag by Bill Hawes. Men wear printed Sanforized-cotton shorts and shirt, linen shorts and a polo sh



To market (or to town on a hot day) in a chambray basque dress with pleated skirt by Kasper, all-white accessories—nylon sweater, straw bag, shell bracelet, straw-cloth sandals. With light-weight slacks, he wears a jacket of Dacron and cotton, easy to wash and requires no ironing.



They motor in clothes that are comfortable, and right for stopovers. She wears a beige linen sheath by Ann Fogarty, with a cashmere sweater in almond green by Bernhard Altmann. His jacket is raw silk, the trousers charcoal flannel.



Afternoon on the lawn—the long Paisley skirt could be a year-round fashion, by Rachel Andres, worn with a gold Indian-cotton top. Printed cotton pajamas are a new length. Men go in for mustard shades in linens and drills, and an Irish-linen Paisley-lined jacket.



She dances in printed silk twill in fresh green and white by Rappi. He wears black silk-linen trousers, with a pink shantung jacket, black calfskin moccasins.



Her coin-dot voile by Ben Barrack is a noon-to-dinnertime town dress, accented with golden yellow Milan hat by Lilly Dache. Late in the day he wears black silk-linen, patent-leather moccasins.



City and country cotton coat and silk shantung dress by Sidney Wragge. His suit in gray Dacron and worsted.



TIME FOR FUN, country style. For a surrey (or for any pleasant afternoon) the right dress is this pink ribbon-trimmed cotton and Dacron by Joan Lewine.



TIME FOR WEEKENDS. The cover-up duster is non-crush linen, goes over anything in her wardrobe, by Kenneth Tischler. Accent in bright orange scarf and bag.



WILHELA CUSHMAN

ANY TIME—sleeveless, pale yellow Swiss cotton with a new neckline, by Nornie Lanz, is a summertime dress for morning, noon or night, for marketing or movies. The bag is a breadbasket with crocheted top. The low-heeled sandals are white kidskin.



TIME TO DANCE—in a lemon stick-candy stripe and embroidered bare-necked cotton with a jacket for les dressy occasions, by Madeleine Fauth, white jewelry, sandal

SUMMER TIME IS FUN TIME

TIME for teens to wear clothes that are gay and full of news—stick-candy cottons, suspender dresses (and shorts), an eyelet bathing suit, a dance dress with a day jacket, a new hood to hold the hair. Colors are good enough to eat—lemon, tangerine, strawberry pinks. Both teens and twenties like these fashions. The trick is—variety and common sense (hold that budget) in the same breath. For example—the white coat, white or patent-leather sandals, cotton gloves go with everything. ▪ By RUTH MARY PACKARD



FOR BOATS OR BEACHES—sailcloth jacket by Raissa Masket and corduroy shorts, tangerine and lemon shades. Cotton hood. Bill Hawes.



COOL AND SLEEVELESS in a striped piqué dress by Nornie Lanz, another of those wonderful any-time-of-day dresses worn with a red leather bucket-bag, and red calfskin sandals.



BUDGET-MINDED cotton-and-Dacron suit, by Bill Atkinson, a pink ticking bag.



TIME TO SWIM in a white eyelet batiste bathing suit lined with pink cotton satin with pink velvet ribbon at waistline, by Tina Leser.

Lovable, tubbable synthetics . . .

The prettiest clothes for summer can be the easiest to care for too. It's the PLUS in the fabric that gives them extra appeal. Each of the synthetic fabrics on these pages is outstanding for one or many reasons. Each has been tested for washability in the JOURNAL *workshop. Some of the virtues of man-made fibers are: Quick drying PLUS little or no ironing. A silky hand PLUS durability. Novelty weaves PLUS crease resistance. Washability PLUS pleat retention. All of this PLUS lovely colors, gay prints, amusing stripes and many sizes of polka dots.*

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal

This happy blend of Fortisan and cotton looks silky and cool. It may be washed by machine or by hand. The stripes come in delightful colors, many widths. Vogue Design No. 8602.

RICHARD AVEDON



Orlon and cotton broadcloth in the prettiest shade of mauve. This sleeveless shirtwaist design has an interesting slot seam detail and pockets. We have added gingham flowers, gloves and belt in the same color. This dress may be washed by hand or machine, the fabric is very easy to iron. Vogue Design No. S-4601.



One of the sweetest flowe prints of the season is on a novelty rayon. It is colorfast and crease-resistant. The "Easy to Make" blouse is Vogue Design No. 8215. The skirt, the fabric a blend of Dynel, rayon and acetat is a complete circle, has been machine-pleated (w can tell you where to have it done). Skirt, Vogue Design No. 8109.



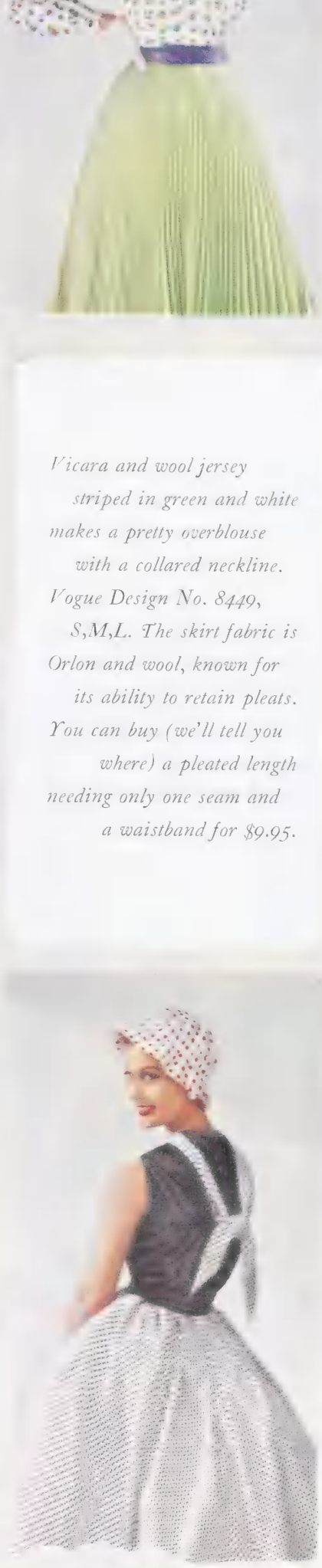
This heavenly shade of coral is just one of the many beautiful colors this all-rayon, linenlike fabric comes in. Colorfast, it retains its crease-resistant finish after washing. The design is "Very Easy to Make" and we have used a novelty cotton lace at the neckline. Vogue Design No. 8523.



A cool summer print in blue and white on acetate crepe. The skirt has unpressed pleats. Vogue Design No. 8507, 10 to 18. The waist-length jacket in Acrilan and silk jersey is lined in the print. Vogue Design No. 8504. Add chalk-white accessories. The nylon gloves are easy to wash, quick to dry.

©VOGUE

Vicara and wool jersey striped in green and white makes a pretty overblouse with a collared neckline. Vogue Design No. 8449, S,M,L. The skirt fabric is Orlon and wool, known for its ability to retain pleats. You can buy (we'll tell you where) a pleated length needing only one seam and a waistband for $9.95.





Polka dots are always a summer favorite, especiall when they wash and are crease-resistant. Our skir in Dacron surah is Vogu Design No. 8581. The sleeveless blouse is nylon mat jersey. Design No. 8590.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on page 92. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn., or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered

There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller

One of our town's more adventurous hostesses attempted to serve Italian pizza, Bombay curry and Russian blintzes all at one party. More sportsmen were laid low than when we all played touch football in our late twenties.

An Indian fishing guide once told me that dead-pan Indians laugh at redskins dressed up in Indian costumes. But we fun-loving whites don't crack a smile any more at each other in Bermuda shorts.

I told our youngest (15) that I wished I were as certain of even one thing as his high-school chums are of everything.

"Naturally, dad," he told me helpfully, "but you'll have to concentrate more."

So far my Dream Girl refuses my reasonable request to leave a fork or spoon with the icebox dishes of leftovers. She even covers 'em with an opaque rubber-rimmed doohickey so I can't tell which is spinach and which is hash.

Maybe my ardor has cooled slightly since the first summer of our marriage. I used to shoot the rabbits when my wife complained they were molesting her garden. Now I merely throw tennis balls at 'em.

This artificial masculine fashion, pink and black clothes, has gone too far. A fond young mother in our block is diapering her first-born son in pink and black, and I'll bet he resents it.

We don't hear quite so much about the fascination of foreign men. Let's see, do the Wacs and other girls in uniform marry foreigners overseas as enthusiastically as our men do?

I keep dreaming of an aluminum cruiser with two bunks and an outboard motor. But every time I look at the narrow berth I can picture my luxury-loving squaw heckling me from the shore road.

Our town's crusade to shame the gossips by a backfire of gossip about them seems to have blown up. The gossips dearly love the limelight, enjoy being gossiped about.

With the Army breathing down the back of his neck, Junior is vexed with the French. "You'd think that after we've bailed 'em out of two wars," he says, "they might try our way of preventing a third one."

We once lost a good 200-pound laundress because she stumbled across a harmless 6-ounce garter snake in our back yard. But my intrepid wife (bless her) isn't afraid of 'em even if they *are* harmless.

Every member of our family has had a spring cold; my own diagnosis (chiefly of myself) is that the common cold is caused more by nonfilterable self-pity than by a virus, and by a yearning for a day in bed.

"I've made no progress toward retrieving my socks, in my wife's mending box since 1946," admits Peter Comfort, stabbing a mole run with an old Jap bayonet. "Last time I mentioned it she reminded me that the Duke of Windsor likes to knit better'n she likes to darn."

My wife figures it cost us $1 a day to feed the birds during last winter's cold spells, and most of 'em were sparrows, not cardinals or blue jays. I'm trying to divert some of her enthusiasm into feeding a few edible geese and ducks, pets of my childhood.

I'm studying the American grandmother (two in our family). One fact that emerges is that grandmas know more about medicine than doctors do. Our kids are on the verge, after a burst of medical lore, of calling grandma "doc."



"He must hate us."

Alas, the tandem bike, our two-seater, is gone from the garage; it seems the end of an era. There were four bikes toppling over, and we sold it to buy a three-speed bike for the hills of Europe.

Our town is full of habitual globetrotters, and every mail brings us colorful post cards from Europe and Africa and faraway places around the world. . . . But our most determined travelers confess they hate to miss our early jonquils of May.

I have exploded in revolt against the soft, tasteless balls of dough served in our restaurants as "rolls." Bread can be edible, it can have a crisp crust; and no restaurateur can risk his customers' throwing even the softest rolls at him.

In our great state it's owners of roadside motels, hamburger stands and gas stations who oppose a new four-lane toll road; they've anted up $25 to $50 each to lobby agin it. As if traffic on their roads can vanish in this era of the three-car family!

By quizzing coeds during spring vacation I learn there are five stages in the rosy path from coed to bride: dating, exclusive dating, pinning, chaining and (happy day!) the engagement complete with ring, maybe! And a fraternity pin on a girl's chest is an engagement to become engaged.

Our youngest, eager to lose a few pounds, plunged into a study of diets. With eggs, sweetbreads and mushrooms cooked in a double boiler, and such dainties, he eats better on 1200 calories a day than I can on 3000; he's lost twenty-some pounds. (I'm putting myself in his hands.)

"My mother," muses Betty Comfort, attacking dandelions with her husband's hunting knife, "made us eat such potions as kale, rutabaga and parsnips. And I can't coax my blessed brats to nibble at minced ham and scrambled eggs."

A youthful grandmother in our block reports it's easy to amuse her grandson of two when her daughter stashes him with her. Grandma simply lets him play with the electric buttons in her convertible that raise and lower the windows.

One of the older apartment houses in our town has modernized itself by building a swimming pool at the rear. This gracious act was later clarified: The owner lives in the building, is too humane to enjoy swimming himself under the eyes of envious tenants peering from rear windows.

Under the impact of spring colds, a few of our town's cautious matrons wince when our Gallic types pucker up for the kiss of greeting. They dodge the lips of microbe and virus by deftly turning the cheek of affection.

. . . When Junior agrees that at his wedding he'll wear the shabby old checked gray necktie I wore when I was married,

. . . Or our daughter promises she'll never let her red hair turn dark or gray,

. . . And our youngest accurately dissects all the faults he claims he's inherited from me,

. . . And my favorite female draws up a schedule for long-distance phone calls when I depart on a trip,

Then I ask myself: What if we do get into each other's hair occasionally? Isn't that an occupational hazard of family life?



SOL LIBSOHN

Jimmy Robinson had never been in trouble—official trouble—until the night when he led three other boys, older and bigger, on a wild rampage of destruction. They shot out all the street lights for six blocks with BB guns, broke headlights of every car parked on the street, smashed twenty windows in the junior high school and smeared paint on the steps and walls.

Next morning Jimmy and his parents appeared before Judge George Smyth, who has created a remarkable juvenile court—bolstered by attendant social services—which follows his personal humanitarian blueprint. Judge Smyth's sympathy and warmth, his patience, most particularly his burning interest in understanding and helping every child in difficulties with the law, were put at fourteen-year-old Jimmy's command. The judge talked informally to Jimmy and his parents, he talked to Jimmy's teachers, he conferred at length with the guidance counselor at his school. Jimmy was declared a delinquent child, a ward of the court, and was placed on probation. A trained probation officer, who shared Judge Smyth's philosophy and beliefs, was assigned to advise and guide the youngster. It was Judge Smyth's hope and his intention to bring about a change in Jimmy's future conduct and in his way of thinking. Why did Jimmy lead the vandals?

"Everything was so dull," was all the boy could tell the judge, "that I just decided it was time to stir up a little excitement."

"At times it almost seems that problem youngsters must get worse before they get better."

Can this Child be Saved?

HIS MOTHER'S STORY: "The trouble started at the supper table," said Mary Robinson. "If Jimmy and his dad hadn't got in one of their arguments Jimmy might have stayed in and done his homework instead of going to the village and getting mixed up in the trouble at the junior high. Supper was late that evening—someway I didn't get started in time—and Miller, my husband, got to yelling he was hungry and calling me names. Jimmy kept still for a while—he was trying to study in the kitchen, since his little sisters were making an awful racket in the living room—but then Miller gave me a shove. Jimmy's nose got kind of white and pinched. He jumped up and spoke a few words on my side.

"Of course that infuriated his dad. Miller has a nasty disposition, a flaming temper which he blames on a bad stomach. In my opinion it's just natural meanness; he wants to make Jimmy's life and my life a misery. Anyhow, Miller was reminded that during the afternoon Jimmy had borrowed his tools without receiving permission and had not put them back where they belong. He called Jimmy a lot of names, bad names. Jimmy gave him a back answer. Whereupon Miller snatched a plate from the table and let it fly. The plate barely missed Jimmy's head.

"Jimmy took off through the closest door. As he ran by me I saw his face and it was pale with fear. Later, when Miller went in the other room, I threw a coat around my shoulders and slipped out to hunt for Jimmy. If the twins got hungry, I figured Miller could cook something for them to eat.

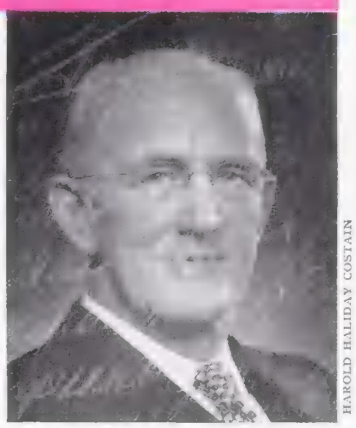
"I walked to the shopping and business section of the village and looked everywhere I could think of. Jimmy tells me nothing about what he does or how he spends his time when he's away from home, but I'd seen gangs of kids congregated in a downtown candy shop and at the bowling alley. Jimmy wasn't in either of those places. Or if he was, I didn't see him. Finally I had to go home. A long while later, after midnight, a policeman brought Jimmy back and told us what he'd done.

"It wasn't the first time I had walked the streets looking for our son," Mary Robinson continued. "Jimmy is just fourteen years old and yet his dad is forever driving him out of the house. He treats him like a dog. I well remember an evening two years ago when Jimmy was twelve. There was a school-band concert and Jimmy, who used to be awfully good in music, was to play a clarinet solo. All the parents were invited to attend, but my husband and I didn't go. I had no decent dress to wear and Miller dislikes music—he always complained when Jimmy practiced. Well, when Miller undressed for bed, he discovered that his best necktie was missing. Naturally he knew where the necktie had gone. It was ten o'clock when Jimmy returned. The boy's eyes were dancy and he was feeling pleased and proud of himself. The only thing his dad had eyes for was that necktie. Jimmy had spilled ice cream on it.

"Miller roared and lunged at Jimmy, who vanished into the yard. That time he was gone until nearly morning. I was half sick—I'm inclined to be delicate—and I didn't have the strength to walk to the village. I did go outside and call and call. It was midnight before I crawled in bed. Toward morning I was awakened by a kind of scratch-scratching noise on the roof, as though a mouse or squirrel was nibbling. I went and poked my head out the window.

"There atop the roof was Jimmy. He had straddled the ridgepole and

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HAROLD HALIDAY COSTAIN

JUDGE GEORGE SMYTH

In sharp contrast to the alarming national picture, the rate of juvenile delinquency in Westchester County, New York, has decreased *by almost one third. Credit for this outstanding record belongs largely to Judge George Smyth, judge of the Children's Court, authority on preventive law, but perhaps best known as the children's champion. During his twenty-five years on the bench, Judge Smyth has dealt thoughtfully with the varied problems of some 65,000 children, yet in all this welter of troubles he has never lost sight of the individual problem, the individual child. That is one of the secrets of his success.*


Menu
Shrimp Soup
Broiled Steak
Sautéed Mushrooms
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes
New Potatoes
Tossed Salad—Roquefort Dressing
Pan Rolls
Peach Angel Pie
Coffee
(Planned for 6)



STUART-FOWLER

Some Sunday in May

By Ann Batchelder

Pick a fresh bouquet
from the garden and set the table with your best dishes
and silver—it's Sunday.

I WILL give you a riddle. You guess it. It isn't hard nor subtle and has an answer that will make everyone cry for more, as folks clap for a third encore. It's about ten inches across, it sizzles briefly, it has tenderness and texture and is a rare delight. The benighted who demand that it be "well done" should be removed to a quiet spot under a sycamore tree, to meditate. You guessed it. What is so rare as a luscious, juicy porterhouse steak? I ask you. And what could more fittingly celebrate a golden Sunday in May? That will be our chef-d'oeuvre.

As a prelude to this main event, something delicate and not too demanding is in order. My suggestion is shrimp soup. Here's the receipt to start off your Sunday dinner on a May day.

Shrimp Soup

Place 3 unopened cans frozen condensed cream-of-shrimp soup in warm water for 2 or 3 minutes. Empty contents of cans into a saucepan. Add 3 cans water or milk (I think it's far better with milk) as desired. Heat until it is all melted. Stir and stir. Then taste and add a dash or two of Tabasco if you like it snappy. Bring the soup just to a boil and serve. Garnish with minced chives.

Now, leaping from lightness to a more substantial plane, we've come to the chief reason for all of this—and here is the how and why of it:

Broiled Steak

Pick out a 2″-thick porterhouse steak. Have your butcher grind the tail end and fasten the ground beef back in place with a skewer. Before he does this get him to trim away most of the fat or you'll be frying instead of broiling your steak. Slash what's left of the fat so it won't curl during broiling. Preheat the broiler. Place the steak on a greased rack, about 3″ away from the heat. Broil until one side is well seared. Season with salt and pepper and turn it over with a broad spatula—two are better. Finish browning on the other side. Season and serve on a heated platter with mushroom caps which have been sautéed in butter or margarine, and with *sauce Robert*. Better less sauces in bottles than a skimping of butter. But better still are

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Ethel Barrymore

MEMORIES

"Looking back I discover, rather to my astonishment and disappointment, that I have never been able to bear malice toward anybody—although there have been plenty of opportunities for it!"



CULVER

Rare picture of the Barrymores together—Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, John Drew Colt, Lionel, Ethel, Ethel Barrymore Colt, Dolores Costello Barrymore, little Ethel Dolores Barrymore, John with small son John Blythe, and Sammy Colt.



CULVER

Sammy and Ethel with mother in L'Aiglon, 1934. "Sister, the dancer, took ballet lessons in order to make her entrance on the points of her toes. Nobody ever noticed—they just took it for granted that she could walk on her toes."

CONCLUSION

AFTER another interlude of vaudeville in "The Twelve Pound Look" I had a sudden longing for England. Although I could stay for only a few days, I went over. I sent a note to Winston Churchill, asking him to send me a ticket for the ladies' gallery at the House of Commons. He sent me one by his secretary, Sir Edward March, and he and Winston and I had tea together in Winston's rooms.

Everything else in England—the place, the people, everything—seemed different to me. The only thing that didn't seem to have changed was the House of Commons.

While I was there a man on a back bench stood up and made a wonderful speech about a very dull subject. It was Lloyd George, out of power, without responsibilities. He was so funny that all the Conservatives were laughing.

When I came back to New York, I could not find a new play that I liked, and Arthur Hopkins suggested the revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which was and is another of my favorite plays. I have always thought it was a great play apart from the fact that it was epoch-making—the first play written in England that can be called a problem play, the first one in which an English heroine had been a lady of the half-world.

Although it had been originally produced more than thirty years earlier, it proved to be an extraordinary success, both in New York and on tour, and I played it all through the season. I remember how deeply Amy Lowell, a very hard person to please, was moved by it. In my dressing room in Boston she said, "Only Duse has moved me like this."

I was thrilled by that. She was a wonderful person, Amy Lowell. Always when I played in Boston, I would go one day to lunch in Brookline at her house. There would always be other women there, but Miss Lowell never lunched with us, because she worked all night. She would appear about three o'clock and talk to us about everything under the sun, smoking a large, very expensive cigar.

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VANDAMM



"We played every city in the country in The Corn is Green, and then went straight back and played exactly the same cities over again."

TONI FRISSELL—COURTESY HARPERS BAZAAR

"*The house at Mamaroneck is twenty-one miles from New York and might just as well be a million. The garden is filled with orange zinnias, snapdragons and cornflowers. Young apple trees I planted are great trees now. Ethel and Jackie were born there, and Ethel still lives there.*" *With daughter Ethel (Mrs. Romeo Miglietta) and grandson John Drew Miglietta.*

PHIL BURCHMAN



"*Making Rasputin with Lionel and John was one of the very few times we were all together after our early childhood. Of course there is no truth in the stories that were published about quarrels between us. We were actors doing a job—and besides, we didn't know each other well enough to quarrel.*"

Line a Day

1 After all the snow they could use up in the mountains and down in the valleys, it's all over and we're back on schedule again. That means we are going a-Maying. "Oh, that we two" and all that sort of thing.

2 Ice-cream molds are back in style—but much less fancy than the elaborate flower forms of long ago. The new ones combine ice cream and sherbet, and are sold at frozen-food counters. Try them with a cloak of sweetened fresh berries.

3 Mousses and ice creams are first cousins, so I must tell you about an easy coffee mousse:

4 Dissolve 1½ teaspoons instant coffee in ½ cup heavy cream. Whip until thick but not stiff. There's a difference, Abigail. Add ½ cup marshmallow crème and continue whipping until stiff. Flavor with vanilla and freeze without stirring.

5 Before you go out into the garden, Maud, mix up a batch of pancakes for breakfast. Use one of the mixes to save time, but add buttermilk instead of milk or water. They go fast!

6 And, anent pancakes, here's an honor trick: Mix ½ cup pancake mix, ½ cup corn-meal-muffin mix, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted shortening and ¾ cup milk. Do as you would with any pancake, and serve with hot melted butter and honey, or your favorite sirup. It's the corn-meal-muffin mix that makes the difference.

7 Mothers with small children tugging at their apron strings know that unless a fairy godmother appears, they'll still be the chefs on Mother's Day. So, make it easy, girls, with something new and festive. Like the following:

8 Combine 1½ tablespoons Worcestershire, 3 tablespoons frozen orange-juice concentrate, ½ teaspoon paprika and 1½ tablespoons honey. Mix until smooth. Season 2 split broilers with salt and pepper, brush with the sauce, broil, and baste frequently. (With the sauce, of course.)

9 Babies love pink as much as their mothers do. New for the high-chair set is a strawberry-flavored rennet dessert. And for the grownups, sprinkle it with coconut.

10 To a mixed green salad add a few broken sardines and quartered hard-cooked eggs. For luncheon—with crisp crackers.

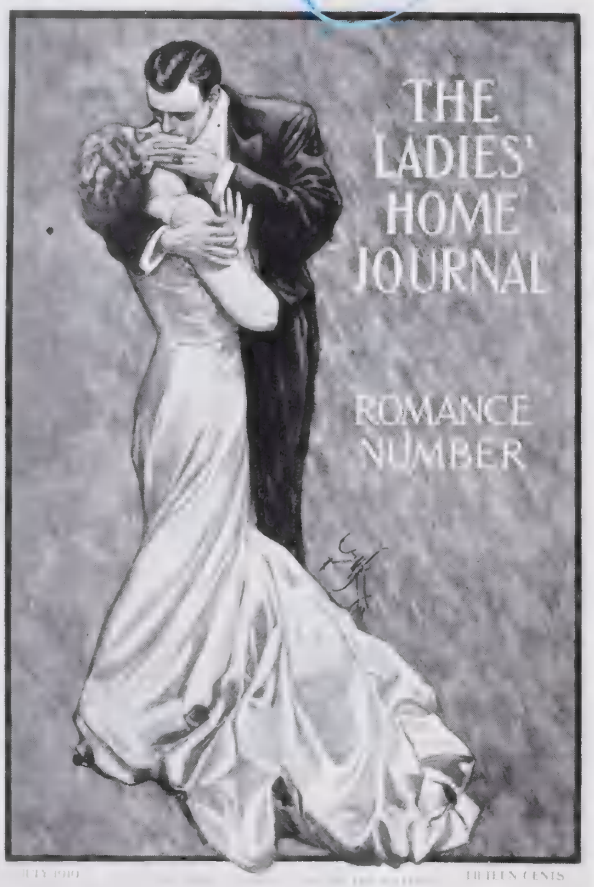
11 The platter of cold sliced ham gets a gourmet touch when garnished with canned cling-peach halves, their centers filled with pickle relish.

12 Variation on the cranberry-orange relish theme: combine 2 parts jellied cranberry sauce with 1 part orange marmalade. Delicious with cold turkey or chicken. And, believe it or not, wonderful on the breakfast toast or muffins. Try it—and let me know.

13 *Prosciutto*—an Italian ham—is delicious before you settle down to a satisfactory lunch. A slice or two of the *prosciutto*, cut as thin as gauze—and a thin slice of honeydew melon. Why they go together so well nobody knows. But they do.

14 And here's another unusual appetizer. Take bread sticks, wrap each stick about halfway down with thin slices of *prosciutto*. Arrange like the spokes of a wheel on a round platter. The unwrapped part of each stick serves as a sort of handle or holder while you nibble the ham-wrapped part. Make plenty. They go fast.

15 Omelets aren't given so much to sauces outside as they are to surprises inside. But a mushroom-herb sauce is an exception. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, add 2 tablespoons flour and make a roux. Add the liquor drained from 2 cans mushrooms, adding enough good broth to make 1 cup. Stir until smooth and bubbling. Add the mushrooms, season to taste, then add minced chives, cress and tarragon. Heat to boiling and pour over your omelet. Don't wait for the night-blooming cereus to bloom before serving.



The JOURNAL'S *mail room was kept even busier than usual filling thousands of requests for pinup copies of this daring cover by highly popular Harrison Fisher, in 1910. An "interesting idea" was proposed that same year: to advance the clock one hour from May 1 to October 1. "At first glance it seems foolish and impossible," said the* JOURNAL, *"but tremendous advantages are apparent."*

16 If you plan a no-meat omelet meal, garnish the omelet platter with grilled sugared apple slices. Serve with hot date muffins, a simple salad and coffee unlimited. And you've got a meal!

17 Tea may be the cup that cheers, but not unless it is the right tea, made right. There are almost as many kinds of tea as there are people to drink it. Tea has personality, as have people. Try to fit one to the other.

18 Tea parties are in vogue again and have been for a spell. Have the water fresh and freshly boiling. Always scald the pot before you make the tea. Real tea drinkers seldom take cream. The more experienced take it plain or with lemon.

19 For a touch of fancy, you might stud the lemon slices with cloves. And there are those who like an inch or so of stick cinnamon in their tea.

20 Speaking of bananas—as we were not, but will—baked bananas are a dish to consider. Peel 6 firm bananas and arrange in a shallow greased baking dish. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle generously with brown sugar. Bake 15–20 minutes in a 375° F. oven. Read on.

21 Serve the bananas with a sauce made from a coconut-cream pudding mix—bananas warm, sauce chilly.

22 You're having broiled chicken? For Sunday dinner? Company coming? Before you put the chicken under the broiler, sprinkle it generously with ground ginger. Baste often with melted butter or margarine. The tang and snap of the spice sets your guests to asking, "What did you do to this chicken? It's dreamy."

23 Welsh rarebit comes in jars, all ready to heat and serve. It's good to have the ready-made variety on hand, just in case. For a change, you might serve your rarebit on grilled tomato slices reposing on toast which is first spread with anchovy paste or chutney.

24 For an hors d'oeuvre to be served before or with chicken, fill largish mushroom caps with chopped cooked chicken livers moistened with cream, seasoned rather highly, then broil them.

25 There are sixty-five kinds of soup—so they tell us—and there is always a new one in the offing. A lot of soups are improved by combining with other soups. For instance, chicken soup becomes an entirely different thing if married to a clam bisque or a madrilene. And chicken soup is always popular if added to a tomato creation.

26 *Just-a-thought department:* Next time you make cupcakes, add a handful of raisins which you have first dusted with cinnamon, sugar and a little flour.

27 Hot buttered biscuits always make a hit. Before cutting out the biscuits, spread half the dough with soft butter, lay the other half on top, and cut out the biscuits. Bake as usual. When baked they will be found sufficiently buttered, and ready to fill with jam or marmalade, if you like.

28 Drain a can of mixed vegetables. Toss with a good French dressing. Chill thoroughly to blend the flavors. Heap on crisp greens. And there you have a wonderful—and so easy—salad.

29 Season prune juice with a dash of ground cloves and a dash of allspice. Chill to a fare-thee-well. Serve for breakfast with a wedge of lemon.

30 For Johnny's lunch box: mix together a 3-ounce package cream cheese, 3 tablespoons apricot jam and 2 tablespoons chopped nuts. It's a sandwich filling, and will appeal to his—or Mary Jane's—sweet tooth.

31 Vacations will soon be on the agenda. I guess most plans for that looked-forward-to interval of fun and leisure are already made. Got made during the long winter. They helped to take the edge off the bitter cold, lowered the drifts of snow we got so tired of. But now it's May. Fishing season. And knowing what I know, I know where I'll be going. Do you?

Your ANNIE.

By Ann Batchelder

Just your dish . . .

4 Chicken Soups

the way you like them best!



Like it light and soothing? Try Chicken with Rice—a delicate blend of fluffy rice and chicken simmered in golden broth.

Like a good old-fashioned soup? Try Chicken Noodle—delicious egg noodles and tender chicken in a nourishing broth.





Like your soup creamy-smooth? Try Cream of Chicken—tempting cubes of chicken in broth enriched with country cream.

Like one with vegetables? Try Chicken Gumbo—pieces of plump chicken mingled with tomatoes, rice, celery and okra.



Quick—nutritious—and simply delicious!

4 Great Chicken Soups by *Campbell's*

"I saw few die of hunger... of eating, a hundred thousand."

Benj. Franklin

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK—1736



Benjamin Franklin's observation that he saw more people die from eating than from starvation is certainly pertinent today when so much overweight is due to overeating.

Are you one of the 25 million Americans who are forced to loosen the belt a notch or two . . . or who are having trouble making the hooks and eyes meet?

If so, the chances are better than 9 out of 10 that your extra pounds have accumulated because you are either eating more, or you have made no changes in your food habits as you have grown older, or you have become less active.

When you store up weight, you are also likely to store up future troubles. These could include diabetes, gall bladder and kidney disorders, heart disease or high blood pressure . . . to mention a few.

In fact, studies show that the death rate from all causes is 22 percent higher for people who are from 5 to 14 percent overweight than for people of normal weight. Among people who are 25 percent overweight, mortality is about 75 percent higher.

If you are overweight, why delay the obvious advantages of reducing? Before you start to reduce, however, there are some pitfalls you will want to know about and avoid.

First are the drastic dietary fads which usually limit you to a few foods, and second is the indiscriminate use of so-called "reducing pills." Only when overweight is accompanied by a serious disease . . . such as dangerously high blood pressure . . . may quick reducing be desirable.

The safe and sane diet is the one that reduces you *slowly* . . . two to three pounds per week . . . and that *permanently* keeps you at your best weight. In fact, throughout adult life it is a good rule to keep your weight at slightly below the level that is normal for your age and body build, or bone structure.

It is always wise to let your doctor decide what you should weigh and, equally important, let him plan your reducing diet. He will see to it that your meals are properly balanced, especially in protein, vitamin and mineral content.

Do not expect too much too soon when you start dieting. It took a long time to acquire those surplus pounds . . . and it will take time to lose them. If you want to keep check on your progress, weigh yourself weekly, rather than day to day. If you stick to your diet, your weekly weighings will eventually show how much you are losing in weight.

Once your weight is down, try to avoid any return to your old ways of overeating . . . and gaining. For *permanent* weight control usually brings a rich reward—*better health and added years in which to enjoy it.*

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.
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UP HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

"Yes, sir, auburn. So you missed it a mile there, didn't you? But the place to start is at the beginning." She began to rock softly. "We was a big family of kids, father was a brickmason, and the old home place was in Fairbury, Jefferson County, Nebraska. Well, sir, when I was fifteen years old I went to Omaha where my aunt lived, mamma's oldest sister, Aunt Ebba. Awful nice woman but hard up like everybody else. I wasn't only there three or four days when I got me a job as hired girl to a lady named Mrs. Dotterer. Widow, she was. She had gray hair slicked down tight and wore a little black lace cap with ribbons hanging down and a three-cornered shawl over her shoulders. Me being such a youngster, I thought she was as old as the hills, but she was only around fifty or so."

"Good to you, was she?" Linnea asked sympathetically.

Mrs. Troon thought about that. "Well, I'll tell you," she said. "She was built delicate, looked like you could give a good big blow and off she'd sail. Small hands and feet which she drew to your attention every once in a while so you'd notice and maybe comment. She was ladylike, and she was soft-spoken, but she had this eight-room house, and from getting up till going to bed she had me on the go. What would you think of somebody wanting the kitchen floor wiped up twice a day? What would you think of somebody that didn't only want the dusting done but made you take a little stick with a swab of cotton on it to probe into the curlicues on the furniture? What would you think of somebody that wanted the leaves of the house plants washed and dried every day like they was chinaware?"

Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that. —JAMES M. BARRIE

"I'd say she was a fanatic," Linnea said.

"That's what she was," Mrs. Troon said, "a dyed-in-the-wool fanatic. She'd make a grab at her heart and act like she was on the verge of keeling over if a chair was so much as a inch out of place. I seen her once when she found a cobweb hanging down from the ceiling in the spare bedroom. I tell you, I thought we was going to have to call in a doctor."

"Mean, was she?"

Mrs. Troon considered. "I'll tell you how she was. Her meanness was all covered up and hid under nice ladylike manners and soft-spoken ways till you didn't know *what* you was dealing with. She'd get her way acting like the dear good Saviour suffering on the cross. Nobody could budge her, she was stubborner'n a mule, but she'd fool you with her littleness and soft words and the easy way she'd break down and shed a few tears whenever things wasn't going just to suit her. Her poor boy!" Mrs. Troon said.

"Widow, you say she was?"

"Left with this one son. Leonard Dotterer. Eighteen years old at the time I went to work there, going on nineteen, and the palest, skinniest, nervousest boy you ever seen in your life. He took violin lessons, and he'd saw away there in the dining room hour after hour while she'd tat, sitting on the edge of a straight chair. She took special pride in never sitting in a soft chair she could lean back against and have a little comfort. Anyway, this boy of hers did all his practicing there under her eyes. I noticed right away that she never seemed to want to let him get off by himself. If he'd pick up his book and maybe start off for his room, she'd stop him. You know how a girl will kind of pout around her sweetheart? Well, that's how she'd do around him. She'd call out something and poor Leonard would stop and sigh like this"—Mrs. Troon heaved a big sigh—"and then turn around and come back and sit down again. Many a time I heard her say, 'So you don't want your old mother's company no more? Well, you'll have many a long year without her when she's buried in the ground—probably it's a good idea for you to get used to it!' and back he'd come like a pet lamb t to a rope."

"Didn't he have no friends?" Linnea ask "Didn't he have to work? Didn't he go out

"Sickly, she claimed he was," Mrs. Tro said. "Always had been, she claimed. H a teacher come and learn him lessons at ho so he wouldn't have to go to school where kids might be rough with him and it might too hot or too cold. Never had no friends age. But he had a good-sized frame on h and would of been like anybody else if h of been brought up right. The way I figur she started in on him early to keep him sic and delicate so he'd never get out of her sig and she worked it so slick he never kn what happened and she had him just wh she wanted him."

"What became of the husband?"

"Mr. Dotterer? Oh, he died. Caught sor thing and died, I forget just what, wh Leonard was only five or six. Left her house and money coming in every mo from somewhere, enough to get along Well, anyway, here she was, with only t interests in life—Leonard, and that eig room house—when I went there to work. S never let me slack off a minute, I can tell y and when I got done with one thing, she h something else lined up. I had Sundays when I'd go to Aunt Ebba's, and the we used to seem pretty long drawn out, I tell you, from one Sunday to the next. Es cially after I got me a be and started to do a li sparking on the side." M Troon smiled to hers "I didn't more'n half thi so at the time, but no guess it won't hurt non I say that I believe I m of been quite a pretty in my day."

"I can well believe i Linnea said. "I would of liked to of s you then."

"I had my picture took right about t time. Me and my Cousin Cora went and h our pictures took together, with our ar around each other's waists. You remind to get it out and show you sometime. C was Aunt Ebba's second-youngest girl, t years older'n me, which made her sevent at the time, with black hair and blue ey Her and me was awful thick when I first w to Omaha, but later on a kind of cooln sprung up betwixt us. We never was th again, though Cora didn't only die last y aged seventy-four. Just imagine, she was a maid—the only one in the whole family. reason was, she had this sweetheart— Troon, his name was. About twenty years at the time. Just as sickly and timid and girl as Leonard Dotterer was, as big and hu and manly Ed Troon was. I never seen suc man for muscles. He was a blacksmith, a rassled on the side, and took pride in heft the heaviest things he could find, a barre flour, or a big rock, or a half-grown c anything he happened to come across. I ne seen such a man for grabbing ahold of so thing heavy and giving it a lift. Well, sir, was Cora's beau! She'd been keeping co pany with him four or five months whe come to Omaha. She was awful sweet on h Cora was, and the family didn't think it going to be long till she would have a propo on her hands. But there ain't much you count on in this old life. I hadn't only s this Ed Troon five or six times when he dr poor Cora like a hot potato and the first th I know, he's down on his knees to me!"

Linnea nodded, rapt. "And you not kn ing *what* to do on account of your p cousin. I can just imagine," she said.

"The way it happened, it was my Sun off," Mrs. Troon said, "and I was down my aunt's, and then the girls' beaux there, Maud's and Florence's and then Ed Troon, Cora's beau. I was wearing green wool dress with the corded trimm on it and the tight jacket, and I had my co

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Each time you wash your face...
your skin "*dies*" a little

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, skin specialists have discovered, when your skin is unable to defend itself against these dreaded complexion problems:

A shriveled look . . . cracking . . . coarseness, large pores. The danger periods begin immediately after you have washed your face. When you wash away dirt, you also remove the skin's natural protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. During these hours of "un-balance"—your defenseless skin "dies" a little.

fter each washing—
"re-balance" your skin

om the time you are in your teens right on rough the "maturing years," your skin is open this problem of "un-balance" after washing.

The shiny, "skinned" look . . . the taut feel
Flaky patches on your cheeks . . . a blotchy color

on't ignore these *small* warnings—for in the 1 3 hours Nature takes to re-protect your skin, uch worse problems often begin. Vital *inside* oisture evaporates, surface skin "shrivels." y lines deepen. Oxidized skin secretions rden in pore-openings—cause stretched res, blackheads.

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sides "re-balancings" after each washing, your n needs a *thorough clearing* at night. Pond's ld Cream dislodges water-resistant dirt from e pores. Leaves your skin *immaculate.*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

beads on. I washed my hair the night before, with rain water, and the style then was to part it in the middle with a few long curls hanging down to each side like shavings. I must of looked pretty nice, I guess, but my, Cora looked pretty too—she was wearing her cherry-red serge—and I never any more thought Ed Troon would give her up for *me* —— Now, wait a minute, I'm fibbing, because I did think so. I might as well come right out and say it. Them brown eyes of his just fairly leaped out at me every time I come anywheres near him, and even when I was out in the kitchen helping with the dishes, I could feel he had me on his mind and was wishing I'd mosey on back into the parlor. You've saw one of them magnets shaped like a horseshoe. You've saw how a nail or a hairpin or anything will grab right ahold of it or know the reason why. Well, I might as well say so. The minute we seen each other, we was just like that, so pulled and drawn and stuck on each other we didn't know what to do. But I never let on and he never let on, until this particular Sunday down to my aunt's. It got along towards eight and it was time for me to get on back to Mrs. Dotterer's, so I says good-by all around and run upstairs to get my hat and coat. I put them on and tied my black net scarf under my chin and went down, and who should be standing in the front hall but this Ed Troon.

"'I'm going with you,' he says, and somehow or other neither of us looked the other in the eye, for it seemed if we had, there would of been a explosion. 'I'm going to escort you,' he says.

"'Why, you needn't do that, Mr. Troon,' I says, my heart beating like a drum and my breath so short that I couldn't hardly manage to get the words out normal.

"'The streets is dangerous for a young girl like you,' he says. 'There's footpads and one thing and another,' he says.

"Just then Cora slid back one of the parlor doors and stepped out into the hall, her face looking very funny and pale. She heard what he said, because she said, 'Oh, Stacey can walk along with her'—Stacey was her youngest brother, twelve years old—and then she called back over her shoulder, 'Stacey!' and Stacey stuck his head out the door wondering what was wanted. 'Mr. Troon here thinks it ain't safe for Rhoda to walk home alone,' she said, 'so you get your hat and go with her.'

"'Oh, I ain't afraid, I always go by myself,' I says, and I know I'm red as a beet.

"'It ain't necessary for Stacey to walk with her,' Ed Troon says then. 'I'm going anyway and I will walk with her.'

"NOT knowing what else to do, I opened the front door and was outside and down the steps before you could say 'Christ the Redeemer.' But I didn't get far, because here was Ed Troon right behind me grabbing my arm and saying for me to wait, because we was to keep company from then on and he couldn't be no sweeter on anybody than he was on me. You may imagine I was just flabbergasted. And right behind him come Cora, tearing out the front door left wide open and the light shining out.

"'You little no-account,' she says to me, 'you vixen. Don't you never come near our house again!'

"Well, them was my only relatives and me a girl of fifteen in a strange city with nobody to turn to and away from home and homesick for my folks. I started to bawl right there in the street. That was the first night it snowed that winter and the snowflakes was just starting to come down.

"Mr. Troon put his arm around me and hunted for his handkerchief. 'Don't you cry, honey!' he says. Then he says to Cora, 'That ain't no way to treat kinfolk. She can't help because I'm sweet on her instead of you.'

"'Oh, she can't, can't she?' says Cora 'Ain't I watched her do everything in he power to get you away from me?'

"'I ain't either,' I says, still bawling, and really never done nothing deliberately.

"AUNT EBBA come to the doorway then an looked out. 'What you children doing ou there in the street with the door left wid open?' she says. 'Come right back in an we'll get to the bottom of this!' Well, sir, w went in, me just ready to fall dead and bawlin like my heart would break, and Ed Troo with his arm about my shoulders and whi as a sheet, and Cora red in the face and he eyes glittering. 'I never seen the like,' say Aunt Ebba, looking from one to the other o us, 'and here ten minutes ago you was a playing button, button who's got the butto as nice as you please!'"

"If that wasn't something," Linnea sai "That's a real love story, sure." Reluctantl she went to the sink, washed the potatoes tha stood there in the pan and put them on th stove, dropping in a handful of salt and pu ting the lid on tight. "What happened next You got me on pins and needles."

"Oh, Aunt Ebba straightened us out, th three of us," Mrs. Troon said. "Ed Troo declared himself, said he couldn't hold it bac no longer. Cora run up to her room bawling-

DUSK OF MAY

By CHARLES G. BELL

Now every willow leaf
Like a new moon braids
The tender twilight
Where the new moon rides.
Let us sit in the dusk
Remembering.
All things are crescent
In the returning spring.

I was bawling, too, bu I quit after a bit—an then the first thing w knowed, here we wa in the dining room wit Maud and Florence an their beaux and Stace and Uncle Wellingto crowded around us, an the family asking us t name the day and josl ing us and all like that

"He proposed the did he?"

"Oh, yes, naturall He proposed right awa in the hall, right in fro of Aunt Ebba and Cor before she ran upstair Which was why she di I imagine."

"And you said yes?

"You might say s And then I laid my head on Aunt Ebba breast and went to work bawling again."

"And Cora never forgive you? Not whe you was married or nothing? Didn't you ha your wedding at your Aunt Ebba's?"

"Yes, we did. One year later, almost to th day. But Cora never did forgive me. Oh, she speak and like that, but we wasn't lik cousins no more but like perfect stranger She's dead now, poor Cora, died last yea going on seventy-five, a old maid till h dying day, the only one in the family." Mr Troon yawned again.

"And then you got married?" Linnea sai taking the teakettle to the sink and pumpin fresh water. When she set it down full on th stove, the stray water drops rolled like me cury across the slick, scorching surface befo they popped.

Mrs. Troon nodded. "We sparked eac other a year while he got us a two-room hou built and got it partly furnished and I got hope box together; no easy matter, with Mr Dotterer on my trail from daylight till be time—'Do this, Rhoda, do that.' But by bu ing my own coal oil so Mrs. Dotterer wouldn notice how much I was getting away with the lamp, I managed to hem my linens an do my crocheting and embroidering—and pieced a quilt too. Sometimes my right han would ache clear up to the elbow from holdin the needle or the crochet hook and going it so hard. But it wasn't so bad. I knowed was going to soon be over and I'd sit the sewing away, thinking about my weddin dress of Indian muslin and the lace veil was going to have, and my folks coming u from Fairbury, Jefferson County, to the we ding. I'd think about the wedding presen we was going to get, what they would like be, from ma and pa and Aunt Ebba an Uncle Wellington and the rest of the fami

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R WORK
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and maybe even Mrs. Dotterer and some of our old friends. When I'd get too worked up thinking about all that, why, then I'd change over and think of the house Ed Troon was building, two nice rooms and a lean-to."

"You thought about Mr. Troon, too, I guess," Linnea ventured. She was sitting by the table now with her chin on her hands watching Mrs. Troon, not a drowsy old lady but small-bosomed Rhoda with bright red hair, sewing on her linens in her chilly little room at midnight, her lamp burning secretly and her dreams wandering all around like tourists in a castle. "I guess you thought about him sometimes."

"I did," Mrs. Troon said, staring into the open grate where flames danced over the red coals. "I thought about him. He was an awful strong fellow, Mr. Troon was. Awful handsome fellow, too, if I do say so myself. He was as straight as a string, with curly black hair. And doing fine at the blacksmith's trade. Doing fine. So I'd be took from the back-breaking long weary hours and set right down in my own house, with a good provider to see to things, and live happy ever after."

"You did, too, I'll bet, didn't you?" Linnea asked while Rhoda went like dew.

"No, I didn't," Mrs. Troon said. She blinked and then she turned her head and looked at Linnea. "Why, it all turned out so different that—it all turned out so different ——"

"Mamma!" It was Rudie, banging on the screen door. "I just seen papa turn the corner!"

"You run and meet him!" Linnea said, jumping up.

Trying not to hurry so that it was conspicuous, she went to the wall by the window and peeked into the tiny diamond-shaped looking glass that hung there, tucking up a strand of blond hair and biting her lips to make them red, like a foolish young girl.

Mrs. Troon pretended not to notice. "I'll finish the story some other time," she said. "Eventually it leads up to what I got on my conscience, and how I done what it was I done ——"

"You're sure a fine one for making a person curious," Linnea said. "Tell me ——" But there was that step! She started for the door, to unhook the screen.

"No, dearie," Mrs. Troon said. "Not now. You got more important things on your mind and there's another day tomorrow."

Mamma said if June come up with a day like this, what could you expect of August? It was that important date, the twenty-first, the day of the baby contest down at the fairgrounds, when the winner of the title of Most Beautiful Baby in Salt Lake City was to be given the illustrious gold wicker baby buggy that had been on exhibition in Dinwoodie's Furniture Store window so long, or twenty-five dollars in money instead. It was going to be hot, that was certain, but you couldn't beat it for looks, at least until it really warmed up. There was a bright blue sky without a cloud that morning, and no breeze. Gertrude and Stellie went out early, taking turns carrying Myra, for they wanted to show her off around the neighborhood before they started off for the fairgrounds and the contest.

PAPA was home the night before and Myra had had a dress rehearsal. Gertrude and Stellie, with much murmuring in the bedroom, dressed her up exactly the way she was going to appear at the contest, in her full-skirted, puff-sleeved blue-and-white zephyr-gingham dress (only just finished by mamma) with the pearl buttons upon it and the white lace around the neck and sleeves. With this she wore nice black cotton stockings pinned up tight to her diaper, little black buttoned shoes and a starched white bonnet.

Various details about the plan worried mamma, who voiced them after the chorus of admiration, which came not only from the audience but from the loving little exhibitors themselves, had somewhat died down. Mamma said that while Myra was, of course, the sweetest sight imaginable, they were not to suppose for one minute that she would win the contest. First of all, she was a pretty big baby for eleven months old, weighing twenty-



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McKETTRICK designs the full-skirted dress in Celaperm-and-cotton fabric from Fabrex. Black and white checks with pink, red, or turquoise. Sizes 10 to 20. About $15 at stores on page 22.

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CELANESE CORPORATION OF AMERICA, NEW YORK 16

six pounds and no telling how many ounces, and some of the judges might think she was no spring chicken. Anybody older than one year was out, and she could easily be a year or better. "We'll explain," Stellie said. "We'll tell her age," Gertrude said. Second, she was a nursing baby, not a bottle baby, and by the time they walked clear down to Fifth South and Sixth East—sixteen big long blocks—and stood around or sat around in that hot old grandstand for a couple of hours while the contest was on, she was liable to be a pretty cross baby and maybe start hollering her head off, which wouldn't be likely to influence the judges in her favor. Besides, she was teething again, a big old double tooth this time, and her gums were hot and swelled, and it was pretty hard for her not to fly off the handle. Besides, she was not, of course, broke yet. The two sisters looked smug. They would change her every five minutes if they had to. *That* was no problem. Last but not least, mamma said softly and sadly, her eckzeema was not much improved. It really wasn't, no matter how they hoped and pretended that it was. Her scalp was all broken out and the backs of her hands and wrists, and along her plump cheeks. The parts where she was covered up did not matter so much, but what showed might possibly bar her from being declared Most Beautiful. "But look at her pretty blue eyes," Gertrude said jealously. "And look at her pretty mouth." "And her pretty nose." "She's got a very nice shaped head," papa pointed out (in an altogether disinterested way) and Mrs. Troon agreed.

What worried Rudie was that her hair was, as he said, so white and far apart you could see her head through it. While nobody argued but that a head of thick curls might have been of use to Myra tomorrow, yet they could not think the judges would be so blinded by a frivolity like hair that they would fail to see the excellence beneath. They decided fondly, even mamma, who had been so full of warnings, that Myra *might* come home in that gold baby buggy after all and surprise the entire neighborhood and the whole Nineteenth Ward.

The best way to secure future happiness is to be as happy as is rightfully possible today.

—CHARLES W. ELIOT: The Happy Life

Papa would not, of course, be up home tomorrow night to hear how it all came out. He would be at Aunt Sigrid's, so he would have to wait till the night following to see the prize. He put his arms out when the show was over, to take the bright particular star in his arms. Gertrude did not let him keep her very long, however, as Myra had to be divested of her finery before it was drooled upon or impaired in another way before the big day tomorrow and the contest which was to start at one o'clock sharp.

"Too bad tomorrow night ain't your night, instead of tonight, Mr. Ecklund," Mrs. Troon said, rocking back and forth in front of the lukewarm stove. "You'd be here to help celebrate."

"Or help to dry a bunch of tears," mamma said, but she smiled and they knew she didn't actually mean it.

SHE was against getting Myra ready so early. Gertrude and Stellie did not intend to start down for the fairgrounds before a little after eleven. She said it would be hard enough anyway to keep the child looking her best, but her daughters begged and pleaded. They wanted to take Myra around the neighborhood and show how pretty she looked in her nice new dress and white petticoats, with her lovely bonnet tied under her chin and her stubby shoes so shiny and polished. "All right," mamma said, "but don't stay at any one lady's. Just show them the baby and go right on. Mornings ain't the time to bother when a person's getting their work done up."

Their first stop was next door at Mrs. Lilygren's, who had a piece of faded silkaleen tied over her large head of hair to keep the dust out, and a broom in her hands. She asked them into the kitchen graciously. Her own baby, little Deddy, was not much to look at, the Ecklund children felt, but then she was only two months old. Besides, she was asleep in a basket by the stove. Gertrud said generously that Mrs. Lilygren had ough to enter her in the contest also, no matte how little she was. But Mrs. Lilygren said n she thought she wouldn't. "She might hav just as good a chance of winning as Myr has got!" Gertrude said then, and Stell echoed her, for they were well drilled i courtesy, and believed social fibs were n punishable in the next world.

Mr. Lilygren had not given his family penny since he rushed out of the house tha day in April. A civil divorce was in progres and a church divorce soon to be granted, an so far the abandoned Mrs. Lilygren had mad out all right, her daughter Ivy having ob tained work in the Idaho Bakery. Nephi wa not having such an easy time as there wer a great many carpenters and cabinetmake and he, only fifteen, was not past the appren tice stage. Ivy's wages were too little to liv on and the Lilygrens, as a consequence, wer about to take in boarders.

MRS. LILYGREN was now engaged in scrub bing and cleaning every inch of her domicile both inside and out, in preparation. Throug the kind offices of Olaf Ecklund, who san bass in it when he had time, she had tw young men from the Swedish Choir, one glazier and one a shingler, Dahlquist an Ankerstrand, lined up. They were going t start boarding with her the following Monday

There was a change for the better in th Lilygren house since Mr. Lilygren rushed o and left it, just as when a stone is rolled off piece of dead white earth there will be change for the better and pretty soon the vege tation will start in to gro again. More light seeme to stream in at the window and the plants bloome more energetically. Mr Lilygren, with no hars voice to tell her to save th and hoard that and pre serve the other, felt free t put on the table her fringe red-and-white tablecloth which she had never bee allowed to use for fear wearing it out, and this, with a handful yellow roses in a green china teapot, wrough the last change that turned her once-barre kitchen into a little paradise.

Nephi, at home for the day, was engaged putting up a clock shelf by the stove. H stopped his work, however, to admire litt Myra Ecklund, in proud Gertrude's arm dressed up to go to the baby contest and w the prize. They did not stay at Mrs. Lil gren's, though she pretended she was not busy that she couldn't stop cleaning her cu boards long enough to sit down with the for a little visit. When they left, she said be sure and stop in on the way back from th contest, so she could see what Myra ha won, and Nephi said yes, do that. They d not mention her eckzeema, of course.

Gertrude and Stellie were sorry when the knocked on the back door of the Parmalee and it was opened by the older of the tw Mrs. Parmalees, a childless woman calle Aunt Myrtle by the numerous Parmalee chi dren belonging to Mr. Parmalee and h second wife, Aglia. This was a large fami indeed. Originally fourteen, there were no nine children at home, ranging in ages fro seventeen years to thirteen months.

Aunt Myrtle was a dignified woman, wit high hips that started right up under h shoulder blades, tidy gray hair and a rath blank expression. She was said to be able talk "in tongues," a rare gift, but so far n body had been able to interpret what she sai Since she could not interpret it, either, it w not known what she had been talking abou

Though she was good, kind and gentle, y she was not as others, and when she opene the door Gertrude and Stellie felt somethin cold go over them, as a cloud across the su will run a streak of shade over a field. The had seen Aunt Myrtle Parmalee only a tin or two before, though she lived almost ne door and the Ecklunds for eighteen mont had been almost daily visitors. She w "poorly," and spent the greatest part of t

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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THE RENDEZVOUS

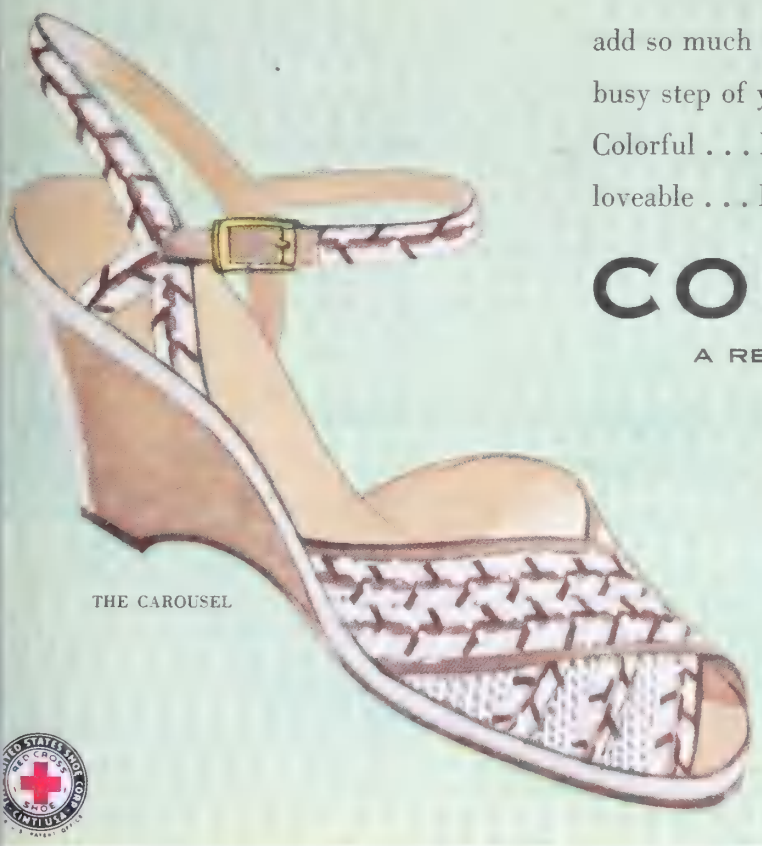
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time in her room where she made the crocheting that overran the big unpainted house from attic to cellar. The neighbors saw her seldom, as did, in fact, the members of the Parmalee household. She appeared for meals but rarely, and Aglia, the younger Mrs. Parmalee, far from complaining about the extra work, was glad to dish up an extra breakfast, dinner or supper onto the white china dishes that always stood ready on the big flat bake pan, and there was always somebody ready and willing to take Aunt Myrtle her meal. Aglia was extremely proud of and grateful for the crocheting that flowed out from this bedroom, though the objects were becoming less and less utilitarian, and more and more wonderfully wrought. Other crocheters just shook their heads when they saw some of Aunt Myrtle's recent work.

People are generally frightened, at least when children, and many when grown men and women, of the singular. No matter how exemplary, if a human creature bides not as others bide, they fear him.

Thus Gertrude and Stellie were sorry when they saw Aunt Myrtle at the door. They almost wanted to run away, although the elderly lady smiled blankly down upon them and asked them what they wanted.

"Who is it, Aunt Myrtle? Who's there?" somebody called. It was Aglia. She always called the elder Mrs. Parmalee Aunt Myrtle, too, alongwith everybody else.

"Two little girls with a baby. I don't know what they want." Aunt Myrtle left the door and went back in the shadowy kitchen and almost instantly Aglia appeared, with five or six of her children. She opened the screen door and came out, for she was always glad of company, and sat down on the top step for a little chat. The Ecklund girls, invited to do so, sat down on the next-to-the-bottom step, and there Myra, still very good-natured and as pristine as when she started her rounds, was admired by all.

Mrs. Aglia Parmalee, always called the younger Mrs. Parmalee, and only forty-three, looked exactly as old as the older Mrs. Parmalee, who was about sixty. Her hair was as gray as Aunt Myrtle's, but where Aunt Myrtle's was tidy, hers hung down like seaweed. It was not that she was so large as that she was entirely unconfined. Except for her feet, which were small and well shaped and never clad in anything but the most tight-fitting shoes, Aglia Parmalee had little or no vanity, and was said to be the only woman in the Nineteenth Ward who did not wear a corset. She wore shapeless cotton dresses that scarcely touched her anywhere and a knitted morning sack, no doubt making up for the discomfort in her feet by the alleviation of these.

LINNEA did not believe that she was any smarter than the law would allow, but that may have been because she had never wanted for anything, nor been called upon to use her head to solve any of life's problems. Married at fifteen to Mr. Parmalee, then thirty-three, a steady provider with an inherited house, Aglia had always had a roof over her head and three good if monotonous meals a day. She had fourteen healthy children and only one had died. It was whispered that when house-cleaning time came, the end of March and the last week in September, she did not actually house-clean, but only pretended to, but this was not held against her, for reasons no longer valid but still current—her extreme youth and rapidly growing family.



Before they left to go on to Mrs. Ryding's, Gertrude said that it was a shame the Parmalee baby was thirteen months old. Otherwise, he no doubt would have entered in the contest and might have won the buggy! It rather surprised her and Stellie when no protestations were forthcoming, for Hyrum Parmalee was a grubby child with few if any charms. However, Aglia did say courteously that her own taste ran to girls. You could dress them cuter, she said, a principle she preached but did not practice. Her own girls, both big and little, looked very like the waifs in an illustration for a Sunday-school tract, except that they were plump and healthy instead of ready to collapse. The Parmalees wanted to see that wonderful baby buggy, they all said, having heard so much about it.

"Well, in case Myra wins," Gertrude said, "we will stop by on our way home and show it to you. Though that's not saying she will necessarily."

"No," said Stellie without conviction.

"You do that," Aglia said cordially. "My, the neighborhood will have something to be proud of."

MRS. RYDING lived across the alley on Quince Street, and they did not know whether to stop at her house with Myra or not. Mrs. Ryding was the most exclusive and the haughtiest woman in the neighborhood. She always wore stiff black silk dresses and skin-tight coats and jackets. Mrs. Ryding fixed her hair with the care and attention to fashion usually found in young and hopeful girls, not matrons of long standing, and tried the modes as they came, whether braids, bangs, curl-papered ringlets, buns, Psyche knots or chignons. She appeared in public with these coiffures, albeit somewhat self-consciously, but this was evident only by her high color. In fact her face, with its clear fine skin, was permanently mantled in a blush. self-possessed though she seemed at all times that went down to the neck of her dress and no doubt far beneath that, for she slightly panted in her haughtiness as though uncomfortably warm even in winter.

In spite of being clad always in black, she took an intense interest in style and subscribed to several magazines that pictured what was being worn in fashionable cities like Boston, London and Paris and she had at least one new frock or coat made every summer and every winter, as sure as these seasons rolled around. She was never seen off her own premises without white gloves on, and she was known to have two new hats a year whether she needed them or not. She was of uncertain age, but it was thought that she was younger rather than older, and some people presumed she might be partly Spanish as though her eyes were rather light in color. She was of middle height and neither plump nor slender.

Mrs. Ryding was one of the lucky ones of this world (or so it seemed then), for she not only had Cleora Showacy from the Third Ward to come in and help with the washing and ironing, but she had Ingeborg Jensen to come in once a week and clean house.

Mrs. Ryding also had a collection of jewelry. She had a genuine diamond ring with a high pronged setting that stood out prominently under her kid gloves, an opal ring which she seldom wore, two or three nice brooches, a pair of ruby earrings, a nice pin-on watch with her name engraved on the back ("Phoebe") and a necklace of genuine amber and one of coral. She had no children and when she celebrated her silver-wedding anniversary, M

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

Ryding gave her a solid silver tea set on a large silver tray. She never used this because she and her husband, earnest converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints since the early days of their marriage, believed in the Word of Wisdom and followed it to the letter, but it looked impressive upon the ebony sideboard.

Mr. John Ryding, her husband, had a furniture store down on State Street, to which he drove every morning in a smart buggy behind a pair of nice horses. His line of business was thought to account for the fact that they had such nice furniture at home. At least, that was what people in the Nineteenth Ward said. Nobody knew what he got his goods for, wholesale, but it was assumed he picked them up at ridiculously low prices, so it was no wonder that the Rydings' nice little red-brick house with the ornamental iron fence all around and the stable out in back was so richly furnished. Mr. Ryding did a little undertaking on the side, since he also dealt in coffins.

If she had not been renowned for her chic, hauteur and religiosity, Mrs. Ryding would have been noted for this: she was desperately in love with her husband. Now, several of the women in the neighborhood loved their husbands a great deal—Linnea, for one, and Mrs. Flewwellen, the little bride—but none of them showed it out in public and none but what would have died before betraying in front of others signs of jealousy, which Mrs. Ryding frequently did. Hardly a person in the whole Nineteenth Ward but what had seen a flash of Mrs. Ryding's jealousy like a jab of lightning on a still summer day and heard the clap of thunder in her cultivated voice when she spoke to her husband subsequently. Usually it was some little thing he did: taking his hat off to a lady and bowing low, or reaching out to shake hands, or inquiring how she did. That was all it took to get Mrs. Ryding "going." At church parties, where there was dancing afterward and Mr. Ryding, a fine dancer, couldn't sit back but had to dance, she was well worth watching, so red did she grow (even when upon the floor herself), so short was her breath, so damaging were her eyes.

One's love for God is equal to the love one has for the man he loves least.

—JOHN J. HUGO

She had reason enough to have quite a case on Mr. Ryding, everybody admitted. How she ever got him in the first place was a mystery, some said, and others wondered if he hadn't been a poor boy and she had maybe had money. But they were the ones who did not care for her looks. Most thought her rather more attractive than the average middle-aged woman and insisted she must have been a fairly pretty girl. She was a year or two younger than Mr. Ryding and he was guessed to be not far from fifty. He did not look it, except that he was balding and graying like any lesser man. He was boyishly slender and light upon his feet and had a youthful way of laughing and talking. Mr. Ryding was, in short, a thoroughly handsome man, and a popular one, too, for he had not an enemy in the world. It was not known what he thought of his wife's ways, the green-eyed monster, or her love like an accurately thrown lasso, but since he did not rebel and only treated her with the greatest courtesy and kindness, it was supposed that he not only did not mind it but might actually have thrived on it.

Gertrude was reluctant to stop at Mrs. Ryding's, with whom she felt no affinity, but Stellie hoped to get to see the silver tea set.

"We never been there," Gertrude protested. "She won't care whether Myra is going to be in a contest or not, and besides, the gold baby buggy wouldn't mean nothing to *her*."

"Please," Stellie begged. "Maybe it will."

"Well, all right," Gertrude said, "but remember, if she makes us feel foolish, it will be all your fault."

They knocked at the front door and the lady was so long in coming that Myra got somewhat offended and began to cry. Gertrude jiggled her up and down, noticing that she seemed heavy. Luckily she stopped crying when Mrs. Ryding opened the door.

"Good morning," Mrs. Ryding said politely.

"Good morning," Gertrude said. "We was just taking our baby sister, Myra, around to show everybody how she looks for the contest, and we thought you might like to see her too."

"Well," Mrs. Ryding said. She looked at Myra, who was staring back at her unwinkingly and who now gave her a beaming smile. "She looks very nice. What contest is that?"

"The Dinwoodie's Furniture Company contest," Gertrude said quickly, for it came to her that Mrs. Ryding's husband was in the furniture business, too, and therefore she was repeating the name of a foe and rival. "The first prize is a gold baby buggy, for whoever is the prettiest baby in Salt Lake City."

"And you girls are going to enter your little sister," Mrs. Ryding said. "I suppose you have your hearts set on the prize."

"Oh, we have," the girls said, heaving sighs. Myra heaved a sigh, too, as though she had her heart set on it, also, but all she wanted to do was to get her bonnet off, and now she began tugging on it determinedly. Gertrude

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95



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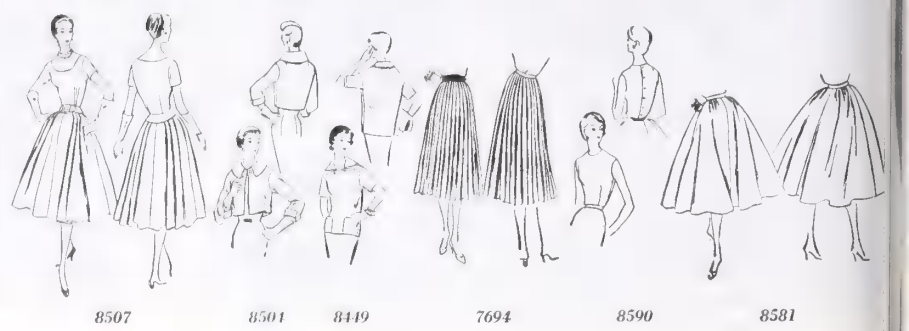
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ched up and took her hand, restraining
. "We'll let you know—how it comes out,"
said, feeling a need to say something but
knowing quite what.
"You do that," Mrs. Ryding said. "I hope
omes out fine." She paused and bit her
"Oh, say, girls, you didn't happen to see
ora Showacy this morning, did you?"
Cleora Showacy helped with Mrs. Ryding's
shing and ironing two days a week. She
s sixteen years old and her mother was a
ow. She did not look anything out of the
inary except that she had a sweet smile
her eyebrows met across the middle in a
that would have been forbidding if they
been black but, delicate brown, were not.
No," Gertrude said. "We ain't seen her."
She is usually much earlier than this,"
s. Ryding said. "I just wondered. She
ps with my washing and ironing."
No," Gertrude repeated, shaking her head.
re was nothing to do then but to turn and
murmuring good-by. Gertrude waited till
got to the corner where she was sure Mrs.
ling couldn't hear, before she said, "I told
so! I knew she wouldn't care nothing for
a or the contest or ask us in. Ain't Mrs.
ling red in the face, though? I wonder
t makes her."
'Cause she's stuck up."
It don't look nice," Gertrude said.
I should say it don't. It makes her look
the comb of a chicken," Stellie decided.
Just exactly," Gertrude said.
When I get married I am going around
sed up all the time, like Mrs. Ryding,
igh," Stellie said, floundering a little under
baby sister's weight. "She don't never go
nd in old clothes."
am too," Gertrude said. "But I'm cer-
y not going around in black. And if
ebody comes to see me, I'll say 'Come
and I'll show them all my wedding
ents and whatever I got."
Me too."
f any little girls comes to see me, I'll say,
ne in.'"
Me too."
No matter *who* it is. Even if it's a gypsy!"
it Stellie demurred over this.
That is," Gertrude amended, "if I don't
no children, as naturally I won't ask no
y in if I got children, especially babies.
otherwise I will."
ey were plodding up Currant on their
to the Birdsey house when they saw
ra Showacy on the corner talking to
op Birdsey's son Vaude. Right in the hot
not in the shade, though there was a big
nut close by, Cleora and Vaude had their
s together and were talking away for
life. Cleora had taken her yellow hat off
was swinging it by a streamer. Vaude
his hat in his hand. The sunlight put more gold in their similar brown hair than was actually there, turned them to blondes and was in turn reflected from them. There was something odd about seeing them there together, it came as a surprise. Vaude Birdsey was really almost a "higher up." He had a fine job in the office of the Palace Laundry and was never anywhere around the neighborhood on a weekday. And then—Cleora Showacy, who washed and ironed for Mrs. Ryding! When had they got so well acquainted all of a sudden, those two? Vaude was a tall, long-necked, unblemished young man of twenty, about ripe to go on a mission, and was said to keep company with one of the wealthy Cannon girls, a young lady who played the violin. They were still talking away when the Ecklund sisters turned in on Almond Street and went to Bishop Birdsey's home, a handsome adobe with vines growing up it.

Mrs. Birdsey was around on the ivy-dark porch in a big rocking chair, shelling peas; and as they could have foretold, she went into raptures over Myra. She went into raptures over everything, Bishop Birdsey's wife did. It was her way. She handed out compliments like they were a cartload of strawberries that were going to spoil on her before she could get them preserved. It was not a bad habit. It made everybody feel wonderfully good even when they did not believe a word she was saying, or only half or three quarters believed it. Certainly the Ecklund girls—Myra too—felt better to hear that they were beautiful, bright, talented and gracefully garbed than if they had heard they were not or heard nothing.

Myra seemed enchanted the whole time Mrs. Birdsey was speaking, her eyes fixed upon her wide thin lips and square teeth. She forgot she wanted to take her bonnet off and postponed crying. "Why, no," Mrs. Birdsey ended, "it wouldn't surprise *me*. What would surprise *me*, would be if she *didn't* win the prize." Myra burst out laughing with pleasure. She never would have cried if their hostess had not offered them a handful of peas apiece. Myra took hers from the circle of Stellie's arms, sending down a starfish hand to grab them with, but could not hold onto them. They rolled away one by one and bounced all over the porch, except for two held by her strained little finger against her fat palm. That made her scream with rage, especially when Gertrude wiggled the cramped finger loose and the two peas went bouncing away.

Gertrude took her then, and started the old jiggling up and down, which seemed to soothe Myra for any indignities to which her pride had been subjected. "We are going to try to keep her from bawling," Gertrude explained, "if we can, at the contest, as naturally she don't look very pretty bawling."

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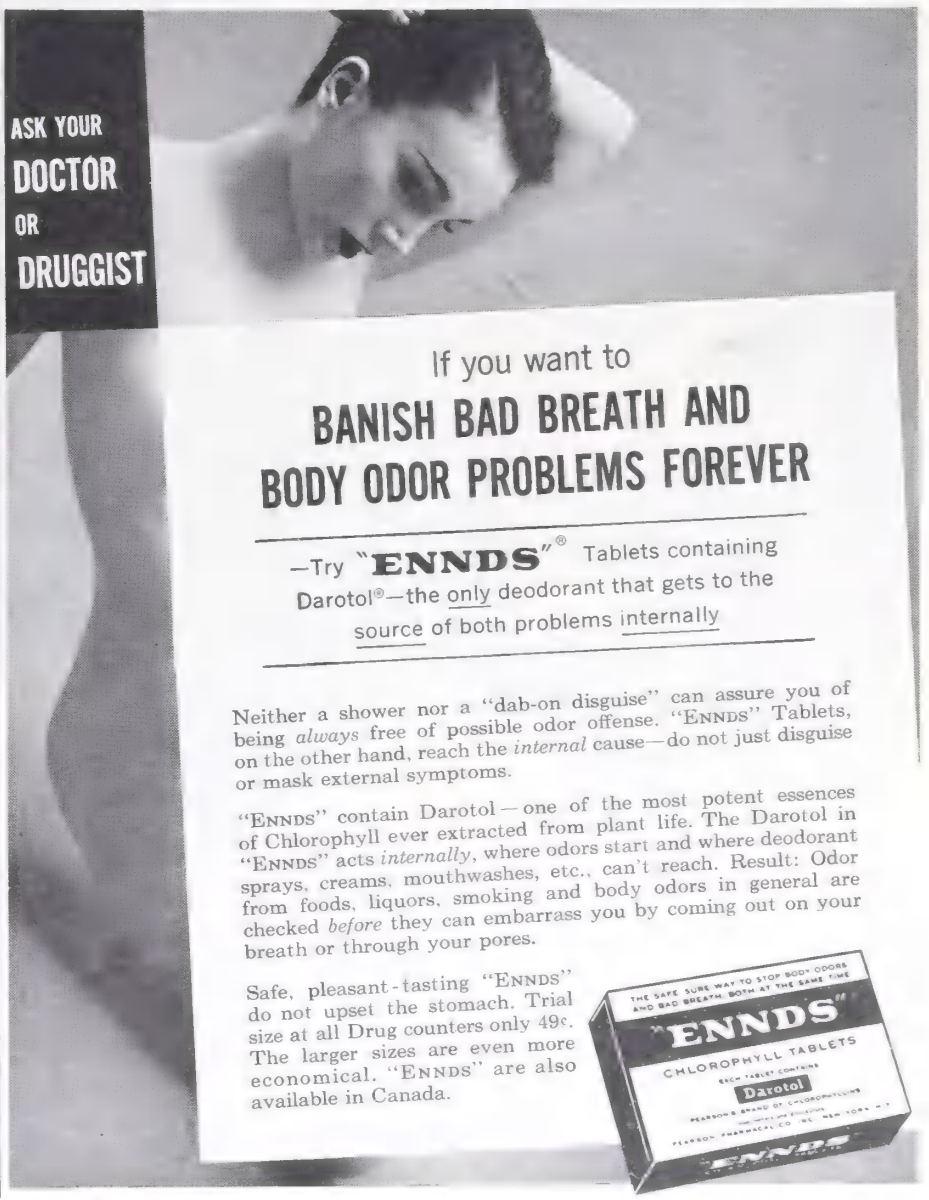
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"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Birdsey said. "Maybe she will look better crying than lots of babies will look laughing."

When they turned out onto Currant Street again Vaude Birdsey and Cleora Showacy were gone from the corner.

"Are they soft on each other?" Gertrude wondered.

"Who?" Stellie offered to take Myra back, but Gertrude thought they should wait until her mood, whether for tempest or sunshine, had jelled into the one thing or the other.

"Vaude Birdsey and Cleora Showacy."

"Huh-uh," Stellie decided, shaking her head.

Myra not being broke, and they having no diapers with them, they had to go home without stopping anywhere else, though the English family on the corner of Center Street and Fourth North had charms for Gertrude seldom met with in this life. They were the ones who were all going to be educated someday, every one of them, girls as well as boys.

Stellie felt worse about not stopping at Miss Deatherage's, but Gertrude comforted her by saying they would pay all these extra calls with the gold baby buggy when they went the rounds with *that*.

Miss Deatherage lived alone in a small cottage within a tangle of trees, on Fourth North. The children loved to see her, and welcomed any legitimate excuse to do so, for she was beautiful. Miss Deatherage had auburn hair, auburn eyes with long black eyelashes, and arched auburn eyebrows. Though her cheeks and lips were permanently pink, her skin was the whitest ever seen upon earth, with pale blue tracings about the wrists and at the base of the tender throat. Her waist you could have snapped in two like a flower stem. She always wore light colors, even in winter, and her clothes fluttered as though she was running or dancing even when she walked.

There was something about Miss Deatherage that discouraged idle visitors. For one thing, she never answered the door but with a book in her hands, not in her hands so exactly as pressed against her breast, wide open. If one did not disturb her at her reading, one disturbed her at her piano playing, for she practiced at her great square, almost brand-new piano an unconscionable lot of hours.

To someone, Aglia Parmalee or someone, she confessed that she had been taking lessons for only six months, and it seemed odd to the whole neighborhood that a grown woman of thirty-four or thirty-five would take piano lessons like a small girl of seven or eight and go for these lessons once a week, with a leather music roll under her arm. She "took," it was discovered, from a young man named Professor Arthur Prince, who lived and had a music studio on the fourth floor of the Constitution Building. His name was often mentioned in the papers, as he played for programs and his pupils, children and young ladies from the best families, frequently gave "recitals."

At first, when she came into the neighborhood, Miss Deatherage was spoken of and wondered about a good deal, but after what she was came out by some accident, her name was only whispered, never in front of small members of the family who were instantly forbidden to "bother" her, and the ladies called less and less. In fact, they stopped altogether. Everybody spoke to her cordially, however, upon the street, as respectfully as if she had been what they surmised at first (erroneously)—a beautiful "old maid" of independent means, and not the ladylove of Brother Downsdee, one of the Council of Twelve. It did not take many weeks to find out about *him*, though it might have if he had not been driven to Miss Deatherage's in his carriage with its Scottish coat of arms painted upon the door. Linnea said to Ingeborg (first shooing all the children outside) that she wondered why he didn't have the presence of mind to leave it at home and come and go in a livery-stable hack. Very likely he thought it would not be recognized at night, she said, and of course he only came at night. Ingeborg refused to discuss it, she was so gagged by the very thought of it, she said. Brother Downsdee! Seventy-two years old if he was a day, with a long gray beard clear down past his wishbone, and three wives, mind you! . . . three wives, one each in three of the biggest and nicest mansions in town! . . . and had to have another woman! . . . at seventy-two! It made a person get cold chills, Ingeborg said. Didn't they *never* stop? Wasn't there *never* no end to it? Did it just go on and *on?*

The children got strict instructions never to go to Miss Deatherage's. No explanation was made except that she was very "busy." Indeed, she seemed to be, when they crept there seldomly with one excuse or another: Did Miss Death'rage happen to see a small black dog? Did she want her leaves burned? No, she said to everything, but sweetly, stood there with her book pressed against her bosom and did not ask one in. So the children, too, gave up calling unless they had the best excuse in the world.

The gold baby buggy, the first prize, ought to be excuse enough, both Gertrude and Stellie thought. As they went by her place (with lace curtains and nice window boxes), they promised themselves that they would go there sure in the late afternoon with it. Stellie said that on *such* an occasion Miss Death'rage might even ask them *in*, might even play a piece for them on her piano! And in their exaltation it did not seem too much to expect.

The foolish man seeks happiness in the distance; the wise grows it under his feet. —JAMES OPPENHEIM

There was a horse and buggy out in front of their house and a strange man was sitting in it, holding the reins. Gertrude and Stellie hurried around to the back door as fast as they could. Mamma was just pinning her hat on when they rushed in. The man had come to fetch her. His wife was a "case" and was starting her pains, over on Thirteenth East.

On such an important day as the contest? Both girls looked woebegone. How could she go? They had counted on her being at home when they left and at home when they returned in triumph. Gertrude laid already weary Myra upon the kitchen table and began to change her. Mamma came and took the baby's bonnet off and felt her head. It was hot as fire and looked as red as a beet through her sparse white hair. She slipped two fingers down the neck of her dress and felt her, felt here and there.

"She's soaking with sweat," mamma said, then turned and looked at Stellie, looked at Gertrude snapping the last safety pin shut. "So are you both."

"It's hot outside," Stellie said. "That's why."

"Sit down," mamma said. "I want to tell you something. Me having to go and all, and the day turning off so warm which brings out Myra's eckzeema worse, and it being too far for you to walk in such heat and not good for Myra or for you either ——"

"We'll keep to the shady side," Gertrude wailed, knowing what was coming next.

Stellie said nothing, but her lip started to quiver and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"—— it seems to me like," mamma said, "under the circumstances the best thing for you girls to do is to stay home and keep house for me and take care of Myra till I get back. She's already tired from going all over the neighborhood, and so are you."

"Tired!"

"No smartiness," mamma said firmly. "And that way there'll be no heatstrokes or no disappointments and everything will be fine!"

"Fine!"

"Fine, I said. You heard me," mamma said. "And stop that silly mocking me. Take off baby's things and let her lay on the bed in her bare skin and cool off and be sure to keep the blinds pulled down."

The two sisters looked at each other and so identical were their expressions, the open-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

guished down-turning mouth and creases ready to open and shower down a of tears, that each might have been g into a mirror at her own reflection. ou'll get over it," mamma said practi-

s. Troon was sitting for her portrait and was drawing her upon a sheet of tablet with a pencil he had only finished ening. Mrs. Troon looked at the clock, ing at it in the shadows high upon the shelf. It was hard to see beyond the of lamplight. Luckily it began to strike he read the chimes. "—— five—six—
—eight. Rudie! them girls had never to gone to that contest without their r's say-so! I told 'em, but they wheedled egged and got my permission and before ly had a chance to say boo. But Rudie, hould of been home long before this." ot up and steadied herself with a hand back of her chair, then hobbled to the w, cupped her hands around her eyes ooked out. The summer night had only llen and it was not entirely dark, the nd shrubs looked darker than the still rose-tinted air. Then she hobbled to cked screen door, unlocked it absently ooked out, but there was nothing to see. simply sick," Mrs. Troon said. "Your skin me alive. Her two girls and that he thinks the sun rises and sets in—gone, you. Ain't seen hide nor hair of them eleven-thirty this morning."

went to her chair and sat down heavily, deep sigh. "Where in the world could e, not coming home till pitch dark and ntest over at three this afternoon?"

lie stared at the old lady, put his head e side, squinted, kept on staring, then ed his gaze and drew busily.

old still, Mrs. Troon," Rudie said, "I'm to the nose and the nose is one of the mportantest parts."

should say it is," Mrs. Troon agreed, to comply. "But that baby—out this What are they thinking of! I tell you, , your ma is going to want to skin me and no wonder!"

old still, Mrs. Troon," Rudie begged, ad bent so far over the paper his nose early upon his knuckles and the flash eyes only now and then visible through nging front locks of his hair.

ou making me pretty or ugly?" Mrs. demanded suddenly.

lie leaned backward and carefully apd the portrait. "Why—pretty," he said ome embarrassment.

ood," she said. "Make me real pretty. e."

small boy swallowed. Then he began w a head of youthful curls, one dainty fter another heaped up high. He felt the way he felt when he was telling a ough he did not say a word.

here could they be, them kids?" Mrs. began to rock back and forth. "In the of the night? Your ma's going to boil oil."

ie dropped his pencil and was listening. 's that noise?" he said.

. Troon stopped rocking. "Noise? I hear no ——"

ming round the house! Wheels. Listen, froon. Can't you hear it?"

. Troon was listening for all she was her hand hooked around her ear, but uld not seem to hear it until—why, er it was, here it seemed to be, right e, right around to the back, at the foot stairs ——

ie was a brave boy or else he would been scared and wanted to run, but he where he was and stared at the screen as did Mrs. Troon, their mouths and jar, not breathing, while it came up ps—bump, bump, bump—bump!—and nd across the back porch. It could have nything!

it was was something of glittering, ng, priceless, immemorial gold that was g head-first through the door on tall -tired wheels. Through the locked door? Mrs. Troon giving a very little scream? Rudie starkly unscreaming? They would have looked and done the same if the Redeemer instead had walked in at that locked screen door in the midst of the Coming, in the middle of Millennium.

"Surprised?" papa said. "Where is everybody?" He was carrying his coat over his arm and his tie was unfastened, for it was still very hot outside. He took off his hat and hung up both it and the coat beside the door.

Papa?

Papa?

Walking in, pushing, wheeling, bringing home the famous and illustrious baby buggy?—for there could be no other, there was only one and this was it, the first prize of the baby contest, given by Dinwoodie's Wonderful Furniture Store, from the last bright spoke of the last big wheel to the last pompon on the end of the point of the tiptilting parasol hanging like a pink poppy upended over the upholstered seat!

"Mr. Ecklund," Mrs. Troon quavered, "this ain't your night ——"

"Oh, yes, it is," beautiful papa said, for he looked beautiful beside this thing, his hair taking gold from it, his eyes lit up brighter than day. "This sure is my night."

"But you was home last night, Mr. Ecklund ——"

"I don't care if I was! Where is everybody? I guess this ought to stand somebody on their head."

Mrs. Troon told him what had happened, how Linnea had changed her mind about the girls' taking Myra to the contest, how she went to the baby case with the man who lived down on Thirteenth East, how the girls begged and pleaded to go down to the fairgrounds and how she, Mrs. Troon, weakling that she was, had let them go. How, finally, they had not come back, though the doings must have been over for hours. And neither had Linnea! The old lady put the corner of her apron to her eye as she got up, irresistibly drawn, and

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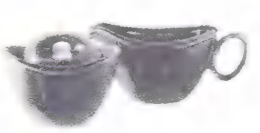
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started for the baby buggy, like a fly to honey. "She'll want to skin me alive," she mourned, "and no wonder—if them kids ——"

There were babies enough to cry in the neighborhood—Deddy Lilygren and Hyrum Parmalee, to name two—but when the crying started they all knew it was Myra—and they knew, moreover, that she was tired enough to drop and sore enough to want to take a slap at somebody.

She was both, it turned out. Not hungry, for she had been fed at Aunt Birgitta's. She had a nice time at Aunt Birgitta's house where her two sorry sisters had slunk in ignominiously with her, to wait until it got dark before they went home *without* the prize. It was the only place she had been "good," alas, and on the way home after the sun went down she stopped being that and began to get cross again, crosser than she had been all afternoon, which was saying a good deal, for the girls said afterward that never did a baby cry and carry on the way she did. Not so much going down to the fairgrounds but after she got there among the other contestants. In fact, all during the contest she had never let up for one minute.

Gertrude was the one who was carrying Myra and came up the steps and in through the back door after Stellie, completely exhausted, as Stellie was, pale with fatigue, her face streaked with dust.

Stellie it was who let out the shrill scream, loud enough to wake the dead, when she saw what was in the kitchen! Gertrude did not say a word. She went over and laid on the lounge squalling Myra, who suddenly caught a glimpse of it, too, whose cry broke off in the middle, whose tear-swimming eyes you could have knocked off with a stick.

"Listen here, you young ladies," papa began severely, "Mrs. Troon was telling me how you been gone all day long. I expect a excuse from you that is a humdinger, because to leave the house at eleven-thirty o'clock in the morning and not come home till pretty near nine o'clock at night ——"

"We went to Aunt Birgitta's," Stellie whispered, her uttermost eyes on the buggy. "Some other baby won—with hardly any clothes c ı, and black hair—so we was ashamed Myra didn't—after us going all around the neighborhood and bragging—so we went to Aunt Birgitta's—so we waited till it was dark ——"

Gertrude did not say a word. She took a step toward the prize and stopped, a step toward it and stopped. Then she went without stopping and took it—as though it were a being—into her arms! Put her arms out and took that tall, slender, swaying wicker buggy, rough and glittering with gilt paint, with its pink silk lining and its tiny teetering parasol, entirely into her arms. A moisture coming into papa's eyes and a moisture coming into Mrs. Troon's eyes, too, to see her, while Myra looked like she was watching the Creation of Sunday. "My," Gertrude wet her lips and said. "My." Not letting loose, a-hold like grim death, blushing, paling.

"First prize," papa said needlessly, blowing his nose.

WHEN mamma came everything happened that they wanted to have happen. That great French actress Sarah Bernhardt couldn't have done a bit better, nor perhaps half so good a job as mamma! She said afterward that it was a good thing Olaf had thought to build a fire and put the coffeepot on, for she felt like she had been drug through a knothole.

At first, being ignorant of the whole thing, she thought Myra had won the prize! Then she remembered that she forbade the girls go to the contest, so what had happened? They explained that—all of them, all at once, papa and Mrs. Troon too. Oh, there was a lot of explaining to do! It took a *great* while. How it was papa who brought home the buggy, empty. Why Gertrude and Stellie and the baby didn't get home till almost o'clock, being too ashamed after all the ging done this morning to look anybe the eye till after dark—mamma looked here and they knew there was going t reckoning later on—and how, when came in with Myra —— They went o on, explaining, until mamma could no the suspense another minute and sa but how in the world had *papa* got h the buggy?

Papa put his coffee cup down. "We said, "here's the whole entire story fro beginning to the end."

THEY all settled down to listen, climbing up on mamma's lap and sh tending not to notice, but it was as thc little lion had come to lick her hand and her heart beat faster, for it had been n long day since he sat there, going on n he was.

"The way it all happened was this," said. "Here it come along towards q time today, and all of a sudden som comes up the stairs and I think it ma customer, but no, it's this boy Richard keeps company with Hattie and wo Dinwoodie's Furniture Store, learnin business from the ground up, as the

And say, finally, whether peace is best preserved by giving energy to the government, or information to the people. This last is the most certain, and the most legitimate engine of government. Educate and inform the whole mass of people. . . . They are the only sure reliance for the preservation of our liberty.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON

Well! Here comes D today was his birthda what should happe Sigrid—but he was i to our house for s which Hattie, it turne had baked a birthda with candles and thing. Well, he stops to walk with me. W about one thing an other and all of a suc say to him, 'Doy, about that baby c Dinwoodie's had o today?'

"'That was some test,' he says. 'Ove hundred babies there one woman was so she claimed she was going to bang one judges over the head with her lunch bas and one woman fainted from the heat.

"'Who won that gold baby buggy?' I I never let on about Myra being in the test right then.

"'Why,' he says, 'a lady down a Third West,' he says, 'Mrs. Raggiotti or kind of a name like that. Turns out the b father is a Greek or a Eyetalian.'"

"See!" Gertrude said triumphantly. "D we tell you? It had big black eyes and dark hair!"

"Some of them people can't be bea looks," mamma said, nodding.

"'My two girls was there,' I says then, the baby. Myra,' I says, 'eleven month that you didn't happen to see, I suppose

"'No,' he says, 'I didn't happen to. In he says, 'I stayed around pretty close t express wagon that I hauled the buggy in and didn't do much mixing amon crowd.'

"'So this lady wins the prize with baby?' I says. 'I guess she sure stepped pushing home her young one in that baby buggy. Why, to hear my kids tell says, 'there's nothing like it been seen Halley's Comet.'

"'She didn't take it,' Doy says. 'Wh won the prize had their choice betwee buggy or twenty-five dollars in cold cash this lady took the cash. She already h buggy so she took the cash and we still on our hands.'

"This here," papa said, pointing t buggy which they all looked at aga though for the first time. He drew a breath. "'So what's to become of the gold buggy?' I says."

They all smiled, for here it was, rig front of their noses, right here in fro them this very minute in their own kit Oh, that papa. That papa.

"'What's to become of it?' I says, and then I started to get a kind of a idea i back of my mind.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"'Why, nothing,' says Doy. 'I took it on back to the store, it's standing there. It's been standing around the store quite a while—in fact, that's how Mr. Dinwoodie got started with the contest in the first place. He got ahold of this buggy through some kind of a mistake and we had it around quite a while. Mr. Dinwoodie just said they could have the twenty-five dollars in money instead, to make it sound good—he didn't think anybody was going to take him up on it.'

"All this time I've been thinking, see, and when he gets through I say, 'Doy, listen here a minute. What would you imagine Mr. Dinwoodie would say to a proposition like this? Suppose I was to go to Mr. Dinwoodie and say, "Mr. Dinwoodie, how about you trading me that baby buggy for a nice suit of clothes?" Which he probably needs ——'

"'He does,' says Doy."

"So that's how you worked it," mamma said, beaming. "You smart old thing."

"That's how I worked it," papa said, trying not to look like he had set the world on fire.

"You smart old thing," mamma repeated tenderly, her eyes on his face.

"And he's coming up to the shop Friday, he says, and he thinks he may pick out a serge."

"Imagine him letting you bring the buggy home with you this very night," mamma said.

"Well, what else could he do?" papa said smugly.

"You smart old thing."

It was not until past midnight when everyone was finally in bed and asleep that Linnea, still up but taking the hairpins out of her hair and piling them in a little heap on the table, said, "But you didn't explain how you happen to *be* here, yet!"

"Oh, being here," Olaf said, his eyes on the shine of her long tail of blond hair in the lamplight, her gentle redness and whiteness. "As far as *being* here. I'll tell you how it happened." He could not resist, but leaned over and lifted the tail of hair and tossed it on his palm, weighing its gold. "The first thing we did, we went back up to the tailor shop and left the buggy there. I was going to bring it up tomorrow when it would be my regular night."

"Naturally," Linnea said.

"WELL, sir, Doy and me went down home ——" It always embarrassed him to speak to Linnea of the house where he lived with Sigrid as "home," as it embarrassed him to speak to Sigrid of the house where he spent every other night with Linnea as "home," and he had taken to saying "down home" for Sigrid's place and "up home" for Linnea's. "And along about seven-thirty I got to thinking what kind of a hullaballoo there would be up home—up here—if I come walking in with this gold baby buggy. Well, sir, I could just imagine the bunch of you—and Myra, that won nothing a-tall and here she was going to have the first prize anyway. And of course you, my dearie, with them eyes of yours that lights up like I don't know what—I could see it all so plain, how it would be and how you would act, and finally I just couldn't stand it no more. So I come right out and told Sigrid about it ——"

"Told Sigrid about it," Linnea repeated, dumfounded. "Why, Olaf! She must of ——"

"I knowed she'd be told anyway, so I told her myself."

Linnea stared at him. She knew she was married to a brave man, but was he as brave as this? Or was he coming down with something? Softening of the brain, maybe, or something, though he looked just fine.

"The only place I kind of stretched the truth a little," he went on, "I kind of stretched it a little when I told her the piece of goods wasn't costing me nothing. I said all Mr. Dinwoodie's suit would cost me would be my time and I wasn't busy anyway—which I ain't, God knows, and I wish I was, so that part was the truth."

"BUT what in the world did she say, Olaf?"

He looked uneasy. She had said that he was a perfect fool over that last young one of Linnea's, and why, nobody in their right mind could tell for she was broke out with eckzeem and nearly baldheaded and the biggest baby baby in town. And Linnea was extravagant enough, heaven knows, without getting her started with something like this.

"Why, she said ——" Olaf wet his lips and swallowed.

"Was she mad, Olaf?"

It had not seemed so at first. At first, she didn't even raise her voice. But the more she thought about it and the more she said, the madder she got and pretty soon she was so mad it seemed like she was going to blow the roof right off the house. It was a good thing Doy and Hattie were for a walk. That was when they were gone when Sigrid went through the whole story of her sufferings, from the day Linnea had come into their lives, right on through up to this very minute. She cried and cried, and when he tried to explain she just got worse. Finally he offered *not* to go up home with the buggy—it was just a notion, he said—it could wait until tomorrow night.

"She wasn't . . . any too glad," he said.

"Honestly, you can't blame her," Linnea said, slowly pulling her hair out of his grasp. "I can imagine how I'd feel if all of a sudden while you and me was spending our evening together, you'd come out with something like that. Why, Olaf, I'd be so mad I'd have a conniption fit!" She looked at him. "Did *she* have a conniption fit?"

"Not exactly what you might call a conniption fit," he said haltingly. "But she wasn't any too glad."

But what was it if not a conniption fit? If he had been guilty of holding up a train or buying a diamond ring for Linnea as big as a goose egg, then there might be some excuse for the way she carried on! He felt sorry and wished he had not been so rash but had sprung the buggy on Sigrid when she was ready for it—only that might have been never, and in the meantime there was always the danger she would find out for herself.

The minute Doy and Hattie came back from their walk, Hattie made a beeline for her mother's shut bedroom door to see what ailed her, for she knew by her father's face that something did.

Olaf looked unhappily across at Doy who was sitting on the very edge of the smaller parlor chair and decided he might as well tell him what he was up against with the baby buggy proposition. Doy listened with serious brows like a bishop while Olaf told him the whole story.

"I don't know what got into me," Olaf said sadly. "I guess I must of had a screw loose or something for a minute there to imagine she wouldn't raise the roof right off the house and fly into a million pieces."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

LET NO TREE WITHER

By MARION LINEAWEAVER

The orchard is in flower,
Fresher than spray.
From close above
It scents my fingers
With a fleeting shower,
Tender as on that day
We spoke of love.

Time out of mind
I thought: What will befall me
Should he grow cold?
Through blighted years
The white spring, blind
With beauty, comes to gall me
As I grow old.

Let the bloom perish,
But the roots remain.
This my heart's cry:
Let no tree wither.
Here I shall cherish
Dreams though they be vain,
Until I die.

After Colonel Higbee died and the plantation was closed, Aunt Jemima sold her famous pancake recipe to a representative of a milling company. For the first time she revealed that her flavor secret was a blend of four flours.

Aunt Jemima legend

The flavor secret of Aunt Jemima's pancakes turned out to be four flours



Wheat, corn, rye and rice flours are blended in the treasured Aunt Jemima recipe to give you the tenderest, best-tasting pancakes you ever had. Pancakes that have become a tradition in our land.

After all these years that's *still* the flavor secret of Aunt Jemima pancakes—*four* flours blended in a certain way. Today, of course, Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix has the advantage of modern milling methods.

Hundreds of pancake mixes have come and gone. But the Aunt Jemima brand is still best loved. That's what it will be at your house. *For you can't duplicate in a homemade batter or get in any other mix the matchless flavor of Aunt Jemima pancakes.* Have 'em soon . . . you'll see!

RED-AND-WHITE PANCAKES. Bake Aunt Jemima pancakes as usual, according to the deluxe recipe on the package. Spread a hot pancake generously with cottage cheese, top with another pancake, sandwich style. Serve over fresh strawberry sauce or fresh rhubarb sauce. Top with more sauce. Delightful flavor combination for a springtime luncheon or supper!



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Chocolate
Butterscotch
Lemon
Coconut Cream

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORP.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

"We all make mistakes," Doy said many, including himself for politeness' sake. took courage, sir. We young fellows underand what you old—what you fellows went ough."

"How do you mean, went through?" Olaf ed.

"Not just one wife and . . . all that," Doy with some hesitation. "Through the rs. Polygamy. All this, fact, that the old—that r generation and the before—before the nifesto ——"

Olaf stood up. Old fel, was he? "The weaks dropped by the way-," he said boldly.

He took his hat and left. knew it was no use to o get things straightened with Sigrid now. All he could do was e her in Hattie's tender care and hope for best.

He went to the shop and got the baby buggy started pushing it up Main Street, beginto feel happy and excited in spite of him-. My gosh, couldn't a man do something on spur of the moment for once in his life? pursed his lips and began to whistle Sailing ing Over the Bounding Main, while under last street light, before he plunged in under thick shade of the moonlit linden trees, first prize glittered like the gold of Montezuma.

"Well, there's no sense in you going back n there tonight," Linnea said after several nents of silence. "It's too far, and besides n't believe she's going to expect it." *Now ll hate me worse than ever*, she thought. *ll blame the whole thing on me. If only had of waited till tomorrow night when it would of been my natural turn instead of taking the bull by the horns like this and making all this mess.* "Will she?" she said aloud. "Anyway, by now she's probably sound asleep."

"She probably is," Olaf said, very much doubting it.

"Well, I tell you what," Linnea decided. "You stay tonight. And then tomorrow night—which would be my night, by rights—you go down to Sigrid's. And then the following night, you go down there, too, and then down there again on the *third* night. That way, surely, you can make up for coming up here tonight and everything will be fair and square again. Won't it?" She came over and put her arms around him. "But just the same, trouble or not, it's something we ain't soon going to forget. Your big surprise." She turned her head and looked at the buggy while he gathered her into a close embrace. "No, sir. The first prize. Why, it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened and ever will happen and we're not any of us—not a one of us—going to forget it as long as we live. It beats anything I ever heard of."

A mother is not a person to lean on, but a person to make leaning unnecessary.

—DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER: Her Son's Wife (Harcourt, Brace)

"I could just imagine you," he said, his lips against her hair.

"So that way it will all be fair and square again, won't it? With Sigrid? If you go down there the next three nights straight running?"

"Sure," he said.

He did not add that Sigrid had said with a terrible face and terrible eyes, "Don't ever come back here again as long as you live, because the door will be locked and you ain't got the key that will open it!"

(To be Continued)

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

k, and to watch these thin sizes nine and ve latch onto good rich meals with lots mushroom gravy and such really does our ts good. Fun for me, because I love to k well, not just broil a chop.

didn't get around to Smiley Burnette's butilk pancakes because there wasn't an extra ning. I felt deprived at that. But we did e Scotch scones with raspberry jam any-

he spaghetti dish, born of desperation, was ious.

cooked a whole package as directed, only to the chewy stage. Then I took a long ish baking dish, well greased, and laid a r in. I grated almost a cupful of fresh ddar from our wheel of Cheddar over this, d freshly ground pepper and salt, a dash paprika. More spaghetti. More cheese. s of butter. Then I poured over two of Italian sauce (I didn't have time to e my own sauce, so I just went to the gency shelf and picked at random—one a mushroom-base sauce, one tomato). r this sank in and blended pleasantly, I d a little more cheese, added a few butl crumbs, and baked.

s I scraped the pan afterward, I reflected this would be a fine one-dish meal if I e three of them for our family. Could add, I to Holly, who was helping me scrape, ages, partly cooked, and make a good supish. The trick was that there was so much se that the dish was crispy instead of y, a nice change from the ordinary spaand sauce. Of course one could lay little d well-browned meat balls on top too.

e have done over our herb shelf. The at the market are now laying in stocks of e best fresh herbs, and in such gay deful containers. We had a wonderful hour ing with them as we chose bay and basil *orégano* and sesame seeds and everything we saw.

I said some of our herbs were two years and herbs lose their savor. As she went o the dump with a load of ancient retired s, I wondered if the field mice would be rised when they got their little noses into some very old dried mint leaves! And suppose they bit into the garlic powder!

Of all the herbs, I think bay is my favorite, because of the connotations with the ancient Greeks who made wreaths of it for the conquering heroes. And because the laurel tree (bay is laurel) rooted in Keats' grave has now, I hear, grown up to support a leaning pine tree. I like to think of that laurel, planted there and even becoming the stay of a pine. For if the laurel symbolizes victory, the pine has a feeling of immortality about it. And a couple of bay leaves, pressed gently into the top of a meat loaf, make it a fine dish. I find nothing odd about connecting the laurel with a meat loaf either. It just shows that even simple things can be glorified.

Sometimes after a sapphire-blue day in May, I think the coming of twilight is then the most beautiful. The light is so exquisite and tender, the shadows are so gentle. There isn't, I reflect, a single sharp line in the portrait of May. Nor a harsh color. The flowers are white, blue, tulip pink. The greens in meadow and swamp are delicate greens, as if they were seen underwater in some magical distant sea. The garden is a study in jade and a soft gray green. And everything in the world is as pure and fresh as a pearl dropped in a cup of wine.

The sounds are the sounds of spring too. Cows in George's barn moo softly, a dog bays up the hill in a dreamy sort of way. When the cockers bark, they give halfhearted idle barks as if they were only maintaining a pretense of the whole thing.

Holly lays her cheek on her bone and dozes on the terrace in the mild blue twilight. She has had a busy day lugging that bone out of the house, into the house, around the back, and around the front. Now she will just bring it to bed with her and have a brief release from the dire responsibilities that go with the ownership of a bone.

I decide to give over my own responsibilities, too, and pop into the Middle Ages with The Cornerstone, which I am currently reading.

Or maybe a ride down the white moonlit roads of May, the flowering delectable May of New England!

END



EASY-MIX FRENCH DRESSING

Takes less than 60 seconds. Perfect for all variations of tossed green or chef salads.

1 cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
⅓ to ½ cup vinegar
1 to 3 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 clove garlic (optional)

Measure all ingredients into a jar. Cover tightly and shake well. Chill several hours, then remove garlic. Shake thoroughly before serving. Makes 1⅓ to 1½ cups.



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½ cup butter or margarine
¼ teaspoon French's Garlic Powder
1 loaf French Bread
French's Paprika

Cream butter and garlic powder. Slash bread diagonally to within ½ inch of crust. Spread butter mixture between slices and over top. Sprinkle loaf with paprika. Place on baking pan. Heat in moderate oven (350°F.) 10-15 minutes.

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FRENCH'S SPICES AND EXTRACTS

What's for Dinner?

by Marian Tracy

SOMETHING old, something new is a good rule for cooks as well as bride Have something old and cherished on the menu each day, but also som thing new to keep the cook happy and fascinated with her job. And often t something new becomes one of the old and cherished dishes in a fairly brief tim

Deep-fry the meat pies for a wonderful and crunchy variation on the old hamburger theme, and then follow through with a bland and altogether heavenly dessert of cottage cheese.

Fried Meat Pies
Romaine-and-Escarole Salad
Cottage-Cheese Dessert

FRIED MEAT PIES

Hard-cook 1 egg and plunge into cold water. Sauté 1 medium-sized onion, chopped fine, in 1 tablespoon shortening, preferably bacon drippings. Add ½ pound ground beef, and cook until browned. Add ¼ cup seedless raisins, ½ teaspoon *orégano*, ¾ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Simmer, covered, for ½ hour. Add the hard-cooked egg, peeled and chopped, and 8 stuffed olives, sliced, and let mixture cool. Make a batch of pie dough, either from a ready mix or fro your favorite 2-crust pastry recipe. R thin and cut into 6″ circles, about the size most saucers. Put about 3 tablespoons the meat mixture on one side of the circ Fold pastry over the meat and pin edges together, moistening the edg with a little water to seal. Fry tur overs in deep shortening or salad heated to 360° F., a few at a time, abo 3 minutes (1½ minutes on each side) until there are blisters on each pie. Ser hot canned gravy with pies. When feeli particularly lazy, use a tube of prepar biscuits, roll each biscuit thin and fill above and fry about 1 minute. 4 servin

COTTAGE-CHEESE DESSERT

Blend 1 cup cottage cheese with ½ c heavy cream whipped until stiff, a sugar to taste. For me this is about tablespoons of powdered sugar, for y maybe more or maybe less. Stir in h a 3-ounce can chopped citron. Tu into sherbet glasses and chill befo serving. 4 servings.

On the following menu, have the chicken on hot biscuits for the tried and true, but cook the peas with water cress and add grapefruit segments to the coleslaw to give the family a slight gastronomic jolt.

Creamed Chicken and Mushrooms
Peas Cooked with Water Cress
Hot Biscuits
Coleslaw with Grapefruit Segments

CREAMED CHICKEN WITH MUSHROOMS

Sauté ½ pound fresh mushrooms, peeled and sliced, in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine until pale yellow and tender. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in another pan and stir in 2 tablespoons flou Cook until well blended to get rid of th floury taste. Add 1 cup milk, gradual stirring constantly. Cook until thick a smooth. Add ½ teaspoon salt, dash pepper and ½ teaspoon or more (a ge erous teaspoon suits my palate) Worc tershire sauce and, of course, m thoroughly. Add the sautéed mushroo and 1½–1¾ cups diced cooked chicke 4 servings.

COLESLAW WITH GRAPEFRUI SEGMENTS

Shred ½ small head cabbage (y should have 4–5 cups). Mix 1 cup thi commercial sour cream with 1½ tab spoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt an teaspoon dry mustard until well blende Combine the cabbage and the sour-crea dressing with 1 eight-ounce can chill and drained grapefruit segments. To gently and serve. 4 servings.



STUART

A pring dinner: ham, eggplant and tomato on toasted muffins—cheese sauce.

This time, have your English muffins as t basis for your main dish. Parsley, as ost of you know, is very good to eat in ge quantities because it is vitamin- r —it's not just a pretty touch of green i he salad.

sted English Muffins with Ham, Eggplant and Tomato—Cheese Sauce

Lettuce-and-Parsley Salad with White Grapes

Raspberries with Sour Cream and Honey

OASTED ENGLISH MUFFINS WITH M, EGGPLANT AND TOMATO—CHEESE SAUCE

S t and toast English muffins. Allow one o two halves to a customer. Sauté tly floured and salted slices eggplant o both sides until brown and tender. Ke a cheese sauce by melting 2 table- s ons butter or margarine and blending v 1 2 tablespoons flour. Cook for a n ute or two until the floury taste is g e. Add slowly, over a low heat, stirring all the while, 1½ cups milk. When thick and smooth, add 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar or Swiss cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Stir until all the cheese is melted and the flavors well mingled. Put 1 thin slice boiled ham, 1 slice sautéed eggplant and 1 slice fresh tomato, lightly salted, on each toasted half muffin. Top with hot cheese sauce.

LETTUCE-AND-PARSLEY SALAD WITH WHITE GRAPES

Use about 1 head lettuce to ½ bunch crisp parsley. Pull the lettuce to pieces with your fingers, but chop the parsley or cut with kitchen scissors after cutting off the stems. Toss gently with French dressing and, if desired, add ⅓ cup white grapes. When the fresh ones are not available, canned drained ones that have been chilled in a little lemon juice may be used instead.

RASPBERRIES WITH SOUR CREAM AND HONEY

Over well-chilled raspberries pour a sauce made by mixing 4 or 5 tablespoons honey with the same amount of thick commercial sour cream.

---

idney beans with spinach are fresh and s ehow lighter-tasting than the more u l versions of baked beans.

Kidney Beans with Spinach and Bacon

Tomatoes Stuffed with Coleslaw

Buttered Salty Rye Bread

Angel-Food Cake with Strawberry Sauce

DNEY BEANS WITH SPINACH AND BACON

k 1 package frozen spinach according irections on package and drain. Cook ound bacon, cut into 1" pieces, until slightly crisp. Pour off all the fat ex- about 3 or 4 tablespoons. (Just ss—don't measure.) To that fat add 2 en-ounce cans red kidney beans that been partly drained. Stir around l the beans are permeated with the on flavor. Add the drained spinach, the cooked bacon and a little salt—about ¼ teaspoon (the bacon has some). Heat and stir around until you have a nice aromatic mélange. 6 servings.

ANGEL-FOOD CAKE WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE

Have an angel-food cake, bought or made according to your favorite recipe, or you may use one of the new ready mixes. Cut into individual slices and serve with a sauce made as follows: Mix 2 cups sliced fresh strawberries with ½ cup sugar and let stand about 30 minutes, or use 1 package frozen strawberries (with no sugar added). Drain and add enough water to the juice to make 1½ cups liquid. Mix with 2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca and a dash of salt. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Remove from the heat and add 2 teaspoons lemon juice and the strawberries. Let stand about 15 minutes for the flavors to ripen, as it were. Stir lightly and serve the sauce, slightly warm, over the slices of angel-food cake. 6 servings.



GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICHES

Spread slices of white bread with butter; top each slice with slice of American cheese. Spread cheese generously with French's Prepared Mustard. Cover with second slice of bread. Spread outside with butter. Brown in a skillet or on sandwich grill.

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DISTURBED CHILDREN FIND LOVING CARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

On Joey's eighth birthday Mrs. Barnes promised to let him help bake a cake—with chocolate frosting and pink candles. "I'm glad you're big and fat, 'cause then you cook more," Joey exclaimed. Mrs. Barnes laughed. As she began assembling the ingredients, she discovered there was no baking powder. "I'll go get some," Joey volunteered. Mrs. Barnes hesitated, then went for her purse. Should she let him go? It was a big responsibility for Joey to be trusted on the street alone, but perhaps worth the risk. An anxious fifteen minutes went by. Then Joey was back, hugging her just as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Joey did run away later. When the police found him, he told them he wanted to go home to his foster mother. Mrs. Harris now is convinced he has put down some roots in his foster home, which is a good beginning. He has learned he can trust his foster parents, and from now on he can begin to trust other adults. He is beginning to enjoy playing with children. By next fall, perhaps, he can enter school and find it satisfying.

Joey's story shows the real community cooperation the program has developed. The agency, Community Chest-supported, works hand in hand with the Police Department, Juvenile Court, psychiatric clinics (Harriet Lane Psychiatric Clinic and the Psychiatric Institute of the University of Maryland, both of which provide free treatment on a waiting-list basis) and foster families. The Department of Public Welfare refers many of these dependent, neglected children to the agency, paying the major part of their expenses. In other cases, parents themselves contribute financial support.

If one or both of a child's parents are living and nearby, the Family and Children's Society encourages every bit of parenthood. Even a parent who has shown nothing but hatred is important to his child. A simple greeting card at holiday time, an occasional visit in the agency office, the fact that a father contributes $15 a month toward the child's board gives the youngster a feeling he isn't completely abandoned.

AUBADE

By MARY WRIGHT LAMB

We were lucky today; the sun rose.
We have not seen our last sun set,
and we needn't have loved so hard—who knows
this better than I? And yet—
we were lucky today, as I say.

Many bright ones and brave ones who stood
at a window like ours watch the sky
more suspiciously now than we could,
who know life as a light in our eye . . .
many brave ones grow weak, as I speak.

Beyond this moment we may go
ten thousand steps or twenty-nine—
and which 'twill be, we cannot know;
oh, put your hand inside of mine.
(As I speak, many brave ones grow weak;
as I said, many bright ones are dead.)
We were lucky today, as I say.

It helps, too, when a parent can say to the child at the beginning of foster-care placement, "I *want* this for you—it's the best thing." Often the parents themselves are too mixed up to be of any real help—as in the case of Johnny, whose emotionally unstable mother was unable to control him, finally chained him to a radiator to keep him from running away. But Johnny quickly learned how to escape. In desperation the mother went to the police, asked to be locked up herself to get away from the child. The police, tired of bringing the boy home in the middle of the night, took both mother and son to Juvenile Court, where the presiding judge gave custody of the boy to the Department of Public Welfare. This agency placed him with the Family and Children's Society for foster-home care.

In the very first interview, prospective foster parents are given to understand that they won't get a youngster who will "fit" into their home, that they can't expect any real satisfaction from the relationship for a long time.

"It takes a spirit of adventure for the unknown," as Miss Gray puts it. And this is first quality the agency looks for in foster parents, she explains. There should be no young children in the family to compete for attention. If the foster parents have *grown* children, however, so much the better—they will have some idea of what to expect under normal circumstances at least. When the foster youngster, for example, tries to get out of doing his homework, the mother won't worry about *that*—her own behaved the same way.

The agency accepts children up to sixteen with normal intelligence if the staff feels they can be helped by casework and psychotherapy. Children with marked symptoms of fire-setting and established homosexuality and those diagnosed as psychotic are not accepted. Unfortunately, psychotherapy can't always start at the time the child enters the foster home. Both clinics have waiting lists, and sometimes children have had to wait more than a year before treatment could begin. Another problem is lack of funds for casework and hence care, which limits the number of youngsters the agency can place. At present, fourteen to fifteen children are awaiting specialized foster-home care.

Youngsters receiving this specialized foster care include a boy suspended from school for habitually throwing desks and chairs at striking teachers; one being arrested over and over again for breaking and entering neighborhood stores; another an unsmiling lad suffering a guilt complex because his mother blames him for the accidental death of an infant sister left in his care. One foster family took in a thirteen-year-old girl who had been living with an older man—with her mother's consent. There is no "formula" for helping these children learn to lead a normal, happy life, Betty Gray and the staff of five caseworkers will tell you. Each foster parent needs constant consultation with the agency, must find the answers the hard way.

Yet many show a sensitivity to their children's special needs that no caseworker could ever teach them. It isn't always easy for a parent to control anger when a child is meanly destructive. But this is something all foster parents know they must try to do. When eleven-year-old Bobby set fire to his foster father's barn, nearly causing an explosion, Mrs. Dill had to remind herself to think of the unhappy, confused boy first. "Afterward he felt so bad about it, I didn't have the heart even to spank him," she told the caseworker. Another mother, instead of punishing her foster son for stealing, made him kneel down with her and ask God to help break him of the habit. Mrs. Jones, whenever she spanks her little girl, has a good explanation ready: "I punish you because I love you, and I won't have my girl acting sassy." Mrs. Jones, who never had children of her own, but cared for relatives' children all her life, believes that spanking is proof of love and gives a child a feeling of security.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110



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● It'll look like the creation of a French pastry chef!

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For Strawberry "Philly" Pie, blend 2 tbsps. milk into one ½-lb. package of genuine Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese—the brand that tastes *richer, fresher* than all the rest. Spread half of this on the bottom of a 9" baked pie shell. Cover with 1 pt. of whole, fresh strawberries, washed and stemmed.

Combine ¾ c. sugar and 2 tbsps. cornstarch. Add ⅓ c. water, stirring until well blended. Add 1 pt. of washed, stemmed strawberries and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Mix in a few drops of red food coloring. Pour immediately over strawberries in shell. Chill. Decorate with remaining cream cheese before serving.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

One family has three foster sons (an exception to the rule), and the understanding among these boys amazes both the parents and the caseworker. There are several instances of this. Once the newest boy refused to eat dinner with the family, raced out of the house, jumped on his bicycle and rode off. Another boy gave chase. Somehow knowing this was not a fearful, love-starved boy, but just an ornery little mischief-maker, he gave him what he needed most—a licking. Another time the youngest boy came to his foster mother with tears in his eyes to tell her that another of her boys had taken some money from a locker at school.

"I hate to tell on him," he murmured, "but I thought you ought to know—so maybe we could help."

Not all the problems come at the beginning of foster-home life. A child may improve, then a year later, perhaps, some of his old habits, such as stealing, may reappear. The caseworker tells the foster parents to *expect* this—it frequently happens and usually is just a phase. At the same time she encourages and praises, for parents living with a child day after day can't always notice small improvements. As youngsters grow into adolescence, the caseworker warns the foster parents not to be alarmed about sudden interest in the opposite sex. When fourteen-year-old Billy talks about nothing but girls, or fifteen-year-old Tom announces, "I think I'm going to get married soon," that's another phase, too, and the parents can help the youngsters through it by accepting it as normal and by talking over points of etiquette about the new social life.

Mothers, too, must accept the fact that no matter how close they've been to the boys, as they grow up they begin to spend more and more time with the foster father, carrying in wood, changing a tire or riding in the family truck.

Although the children never call the caseworker "mother" as they do their foster parents, still the caseworker and the agency are something of a second parent. For the child's first experiences with kindness are with the caseworker—she bears with him and stands by him. After each runaway, the child is brought to the agency office (usually to the playroom where he sees familiar things, the rocking horse, crayons and picture books) so he'll feel he "belongs." Many children, on runaway expeditions, will tell the police officer who finds them that they belong to the agency, give the address and Miss Gray's name. It's a wonderful day when a child becomes able to look objectively at himself and his behavior. "How do you think I'm doing, Miss Gray?" little Johnny, who had once been chained to a radiator, but is now happily settled in a foster home, asked recently. "I think I'm doing pretty well myself."

PRINCESS MARGARET AND HER BEAUX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

man can hope for the company of the princess for an evening.

First of all he must be known not only to her but also to the watchful officials. If he is of the nobility, that is a help, of course, but it is not by any means sufficient in itself. He must have a particularly blameless background if he is to hear other than that "Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret regrets ——".

If he knows, or can persuade himself, that he is acceptable, the young man telephones to the lady in waiting. "I am wondering," he says, "if Her Royal Highness would care to join a small party I am giving on [he names the date] at the theater [he names the show] and afterward at supper at the [he names the restaurant or night club]. The others in the party will be [and he names several well-chosen and well-matched couples, all of whom the princess will have encountered before, except perhaps one of the girls]."

Having said his piece, the young man waits. He waits maybe for a day or two, maybe for a week or more. And then, unless he is sin-

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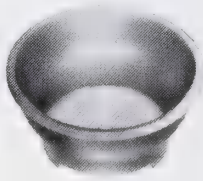
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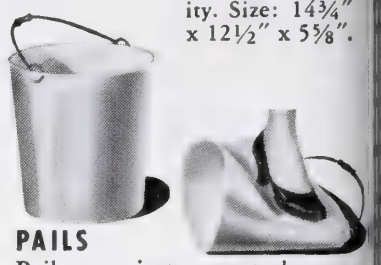
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y fortunate, either he hears that there hope for him at all or he will be told that rincess would like to come but not on evening, as she will be otherwise en-. Alternative dates are suggested.

en the young man gets busy. He contacts e people on his list and tries to decide on of the offered dates when all will be ible. Various young people swiftly re-ge their programs and so our young man n able to telephone again to the lady in g confirming the arrangement.

ur young man happens to be one of the few who have frequently squired the ess, he will telephone just the same to the n waiting and state his case, but after a she may say:

ould you care to speak to Her Royal ess yourself?"

hank you," the young man says. "Indeed ld."

re is a click as the house exchange makes nsfer, a pause, and there she is.

ood morning," the lilting, musical voice "How are you today?"

hank you, ma'am, very well. And you?"

re are a few exchanges of general con-ion and then, likely as not, the royal will inquire bluntly:

ave you an invitation for me?"

a'am," our young man says, "I am ng of arranging a small party for the r and for supper afterward."

names the date, the place and the guests in mind.

, not So-and-So, surely," the princess ay. "He's such a bore."

thus another young hopeful is relegated well-populated limbo of those who are eptable.

unless our young man and each of his are very, very well known to the ss and her advisers, the voice will say:

ell, I'll try to fit it in. I'll let you know." with obvious wishful sincerity it may I'd *love* to come."

days pass by. The officials are busy ng up. And then comes the brief or the telephone message of accept-

t, with unusual disregard for the state of nk balance, he makes the necessary ements with the theater, the restaurant and, of course, the florist.

he theater the princess likes the front of the orchestra; at the cinema, the front the balcony. Whichever it is to be, the man must endeavor to persuade the ement not to make what the princess a thing" out of the visit. Perhaps a buffet a quiet room for the interval; perhaps a ake from the manager on arrival and ure. But please, *please* no red carpets on vement and no disruption of the usual ements inside.

PORCHESTER once had the misfortune ire Margaret on a visit to the cinema at the management decided really to go n. They stripped out all the seats from nt rows of the balcony and installed in lace deep armchairs, each with a solid n front of it bearing an ash tray and a m. Unfortunately, someone had added ngly and the amazed customers who nown nothing of the royal visit were to the spectacle—far better value for noney than the film they had paid to f the program's being delayed while a and furious Admiral Earl Mount-strutted the roped-off royal enclosure were a quarter-deck as he directed the g in of extra chairs.

ing done his utmost to ensure that g like that shall happen to mar the g, our young man and his party pro-o the cinema or theater to await the of Margaret.

comes in her own car—latterly her olls-Royce with the registration mark -accompanied in the rear seat by her waiting and in the front, next to the ur, her plain-clothes detective from nd Yard.

inside the door the young man and his with the house manager hovering very in the foreground, are waiting to re-er. At a glance the party can judge whether Margaret means to make a night of it. If she is in the mood for a party, she wears a long evening gown; if she intends to depart early after supper, a cocktail dress.

There are presentations and handshakes and curtsies—and the party is shepherded to its seats. Comfortably settled there, the host may inquire (if smoking is permitted in that particular theater):

"Ma'am, have we your permission to smoke?"

Permission is always granted. Most of the men and some of the women light up cigarettes. Margaret herself will refuse any offered to her, but will take one from her own cigarette case, place it carefully in her famous long holder, accept a proffered light and inhale with evident satisfaction.

Now the play or the film has started, and while it lasts everyone relaxes. At one time parties such as this never left their seats until the end of the show, but nowadays it is usual for all to retire to a private room where the management has laid out drinks and snacks.

The princess will eat and drink little. Perhaps she will accept a glass of champagne, but more likely than not it will still be more than half full when she leaves it to return to her seat.

At last the show is over. As the host, our young man probably is invited along with two others of the party to join Margaret and her lady in waiting in the huge royal car. The other guests follow in their own or hired cars.

At the night club—probably it is the princess' favorite, the stately Four Hundred in Leicester Square—the party is shepherded suavely to the usual table on the right-hand side of the entrance.

"What would you care for, ma'am?" asks the host.

And Margaret, almost certainly, suggests iced melon, consommé, smoked salmon and a

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veal cutlet—"just one, please." Again champagne is the drink.

From the moment the princess entered the band has dropped its normal plans for the night's music and switched to one specially prepared, and revised from month to month, for the visits of the princess. It consists of all the rumbas, sambas and quicksteps she is known to love.

The first dance with Margaret goes, of course, to her host. After that she is careful to ration the dances out among all the men in the party. Each of them finds her to be light, acutely rhythmic and easy to dance with.

At last, probably at around 2:30 A.M., after which no more drinks may be served, even to the queen's sister, Margaret says, with obvious reluctance if all has gone well, that she had "better be going."

There is a scraping of chair legs on the carpeting as all clamber at once to their feet. Margaret and her lady in waiting glide away to the powder room where, as the princess never carries money with her, the lady in waiting gives the woman attendant a brand-new, crisp ten-shilling note as a tip.

On her way out the princess says "Thank you" to her host and "Good night" to the others. There are handshakes and curtsies and waves of farewell. And the party is over.

A few days later a letter is sent off by the lady in waiting: "Her Royal Highness has commanded me to thank you for a most pleasant evening."

Again the young man begins to wait—and wait. Just possibly there may come one day a telephone call from the lady in waiting:

"Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret is arranging a small party to go to the theater and would very much like you to come . . . at seven-thirty on . . ."

Our young man goes in a car or a taxi. The police have been warned of his impending arrival, so he is ushered in at once. goes up to the princess' private sitting r There are several others there—and princess.

He is presented and he bows. He is g a drink—champagne, sherry or gin- something—and a sandwich, almost cert chicken and ham. Margaret moves a among her guests, carefully spending a moments in conversation with each. The all bow and the girls curtsy as they arrive are presented to her. Everyone is ca her "ma'am."

But time is short. It seems that no so has he arrived than he is gulping dow first—and only—glassful and is away a this time in a royal Daimler.

After the theater, the procedure at the club or restaurant is slightly different time with the princess as hostess. Se days ago the management will have bee quested by telephone to reserve a table fo party. That morning, unless it is one o places the princess has visited frequently, land Yard men will have visited the estab ment, going over it from the kitchens t

DREAM'S END

By BARBARA SHOOK CONKLI

So fair, so beautiful, so young,
Yours was the song my heart had sung;
Yours the lips my lips had kissed,
Before I knew you did exist;

The hands I yearned for as a child,
The smile I sought to soothe the wild
Restless stirrings in my breast;
The haven where I longed to rest.

You were the dream I dreamed alone.
Now you are here: my hearth, my home.

powder room, checking the staff and ex ing the lists of other table reservations.

They will have arranged for a cou detectives to be eating quietly that nigh table close to that of the princess an party, one from which they will have a view of the whole room.

This time the food and the drink according to the prearranged plans waiters get no orders at the table—a tips. And the bill is presented later by but only upon request.

When it is time to leave, the night ma be young, the music and the dancing have been bewitching and a full moo be shining alluringly over slumbering, old London Town. But the chauffeu the detective are waiting. And soon whisked firmly away—at her side the present lady in waiting.

Maybe our young man, like many him, sighs a little as he turns to ent other royal limousine waiting to take h his own address. Maybe—he won Margaret is sighing a little too. But, ever starry-eyed he may be, he must re ber *not to tip the driver.*

That was the pattern of Princess Mar party life as Britain plunged into that e year of preparation for the coronati Elizabeth. It remains much the same.

Whether or not the conventions and tions that tie her down are as irksome as undoubtedly they are to her various is a debatable point. Several times s attempted to break loose from the After some particularly enjoyable ou

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who used to toss and turn from excess stomach acid

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TUMS *for the Tummy*

ngenial company she has dismissed her car
d told her detective that one of her escorts
l be driving her home with her lady in
iting. But the policeman, acting under
ict Home Office and Scotland Yard orders,
s always managed to ensure that watch is
ot over her every yard of the way.

Margaret was only fourteen when Peter
wnsend first arrived on the scene.
Peter was a pilot in the R.A.F.—as studi-
sly carefree, as much the gay buccaneer as
y of the others who were to win undying
ne as "The Few" of the Battle of Britain.
was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in 1940, and soon after that, a bar to his D.F.C. In March, 1941, he was married to Cecil Rosemary Pawle, the pretty daughter of an army brigadier. Two months after the wedding he received yet another decoration, this time the coveted Distinguished Service Order.

And then, on the first day of August, 1944, came the stunning news that he was to join the royal household under a scheme initiated by King George VI whereby outstanding young heroes of the services would be appointed "Equerries of Honor."

For Peter the move to the palace was easily the biggest ordeal of a lifetime—worse, far worse than wading into enemy fleets in the sky. This officer with no court background whatsoever suddenly had to exchange the rough-and-ready, often riotous life of the wartime R.A.F. for the discreet hush of the royal drawing rooms. As a friend of his commented at the time: "Poor Peter! He's like a bird with clipped wings—locked in a gilded cage."

BUT any sympathy for him was wasted. Instead of being overawed and subdued—as well he might have been in the circumstances—he plunged into his new tasks much as he would have done if he had still been at a fighter station. His exuberance was infectious.

The shy king saw in the gay young man many qualities which he envied—and took to him immensely, so much so that he asked to become godfather to Peter's child. The queen delighted in his attentiveness, his good conversation, his excellent canasta—and he quickly became one of her favorites. The two daughters found in him something they had never encountered before—the openness of a man without inhibitions, free of inbred prejudices. Here among them at last was an *ordinary* person, yet one with more straight glamour, a prouder record than anyone else in sight possessed.

His life now was one of comparative luxury; his work interesting and pleasant but fairly exacting. Chiefly he acted as a personal assistant or supersecretary to members of the royal family. As a modern version of the ancient food tasters, he "tasted" cinema and stage shows to make certain that they were suitable for visits by royalty. He accompanied the king, the queen and the princesses on their visits and tours, serving as the link between them and the officials who organized the affairs locally. Because of his close association with the royal family, he became one of the young men most sought after by society hostesses. And he scintillated in the bright lights.

On the face of it his private life, too, was settling down happily. Whereas before he had never been able to provide his young wife with a proper home, now he was provided by the king with historic Adelaide Cottage, a "grace and favour" house close to the castle at Windsor.

But behind this scene of domestic bliss the storm clouds loomed. An equerry's wife attends many social functions with her husband, but her life is mainly one of loneliness in the background. Peter never could tell, for certain, when he would get back home. At weekends he often had to be away. Carefully planned holidays had to be abandoned, often at the last moment.

During the long annual holiday of the king and queen at Balmoral, Peter usually had to be there in attendance. In 1947 he went off on the royal tour of South Africa and in 1948 he was chosen by the king to accompany Princess Margaret as her equerry on her first important mission abroad and alone—to Holland for the coronation of Queen Juliana. There was precious little home life for the Townsends.

After only six years at Windsor came the break between the Townsends. Six days before the Christmas of 1952, Peter was granted a decree *nisi* of divorce on the ground of his wife's misconduct at a London hotel in August, 1951. An order for the custody of the two sons was granted to Peter Townsend but, by consent, their care and control were to remain with the mother until further order of the court. The suit was undefended.

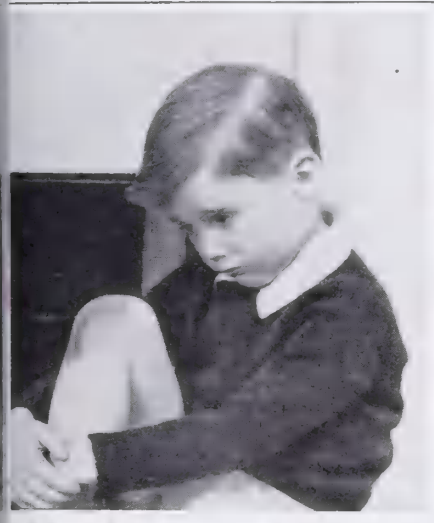
Now the whispering began in earnest. The young equerry was seen more and more frequently in the company of the princess: at theaters, in restaurants and night clubs, out riding through the early-spring morning mists in Windsor Great Park.

He was ever at her side, attentive, sympathetic, diverting. Day after day he accompanied the young princess, and sometimes her mother, on expeditions about London in connection with their move from the palace to their new home at nearby Clarence House. He was in charge of all the arrangements and was expected to become Comptroller to the Queen Mother there.

At the same time Peter was busily tying up all the mass of details for a tour on which he was expected to accompany the Queen Mother and Margaret to Rhodesia.

And then the whole thing blew up in his face. As in the case of the Windsor romance, while Britain continued to whisper, the Americans broke the story, and the Paris Samedi Soir reported that Margaret was ready to renounce her title in order to marry Peter.

The British press could not keep silent any longer. Controversy on the Margaret-Townsend subject immediately swept across Britain and the commonwealth. The diehards moaned and groaned at the very thought of the princess marrying even the innocent party in a divorce case—and a commoner at that. The more liberal-minded pleaded, "Let the girl live her own life."



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AT LEADING STORES HERE AND IN CANADA . . E-Z MILLS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

At the palace there was great consternation—and great activity. After a series of hurriedly called conferences, changes in the prospects of Group Captain Peter Townsend were announced.

He would not, after all, become Comptroller to the Queen Mother at Clarence House, it was decided. He would not, after all, be accompanying the Queen Mother and the princess to Rhodesia.

Meanwhile Margaret and Peter had no say at all in the high-powered negotiations. Peter, as far as the public was concerned, disappeared from the scene altogether. In fact, he spent most of his time sitting quietly in his office at the palace. Suddenly there was nothing for him to do, nowhere for him to go.

On June thirtieth, Margaret and her mother set out for Rhodesia. Two days after the royal departure an official announcement said that Group Captain Peter Townsend was to take up a strange appointment—as air attaché at the British embassy in Brussels. He would start his new duties, it was announced, on July fifteenth—the day before Margaret's return from Rhodesia.

Peter drove down to the Channel coast and boarded the car ferry at Dover. He looked shocking—a shadow of his usually jovial self. One of his eyes was bloodshot.

"I must have been in a draft," he said.

Now the London Daily Mirror came thundering into the fray. Earlier it had instigated a public-opinion poll in which the question was:

"Group Captain Peter Townsend, thirty-eight-year-old Battle of Britain pilot, was the innocent party in a divorce. He was given custody of his two children and his former wife has recently remarried. If Princess Margaret, now twenty-two, so desires—should she be allowed to marry him?"

The votes had come pouring in and the astonishing result was:

Yes—96.81 per cent.
No— 3.19 per cent.

Within the month R. A. ("Rab") Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer and at that time Acting Prime Minister, introduced a bill to amend the Regency Act of 1937, under the provisions of which Princess Margaret would have become regent if for any reason the queen were unable to carry out her duties while Prince Charles was still under eighteen years of age. The new arrangement was to be that the queen's consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, would in the appropriate circumstances be nominated as regent.

Even Labour leader and ex-Premier Clement Attlee added fuel to the fire when, in a House of Commons debate, he declared that Princess Margaret should be "quite independent and free to marry whom she likes."

(By law, of course, she is already free to marry whomever she wishes, provided she obtains her sister's consent. The Royal Marriage Act of 1772 requires that her choice should be approved by the sovereign and entered in the Privy Council books. If she wishes, she might even marry a Roman Catholic, but her children then would be excluded from the line of succession. There is a precedent for this—when Queen Victoria's granddaughter, now the ex-Queen of Spain, married the Catholic King Alfonso in 1906. If Margaret wished to marry a divorced man whose previous wife was still living, however, the marriage could not even be recognized by the Church of England, of which the sovereign is head. For the laws of the church simply do not countenance divorce.)

While the storm continued to rage, Peter settled down in Brussels to his new and not overimportant job as an air attaché, which carried a salary equivalent to about £3500 a year tax-free in Britain.

But here was no ordinary air attaché. His address and telephone number were kept secret. Even embassy officials could not get through to him direct. All inquiries were handled by a secretary, who would ring back with Peter's reply to any query. Guest lists at any functions he was to attend were carefully examined and officials had instructions not to discuss him with anyone.

Several times he has paid brief visits to London, always traveling in a manner very unlikely for a mere air attaché. Usually he journeys under a pseudonym—Mr. Carter—a procedure normally requiring permission from the Foreign Office or Buckingham Palace.

That such a privilege should be granted him—whatever the reason—must have been some consolation to him in his exile. And so must the knowledge that the Queen Mother still has a soft spot for him. She appointed him Extra Equerry—an honorary rank usually bestowed on equerries when they retire from office.

ALTHOUGH many people like to interpret Margaret's zest for life as a sign that she has inherited a streak of waywardness, the fact is that she has seldom kicked hard against stern royal discipline as such. She has found it easier to get her own way by subtler means.

Today her inbred sense of propriety—the attitude of mind which, for instance, leads her to insist on good friends' addressing her as "ma'am"—makes it easier than one might think for her to accept the formalities and restrictions with which she is bound about.

At Court functions she accepts, unquestioning, her role as simply the queen's sister: as the woman who is close to the sovereign always, but a little in the background. It is her duty to be there. And so there she is.

Certain of her public engagements which are not the results of requests for her presence made direct to her are allotted ("recommended" is the word used) to her by the Lord Chamberlain's office. She never complains about them, although she has been known jokingly to comment, "I get all the leftovers from Elizabeth," and one of her favorite mimes is a caricature of herself planting a tree.

Grandma Queen Mary it was who instilled into the young princesses the importance of being royalty. Her attitude is exemplified by her reproach administered to one member of her family who had complained of being tired

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

EVEN LITTLE HANDS CAN MAKE A PERFECT BED WITH WONDERFUL

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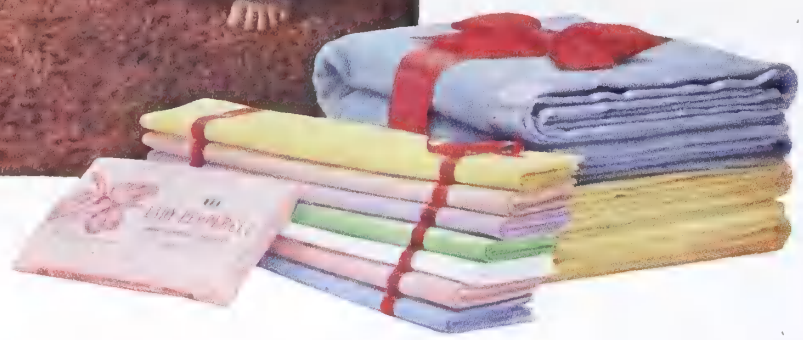
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

of visiting hospitals. "You are a member of the British royal family," she snapped. "We are *never* tired and we all *love* hospitals."

On certain matters—such as engagement, marriage, and journeys abroad—Margaret is constitutionally bound to seek the permission of her sister, the queen. But that is not to say that she has not a mind of her own. When she finds some obviously archaic and unnecessary obstacle in her path, then she proceeds to find ways over or around it—if not to have it removed altogether.

One of her outstanding achievements in this direction lately has been the demolition of the unwritten rule that members of the royal family shall not walk unescorted outside the grounds of their homes. Margaret persuaded the queen that the restriction was out of date and now, accompanied only by her lady in waiting or her maid, she often exercises her Sealyham dog Johnny in St. James's Park.

"If Margaret had been born a nobody, she would still have been acclaimed a beauty." That comment, made by a renowned portrait photographer, is more significant than it may seem at first sight.

Britons have at times seemed to be collectively afflicted with astigmatism where members of the royal family are concerned, finding and enthusing over qualities in them which, in the commoner, would not cause a head to be turned in a London street. But without a doubt Margaret's delicacy of features, the unique semitransparent texture of her skin, the regal carriage of her small head, her generous mouth and, above all, her huge, shining blue eyes would cause quite a stir anywhere, even among people with no idea of her identity.

In spite of all this, however, it is only fair to Margaret to point out that her beauty certainly is not flawless.

For one thing, she has a pronounced pallor. To some, of course, this may be attractive, but to most people it seems slightly discordant in one so young and so vivacious. Then again the effect of those lovely blue eyes is often marred by a trace of weariness. When she is seen close up, dark shadows add several years to her age. Finally her facial features: at certain angles they appear to be a little too sharp for perfection.

Margaret's hourglass silhouette, however, is very close to the petite ideal with these measurements:

Height	5′ 1″
Bust	33½″
Waist	21½″
Hips	33″
Weight	100 pounds

Margaret and fashion today are synonymous. But her undoubted flair for clothes also should be judged in the light of certain restrictive customs by which she is bound.

Hats, for instance. Royal ladies with public duties to perform never wear anything that tends to conceal the face.

Hair styles must always be simple enough to remain tidy for a long time in the worst weather conditions. Shoes must be comfortable enough for the wearer to walk considerable distances in them or to stand for hours. Make-up must be of a type that does not require frequent touching up.

Until recently, royal ladies never wore black except when they were in mourning. Margaret disposed of that custom. Although her favorite colors are ruby red, shell pink, leaf green and sapphire blue, she considers black to be very smart. She wears it often.

As soon as Margaret strikes a new fashion note, photographs are rushed to the mass-production factories and within a day or two imitations flood into the shops.

Platform shoes, feather caps, handbag initials, white woolen monkey jackets all have sold in huge quantities in Britain simply because the princess was pictured with them. There is hardly a woman in the land who, consciously or unconsciously, does not follow the royal lead.

Whether she is being dressed by French Dior and Desses or British Norman Hartnell; whether she is choosing hats in Paris or at the London salon of milliner Simone Mirman, the princess always knows just what she wants and sees that she gets it.

Sometimes her ideas cause the experts to raise their hands in horror. Once at a garden party given by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough she appeared in a large picture hat, a flared mink cape, a full and flimsy picture gown with a near-ankle-length skirt and open-toed strap and sling-back shoes.

THE French milliners groaned that no one under 5′4″ should wear a wide-brimmed hat. The *couturiers* gasped that the flared cape with that full dress only served to shorten the figure. The shoe stylists complained that she should have worn the plainest, trimmest court shoes.

Yet Margaret looked lovely. And manufacturers produced the ensemble by the vanload—for small women.

"Never mix glitter and tweeds," say the conventionalists. Yet Margaret delights to adorn a tweed suit with two sparkling jeweled clips and two rows of pearls.

"A Frenchwoman puts on her gloves in the boudoir, an American in the hall and an Englishwoman in the street," so the saying goes. But Margaret often appears without any gloves at all.

One of the fashion difficulties she has to face as a princess and sister of the queen is that she can seldom make full use of make-up. She allow herself the luxury of vivid lipstick, she uses only very light eye shadow and nail varnish. In the daytime she never rouge.

Her smooth, naturally wavy hair is us brushed and dressed by her own maid r sleekly and high above the ears, but sinc was given a mink coat by Queen Mary sh often added sophistication by means cluster of thick curls at the nape.

Margaret never wears earrings—she likes them intensely—and seldom a ring. favorite adornment is a five-row neckla perfect pearls.



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MOUNT AIRY KNITTING
Mount Airy • North Carol

It hasn't always been easy for the princess to ılfill her ambitions as a leader of fashion—not :arly as simple as it might be supposed to be ›r a girl who not only has the necessary looks, ıir and money, but also is the sister of the ueen of England.

From time to time she has had to face conderable opposition from members of her wn family, who have pointed out to her that aditionally the role of Britain's royal ladies far as clothing is concerned has been to eate an atmosphere of regal distinction ther than to show the way for the bright young ings.

Back in 1951 it was suggested to Margaret at it would be advisable for her to soft-pedal e leader-of-fashion business and to keep out the limelight for a while. Immediately afterard she turned up at the Goodwood races in e same yellow dress on three consecutive ys. And she tucked herself so far away at the ck of the royal box that many racegoers dn't realize she was there.

It couldn't last, of course. The pint-sized incess whose young life thus far has been rgely devoted to ensuring that she is never ıtshone by anyone, anywhere—with the sole ception of Court functions—has got to be ıt there in front, scintillating.

Apart from her position as sister of the ueen of England—and a very lonely sister at that—Princess Margaret possesses considerable wealth of her own. From the state she draws at present an allowance of only £6000 a year, on which (with a fairly liberal expense allowance) she has to pay income tax like anyone else; the grant to be increased at her marriage to £15,000. Besides this, she inherited very large (but undisclosed) sums both from her father and from her grandmother, Queen Mary. And £20,000 tax free was left to her by the late Mrs. Ronald Greville, a close friend of her parents. The more reliable estimates of the princess' fortune do not put her in the pound-millionaire class—but comfortably close to it.

When Margaret's birthday comes around this summer there is sure to be even greater interest in it than usual. For as soon as she is twenty-five she will be able, if she wishes, to invoke a clause in the Royal Marriage Act which has never been used since it was established in 1772.

The act lays down that any descendant of George III must ask the sovereign's permission to marry—up to the age of twenty-five. After that, if the sovereign's permission is withheld, the descendant may give twelve months' notice of the marriage. Then only the two Houses of Parliament can stop it.

But as to the man whom Margaret will marry, the princess herself has provided one clue: "I will never marry a man who cannot laugh easily."

The Barrel is Back

By SUE JENKINS

ARE you a perpetual picker-upper? I am! Each morning, when I start tidying up he place, I'm a regular jumping jack. Down or pajamas, up for the hanger, down for rucks, dolls and dishes (I have a girl and oy, both!), up again to dust, down for horts, magazines, up again to dust; down, ıp. And I'm tired of it. This morning, I deided to do something drastic. I would revert o mamma's barrel.

As a child, I realize now, I didn't get the ull significance of the barrel. Mamma had rought it into our household one evening, fter she had had another one of her cricks. Mamma was always getting cricks in her ack from picking things up off the floor. So his particular evening, after school, mamma ounded us up in the dining room. Daddy, ack (my preschool-age brother), Mary (my een-age sister) and I all knew by the look on namma's face that something important was oming.

"From now on," mamma began, "there vill be a barrel on the back porch. Any time find anything on the floor—no matter what t is—it goes into the barrel!" That was all he said.

We looked at one another and back to namma. We even snickered. It didn't make ense. Why would mamma pick up our hings, go clear out to the back porch, and lump them into a barrel? Daddy, too, hought it was a big joke.

"That's a good one," he laughed. "I can ust see Susie standing on her head trying to ind her geography lesson."

Mamma just smiled a secret little smile, nd went on about her work. And we went n living as usual. At first it was funny. Every time we wanted something, we would ace to the back porch and fish around in the barrel until we found it.

The barrel ceased to be funny to Mary, owever, about a week after it was instituted. She was upstairs that night, dressing for her date, when we heard her yell, "Mamma, have you seen my new yellow sweater? I've never even worn it," she wailed, "and I simply can't find it anywhere."

"Have you tried the barrel?" mamma replied softly.

"The barrel? Mamma! You wouldn't!" But nevertheless, Mary came down the steps, two at a time, and tried the barrel. Tearfully, she brought out a crumpled yellow thing from beneath a pair of my smelly tennis shoes, Jack's dirty slingshot and several of daddy's golf sticks.

The next catastrophe happened about two days later.

Daddy was in a hurry to get to the office, and couldn't find his hat. After a thorough search, mamma remarked casually, "Have you tried the barrel?" Daddy ran to the back porch, and we could hear him muttering as he threw out schoolbooks, toys, bedroom slippers and papers. Then we distinctly heard him swear as he reached his hat, jammed the shapeless piece of felt on his head, and slammed the back door.

You may think these unsatisfactory reactions would have caused mamma to become softhearted and abandon her plan, but you do not know mamma. When she starts something, she finishes it. She kept right on with the barrel until there was nothing to put in it. And that didn't take as long as you might think. But even after we had each learned our lesson—the hard way—she kept the barrel on the porch to remind us. . . .

Why did this all come back to me so vividly this morning? I stooped to pick up a dump truck, when bang! A sharp, excruciating pain hit me square in the back. I had the first of mamma's cricks. Then and there I decided to do something drastic. . . .

Who is that at the door? "Oh, yes, sir! Bring it right in."

The barrel is back! Do you think it will work? I'll bet on it! END



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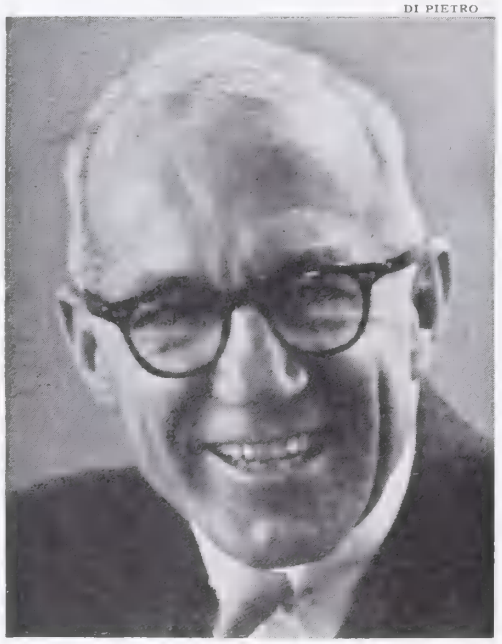


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Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers

Is the breast-fed baby more secure than the bottle-fed? Not necessarily, it depends on the mother.



Dr. Spock says: The baby must connect his tremendous enjoyment of feeding to his mother, and this helps him learn to love.

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

THIS page is mainly in response to letters about three bottle topics: (1) Bottle holders; (2) Going to bed with a bottle; (3) When should a baby give up or be deprived of his last bottle?

In recent years there has been a lot of advice to mothers, from individual doctors and public-health nurses, from pamphlets and books (including mine) urging them to hold their babies in their arms while giving the bottle. This advice hasn't come as a result of any research work that I know of, proving that this method is of definite value. The advice has been given on general principle.

Doctors *have* known for a number of years, from the studies of scientists such as Harry Bakwin, René Spitz and Katherine Wolf, that babies must have a reasonable amount of affection, cuddling, doting, in order to grow up happy and human. They came to the conclusion from observing babies who lived in institutions in which they received no friendly attention at all and who, as a result, became listless, apathetic and malnourished.

Of course breast feeding is a very natural and ideal way in which a baby receives a lot of physical affection and loving attention. The mother can't very well do anything else during nursing, so she turns her thoughts and feelings toward him, for a full twenty minutes or so, four to six times a day. Her lovingness is intensified during nursing by her baby's closeness, his visible trust in her, her realization that it is her very own milk which is nourishing and satisfying him, her own physical and spiritual pleasure. The baby, as he develops, must connect his tremendous enjoyment of feeding and his closeness to his mother at these times and this must help him learn to love and trust her as the most important person in the world. By the time he is old enough to be able to spare a second from nursing, he pauses to give her a delighted or adoring smile.

It is easy to see why the doctors and nurses who have been somewhat uneasy about the decreasing frequency of breast feeding in America have tried to encourage it by stressing its emotional value. But then they realized, thinking about the actual families they knew well, that apparently as large a proportion of bottle-fed babies have turned out to be affectionate and well adjusted as the proportion of breast-fed babies. So there must be other important ways in which a mother's love gets through to her baby. Obviously when a mother gives a bottle to her baby cuddled in her arms she can give him her full attention, fondle him, smile at him, and he will feel almost as close to her as if he were nursing at the breast.

I think you can understand why doctors and nurses, from these steps of reasoning, have recommended that the bottle-fed baby be held in his mother's arms.

The Rochester (Minnesota) Child Health Institute was established by the Mayo Association ten years ago to study ways to help parents bring up their children. Its director, Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich, and the rest of the staff, of which I was a member for four years, always recommended that mothers hold babies for bottle feedings. And we, like most doctors and nurses, assumed that our advice was being followed. But later a group of pediatricians on the staff made many home visits to ask mothers in great detail what methods they were actually using and what worked. It rather surprised these doctors to find that many mothers, including some of the most affectionate ones with very happy babies, were propping bottles at times, by means of bottle holders or folded diapers.

Many mothers of twins have written me good letters loaded with helpful suggestions (which I'll report on another time) and most of them have found that propping the bottle part of the time was necessary.

So it's easy to answer the mothers who have asked about bottle holders: They are very handy at times. Used with moderation, they will not deprive a baby seriously because there are many other ways in which a mother can show her love for and enjoyment of her baby.

Am I saying that cuddling a baby for bottle feedings is unimportant? (It sounds like a silly question, but some people will quote a writer like that.) I should say not.

I should add—what most mothers with older babies have found out already—that many babies reach a stage when they want to hold their own bottles and some of them, soon afterward, show their impatience at being in their mothers' arms at such times. Such a baby, of course, won't love you more if you insist on holding on to him when he doesn't want to be held.

The next question is whether, when a baby of perhaps 7 to 10 months gets to the stage where he prefers to feed himself his own bottle, you should let him drink his nighttime and naptime bottles out of bed—sitting or lying—or whether you should put him to bed and let him drink himself to sleep with it. There's no doubt about it—the good old bottle in bed usually works like a strong sedative and he's fast asleep by the time he's finished. Then what's the harm? No real harm except that such a baby gets to associate bottle and sleep so closely that he can't go to sleep without a bottle. If the mother tries to withhold the bottle, he's not just sleepless, he's miserable. The need for the nighttime bottle (and perhaps for a nap bottle) may go on to 1½, 2, 2½ years, occasionally longer still. I myself don't remember any child who was still clinging to the bottle at 3, except those who wanted it back again through envy of a new baby.

I've never seen any harm come from a bedtime bottle to the age of 2 or even beyond, except for the clucking sounds that relatives or friends may make if they find out. I myself don't think there is anything to be gained in trying to get *any* bottle—bedtime or daytime—away from a baby who is clinging to it desperately. Humans, generally speaking, don't grow up best by having things taken away from them, but rather by outgrowing them.

Of course there is such a thing as holding a child back a little by encouraging him to remain a baby, and this doesn't help him either. The best you can do is make it easy and fun for him to grow up by watching for his readiness, making changes gradually, and in a friendly, admiring spirit.

Most babies want to hold and try to drink from a small, easily grasped cup or glass at 5 to 7 months. You can help them to like this way of drinking by putting a couple of drops of formula in the cup and increasing the amount as they gain skill. A few are becoming bored with the bottle by 8 or 9 months and I'm all for letting them wean themselves gradually. There's a larger number who cling to three bottles a day and act suspicious about the cup until 15 months or so, and then relent gradually. Practically all of them want to hang on to one bottle, usually the nighttime one, longer than the rest.

Some mothers (and grandmothers too!) have strong feelings about weaning and are quite disgusted when they see a child big enough to walk still guzzling from a bottle. They should certainly take their feelings into account (for their baby's sake as well as their own), put the cup within reach by 5 months, take advantage of each stage of the baby's boredom with his bottles, and not get him in the habit of going to bed with a bottle.

Another word about pacifiers. (I know the subject is boring to some of you.) Many mothers have suggested that the best way to solve the problem of lost pacifiers—in bed or out—is to keep half a dozen on hand. Several mothers have warned that babies can choke on old, tired pacifiers, either by pulling the nipple off the plastic base or by chewing them to pieces. Either get new ones that can't easily be pulled or chewed apart or, if the child mainly uses them for chewing rather than sucking, take this as a sign he doesn't need them any more.

It shouldn't be necessary to boil a pacifier or toy that has fallen on the floor—washing with soap should be enough.

Fluoridation of the water supply has spread rapidly in recent years but it still has a long way to go. When it is being considered for the first time in any city, the people want to be assured that it is safe, and this takes some time and discussion. Of course fluoridation was thoroughly experimented with and proved safe to the satisfaction of medical, dental and health authorities before it was ever recommended. In fact fluoride has always occurred naturally in some water supplies—that's how its value was first discovered. I am glad to live in a city that has added fluoride to its water.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—Ed.

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BORN TO BE QUEEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

unnecessarily. Martine Roell and her baby daughter arrived a few days later. On May ninth, a Thursday, the royal party was advised to spend the night in the shelter.

At three o'clock in the morning Zussie awoke to the scream of air-raid sirens. Someone rapped sharply on the door and Prince Bernhard called, "The attack has started!" Then he added in a pleased tone of voice, "I just saw my first Stuka shot down."

Within the thick concrete shelter walls, the babies slept peacefully. Their mothers and the nurse sipped scalding-hot coffee and, conversing in whispers, waited for Bernhard to bring them reports from the outside.

Toward morning Zussie was awakened by the sound of a radio. The announcer's voice was hoarse with excitement. Bombing was continuing in The Hague, at Schipol Airport near Amsterdam, at Haarlem, Maastricht, Arnhem, Hook of Holland, Delft and Rotterdam. Belgium and Luxembourg were also invaded. German troops had crossed the Maas River in the southeast. Parachutists were coming down everywhere.

Zussie took a deep breath to steady her pounding heart and looked across at Juliana. The princess was pale but composed. She was checking over the contents of the suitcases the nurse had packed for the children. When she opened Irene's and found it stuffed with clean diapers, she gave a queer little forced laugh.

Now a statement from Queen Wilhelmina was read over the radio. She said that the

The sun, the moon and the stars would have disappeared long ago, had they happened to be within reach of predatory human hands.

—HAVELOCK ELLIS:
The Dance of Life
(Houghton Mifflin Company)

Germans were committing a heinous crime, coming into a peaceful country, but that they would be driven out again with God's help. She told everyone not to get excited. "My government and I will do our duty," the message ended. Zussie suddenly felt much better.

Juliana's eyes were bright with unshed tears. "How like Mother!" she breathed.

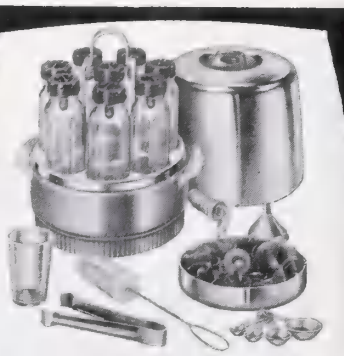
Bernhard came hastily into the shelter. It seemed odd to see the usually meticulous prince unshaven and in a rumpled uniform. He told the women the Germans evidently knew they were hiding at Huis Ten Bosch, for parachutists were dropping all about them in the woods. "As soon as we can we'll leave for Noordeinde," he told them. "It's too bad, for this is a much more comfortable shelter, but you'll be more protected in the center of the city."

During a lull in the battle an inconspicuous cavalcade of cars sped from the House in the Woods to Wilhelmina's residence. Zussie saw whole families digging up their front lawns and was told that they were making escape trenches from their cellars in case their homes were bombed. Others were shoveling the dirt and sand into bags and piling them against the house walls. Some families were taking no defensive measures whatsoever, but running back and forth piling their belongings into cars.

One or two homes were totally demolished. Mothers and fathers and children walked around the ruins, with sad and bewildered faces. In the rubble Zussie saw a perfectly intact pot of scarlet geraniums.

On their way to the center of the city, Zussie noticed a large green object hanging limply in the top branches of a tree. As the car drew nearer she could see it was a dead German paratrooper. She quickly pointed out the other window to a treed cat to distract Trix's attention.

That night everyone crowded into the small air-raid shelter in the garden of Noordeinde, which was hidden from the sight of planes by several immense trees. When Zussie stepped



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hrough the thick oak door into the narrow oncrete passageway she felt as though she ere burrowing into some ancient Egyptian's mb. Within was a single cell no bigger than ight by ten feet. Hanging from hooks on the alls were seven hideous gas masks.

The two baby girls, Trix and Renée, slept on enches while Irene lay in her gastight basket, ith the lid off. In case of a gas attack, the asket had a hand pump and oxygen tank ttached.

The adults slept on two single-bed mattresses hich almost completely covered the hard tone floor. Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina, Martine Roell and Zussie shared one mattress, hile Bernhard and Juliana shared the other. he nurse found the sleeping quarters so rowded that it was impossible to turn over, ut she got little sleep anyway as the prince ad a telephone right by his ear and it rang ncessantly.

Saturday morning the air was filled with noke, and the sirens of ambulances and fire ngines went continually. Between the alerts verybody escaped the damp, cold shelter and t in the spring sunshine near the door. Trix nd Renée carried out the tea set and held a parties for their dolls.

The children considered living in the shelter wonderful new game. What fun to race inde when the air-raid siren sounded! How elightful to have granny and mamma and apa and Zussie all sleeping together and eating their meals picnic-style on the floor! Papa ked with them even more than usual, and amma held Trix on her lap and talked to her bout the long trip which they would soon be king.

Every few hours brought word of new disters. German *Panzer* divisions had penetated the Dutch lines at three different points nd were hurtling across the flat countryside, eaded toward Amsterdam, Rotterdam and he Hague.

From South Holland came reports that erman paratroopers were descending from e skies dressed in the black robes and flat ts of Dutch priests. "*Dat is gek*" (crazy), orted Mr. Sesink. "Don't believe it." He as right, as it turned out later. Then the ory spread to the palace gates that the Gerin paratroopers were the grown-up German ar babies who had been nursed back to health Dutch homes directly after the First World ar.

"This is the way they repay us for our kindss!" an old soldier exploded to Zussie. hey are walking around wearing Dutch iforms and speaking perfect Dutch. It's possible to tell friend from enemy."

o panic gripped the city. One of the queen's nadiers brought to the shelter a leaflet opped by the *Luftwaffe*. It said in Dutch at the Germans came as friends and were ry for what they were doing, but they had protect the Dutch from the French and the glish. It was foolish to go on fighting, the per said, when the country was almost mpletely beaten. Bernhard was the last to d the leaflet. He tore it up savagely, his e a thundercloud.

The radio announced before supper Satday night that most of the West of Holland d been deliberately flooded by Dutch troops t that the Germans were using rubber boats d still coming. The Germans had captured veral airports in Holland and were ferrying troops just as fast as their planes could land. e plane was shot down with a horse inside, ought, the radio said, by a German comnder for his victory parade. Snipers were oting from private homes, so it was wise stay off the streets. The snipers were beed to be Dutch Nazis and should be reted at once to the police, the radio warned.

As Zussie listened to the high sweet voices the children while she went about her usual ies of attending to their clothes and food, had moments of believing that the war, icipated with such dread for so long, was y a nightmare from which she would soon aken. It was ludicrous, for instance, to tch people in the streets wearing pots and ns for helmets. She burst out laughing at sight of a very stout and dignified gentlen passing the palace fence with a large iron w kettle on his head.

The palace gardens had never looked more lovely, with their masses of tulips and daffodils. The tall spreading chestnuts were in full bloom. For days before the start of the attack, rain had fallen steadily and it was oppressively warm; now each day brought clear skies and brilliant sunshine. Only the fire from the antiaircraft batteries made lazy puffs of white in the cloudless blue sky.

Trix pointed at the small specks of planes diving at one another in the heavens. "Big birds, big birds," she cried delightedly as Zussie hustled her into the shelter.

Once a day Zussie took the girls over to the palace for a hot bath. She worried that an air-raid alert would catch them naked in the tub, but fortunately this never happened. Other times, when it was necessary to fetch food or fresh water from the palace kitchen, she walked the hundred-yard distance between palace and shelter alone.

Close by the palace gardens was the rear of a café which before the war was known to be a headquarters for Dutch Nazis. Once when Zussie was walking over to Noordeinde, a bullet suddenly whizzed by her ear and then another, smashing a windowpane a few inches above her head. She looked back over her shoulder and found that she was gazing directly into the rear windows of the café. Snipers! Her own countrymen were shooting at her! She continued her slow and dignified pace, determined to show her contempt for such traitors.

When she reached the safety of the palace, a liveried footman asked in tones of awe, "Weren't you frightened, Freule?"

"Naturally not," she replied with what she hoped was convincing *sang-froid*.

Bernhard, who had been sitting in front of the shelter with a submachine gun across his knees, observed the incident. He sprang to his feet and with security officer Sesink at his heels ran to the palace. A few moments later, as the nurse was returning to the shelter she



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But Koroseal's best feature is that only top manufacturers of any product can use it. Alexis "Handi-panti and Topper sets", baby pants and baby bibs by Warren's, Pearl-Wick hampers (shown at the right in the picture above), Jakson shower curtains by Joseph A. Kaplan & Sons, raincoats by Climatic are only a few of the fine things made of it.

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INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION

heard machine-gun fire from the roof of the palace and the crash of glass from the café.

The prince continued to pump bullets into the upper stories of the restaurant until all answering fire was silenced. Later, during an air-raid alert, he did not go to the shelter. Instead, he went to the palace roof, to fire round after round of machine-gun fire at the German Heinkels and Stukas and Messerschmidts that filled the sky. Mr. Sesink bellicosely went out to fetch him, his angry face expressing his concern for the prince.

Well, the nurse exulted, *so the prince is a Nazi, is he?*

So far, there had not been a sufficient lull in the bombing and strafing by the *Luftwaffe* to allow an escape. That night exploding bombs made a continual thunder.

Zussie, wide awake and weary, wondered groggily why the white stone palace nearby, such an obvious target from the air, had not yet been bombed. *The Germans must know the royal family is here and want to take them alive*, she decided.

Juliana, who had not been out of her clothes for three days, looked shattered with fatigue, with great deep circles beneath her eyes. But she continued cheerful and composed. Never by a word or sign did she betray a trace of panic, although Zussie knew that she, too, must be doubting whether they could make their dash to freedom in time.

Queen Wilhelmina's majestic manner remained unchanged. *She is like a rock*, thought Zussie. The Dutch monarch never once lost heart. God would see to the punishment of such barbarians. As she sat on the floor of the damp and moldy shelter, her broad back was still ramrod straight. Candlelight illuminated a face of classic calm and determination. So Socrates might have looked before he sipped the fatal hemlock.

Toward evening the skies cleared of planes, and Mr. Sesink conferred intently at one end of the garden with the queen. They would try to escape that night to IJmuiden Harbor. There an English destroyer waited in uneasy anchorage.

"Perhaps we will meet in London," Wilhelmina told her daughter, embracing her quickly in front of the shelter. "Perhaps we will meet again here."

Juliana's eyes misted as the fifty-nine-year-old queen gravely kissed her two grandchildren good-by and shook Bernhard's hand.

"I'll be back just as soon as I see Jula and the children safely in England," he informed her.

The queen raised her hand. "God bless you," she told the group in a voice trembling with emotion.

An armored truck belonging to the Bank of the Netherlands drove up. First Irene was carried in, asleep in her puppy basket. Then Trix and Renée, clutching their dolls and chattering gaily, climbed in with Zussie. They were followed by an aide-de-camp and his wife chosen by Queen Wilhelmina to accompany the family.

Juliana turned and searched the pretty face of her intimate friend Martine. "You're sure you want to go without William?"

Martine hesitated. She looked very close to tears. "Yes," she finally replied. "We have come this far. We might as well see it through."

Bernhard, machine gun under his arm, was the last to climb into the armored truck. As there were no seats, everyone sat on mattresses on the floor.

Next to the driver up front sat a detective named Welbergen. Carefully balanced on his knee was a rather battered-looking white cardboard box. Nobody paid any attention to it. Zussie discovered later it contained the Dutch crown jewels.

The drive from The Hague to the seaport of IJmuiden usually takes about an hour. That evening it took four hours. The armored bank truck was accompanied by two cars filled with soldiers and security officers. It was feared the convoy would be an obvious target on the main highways where the slashing *Luftwaffe* roared up and down. So they stuck to small secondary roads with many detours and doublings back and forth because of bomb craters and fallen buildings and trees.

The women sat in total darkness, unable to see out as the truck had only one small window, and that was at the back near Bernhard. Trix was wearing a cotton training suit with long pants and sat on her nurse's lap. Renée stayed by her mother and Irene slept on Juliana's lap.

The adults kept talking in quiet tones. They all minimized the situation. In no time at all they would be heading back to Soestdijk. Soon French and English troops would pour in by the thousands and push back the Germans. Only the words of Mr. Sesink, who was not given to rash statements, lingered uncomfortably in their minds. "We won't be back for five years, at least," he had said. He was following behind them now. "Five years!" scoffed the prince. "What nonsense!"

"Can you fight?" Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, once asked a young professor who had gone to him with a disconcerting problem.

"Why, yes," the man replied; "that is, I think I can."

"Can you fight when you are in the minority?"

"I have done so occasionally."

"Can you fight when everybody is against you—when not one man is ready to lend you support?"

"I am ready to try it if necessary."

"Then you need have no fear. But if you have convictions, it will sometimes be necessary to do no less."

—ROLLO WALTER BROWN
Lonely Americans (Coward-McCann, Inc.)

Never a man who enjoys sitting still, Bernhard fidgeted as they bumped, crawled and jolted to sudden stops. He told the women what he could see out the window—the whole street, he said, was filled with people with as many possessions as they could push or carry. Bomb craters were everywhere and the German planes must have recently strafed the refugees. Zussie could hear babies crying and her heart went out to them.

They had left Noordeinde at twilight. Now it was night. Zussie thought suddenly of the Dutch-Nazi café and wondered if a sniper could have seen their departure. If so, he would surely inform the Germans. Supposing at this very instant Storm Troopers were setting up a road block ahead?

She held Trix tighter and prayed silently that they would reach England safely. Her thoughts turned to her family in Hilversum. Were they all right? Would they think her dead when she disappeared without a word or sign?

Hours later, when the coast was finally reached, Bernhard climbed out and locked the women and children in the truck. Then it was driven aboard a ferry. Bernhard announced through the small window in back that he was going out on deck. When his footsteps died away, all was silence.

They could feel the ferry motors throbbing as she pulled away from the dock, headed for the opposite side of the North Sea Canal where the destroyer was waiting. The boat had barely got up steam and was moving slowly against a strong current when they heard a plane overhead.

"Stuka!" they heard Bernhard exclaim. At the same time they heard the antiaircraft batteries start up on the shore.

Zussie's blood froze. The Germans knew of their escape after all. *What a terrible way to die*, she thought. *Drowned in a locked truck. What possible chance is there to escape?*

Then she thought, *It's pitch dark. Maybe the planes won't see us.*

They could hear shouts and running feet and then a burst of gunfire. "Don't shoot," they heard Mr. Sesink yelling. Then the prince's voice, almost at the same time, "Don't shoot you idiot!"

It's all over, Zussie thought. The machine-gun fire from the deck of the blacked-out ves



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would surely disclose their location. There was no sound in the truck except for the measured breathing of the sleeping children.

The roar of the plane increased. Now the pilot was going into a dive. The nurse could not control the chattering of her teeth. Louder and louder roared the dive bomber; now it must be directly on them. She tensed, bending her body over Trix, waiting for the bombs to fall.

Instead, the sound diminished and the plane roared away. A few minutes later Bernhard's face appeared in the truck window. "It's all right," he reassured them. "He didn't get us or the destroyer. He was just dropping mines in the harbor."

Now we'll have floating mines to contend with, thought Zussie. *How will the captain ever see them in the dark?*

Nausea gripped her stomach. *I can't get sick,* she told herself. *Not now!*

"This is the first time we've ever traveled on a Whitsunday," reflected Juliana in a calm voice. Everyone laughed.

A few minutes later the ferry came to a stop and Bernhard commanded, "All ashore!" He unlocked the truck door and helped the women and babies off the ship to the jetty where loomed the slim gray bulk of a darkened destroyer. The warship had barely headed out of the harbor into rough waters when the nurse was ill over the side of the ship.

"Poor Zussie!" sympathized the princess. "I'm afraid she is no sailor. Would you mind taking Trix and Renée into your cabin, Martine?"

Martine agreed readily and disappeared below with the two girls. Juliana took Irene with her and Zussie collapsed gratefully into bed as the destroyer started zigzagging through the Channel mine fields. When in the early hours of the morning they reached the English coast, Martine confessed to Zussie, "I was terrified. All I could think of was how I could possibly save two husky two-year-olds if we were torpedoed."

From Harwich the royal family took a train to London, where they moved into the Dutch Legation until other quarters could be found. As they drove in a palace Rolls-Royce through the London streets Zussie saw mounds of sandbags piled against St. Paul's Cathedral. On every lamppost were black-and-white A.R.P. posters giving air-raid instructions. Gas masks hung from almost every arm, far more than she had ever seen in Holland.

THE indomitable Queen Wilhelmina arrived in London the next day, with nothing more than the clothes on her back. On that day, most of The Netherlands had capitulated after a terrible air attack ravaged the heart of Rotterdam. Queen Wilhelmina had been headed for Zeeland in Southern Holland where the Dutch were still holding out when she was reluctantly persuaded by her ministers to board a ship to England instead. At Liverpool Station, King George VI kissed the Dutch monarch on both cheeks, then tactfully turned aside while she embraced Bernhard and Juliana.

"It is just about over," she told them, adding bitterly, "It was a five-day war."

Zussie, hearing this, recalled some information Princess Armgard had sent along to them from Germany a few months before. Friends of hers high in government circles had asked Hitler what he intended to do with Holland and Belgium. "Go through them like that," announced the *Fuhrer*, slicing the air with a vicious gesture of his hand.

And so he had, she thought, and the Low Countries had been just as unprepared as he expected.

Within a few days, Queen Wilhelmina was established in a small house in London, later at Maidenhead. One by one her Cabinet ministers straggled across the English Channel and with their help she opened up Dutch government headquarters in London. The rest of the royal family was invited by Lord Bledisloe to use his cottage at Lydney Park in Gloucestershire. When they gratefully accepted his invitation, the English lord moved his family out but thoughtfully left his servant staff behind.

Prince Bernhard saw his family settled and then took off by plane for Zeeuws Vlaanderen in the southwest of Holland, where the Dutch were still fighting.



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One morning Juliana opened a brown-paper parcel which had arrived addressed to the princesses and lifted out a small Scottish doll in Highland costume. "How amazing the British are!" she marveled. "To think at a time like this—when every moment they expect to see the Germans descend from the skies—they still take the trouble to be kind to two small strangers."

The news from across the Channel grew steadily worse. On May twenty-eighth King Leopold of Belgium surrendered his army and the British troops on the Continent began their retreat to the sea. Just before the evacuation of troops at Dunkirk was completed, Bernhard returned to England from Paris, dodging in a small ship the umbrella of the *Luftwaffe*. He strolled into the cottage at teatime in his rumpled and stained Dutch-army uniform, his shoulders sagging with fatigue. Juliana gave a little cry and flew into his arms.

That evening they had a long session of what the practical Bernhard called "facing the facts." He doubted very much that the French would be able to hold out. With the fall of France, the invasion of England was almost certain.

"Your mother and I will take the risk and stay," he told Juliana. "Our biggest and most important job is to keep up Dutch morale until the Germans are beaten. We can't do that from some mountain peak in the Andes. We must stay in close contact. Also, it will be necessary for someone outside of the country who knows the over-all strategy of the Allies to direct sabotage, someone whom the Dutch absolutely trust. I hope to be that person.

"Now then, about you and the children. You are not queen yet and there is no need for you to put your neck in a noose. In fact, if you and the girls were on some other continent, far from danger, this would be a great consolation to the Dutch. If they figured the next generation of the House of Orange was safe, it would help to keep their hopes alive."

Juliana reflected, then said, "Aunt Alice tol me that her husband is going to be the nex governor-general of Canada. She invited u to stay with them in Ottawa."

"Perfect!" announced Bernhard. "But w must arrange it quickly, before the submarine get any worse. We'll get a Dutch warship. With a glance at her somber face, he added "Come now, you're not going to Mars, yo know." He added, trying to make her smil "And the skiing is wonderful, I hear."

The princess leaned her fair head wordless against her husband's khaki shoulder.

"I'll only be a day away from you by plane, the prince was telling her as Zussie slippe quietly from the room.

Only a month after they had fled fro Holland, the group again fled the Nazis, th time heading for the Welsh coast to board Dutch cruiser.

Bernhard and Juliana rode ahead with th aide-de-camp and his wife, who were going int exile with the princess.

Behind them in a second car provided b Buckingham Palace—a black Daimler with glass partition and pale-gray upholstery—roo Zussie and Martine and the children. M Sesink and two detectives, the small securi force which Queen Wilhelmina ordered accompany the royal family, followed in third car. Detective Welbergen, Zussie notice still clutched the bulging white cardboard bo in which rattled the diamonds and sapphir and rubies of the House of Orange-Nassau.

Although it was a very mild June day, Tr was wrapped in blankets until only her flushe cheeks showed. The night before she had su denly developed a temperature of 104°.

"There's sure to be a good Dutch doctor the ship," reassured Juliana. "No use to c in an English one now."

The cushioned seats in the British limo sines were so soft and the route to the coast full of hills and twists and turns that Zuss felt she was bouncing up and down like marionette. Before long she began to feel qu carsick. Soon small Renée lost her lunch, th Trix began. Each time, Zussie would sign the driver to stop. She and Martine wou attempt to clean up the mess with handk chiefs and, finally, clean diapers, wh Bernhard sat fidgeting in the car ahead.

At the fourth stop, he ran back to the "We've got to keep going or we'll miss t ship. She's leaving promptly at five and I not sure they know we're coming. Make o the best you can, but don't stop!"

The rest of the drive from Gloucestersh to Milford Haven in Wales was misery Zussie. All their clothes as well as the limo sine reeked horribly. And Martine was weari her only suit. *C'est la guerre*, the nurse t herself giddily as the towering dock derric at last came into view.

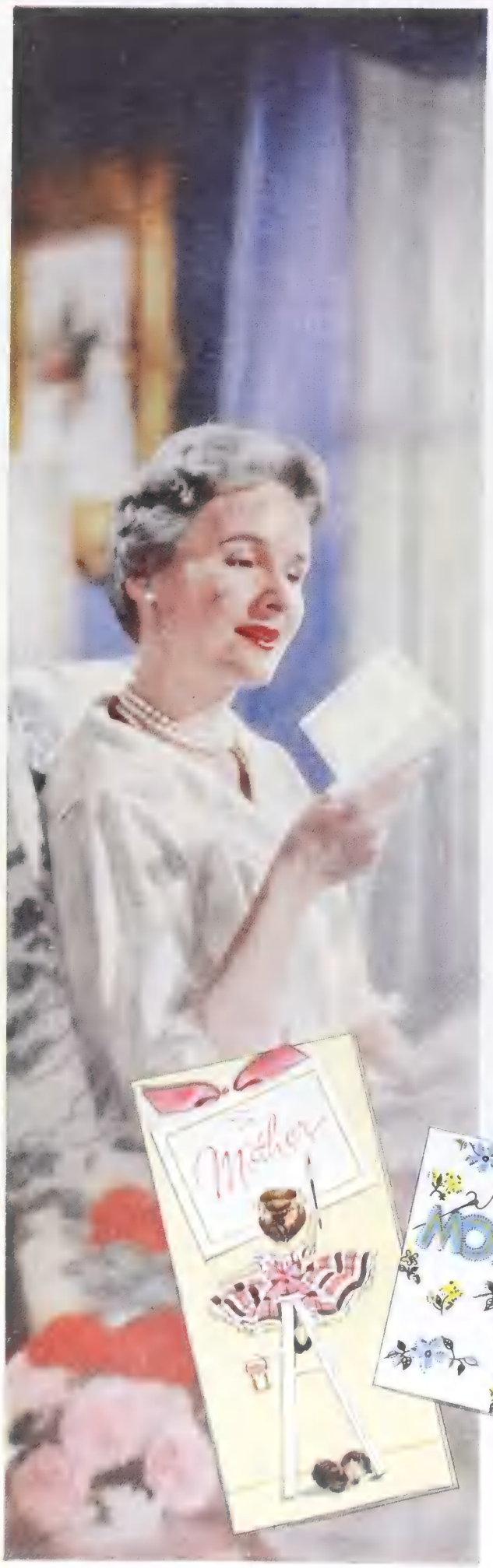
THEIR departure was a well-kept secret. T Dutch captain of the cruiser Sumatra—t only person on board who knew that passengers would be the House of Orange waited until the bedraggled-looking party tually started up the gangplank before he dered the four best cabins on the ship p pared for them. His own quarters he turn over to Princess Juliana, who, however, lected the first officer's cabin.

The instant her cabin was ready, Zus slipped below deck and stretched out on bunk. Shortly afterward Juliana came down see what was the matter.

"I'll send the doctor here at once. And do worry. I'll take the baby in with me; T might as well stay here and you can be s together."

The doctor diagnosed Trix's fever as German measles. Zussie was acutely seasi She longed for fresh air, but as the ship completely blacked out with heavy black per pasted over all the portholes, she co not open the window.

"We're not allowed to smoke on dec Martine advised her the next morning. "' captain says a lighted cigarette at night can seen two miles. By the way, the sailors thrilled to have us aboard. They're putting a net around the upper deck, so Trix Renée won't fall overboard, and making th life belts out of string and gin-bottle cork



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"Oh, dear," moaned the nurse. "I hadn't thought of that. Supposing they do fall overboard? I must watch them." She struggled to get on her feet. "And what about Irene's formula? Who's fixing it?"

"Now lie down and stop worrying," Martine directed her. "The steward told me he knows all about feeding babies."

Several days later Zussie discovered that the steward was serving the ten-month-old Irene sailor-sized portions of baked brown beans with bacon and bowls of *erwtensoep*, a very rich green-pea soup with hunks of pork and fat and marrow floating on top. She also enjoyed ice cream with thick chocolate sauce.

Trix, too, experimented with new foods on shipboard. She was found squatting behind the hatch one day, sipping from a straw a nearly empty bottle of Dutch gin. She screamed when the bottle was taken away, but admitted later not liking the "lemonade" too much.

When Zussie got rather wobblingly back on her feet she sat with the children in the sun on their net-enclosed upper deck. Closely behind the big cruiser followed their only escort, the Dutch destroyer Heemskerk. The nurse found her eyes straying often to the swelling sea. Once she gave an involuntary little shudder as she thought she saw the spider leg of a periscope slipping through the whitecaps.

On the third day out the submarine alarm sounded. Down in her cabin Zussie slipped her milky life preserver over her head. She grabbed the tiny life belt which the sailors had made for Trix and hurried on deck.

Juliana and Martine were standing there with the Dutch detectives. Clinging to their mothers' hands were Trix and Renée.

The cruiser's engines were throbbing at full speed as she started to twist and turn through the water.

"The Heemskerk crew thought they spotted an enemy submarine," Mr. Sesink advised Zussie. "They're going off to investigate."

They watched silently as the gray destroyer zipped away at high speed. They stood on deck until the smoke from its funnels vanished. Presently the captain joined them. He spoke reassuringly to Mr. Sesink. "There's no sign of a German sub now. Everyone can go below if they like, but please tell their Royal Highnesses and Mrs. Roell and Miss Feith to keep their life preservers within reach at all times." To the Princess Juliana he said, "I shall advise Your Royal Highness the instant the Heemskerk returns."

All afternoon and evening they waited for the destroyer. The ocean suddenly seemed immensely lonely. Until the sun set, Zussie found herself scanning the horizon for a glimpse of a tiny gray silhouette.

By the next morning the Heemskerk still had not returned, and no word had been received from her. *If she has been torpedoed by a submarine, then surely the sub will now be attacking us*, Zussie thought, glancing nervously over the rail at the sea.

She went down to the cabin and threw a few things into a suitcase. *Now what shall I pack for a lifeboat?* she thought, and gave a little giggle. She was surely becoming lightheaded. *Sunburn lotion would be a good thing, if only I had some.*

A sailor knocked on the cabin door and handed her a pile of baby's diapers fresh from the ship's laundry. He looked embarrassed and retreated hastily.

In another moment there was a second knock at the door. Standing in the corridor was a bashful sailor holding a wooden toy. He passed it into Zussie's hands.

"It's for the Princess Beatrix," he mumbled. Zussie could see that it was a toy locomotive, hand-carved and painstakingly sanded and painted.

"I guess it isn't much of a present for a girl," he added apologetically. "You see, I have a boy about Princess Beatrix's age. I intended it for him on our last cruise. I was going to give it to him when the ship got back to Holland."

He turned and shot off down the ship's corridor. "Wait, wait!" Zussie cried after him. "It's a beautiful toy. Don't you want to ——" But he was gone. The nurse sat down on the bed and began to cry. She felt as though the woes of the world were upon her.

The evening of the fourth day, the Heemskerk suddenly reappeared. She had lost the Sumatra trying to track the submarine.

Her safe return put everyone in high spirits. Soon they would be in Halifax. Zussie suddenly realized that when they left the Dutch ship and stepped on Canadian shores the last link with their homeland would be severed.

No more submarine alerts marred their trip. When they anchored at last off Halifax, Princess Juliana felt that a speech of gratitude was in order. She spoke from the main deck of the cruiser, and three hundred Dutch tars in their dress uniforms with brass buttons brightly polished lined up to hear her.

Princess Juliana's message was one of faith and courage and expressed the hope that they would soon all meet again on the soil of home. When Zussie thought of the sailors' families in Holland, helpless and unprotected, and the sailors' own stern duty elsewhere, she began to cry. Indeed, from the captain to the youngest mess boy, faces crumpled and tears fell. Even the imperturbable Mr. Sesink stood blinking by Juliana's side.

The royal party went ashore and the Sumatra headed to the Netherlands East Indies. Fully half of her crew never returned.

The royal party soon left Halifax and motored to Ottawa, where they had been invited to be the guests of Juliana's Aunt Alice and her husband, the Earl of Athlone. Trix refused to be parted from her toy locomotive and carried it under her arm; she also insisted that they take along the small string hammocks and life belts made for them by the Sumatra's crew.

The thin dark spires and steeples of Ottawa brought vividly to Zussie's mind a picture of the Houses of Parliament along the Thames. The royal party moved into Government House, a large stone Victorian-looking mansion set in a fenced park in the suburbs of Ottawa. Zussie found the atmosphere awfully English. She urged Trix not to shout as she

Good Morning, darling . . .



You were so pretty sleeping this morning that I could not wake you. You looked as you must have when you were a child . . . warm, relaxed and dreaming about something quite wonderful. You had a little smile on your face and some of that blue-violet blanket against your cheek . . . and a lump came into my throat as I looked at you.

Beloved things are always beautiful . . . the woman for the wonder of her . . . the St. Marys Blanket for the color it casts across a cheek . . . for the sun-warmth it gives in darkness . . . for the years its soft strength comforts and contents.

ST. MARYS BLANKETS

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TWIN BED, DOUBLE BED AND KING SIZE BLANKETS • AUTOMATIC BLANKETS • BABY BLANKETS • ST. MARYS FABRICS

ran through its silent corridors and tried to make her tiptoe past the governor-general's study when they went out to play.

Evening dress was required each night, which vexed the ladies, as of course they had none with them.

At Soestdijk, evening dress was seldom worn and one was apt to see the ladies in the same gown time after time. Even Princess Juliana thought nothing of making a dress "do" two or three years. But Zussie noticed that the diplomats' wives she met at Government House seldom appeared in the same costume twice. She had never seen women with such extensive wardrobes. In the end, however, Juliana and Martine and Zussie each bought one evening dress in an Ottawa department store and wore it every night.

When Princess Juliana took the children to a pediatrician for routine checkups, Trix passed the examination with flying colors. The doctor also pronounced Irene in excellent health. He prescribed for her six meals a day of milk formula and strained baby foods. Zussie glanced over at Juliana and they both burst out laughing.

The first German air raids on the British Isles had begun, and Juliana worried increasingly about Bernhard in London. Soon five hundred *Luftwaffe* planes a night would be pounding the British capital.

"My husband is one of the most tireless people I know," she confided in a radio address to the Canadian people. "My only fear is that he will expose himself to too many dangers, because of his reckless nature and his complete disregard for his own safety."

Juliana wrote the speech herself, as usual, and from the reactions Zussie gathered later, the Dutch princess' simplicity moved her listeners deeply. "And then there are my two children," she remarked. "You will see them quite often among you, for we do not like to lock ourselves up. It is just not in our nature. I hope that you will be kind to them. I think that they are very sweet children. Above all things, they smile quite easily. Please give them your smile and they will be happy."

The princess was anxious not to impose upon her Aunt Alice any longer than necessary. She urged the aide-de-camp to find the exiles a place of their own. The group was quite strapped for money and did not know at this time what funds would be available to them in Canada, so the princess suggested a furnished house at a moderate rent. During Ottawa's wartime boom, this was not easy to find.

At length he located a house for rent on Lansdowne Road, in a wooded section on the outskirts of the Canadian capital. It was a gray fieldstone house with French windows and overlooked a small lake. Similar moderate-sized homes surrounded it on one- and two-acre plots. Juliana was enchanted with the place, and throughout their stay stoutly maintained that it was perfectly comfortable.

"When you forget something upstairs at Soestdijk," she would remind dissenters, "you have to walk a mile to get it."

Somehow eleven people of both sexes and all ages were crowded into the six-bedroom house. Juliana organized the sleeping arrangements. The biggest and best bedroom, which had two dressing rooms and a bath, she gave to the aide-de-camp and his wife. Juliana, Zussie and Martine took the remaining three bedrooms on the second floor, the princess taking both her young daughters in with her. If Irene were sick during the night, or Trix woke up and cried, their royal parent was only three feet away.

The same small bathroom was shared by Princess Juliana, Zussie and Martine and the three children.

A rumpus room in the basement became the sleeping quarters for the two detectives. However, to use the bathroom they had to go up three flights of stairs to the attic. There Colonel Sesink and the cook slept in two small dormer bedrooms.

The first floor of the house had a living room, small dining room, very small and inadequate kitchen, and a front den with a fireplace. This last room was about the pleasantest in the house. The aide-de-camp used it for his office. The children turned the upstairs hall into a playroom where their tricycles and roller skates often tripped up the detectives headed for the attic.

ONE male member of the household was a dour pessimist. He remarked often that none of them would ever return to Holland. The Germans had taken over the country for good, he said.

His pronouncements always provoked an argument. "Please, please!" Juliana would remark. "Let's keep our tempers and try to act like one big happy family."

Friends in Ottawa helped the princess to secure a servant, an English cook, who struggled along for a while but soon threw up her hands and left. After her came a long succession of French-Canadian women whose tolerant attitude toward dust and dirt often horrified Zussie. At her Hilversum home the servants scrubbed the front steps and sidewalk daily and every brass doorknob shone bright as a mirror.

Finally there came a time when there was no servant at all and everyone pitched in.

Juliana and Martine did the marketing by turns. At first the princess was not too familiar with quantities and was apt to bring home one bunch of carrots and ten pounds of onions for supper for eleven. However, they managed to keep the household running with everyone helping with the dusting and making beds.

The Dutch princess adored shopping for clothes in Ottawa where nobody recognized the blue-eyed blond woman in a cotton dress and sensible shoes. Often she went from store to store comparing prices, something she never could have done at home without starting a riot. Her motto was, "The best possible quality at the lowest possible price," for she was never fooled by inferior materials or workmanship. Finally Juliana became quite an expert on Ottawa shops, and if Zussie managed to find a free moment to rush into town to buy something, the princess would examine

seamless stockings
born for bare shoes
by Hanes

efully in her fingers and sometimes say, 's very nice, but if you had gone to such-d-such shop I think you might have done ittle better for the money."

One day the Groningen girl was startled to d Martine Roell in the cramped little kitchen ng on a big white cook's apron. Martine s a tall, attractive brunette with an excellent ure and fine carriage. Zussie recalled how autiful she had looked in a red satin gown dinner parties at Soestdijk. "If you will take e of the children and the laundry, I will do cooking," announced Mrs. Roell.

One of the big difficulties in keeping a cook d been that this Dutch group ate not three six meals a day if one counted teatime and venses, and the children's supper. The stacks dishes and pans were enormous. Fortu-ely the house had something the women d never seen before—an automatic dish-sher.

n breakfast Martine prepared a typical tch breakfast of white bread, yellow cheese d tea. To this, Juliana soon added her new covery of orange juice, cider or other fresh it juices as well as cornflakes.

At eleven A.M. *café au lait* was served, a de-ous beverage of coffee and warm milk and am, very frothy on top. At Soestdijk the tmen carried about the silver coffee trays different parts of the palace. At Lansdowne ad, it was Juliana herself who carried in the in crockery coffee-and milk pitcher d cups.

Dinner was at mid-and consisted of a am soup, a meat h, potatoes, vege-les, sweet dessert or it. Juliana had er tasted broccoli ore and was ecstatic r corn on the cob, egetable unsuited to lland's short, wet nmers.

Zussie loved Dutch serts, marvelous coctions of cream, ringue, ices, sauces d inevitably a great scoop of whipped cream. wever, Juliana was on a diet and requested it for dessert. She was delighted with an-er new food discovery: American salads.

The two detectives downstairs were not ppy about the menu. Occasionally, after a midday meal which ended with an apple tead of the traditional sweet dish, they uld sneak into the kitchen and attempt to ip up a dessert that tasted like home. After hile, the smell of something burning would d Juliana flying into the kitchen and the barrassed detectives back to the basement.

Tea was served at four, sometimes with et pastries, but usually with a few simple kies. The infants had their supper at six . and the adults sat down at the same time something known in Holland as "coffee le," a cold meal consisting of bread, cheese, d sliced meat and coffee.

Each morning Zussie descended to the ement to attend to the laundry. Within an r she was soaked with perspiration, for she s not accustomed to the hot Canadian sum-r. As she scrubbed and sorted and ironed ens of cotton frocks, she smiled to recall time when she had done little but sit by x's crib in a stiffly starched blue uniform. She had been out of uniform since leaving gland, and at that particular moment the ond heir to the Dutch throne—she noted ough the basement window—was allowing eighborhood mongrel to lick her lollipop.

"Trix was my bungle cloth," Juliana had harked the day before, referring to the ce of material on which Dutch girls first ctice their sewing.

There was no doubt that their new life eed with the princesses. Behind the field-ne house, a tiny white frame playhouse was lt for them, about the size of a tool shed. iana's playhouse as a child she inherited m Wilhelmina—a many-roomed, red-tile-fed Swiss chalet with its own goat barn and icken run, hothouse and dovecot. But the ls were enchanted with their bare little shack.

Trix was getting quite chubby on ice-cream cones, which she adored. She told Zussie that she loved the cozy feeling of a small house and having her mother home so much.

During the early part of the war, before the Pearl Harbor attack, the exiles managed to receive quite a lot of mail from home via the United States. After the entrance of the U. S. into the war, all mail communication with Nazi-held countries ceased, but some letters still trickled in, written in code and readdressed to Lansdowne Road by intermediaries in neutral countries such as Switzerland and Portugal and even Persia.

Bernhard saw to it that Zussie's family was notified of her whereabouts. It was with tremendous relief that she received a letter from her mother one day, telling her they were all safe and that food stocks were still plentiful. The letter mentioned that the Germans had forbidden, under penalty of death, the honoring of any living member of the House of Orange.

One day Trix asked her mother why none of the stamps on letters from home were pasted in the upper right-hand corner, but always a little to the left. Juliana explained to her daughter that bad soldiers had burned up all the Dutch postage stamps with granny's picture. The Dutch refused to paste the new Nazi stamps in "the queen's corner."

Juliana was deeply touched when she was told about the spontaneous demonstration in Holland on Bernhard's birthday on June 29, 1940, six weeks after the Nazi occupation began, when hundreds of Dutchmen appeared on the streets wearing white carnations. When the German police realized that this was a tribute to the absent prince, they began ripping them off. Soon they were yelping with pain, blood spurting from their slashed fingers. The canny Dutch had threaded the stems through razor blades before attaching them to their lapels.

I think a man and woman should choose each other for life, for the simple reason that a long life with all its accidents is barely enough for a man and a woman to understand each other; and to understand is to love. The man who understands one woman is qualified to understand pretty well everything.

—J. B. YEATS
Irish Digest
(C. J. Fallon, Ltd.)

In England, however, Zussie gathered, the prince was being treated with considerable coldness and suspicion. Even the personal intervention of King George VI failed to persuade British Intelligence to give the former German prince an assignment. "A leopard can't change its spots," remarked a high-ranking English officer to Bernhard's intense chagrin. But although bitterly disappointed at his reception, the prince was not sitting idly by as the Battle of Britain raged in the skies. He was already in training with the Royal Air Force.

It was a year before Juliana saw her husband again. One June evening in 1941, Mr. Sesink announced unexpectedly that Bernhard would arrive the next day. Juliana stared at her security officer unbelievingly, then rushed to tell the whole household the wonderful news.

It was decided to put another bed in Juliana's room and to move the children in with Zussie. Far into the night Zussie and Martine worked, cleaning out closets and bureau drawers and getting the room in spotless order for the meticulous Bernhard.

Martine tried to act gay and excited, but Zussie wasn't fooled. Nor was Juliana, who came up and put an arm about her shoulders.

"I wish that your William was coming," she told her. "Perhaps next time."

The pretty brunette shook her head and tried to smile. "He will never leave, Jula. You know that. Well," she added more cheerfully, "perhaps the prince will have news of him."

"Seyss-Inquart [Holland's *Führer*] has been to Soestdijk, and so has the Gestapo chief Himmler!" Bernhard told them almost as soon as he arrived. He was dressed in the uniform of the Royal Air Force, his newly won wings gleaming on his chest.

He explained that Soestdijk had been converted into a recreation center for the German armed forces. William Roell, Martine's husband, was now intendant of the palace. Before the Germans arrived, he had gone through all the rooms of Soestdijk, removing as many objects of value as he dared. The Aubusson carpets, the French porcelain, all the good silver and china and linens he hid piecemeal in the attics and barns of trusted palace servants. He even emptied the wine cellar.

The big bulky pieces which were too difficult to move, such as the malachite-topped antiques of Queen Anna Paulowna, he simply left in Queen Wilhelmina's section of the palace, roped off as in a museum. The German officers who took over the palace made one shivering tour through the cold unheated central section, then never went near Queen Anna's treasures again.

William Roell was waiting in the front hall of the central section the day Himmler was expected. Seyss-Inquart, the dictator of Holland, also waited for more than an hour, shivering and fidgeting on the broad stone steps. Finally the sound of motorcycles going very fast announced the arrival of the Gestapo chief.

In the middle of a cavalcade of cycles was an enormous black car bristling with machine guns and SS guards standing on the running boards. The sinister procession charged in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129



THIS
MOTHER'S DAY

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It's always ready for action! With its new 2-in-1 floor and rug cleaning unit attached, you're ready to clean rugs, carpets and floors (and that's 85% of the cleaning you do)! And it's so versatile! There's an attachment for every cleaning purpose.

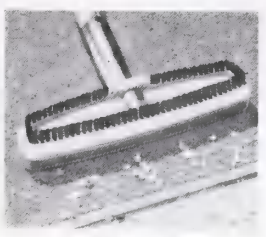
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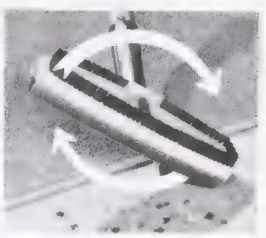
1. Stores easily — this new cleaner fi compactly into any corner or close Completely assembled—it's ready for a tion. Just roll it out . . .



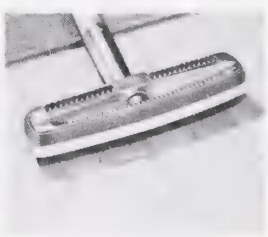
You can do two cleaning jobs easily with one attachment!



IT CLEANS RUGS!



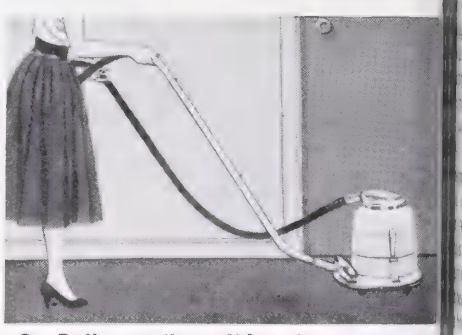
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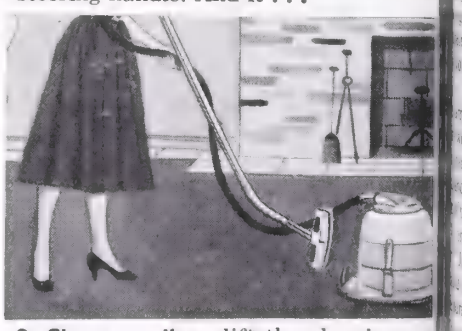
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You clean your rugs with a powerful tool that gets up even "deep-below-the-nap" dirt. Then, lift the lightweight wand . . . the attachment turns itself over and . . . you clean your floors with a powerful tool that gets up even "deep-in-the-cracks" dirt! Only General Electric has it!

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3. Cleans easily — lift the cleaning un from the built-in carrying cradle—clea rugs, carpets and floors without ev changing attachments.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

ough the palace gates and Himmler, dressed in black, hurried up the steps, nodding ightily to the cringing Inquart.

William Roell was summoned to conduct Nazi hangman through the palace.

On entering the dining room, stripped of its herlands Antilles wall hanging and drapery and silver, Himmler asked in disbelief if royal family really dined in a room as bare uninviting as that. Roell replied that their al Highnesses were very simple and sober ple, who disliked luxury. Himmler soon ame bored and left, mumbling something ut turning the whole place into a museum.

How is William?" Martine wanted to w. "His letters are so gay—but how is husband really? Can he ever escape?"

He could escape, but doesn't want to," nhard replied slowly. is doing very valu- work in Holland."

ernhard at this time interviewing every ch refugee who man- l to escape to Eng-

Oh!" said Martine, lip trembling.

ne prince then told e stories to make n laugh. The Dutch, aid, loved to deride conquerors' boast rossing the English nnel, a boast which emptier and emp- s the months passed the British Isles re- ied uninvaded.

ernhard told of a ey-car conductor in terdam who watch- a German officer o aboard, his uni- dripping wet with

What?" cried the luctor in a loud e. "Back so soon?" d then there was meek-looking clerk worked in Amster- s Social Security ing by day and nitted daring acts abotage by night. tually the Gestapo ed of his activities one day two burly ards marched into office building to t him. As they came gain, dragging the ch underground by the arms, every- n the street stopped watch sorrow- But the heroic merely remarked mildly over his shoulder milk vender, "No milk tomorrow!"

April, 1942, the Prince flew to Canada s wife's birthday. This time he made the tic crossing in an unheated Army er. The plane had no seats and for six- ours he lay on the metal floor in a flying ith an oxygen mask. The temperature in ane, he told them was 29 degrees below A crew member was assigned to keep ng and kicking Bernhard and the other gers to keep them awake. If they dozed eir oxygen supply might freeze and then would never awaken.

arrived at 6 A.M. and at once went up- with Juliana to wake the children. But tared at him without a sign of recogni- nd Irene hid under the bedclothes at the of this uniformed stranger.

only there had been time to prepare " Juliana moaned later. "Poor Bernhard. id their not recognizing him was like a urning in his heart."

morning of his arrival at 128 Lansdowne the prince was startled to find detective rgen pushing a vacuum cleaner in the room.

When he learned they had no servant whatsoever, Bernhard decided Martine was the most overworked. First of all, he said, they should hire a cook. Everyone agreed, but explained to him the servant problem. The prince went briskly to the telephone. In no time at all, the Dutch army delivered a cook at their doorstep from the training center in Ontario. The best part about the arrangement, Bernhard explained, was that as a soldier this cook was in no position to give notice.

EVERYTHING went along fine for six months until the cook developed stomach ulcers, and got a medical discharge. On his next visit, Prince Bernhard contacted the Dutch navy. They sent over a submarine cook whose nerves were somewhat shattered by twenty months' continuous undersea duty in the Norwegian fiords.

If anyone came into the cramped kitchen and rattled him, he threw pots and pans. When, shortly after his arrival, this Dutchman was told that Queen Wilhelmina was coming to the house for a visit, he crawled into bed and stayed there for four days. However, on the day the queen was due he got up and fixed a fine dinner without so much as a clatter of a pan.

During Bernhard's visit to Canada the next year, he helped Juliana rent a much larger house on Acacia Avenue in Ottawa. Even though the aide-de-camp couple had left, she needed still more room, for by this time a new baby was on the way. An excellent French-Canadian maid joined the household and when the submarine cook's nerves calmed down life became much more comfortable.

The prince managed to see them several times in 1942 when he was inspecting Dutch flight training at Jackson, Mississippi. Trix and Renée had begun nursery school and Bernhard was delighted with the speed with which they picked up English. During that summer they vacationed in the Berkshires in Massachusetts, and began using lots of slang with a Canadian accent.

Juliana had little knowledge of American slang. This sometimes caused embarrassing moments.

Once while on her way to a cocktail party, squeezed into the back seat of a car with several diplomats, she remarked to the gentleman next to her, "Are you a bit tight?"

"Not yet, Your Royal Highness," replied the Canadian cabinet minister.

Juliana was mystified until the joke was explained to her. Then she laughed harder than anyone.

When news that a royal child was expected was released to the press, baby gifts began arriving from all parts of Canada and the U.S.A. The princess told reporters that she intended to distribute all the presents to Dutch children at the end of the war. Some of the garments were exquisite—far nicer than the ones Juliana bought for the expected child. But everything was opened and admired, then carefully packed away for the day of their return, which seemed very, very distant in 1942.

The Canadian obstetrician insisted that the princess have her baby in a hospital. Juliana protested that this was entirely unnecessary

LINES WITH A HIGH MORAL TONE

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

There is a lady in our town,
And sky-blue are her Cadillacs.
Headwaiters tremble at her frown,
And mink and ermine are her slacks.
Her mammoth penthouse with its terrace
Provides a place to lay her head
When she gets bored with Rome or Paris.
She has a spouse in oil, it's said.

And sad to tell, there are some girls
Who'd give the teeth they gnash to be
That lady with her furs and pearls.
But I'm not one of them. Let me
Just be my own sweet simple self,
From humble virtues never swerving—
But loaded with that bale of pelf,
Of which I'm sure I'm more deserving!



and Zussie was sure she secretly hoped the child would arrive in her own bed. But one January day in 1943 the princess suddenly came down with the mumps—which she caught from Trix—and the doctor wasted no time in getting her to the hospital, delighted that events had played so nicely into his hands.

A small four-room wing of the Civic Hospital in Ottawa was set aside for the delivery. The detectives occupied one room, Juliana's secretary another. By special act of the Canadian Parliament it was decreed that whatever spot the child was born in would be extra-territorial, so that there could be no doubt about the royal child's Dutch nationality. The baby was born at seven o'clock in the evening of January nineteenth.

Within an hour after the baby's birth, Bernhard, who had arrived a week earlier, was on the radiotelephone to England. "It's a girl," he told his mother-in-law, "and we're going to call her Margriet." (The name means "daisy," which had become in occupied Holland a symbol of those fallen in the war.)

"I am very, very glad," came back the cultivated voice of the queen. "Please kiss Juliana for me."

Margriet was put in a room next to her mother's. Still, all the hospital rules applied to her, and the little dresses which Zussie had brought from Acacia Avenue were all thoroughly cooked in the sterilizer before she was allowed to wear them. Zussie thought some of these newfangled procedures a bunch of nonsense. Besides, it ruined the clothes. They all became scorched or broke out in yellow spots. A fine way to show off a new baby! But it could not be helped.

Since the hospital was very crowded, Juliana kept urging her two nurses to help out with the other patients on the floor. "I can manage very well by myself," she insisted. When her aunt, Princess Alice, wife of the governor-general of Canada, came to visit, the nurses usually served tea. But Juliana did not approve of this, as tea was strictly rationed.

The day after the baby was born, Bernhard carried Margriet into a sunroom of the hospital for the official registration of a new member of the House of Orange. Juliana, in bed down the corridor, was still grossly swollen from the mumps, so that swallowing was most painful. However, she kept on gamely drinking quantities of liquid so that she could continue to nurse the baby.

Bernhard wore the insignia of a Dutch colonel. As chief liaison officer with the British army, navy and air force, he now "belonged." The new princess was wearing white organdy. She had lovely fine features, skin rather paler than her sisters', and light brown hair. She slept throughout the brief ceremony. Pinned to her pillow was an old family jewel, shaped like the daisy her name signified, with a pearl in the center and diamond petals.

Trix and Irene were allowed once in the hospital to see their new sister, although it was against the rules. They wore pale blue dresses and long white kid leggings with white buttons. Trix, now five years old, was terribly excited. "Bring her home right now, right away, while she's still little," she instructed Zussie. "I want to play with her before she grows up."

NEWS of the third princess' birth was relayed to Holland in a Dutch newscast from England. Although the Dutch were forbidden to listen to any broadcasts except German ones, the word spread as swiftly as though the great-throated cannon were booming out the news to the eleven occupied provinces.

"Our Julie has had her baby," a Zeeland woman wrote to her son in a concentration camp.

The German censor saw through the simple ruse, but this one had a sense of humor. He let through the information about the banished House of Orange, and even scribbled a postscript. "The name is Margriet."

Juliana was relieved to get home again with the new baby, but it was some time before she recovered from the mumps. Then Bernhard commenced to swell about the jaws. His wife's kiss of welcome when he arrived from overseas had given him the mumps as well. It was a kiss that saved his life, as Zussie and Juliana agreed many times later.

This is a remarkable story. For his return to England after the birth of Margriet, the prince was invited to fly one of a new series of B-25 Mitchell bombers from Florida to the fighting forces in North Africa. Because of his illness, however, he was forced to delay his departure by two weeks. When he was all recovered and ready to leave, he was told that his plane had been grounded indefinitely. The metal casing for the ball bearings, installed in Kansas City during the cold weather, had failed to withstand the intense heat of the tropics, he was told. Of the twelve planes which attempted the flight across the Atlantic, nine crashed, killing all their crews.

The young princesses in exile soon became used to their father's sudden comings and goings. Their mother, too, began to make many good-will trips, to Surinam and the Dutch Antilles, to Hyde Park, N. Y., to visit the Roosevelts, and to other parts of the United States. Occasionally their parents would take them into the Laurentians for a week of skiing. In summertime, they went to the lakes for swimming or boating. The children looked forward to the prince's visits enormously. Trix especially began to long to have him with them all the time. She could remember little of their life at Soestdijk, but she realized dimly that her real home was far away, across an ocean.

"Why can't we go back to Holland?" asked her mother one day when they had been talking about home.

Juliana replied, "There are good soldiers and bad soldiers in the world. Right now, the bad ones are in Holland. After a while they will be chased out and then we shall all go back."

"Daddy too?" asked Irene.

"Daddy too," sighed Juliana.

Soon afterward Juliana received a delegation of the Dutch armed forces at their home on Acacia Avenue. Trix and Irene were brought in to shake hands and curtsy. Irene searched each Dutch soldier's face carefully

Kitchens Make News

Glamour comes into the kitchen with appliances in colors to match walls and cabinets, and other revolutionary changes for the adventurous in kitchen planning.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

Refrigerator hangs on wall at comfortable height so entire store of fresh and frozen food is easy to see and reach. Cabinet just over 5′ wide has 8-cubic-foot refrigerator plus 2-cubic-foot freezer. Motor on top uses space beyond arm's reach. Doors have no handles, so are cleaned in simple strokes. Finger grips at the bottom open them and lifetime magnets hold them shut. Here, the counter space that we feel should always be near a refrigerator is part of the pass-through to the dining room.



Built-in Appliances are Here. There's hardly a homemaker who hasn't muttered, "Why don't they *do* something?" as she mopped spilled soup from around the range or fished an odoriferous onion from behind the refrigerator. Built-in appliances now available for kitchens eliminate crevices and inaccessible, dirt-collecting openings, reduce laborious cleaning. They have a planned look too. Some of the new built-ins have ingenious features. . . . Separate 3′-wide refrigerator (8-cubic-foot) and freezer (6-cubic-foot) sections can be fitted one on top of the other in the space normally allotted to a refrigerator. . . . Two makes of refrigerators, one gas, the other electric, have frames for standard models that close the cracks yet allow the mechanism breathing space. . . . A double-door feature of an electric oven, installed flush at any height, pleases us, for there's no reaching over a door of the drop-leaf variety to take out a turkey or cake. . . . The modern cook can compose her own gas or electric cookery top from sections with different groupings, some including griddles and well cookers. . . . There is even a complete kitchen center with oven, cooking top, dishwasher and combination washer-dryer that fits under a continuous top of stainless steel. . . . A sensible variation of built-in ranges: separate units, completely finished on the outside. They still allow for flexibility in arrangement, but because they stack on instead of fit into cabinets they save installing costs. . . . And right here a memo to manufacturers: Installed appliances have a permanency, so please design so adjustments can be made from the front.

en asked, "Mommy, are these all good ldiers?"

When the answer was affirmative, Irene in- ted, "Now I want to see a bad soldier."

Then one day came the sad news of William ell's death. His activities had finally been scovered by the Nazis.

Everyone at Acacia Avenue felt the loss of e gay and valiant William. Martine moved rough the days pale and lifeless as a ghost. en little Renée, who could not remember r father, went about with a sad and stricken e. The war—a far-off and meaningless state affairs to Trix—suddenly meant the death her best friend's daddy.

The Christmas following William Roell's execution was a melancholy affair. Always before the group had drawn comfort from the thought that surely by next Christmas they would all be reunited with their families in Holland. Now this would never happen. At this time of year they were all more than a little homesick, anyway. The traditional English carols fell strangely on their ears. And of course in Ottawa there was no *Sint Nicolaas*.

None, that is, until Juliana tapped Mr. Welbergen. She and Zussie put their heads earnestly together over the transformation of the elderly detective into a medieval bishop from Spain. Zussie found a scarlet curtain hanging over a bookcase in the basement which they stitched into a handsome red robe. Welbergen himself fashioned a mitered bishop's hat of cardboard, and covered a wooden staff with gilt paint. Martine sewed a sack for toys, and gathered a handful of switches for the good saint to carry. Juliana helped paste on his white cotton beard.

All that Welbergen lacked was a white horse to ride and dozens of Moroccan pages in velvet tunics with black shoe polish smeared on their faces. But Trix and Renée and Irene, never having seen the colorful pageant of *Sint Nicolaas*' arrival at home, were none the wiser.

Zussie was sure that they never guessed the identity of their visitor who arrived yearly on December sixth for the Feast of *Sint Nicolaas*. But after he had played the role the third time, Trix began to wonder out loud, where was Mr. Welbergen?

The next year Juliana decided it was time to try someone new, so she asked Zussie. The nurse, covered with grease paint and whiskers, and with pillows stuffed under her scarlet robe, had a hard time not laughing at Trix. The oldest princess was torn between hiding her hands behind her back and reaching out for presents from the sack. Her fingernails were bitten down to the quick, and obviously she didn't want the saint to know. To naughty children he gave only switches.

Irene never said a word, but watched the saint's face intently. Afterward she remarked, "It was Zussie."

"Whatever makes you think so?" asked her mother.

Irene shrugged and said in the calm, offhand way in which she can make beautifully pointed observations, "I recognized a wrinkle in her forehead."

Zussie laughed when she heard the story, but it made her feel old too. Irene, who had been snatched from the Nazis in a puppy basket, was now almost five years old. Soon, however, very soon, they expected the Allies to invade Occupied Europe.

Queen Wilhelmina often discussed with Bernhard what her return to Holland would be like. Undoubtedly the retreating Germans would raze every royal residence and she would be homeless. She pictured herself knocking on some Dutch farmer's door and asking for a meal and a bed.

It seemed to Zussie that her monarch almost enjoyed the prospect. During the war, the Dutch queen received in her Maidenhead home every bona fide Dutchman who managed to cross the English Channel. By kind, searching questions she drew forth from her countrymen every detail of their lives under Nazi rule.

Not since the time of William the Silent has the proud House of Orange been so close to its people, reflected Zussie.

Princess Juliana planned to join her mother in her return from exile. When D day came in June, 1944, the princess jubilantly began preparations to go home. But it was not until the Belgian seaport of Antwerp was freed in September that she received word to fly to England to be on hand for the Dutch liberation.

She had been gone only a few weeks, however, when the Allied attack on Holland ended in the disastrous Battle of Arnhem. When the winter of 1944 began, Holland was still in the hands of the Nazis, except for a narrow corridor held by the Allies in the south. Sickened and depressed at the unexpected turn of events, Juliana took a military plane back to Canada.

When Queen Wilhelmina learned that the Germans were not likely to be dislodged from her country for some time, she insisted upon visiting a sector of the Dutch liberated zone. Allied commanders threw up their hands at the mere mention of such a hazardous undertaking. They pointed out that in some places the Allied corridor in Holland was only half a mile wide, and German snipers were active everywhere.

Prince Bernhard, who was then helping to direct the various Dutch resistance groups from Allied Headquarters in Southern Holland, replied, "I agree completely. The trip is far too dangerous and Her Majesty is very likely to get killed. But the queen wants it, and that is that."

Now came the news to the liberated Dutch village of Eede-Aardenburg in the Allied-held corridor in South Holland that within an hour Queen Wilhelmina would arrive. There was no time to hang out flags or to prepare speeches. The town crier beat on a big copper drum and the burghers, lacking any white paint, spilled a precious bag of flour on the ground to mark the line between Belgium and Holland.

Part of the Netherlands had boundaries and a queen again.

Next month: Home to Holland: Trix and Irene bridesmaids at Zussie's wedding.

anges in sections, with separate ovens nd cooking tops, return favorite waist- igh ovens to kitchens! Gas oven at right ith striking black enamel front has easy- eight broiler in drawer below. To ease itchen traffic, surface burners are on an- ther wall. Divided ranges are wonderfully exible, but* JOURNAL *planners caution they ren't convenient unless each section has ork counter and storage near it.



With sliding-door wall cabinets, color combines with sturdy white steel. Doors here are pegboard and can be painted to taste. One of several types, they allow ventilation and provide an interesting surface. Shown on the end of the counter are electric surface units that come in pairs and when not in use fold up to the wall to free counter underneath for other work.



eport on Ranges. We all bless regulators that old the heat line in ovens—for soufflé, Swiss eak or what have you. Now we welcome in- enious controls that control surface cooking o. They *feel* pan temperatures and regulate eat so carefully there is almost no chance of urning dinner; reduce pot scouring too. . . . We e pleased, too, that new gas-range pilot flames r matchless lighting are throttled down to tiny ots. They burn less hotly, kitchens will be more mfortable. . . . A novel meat thermometer in new-model electric range uses a skewer ar- ngement to register doneness of meat or oultry inside the oven on a lighted dial out- de. . . . Cleaning ovens, which we rank as one the least imaginative kitchen chores, has und an imaginative solution. It's done with il liners which are replaced when they are ease-spattered. . . . The cook creates her own adow in many kitchens with a single ceiling ght. A full-length cool fluorescent light on the ck panel of some gas and electric ranges seems fine solution. It swings to the front for a clear ew of the tapioca or oyster stew. . . . Home- akers who cater to large families have pleaded r bigger ovens. Have heart, many are room- —an electric-range one is 30″ wide!

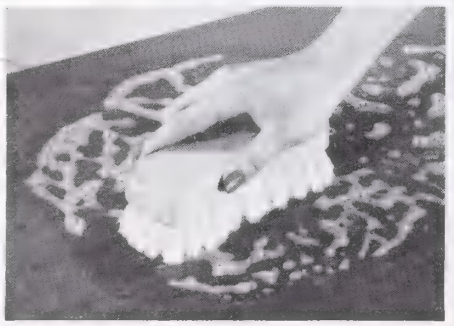
New Freezer Facts. No space for a freezer in the kitchen? Perhaps a new almost pocket-size edition will fit there or in the dinette. It's 30″ x 42″ closed, has a hard plastic top with a drop leaf that opens to become a snack table or work counter. The freezer door at one end has a toe-touch opening control and inside are two drawers that hold as much as 150 pounds of frozen food. . . . A boon to freezer owners, who logically enough have no interest in doubling up on space for frozen food, is a refrigerator with no freezer section—although it does have ice trays. It's an 8-cubic-foot model and holds 30 per cent more fresh food than its companion with a freezer and costs about $100 less. . . . For those starting from scratch, there is a complete cold pantry. An upright freezer and a refrigerator are combined side by side in a single 16-cubic-foot cabinet. The two sections are separated by an insulated wall, and each side has its own door opening from the center out. . . . The appeals from homemakers who would rather take their exercise some other way than stooping to search out meal-to-meal food from the bottom of a refrigerator have been answered—with freezer-at-the-bottom models. This new arrangement is logical enough; for most of us reach for eggs or milk or salad fixings four times more often than for frozen food.



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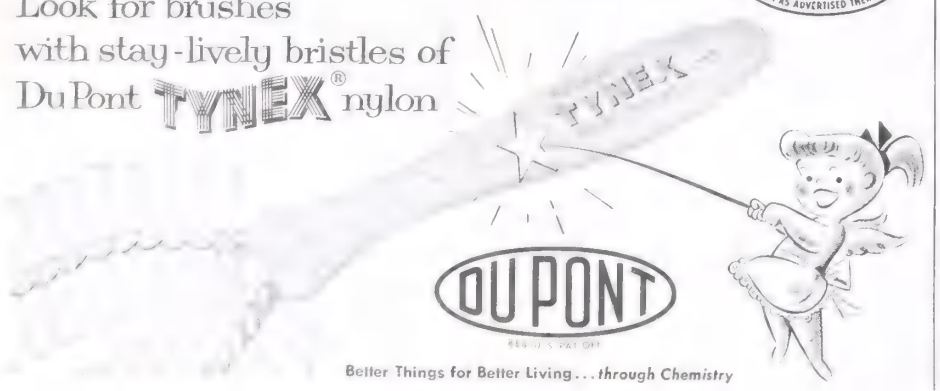


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YOUNG ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

mother's question reached her. "Going to the beach . . . with the girls," she added.

"All right. Have fun. And be careful." Judy could picture her mother shaking her head a little as she spoke. "Don't know why I say that," she would add. "Not that I don't trust you, baby. It's just that you're so . . . impulsive sometimes."

"Me?" Judy would answer. "Steady, reliable Judy Warren? Impulsive?"

"Go away with you," her mother would say.

Mother was fun, really. She worried too much, of course—but then, Judy thought, she might be like Eleanor's mother, who never left Eleanor alone for a minute, or Annie's, who never paid any attention to her. Dad too. He didn't worry as much about little things as mother, but he got upset sometimes—then she had to watch her step. Like last night.

She put last night firmly out of her mind. Before she'd gone to sleep she had decided that she'd go off alone today, to the beach. She'd spend the day by herself and work out what her family had been trying to tell her, she'd figure out Alan, and then she'd know what to do. But her thoughts had been so confused last night, and she'd been angry—even at dad—and it had been hard to think.

There was a slight tie-up ahead of her at the stop light. There often was at that corner. She was on a parkway that went to the beach and beyond—but this one corner got all the traffic coming to the beach from inland. There was a bus line from the city that connected with the line to the beach, so there were always people standing and waiting for the beach bus, and sometimes the people in cars would give them a lift as they stopped for the light.

You could tell the ones going to the beach, as a rule, because they'd have on sports clothes, be carrying little beach bags—and looking somehow different; men, women and children wearing a holiday look. Judy, waiting for the light to change, mentally picked out the swimmers and sun-bathers. Her eye was stopped by one, a young man, tall and thin. He was looking at her coolly, impertinently. He walked out toward her car. She knew he was going to speak to her and wished the light would change. There was something frightening in the way he stepped off the curb and made his way so definitely to her.

"Going to the beach?" he said, and he had his hand on the door.

"No," she said, and her voice was smaller than she meant it to be.

"Give me a lift to the turnoff?" he asked, reaching for the door handle.

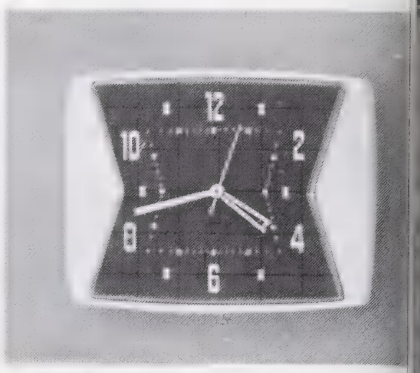
"No," she said again, and this time her voice was louder. At that moment the light changed. "Sorry," she said, and started to move.

His hand left the door and he pushed toward her car for a second, to let another car go by. "O.K., sister," he said, and smiled, a cocky little smile that said, *I'm not mad; it's your tough luck*.

The smile made her angry, but she was a little relieved by it. She had been afraid. There was something so confident and purposeful in the way he'd singled her out and walked toward her. She was sure he would have got in the car if the door hadn't been locked. If the light hadn't changed just then, he would have been able to reach inside and pull up the button. She would have had to drive him, or raise a fuss, and that would have made a scene.

It was early still; the beach didn't fill up until well after lunch on weekdays. She was able to pull into a parking field without trouble, get through the routine of locker and bathhouse in a hurry, and to stake out a place for herself where she liked it, on the south side of the beach, where there was more privacy.

She went into the water fast, and for a few minutes forgot why she had come in the shock of meeting the cold water, and then in the pleasure of beating the big, soft-looking waves. She was a good swimmer, and she enjoyed swimming, the way she enjoyed skiing and horseback riding and golf—she had a body as live and taut and finely tuned as a

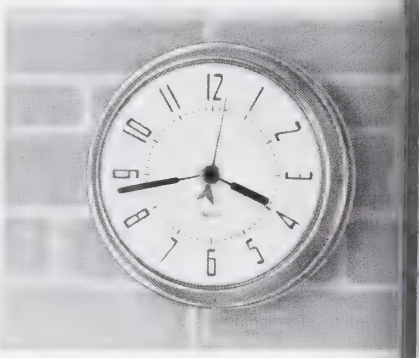


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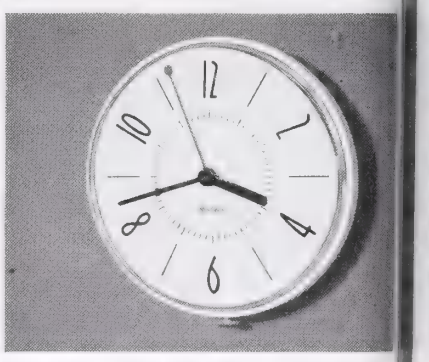
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od musical instrument, and she enjoyed us- it in competition; she liked the feeling of stering the elements, an oddly personal agonist when swimming or skiing or sail-, or the personal opposition in golf or tennis. She dried herself off on a beach towel, then etched out on it to sun and to think about problem.

She'd been out late last night with Alan tler. They'd gone to a movie, stopped at HiHat for a hamburger and a couple of nces. Then he'd taken her home.

Her mother and father had been entertain-, and were still up when she got in. She'd n surprised at that, and when they'd called her from the kitchen her first thought had n that they'd seen her with Alan and had own she'd had a little trouble with him, so was defensive when she answered.

But they hadn't—that wasn't it. They asked he'd been out with Alan again, which they w perfectly well, and she'd said yes, and realized they'd talked it over first.

You're seeing a good deal of him, aren't ?" her mother had said.

Some," she admitted.

I wonder if that's wise, Judy." Her father l it, sounding portentous.

I don't know that it's unwise," she said, ng to be patient. Why couldn't they take up with her some other time, when she n't disturbed? "He's a nice boy."

He's not a boy—that's just it," her father l. "Mind you, I have nothing against Alan. efer him to some of the noisier young men d hanging around. At least, when you go with Alan I'm not afraid you'll fall out of ar because there isn't any door."

So he's not too noisy and his car has rs," she said. "What more can a father ?"

Don't be flip, Judith," her mother said. It funny; Judy could tease her mother and teased right back, but if she started e her father, mother always stood up for as though he couldn't do it himself.

t's this," her father said. "You're eighteen, you may think you know all the answers— we're not sure you do. Alan isn't like the ng men you spend most of your time with— almost ten years older than you. It's a odd for a man of that age to spend so h time with a girl of yours. We'd prefer it if you saw a little less of Alan and a little more of your other friends."

This wasn't only something they had discussed; this was something they considered important, because he was doing the talking. She looked at her father and thought what a nice-looking man he was, sitting there with his coat off and a glass of milk in his hand, trying to tell her something. She wished she could rush over to him, rumple his hair the way she used to do, and say, "Never mind, daddy, I'll do whatever you say."

"You're still my little girl, you know," he said. "And I worry about you."

I'm growing up, she thought, *I'm not such a little girl I need to be preached to*. She looked straight at her father and said what he had been thinking but finding it hard to say. "If you are worrying that because Alan is older he is apt to be more serious about a girl—that, as you might have put it, he isn't going to keep on being satisfied with a good-night kiss the way the younger boys would—you might as well know ——" And she stopped deliberately, cruelly enjoying the look of shock on her parents' faces. "You might as well know," she went on, "that I'm smart enough to figure that out for myself. And I figured it out. I can take care of myself."

"I'm sure you can—or think you can," her father said quietly after a second. "I'm sure you're more than a match for any of your young friends. But Alan—he has an advantage, because of his age. And we've heard a thing or two about him."

"Don't you know how dangerous it is to say that?" she said. She was surprised at herself for answering like this, lightly but taunting him. "Don't you know you shouldn't tell a young impressionable girl that any man she knows is dangerous? That it adds to his allure?" They were not amused.

Her mother started to talk as though she hadn't answered. "It's not that we don't trust you, dear," she said. "It's just that we worry—that maybe you've got in beyond your depth."

"And we thought if we told you what it was we were worrying about," her father said, "you'd realize it was a problem like any other. It can be licked if faced, and we're here to help you with it."

She stood there, a thin white coat over her arm, a small purse in her hand, and wondered

Conquering a New Disease

By PETER BRIGGS

• Until a few months ago very small premature babies were kept almost continuously under oxygen. Tragically, about 25 per cent of them went blind with a disease that doctors called *retrolental fibroplasia*. That this can now be prevented is one of the happiest stories of this year's medical research.

Since 1942, it is estimated, more than 8000 premature babies have become permanently blind from retrolental fibroplasia. It is a new affliction. What, doctors worried, was its cause? How could future thousands of babies, born before full-term pregnancy but saved by the new advanced hospital care, be protected from becoming a lifetime burden to themselves and to the country?

To find out, a group of research teams supported by funds from the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness, a Federally financed research organization, went to work. For a total cost of $51,000, it can now be reported, they have solved a tragic enigma whose cost to the nation was already estimated at $800,000,000.

Reasoning from the fact that this was a new disease occurring only in premature babies, the doctors eliminated one by one all possible causes of the blindness with one exception. This was oxygen, given in large amounts to save these tiny lives. Experimenting first on premature rats, the doctors discovered that the blindness could be induced by a full treatment of oxygen but that giving oxygen only in moments of crisis practically eliminated any loss of sight. Later, tried out simultaneously on babies in hospitals throughout the U.S., the experiment was a complete success.

A few babies may still get retrolental fibroplasia, when oxygen is absolutely necessary, but a dreadful man-made disease can be wiped out.

Nevertheless, according to the Journal of Pediatrics in February of this year, "Numerous hospitals have not yet discontinued the routine oxygen administration to premature infants and very few have made adequate provision for testing concentrations. . . . If currently available information is disregarded and an infant becomes blind, the burden that lies on the physician and the hospital is unpleasant to contemplate."

It is to be hoped that the news of this medical discovery will be widely broadcast in the near future.

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how she could suddenly see her parents as strangers—how she could feel that they were people apart from her who couldn't really understand her problems—and still love them.

Her mother, young and slim, blond as she was and two inches shorter, her soft pretty face looking a little perplexed—she hated scenes; her father, the streaks in his short dark hair adding to his good looks, his gray eyes searching for an answer, his pleasant mouth, a masculine version of her own, now drawn straight with thought. She knew they loved her, she could see it in their faces—and they were wondering why she suddenly seemed so hostile to them. All she wanted was to be left alone for a little while.

"If I feel I'm in trouble," she told them, "and need your help, I'll let you know." She turned and went upstairs, relenting enough to throw them down a soft "Good night."

Why did they have to pick that night of all nights to talk to her about Alan? She'd been going out with Alan for several months now—all summer—without any thought except that it was pleasant, sometimes exciting. It hadn't been until tonight that she realized she would have to do something about him—either handle him differently or stop seeing him.

It had been an ordinary evening, up to a point. Alan had called for her after dinner, driving out from the city, and they'd gone to a drive-in movie. Alan was usually amusing and she liked going out with him. Only a little taller than she, stocky and broad-shouldered, he danced beautifully and could hold his own at almost any sport. He was always on the move, his body matching his restless, inquiring mind. Most girls thought him handsome because of his vitality and alertness.

Judy liked him, and, being honest with herself, realized that she was flattered by the fact that he liked her and liked to take her out. She wouldn't have deliberately attempted to make an impression on a man as much older as Alan, but she had to admit that having made the impression, it raised her status with the girls of her own age, as well as those glamorous beings a few years older. But going out with Alan so much also had an odd disadvantage; it made her dissatisfied with most of the boys of her own generation. They suffered by comparison with Alan's worldliness and, more important, his confidence.

There had been nothing out of the way at the movie. They'd sat in his car, and he had put his arm around her, but that was neither unexpected nor unusual. His hand had caressed her arm lightly, and she liked it. After the show they went to the HiHat, sat at a booth and talked to other people they knew. They had danced a little, and at the end he'd danced her off the floor and out into a little grove.

Judy was a pretty girl and experienced, in some respects, beyond her years. Because she was smart and because she was pretty, many of her friends and most of her classmates at college were a couple of years older than she was. This wasn't the first time in her life she had been danced off the floor and onto a te race or into another room. Alan kept holdin her as he had when they had danced, and h reached over, as she had known he would, t kiss her. He had kissed her before, not often– but often enough so she knew what it was lik

But not this way. This was different. Th wasn't a nice-to-be-with-you-and-I-like-yo kiss. This was a kiss with fire behind it. Th was a man reaching, searching, pressing. Th was a device, a kiss being used to try to arou her. That had been tried on her before, to and she had always been able to make the bo feel that she wasn't interested, or that the m ment had passed.

Tonight it didn't work. She couldn't brea away. She didn't want to. One part of her mir told her to stop this. But her body was pressir against Alan's, as though of its own accor and she was kissing him back as eagerly as h was kissing her. There was a feeling inside h like an explosion, as though something war had burst and was spreading from her heart all parts of her, not warm and soothing b warm and pleasant and exciting.

Then she came back to her senses and pull back. "We'd better go in," she said, her voi shaky.

"Yes?" Alan said, but he didn't move, h arms remained around her.

"Yes," she said, and her voice was mo solid.

He pulled her back into his embrace. S wanted him to, but she knew she shouldn Something told her that pulling back wou only goad him on; instinctively she becan completely passive and nonresistant. H stopped after a minute and they went back

They didn't say much after that. Al seemed unusually thoughtful, his face set serious lines as he drove her home. *Now I hurt him*, she thought. *But—that was getti too serious. He won't ask me out again no There's that party at the country club Satura night, he'd said something about taking me.*

He got out of the car, walked her up to t door and kissed her good night casually. " seeing you," he'd said as she went in.

If they hadn't asked me about him just th she thought again. *What could I say: "A kissed me"? But they probably know he kis me good night. I can't explain to them—it w different the way he was kissing me tonig And I liked it. I didn't want him to, and I wan him to again—I wanted to put my arms arou him and kiss him the same way.*

There was a nagging thought at the back her head, one she didn't want to admit: *They right, mother and dad.* And she knew she w not upset because Alan had kissed her t way but because it had made her feel differ than she had ever felt before—and she kn that she didn't really like it.

Now that Alan had kissed her that w would he do the same thing the next time took her out? That's where her parents w right. The boys her own age, she could m

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



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Packed in a can as it should be—with a dripless spout

If you've ever felt you were up to your neck in dishes, then Lux Liquid is for you! Made *especially* for dishwashing, Lux Liquid *floats* grease off . . . gets plates and glasses sparkling clean, quick and easy.

Just a teaspoonful does a dishpanful . . . one can outlasts several boxes of the leading laundry powder. And so your hands stay nice, Lux Liquid's almost as mild as Lux Toilet Soap. We think Lux Liquid is the finest product of its kind . . . and unless you feel the same way, we'll insist on your taking back whatever you paid for it. Frankly, we expect you'll decide it's as right for dishes as Lux Flakes is for nylons.





A teaspoonful does a dishpanful!

P.S. Buy two cans of Lux Liquid. Use one for the dishes in the kitchen . . . one for washing dainty lingerie in the bathroom.

IT'S THE NEXT BEST THING TO A DISHWASHING MACHINE

QUIZ FOR A MOTHER-IN-LAW WHO KNOWS THE SCORE

By HELEN EVERITT

Test yourself as a mother-in-law:

1. If your bed is a studio couch in the living room, or the children's bed while they sleep in the hall, do you visit more than one week?

Or do you tell your daughter or son that you love to see new places on your own and get a room around the corner?

2. If you are just around the corner, do you tell your daughter when you are coming?

Or do you just drop in and sit?

3. If you occupy a guest room, do you retire to your room at intervals so she can stow skeletons in closets and perform miracles of accomplishment?

Or do you break into every task she starts, saying, "Let me do that for you, dear"?

4. Do you stand around in the kitchen saying, "I'd help you if I only knew where things were"?

Or do you go buy the evening paper and let her get a word with her husband while they do the work?

5. Do you take the children on outings all their own?

Or do you stay home and "assist" their parents in the upbringing?

6. Do you try to steer the conversation onto events about which only your son or daughter knows?

Or do you draw them out on their life of which you are not a part?



Wanda Landowska
Harpsichordist

"People who have nothing in their insides—in their souls—they are poor. But a man or a woman who has a conviction that something is beautiful, something is profound . . . it helps him to overcome his grief in very sad hours."

Bertrand Russell
Philosopher and Mathematician

"I think one of the troubles of the world has been the habit of dogmatically believing something or other . . . I think that we ought always to entertain our opinions with some measure of doubt."

Edward Steichen
Photographer

"Actors and actresses are most difficult to photograph. The thing that makes photography wonderful is getting models to be themselves. Well, actors can't do that. All actors can do is act."

Frank Lloyd Wright
Architect

"Early in life I had to choose between honest arrogance and hypocritical humility. I chose honest arrogance, and have seen no occasion to change, even now . . ."

Robert Frost
Poet

"I have hopes that the past will be found to have been all right for what it was. And the present, I hope will be found to have been all right for what it was, that it will have made its point in history . . ."



CHOOSE

Revere Ware...

THE "WORLD'S FINEST"



ENJOY THE WONDERS OF WATERLESS COOKING!

Revere Ware Sauce Pans – with copper on the bottom and tight-fitting covers – give you the full benefits of waterless cooking. More vitamins! Better tasting foods!

There are six sizes, from one quart to five quarts to meet every cooking need. Gleaming, easy-to-clean, copper-clad stainless steel utensils you'll be proud to own!

See the full line of Revere Ware at your dealer's . . . tea kettles, double boilers, Dutch oven, skillets, coffee makers, sauce pots, mixing bowls, handy pans, canisters, gift sets . . . all of them "Kitchen Jewels"! Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, *Rome Manufacturing Company Division:* Rome, N. Y.; Clinton, Ill., Riverside, Calif.

Good cooks everywhere use...

COPPER ON THE BOTTOM MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

age. Alan she wasn't sure of, wasn't sure she could keep any relationship with him if she put him off; wasn't sure she could keep putting him off—that was the trouble.

She moved a little, so the sun would hit another spot. Funny, the way the sand looked so soft, seemed so soft when you first got on it, and how hard and unyielding it became after you'd been lying in the same spot for a while. She should give Alan up—maybe she had? Maybe she wouldn't hear from him again? It was a thought she didn't take too seriously; she would hear from him. But from now on their relationship would be different—she knew that, and she knew that no matter what she told her family, she wasn't sure she could handle it.

She wasn't in love with Alan. She wasn't in love with anyone. She had momentary crushes, that lasted from ten minutes to a few weeks. Except for some of the boys she'd known for years, and with whom she had a pleasant, casual friendship, Alan was her longest-lasting "steady" and she knew he would never be any more than a man she liked to go out with. Of course she could stop seeing him—that would make her family happy, and solve her problem. But it wouldn't be any real solution—it would just be a surrender, an admission—and she didn't want to stop seeing him.

She had been conscious for some time, while concentrating on reliving the events of the night before, that someone was watching her, had been studying her for quite a while. She turned carelessly, as though looking at the wide white beach, to see who it was.

She didn't jump. She looked at the face and past it, casually, as though he were just another person on the beach, as though his deep-set, mocking, almost-green eyes hadn't stopped hers, hadn't looked into hers in a way that was startlingly intimate. For a fraction of a second she felt a physical shock as though they had reached inside her head.

It was the tall, thin young man who had tried to get into her car at the bus stop. She hastily revised her estimate; he wasn't thin. His face was thin and she got a quick impression, looking at it, of a hawk: his cheekbones were prominent and his chin pointed, so that his face seemed to be made up of two triangles pointing in opposite directions, with his thin straight nose bisecting the angle of the slanting eyebrows. His hair was sandy, a little unruly. His shoulders were wide and sloping and she realized he was extremely well built. It was only his height and the thinness of his face that had made him appear thin to her.

SHE looked beyond him, but knew he was still studying her. And she knew he was going to speak to her. But she didn't expect him to smile at her and say, "Hello, Judy Warren."

She turned and looked at him then, because she had to. "Hello," she said guardedly.

She had been lying with her feet pointing to the shore, sunning her back. He was sitting a few feet away, his back to the water, looking her up and down, openly and admiringly. She wasn't unaccustomed to admiring looks at the beach, or envious ones from girls. But now she wanted to blush—for the first time she agreed with her mother that though her black wool Tina Leser bathing suit was flattering to her figure, it was a little skimpy as far as cover-

SONNET

By EDLYN CANTWELL

Pluck the flowering branch from the spring-bright tree,
Turn then to me and hold it out in your arms;
I will reach for the flowers. You must not see
That my finger rests upon your sleeve, the alarms
Of your eyes have long taught me caution; now
I know well not to overstep my place, not to ask
Much of you. For you are careful in a way somehow
Most wild, to avoid my love. Impossible that the mask
Over my yearning heart will long stay in place;
When it does not, when you begin to see in some
Tremble or sorrow, love revealed in my face
Fear not. When you draw back, I will know and not come
Again within your sight. I pray that you will not know
Soon of my love. I do not wish to go.

ing went. She turned around quickly and sa up, automatically wrapping her beach tow around her. She knew that was a mistake th minute she did it, but there was no way to und it without making more of a mistake.

"Cold?" he said. It wasn't an expression concern or even curiosity; it was frankly conversational gambit. She refused it.

HE had called her by name. She wondered she had met him somewhere—but she was pos tive she had never seen him before today. Sh wasn't going to do something obvious like g up and leave. She couldn't give him the sat faction of letting him see that he was botheri her. And she had an idea that he would follo her if she got up.

She looked around at the beach. It was mo crowded now, but it was a big place. The were people within a few hundred feet. The was no one too close her. She had chosen spot for privacy, and comparison to some, s had it. Although she f that the young m would have behaved t same way if there h been people ten fe away. She could he the voices of children they went into the wat she could hear peo calling to one anoth It was a peaceful, n mal scene. There was reason for her to nervous.

She could go in water, she thoug There were more peo close to the water's ed he wouldn't bother there. But she knew would make thi worse. He would tak as an invitation, th she was going to water so he could fol her. *You're lost if don't and lost if you* she thought. *If I ge to go he'll follow me if I object it will mak scene; if I stay here try to talk to me and get nasty it will be comfortable.*

"You shouldn't d a yellow convertib he said unexpecte "A blonde like should have a dark show her off."

"Maybe I'm not trying to show off," said.

He shrugged. "Then why a bright ye car?"

"It's my father's," she said. And then cause she couldn't resist it, "He's not a blo

"I knew you were coming to the beach you wouldn't give me a lift. Why'd you

"Did it ever occur to you that I might p to be alone?" she said coldly. "That I m not want your company?"

"How would you know? I figured it nothing personal, you just didn't know you were missing."

"Now I know," she said.

She pulled up her knees, wrapped her around them, rested her chin on her arms looked out at the ocean beyond him. The versation was over. He should see it w getting him anywhere and leave her alo

Instead he looked out at the ocean to know we haven't been introduced," he "That's no reason for you to high-hat m

"Then how did you know my name?" asked suddenly, and wanted to take it bac minute she said it; she had played int hands.

He looked at her, unable to conceal th that he had wanted her to ask that. "I fi you were on your way to the beach—yo looked as though you were," he said. when I got here—after standing up all th on the bus—I looked for a yellow conve in the parking lot. There was an empty

"Coffee-break"

with

Mary Margaret McBride





Recently, I was invited to "a coffee" and I suddenly realized that this is a new term in our language. "A coffee" is a social function at any time of day, but especially in the ternoon. And I must say that it's most easant. Often it is arranged in connecn with church or club work. A very pular new dictionary—highly authorita-e, too — defines "a coffee" this way: social gathering at which coffee is the in beverage served."

s proper to arrange "a coffee" almost time—and serve almost any sort of propriate snack along with the coffee. t *that* should be superb. It's so easy make coffee right so that it always *is* erb—you know, full of body and that cial deep-down good flavor! Here the simple directions of the Coffee wing Institute: Use one Standard Cof- Measure, or two level tablespoons coffee to each ¾ measuring cup of h, cold water. Once you've discovered right timing for your coffee maker, ays stick to it and time it exactly. fee should never be allowed to boil. best, of course, if you serve it the ant it's done. And if you have to let and, keep it hot by putting the pot very hot water—or leave it on an estos pad over a low flame.



Using a Standard Coffee Measure is the most convenient way to get the right amount of coffee y time you make it. You may have d one packed right into your favorite d of coffee. But if you haven't, just l a dime and your name and address to General Manager of the Coffee Brew-Institute at the address below and he send one of these bright-colored plas-coffee measures to you right away.

do remember: measure and time your e right — because there really is noth-so satisfying as a cup of *good* coffee.

The Coffee Brewing Institute, Inc.

551 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

lope caught in the door. It was addressed to Miss Judy Warren, One-eighty-seven Oak Street." He moved closer to her. "My name's Ricky," he said. "Ricky Albert."

She couldn't ignore that. She didn't have to say "Pleased to meet you," but she couldn't keep staring at the ocean, so she nodded. An idea was forming in her head. This Ricky Albert was convinced of his attractiveness. *He thinks he's God's gift to women*, she thought, *and in particular thinks he's going to be God's gift to little Judy. He's very sure of himself. He came to the beach to spend the day, decided to pick me up, and he thinks he's doing fine. And the funny thing is, he's going to be doing even better, but he doesn't know that yet, and he won't know why. He is attractive, and he's pretty sure he's irresistible, which may make him irresistible to some. I wonder what he'd do if he thought his little plan was going to work.*

"Do you come here often?" she asked.

"Quite a bit," he said. "But you don't."

"Don't I?" she asked. *He's going to tell me that he has been here often and has never seen me, and he'd notice a girl as pretty as I am.*

"No," he said. "You usually go somewhere else—a swimming pool at a country club, or someone's private beach. You're slumming today—maybe you don't want to see some of your old friends."

She looked up and down the long, curving beach. *I underestimated him*, she thought. "I'd hardly say slumming," she said.

He chose to take it personally. "Thank you, ma'am," he said with mock humility.

It wasn't as easy to talk to him as she had expected. They had no people or past experiences in common to talk over; they were both playing a game, and that made it harder. It might have been dull—except that he obviously enjoyed talking to a pretty girl. He let her know unmistakably that he liked her looks, and thought she had class.

For her part, she found she had to keep on her toes. He had an exasperating habit, every time she thought she had him classified and could count on his next remark, of saying something she didn't expect. It took her a little while to realize that it was a trick, a different kind of line. He not only was doing it deliberately but would sort of draw back to see how it was working. *That's his line*, she thought. *I can try mine—it's universal.* So she started asking him questions. He answered a little suspiciously at first, but then, as she seemed interested, he began to talk about himself.

SHE listened, and she asked the right questions at the right time, and the longer she listened to him the better he liked her. And the more she could understand why he thought he was irresistible. He had been a poor boy, he said proudly. He had been partly supporting his mother, sister and a sick father while still in high school. The minute he graduated, he started to work in a large factory during the day and attended a technical school at night.

Now he was an assistant foreman at the plant, the youngest one they had. His father had died, and he was taking care of his mother and sister, who was still in school. The plant was working seven days a week, and he took his days off in the middle of the week because he was acting foreman when his boss was off. He was a young man on his way up, and very pleased with himself.

He let it be known that the girls he knew considered it an honor to have him call them, that he usually drove to the beach but he'd put his car in the garage to have some work done on it. She knew he was making a point of letting her know he didn't usually come here on the bus—and that she should have picked him up.

He suggested, once, that they go in the water, and they did. He didn't suggest it again. She was a better swimmer than he was, and it was obvious that he didn't like being outdone at anything, particularly by a girl. So they talked some more. He liked to talk about himself and his accomplishments, and she acted properly impressed. She found she had to keep sparring to keep him at arm's length, even verbally. He had a way of speaking elliptically, of saying innocuous things in a manner that made them extremely personal. She would have to keep him on the track, ask him a ques-

BUY-LINES
by Nancy Sasser



AN ADVERTISING COLUMN

DO YOU GLIDE with a smile in your smart new high heel shoes? You will if you *cushion them* on Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT CUSHIONS . . . for they *instantly relieve* painful callouses, tenderness and that burning high heel soreness at the ball of the foot. In fact, they provide the greatest *walking ease* I've ever experienced and it's easy to understand why . . . because they're soft, cushioning pads made of Latex Foam and nylon which nestle under the ball of your foot. So you see, you actually *walk on cushions* . . . since the cushion, not you, absorbs the shock of each step! They're scientifically designed and entirely new, too . . . instead of adhesive, Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION loops over the toe and stays snugly in place. What's more, they're washable and priced just right . . . only $1 a pair at Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10c Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops. Slip on a pair of Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT CUSHIONS today . . . and have *happy, smiling feet from now on!*



MAYTIME IS A WONDERFUL PLAYTIME for children . . . but even though the weather's warm, there's still a fair chance that your youngsters may suffer from chest cold miseries. So don't be surprised if that happens . . . but be prepared by keeping CHILDREN'S BEN-GAY handy to relieve their discomfort. It's a year-round "must" as far as I'm concerned . . . for you just rub it on a child's chest, neck and throat and it goes to work *instantly* to help the little one *breathe easier* and *feel better!* You can trust it completely . . . because CHILDREN'S BEN-GAY is a mild version of famous regular BEN-GAY (America's favorite rub-in for generations!) . . . and contains the same *pain-relieving ingredients* plus *more lanolin* for a child's tender skin! You'll find CHILDREN'S BEN-GAY at your Drug Store in the blue package . . . or I'll send you:



A FREE SAMPLE TUBE . . . to let you judge for yourself how *safe and effective* it is! To get yours, simply check OFFER #1 in box.

SPRINGTIME is housecleaning time . . . when you want to give special attention to a thorough cleaning of *everything* in and around the house . . . rugs, upholstered furniture, drapes, winter blankets, etc. That's why the makers of Odorless RENUZIT have chosen this time to make you a very SPECIAL OFFER . . . to help you take care of every dry cleaning chore with very little work and a minimum of expense! So listen carefully . . . during April and May, you can get the regular $1.79 gallon size RENUZIT *plus* the handy RENUZIT eraser to clean upholstery (a regular 35c value) for just $1.79 . . . the eraser is FREE! And a gallon of RENUZIT goes a *long way* . . . dry cleans everything that shouldn't be washed, quickly and easily. Furthermore, RENUZIT'S amazing formula contains *no water* . . . so there's *no shrinking, no fading, no matting* . . . and *no odor*, either! Now don't be late . . . get RENUZIT to help you do your Spring cleaning while this SPECIAL OFFER lasts!



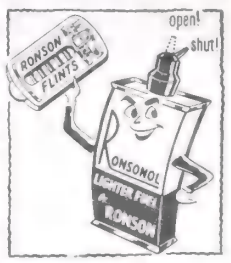
MOTHERS KNOW it's important to guard against diaper rash . . . especially now that warm weather's here. That's why I'd like to call your attention to CHIX* Diaper Liners . . . for they're *cottoned, not paper*, and their *cottoned surface* is *medicated* to help *prevent diaper rash* . . . and keep baby calm, cool and comfortable! CHIX Diaper Liners are simple to use, too . . . just place one inside a regular diaper and when the cottoned liner is soiled, you flush it away. This is certainly a most sanitary way to diaper baby . . . because it eliminates much unpleasant handling of soiled diapers. Furthermore, CHIX Diaper Liners are made by a Johnson & Johnson Company . . . makers of famous Chix* Gauze Diapers, Chux* Disposable Diapers, Chix* Crib Sheets and Redi-Fol* Gauze Diapers. But judge their worth for yourself . . . by writing me for:



SPECIAL SAMPLES . . . to let you try CHIX Diaper Liners *before* you buy! You can get yours FREE . . . see OFFER #2 in box.

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ARE YOU EMBARRASSED when your friends can't make your lovely table lighters light . . . because they need fuel? Well, you can now avoid that embarrassment . . . thanks to the exclusive new "Switch-Spout" on the RONSONOL can! You don't have to wait for your husband to fill your lighters . . . you can do it yourself easily . . . in seconds! That's because the new RONSONOL "Switch-Spout" ends complicated, messy lighter filling . . . and there's no cutting or piercing, no little cap to worry about. You simply flip it open, flip it shut . . . and it's sealed air-tight. Best of all, RONSONOL is the finest, most famous lighter fuel made . . . it lights instantly, burns cleanly, smokelessly and lasts so much longer. It's pleasingly scented, too . . . and the price is still only 25c a can . . . so buy 2 at a time to be sure to have some on hand. And get RONSON *extra-length* flints to keep your lighters sparking brighter . . . for they're 40% longer than ordinary flints and give *500 more lights!*



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NEW IDEA!



Good Seasons Salad Dressing Mix!

A famous chef put his secret blend of rare herbs and spices into envelopes—named it Good Seasons Mix. You add your own vinegar and oil and get the finest salad dressing you ever tasted. You'll want to try all five mixes, each makes a half pint in seconds—Old Fashion French, California French, Old Fashion Garlic, Exotic Herbs and Bleu Cheese.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY KIT—This Self-Measuring Bottle, 2 different Good Seasons Salad Dressing Mixes and a salad recipe booklet are waiting for you at your food store for only 39c.

FINE NEW PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

tion about something he had said earlier. He would get a little sullen, as though she weren't rising properly to his bait, but then he would start to explain and lose his hostility.

She had a little watch in her bag, but she didn't use it. She knew the hour, roughly, by the position of the sun and the crowded condition of the beach. But she asked him for the time when she felt she should leave. He told her, and she started to gather up her things.

"It's later than I'd thought," she said.

"Do you have to go?" he asked. "Can you have dinner with me?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I have to get back home."

He looked a little sulky, and she realized she had sounded too emphatic. "Some other time?" he asked. "If I called you?"

"I'm afraid not," she said. She tried to soften it with a smile.

It didn't work. "What's the matter?" he asked angrily. "I'm not good enough for you? I didn't go to college, I don't have a fancy car—is that it?"

"That's not it," she said. "I'm sure your car is better than those of most of the boys I go around with. And—you have already accomplished more than many of the boys I know ever will."

"But you won't go out with me," he said. "You think you're too good. You'll spend an afternoon talking to me on the beach—but you won't go out with me where anyone might see you. Anyone you might know."

"I've been talking to you for several hours," she said. "There is a better chance that anyone I might know would see me here than if you took me out."

"Then what is it?"

"You picked me up," she said. "You found out my name, you sought me out here on the beach. I couldn't very well get up and walk away from you without causing a scene. So I stayed and talked to you."

"Was that so bad?"

"It wasn't so good," she said. "I found it fairly interesting—for one afternoon. I can see no reason to repeat it."

She walked away quickly then, toward her locker. She knew he was hurt, that she had done something to his ego. She wouldn't have to turn him down again because he wouldn't risk a refusal by phoning her. She didn't have to look back to see if he was following her—she knew he wasn't.

I did that pretty well, she thought on the way home. *Mother and dad would have been pleased if they'd seen the way I handled him. It's funny; he thought he was using me—picking up a strange girl on the beach, it would pass the time and who could tell what it might lead to? I'd gone there to work out how to treat Alan; this Ricky interrupted me—but he served my purpose. I can handle Alan too. Any time—this summer, or next winter if he should show up at school for a weekend. How to do it isn't such a problem; the trick is in knowing what you want to do, and being sure you can do it.*

BUT WHAT'S INFLATION?

It was during the depression that one of the late Stephen Leacock's political-economy students asked the humorist to straighten out the terms "recession," "depression" and "panic." This is the answer he got: "Why, sir, it's not at all difficult, once we grasp the basic principle that it's all a matter of degree. Y'see, a recession is a period in which you tighten your belt. In a depression you have no belt to tighten—and when you have no pants left to hold up, *that* is a panic!"

The world had been full of problems wh she had started out for the beach. Now s was going home after a few hours that hadn been particularly pleasant, and she felt lig and gay and confident.

Her mother and father and Betty were hon by the time she got there. Betty was lickin an ice-cream cone, her mother and fath were sipping drinks on the front porch. Th looked at her as though everything were t same, as though nothing had happened.

"Hi! Have fun?" her mother asked.

She dropped her little beach bag on t porch floor, tried to get a lick of Betty's i cream and sank into a chair. "Sure," she sai

"Beach must have been nice," her fath said. "It was hot in town. Crowded?"

"It got crowded," she said.

"Guess who called?" Betty said, and Ju could hear a teasing coming.

"Who?" She acted bored and disintereste

"I get a nickel f messages," Betty sa "For this one it shou be a dime."

"You still owe m sixty-five cents," Ju countered. "Who w it?"

"Alan," Betty sa "He wanted you to c him. Said somethi about making pla for a dance at t country club Satu day."

"O.K."

Her mother and ther studiously look away from her. S wondered if she co explain to them tha was all right, that wasn't a problem a more.

"Are you going to call Alan?" her moth asked.

"I don't know," Judy said. "Not today. see if anybody else calls me; if not, I'll g him a ring tomorrow. There's plenty of tim

"What if he calls you first?"

"Then I'll talk to him," she said. "I c handle Alan."

"I think she can, too," her father said su denly. "Seems to me our little girl is grow up." And he gave her a smile that made I want to cry, proudly and with happiness. had caught this odd thing she felt, this n feeling of confidence, and he'd understood

She got up and sat on his lap for a seco rumpling his hair the way she used to wh she was younger. "Not so old," she said. "I grown up enough to know a couple of thing

"Such as?" He was teasing her fondly.

"Such as to say I'm sorry for the way I ac last night. And such as"—she jumped up a started inside—"to know that I've got a c ple of the nicest parents in the world."

"That takes in a lot of territory," her fat said quietly, putting down his drink. "But e so—I think we're pretty lucky, your mot and I, to have two of the nicest children."

Betty looked up suddenly. "Me, yes," said. "But what's so great about her?"

"Dad just included you," Judy called b condescendingly, "because you were sitt here and he didn't want to hurt your feelin

She heard her father laugh. "I take it back," he said.

FIRST TRAIN TO BABYLON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

The second story appeared on page 18:

June 14—A railroad crew on the Long Island Rail Road, working on the roadbed near St. Albans, just outside the city limits, came upon a strange sight today.

They were replacing an old drainage pipe under the roadbed when they discovered a large leather bag or pouch wedged into the pipe. The pouch turned out to be a bag of U. S. mail. The leather was cracked and moldy, but the pouch lock was still intact and unopened.

Postal Inspectors Thomas J. Harrigan and Arnold Peterson, of the New York District, were quickly summoned and impounded the pouch was then brought to the General Post Office Ninth Avenue and there opened.

The letters which the mail pouch contai still in good condition although faded, postmarked December 22, 1944. In view of unusual circumstances, postal authorities gra the press special permission to examine letters.

The postal inspectors were at a loss to exp how the bag got there. The time of cancella on the letters indicated the bag had been ca on the first train to Babylon, the early mail

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

NOW! Together at last...to Last a Lifetime!



9" Serrated Edge Bread Knife $2.95

FLINT WITH Genuine Pakkawood TRADE MARK

The world's Finest Blades now have the world's most Luxurious Handles!



FLINT vanadium stainless steel blades with their high carbon content have been recognized for years as the world's finest—the standard of cutlery quality!

FLINT cutlery is hollow-ground to take and hold a keen, sharp edge that makes you quick and deft at carving, cutting, or slicing! And now Ekco has combined those world famous Flint blades with the world's most luxurious handles—handles made of *genuine* Pakkawood*

Pakkawood* is unlike any other wood.

You can't stain it!
It's impervious to burns!
It will not support disease-carrying bacteria!
It looks like and stays like the finest hand-rubbed imported woods through countless washings . . . through years of use! Pakkawood* handles last as long as Flint vanadium stainless steel blades!

Pakkawood* handles are now a feature of all Flint knives in sets or open stock. Available wherever fine housewares are sold in the United States and Canada.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

on the routine run from Pennsylvania Station to Babylon, Long Island.

They pointed out, however, that the bag had been carried at the height of the Christmas rush when the mail cars are piled high, and that the pouch of first-class mail was thrown from the train without being missed. They believe the thief hid the pouch in the culvert with the idea of retrieving the bag at a later date, but perhaps was frightened off or decided not to run the risk. An investigation has already begun to identify the post-office personnel working the first train to Babylon on that date.

When queried as to what would happen to the letters, Inspector Harrigan said: "As far as the post office is concerned it's still a matter of routine. They'll be stamped 'Delivery Delayed,' and sent on to the people who were supposed to get them, if they can be located. Of course the letters will be ten years late. But," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "better late than never."

Two newspaper items in the June fourteenth issue of the New York Times. But who could have said that one was part of the other, and bound to it, in a strange and irrevocable way? Who would have noted the curious fact that each referred back to the same December day, ten years ago?

Certainly not Charlie Minner, a postman in the town of Norwalk, Connecticut. He read the New York Daily News, and never the Times. But on this bright and hot June morning, Charlie Minner had something special in the heavy mailbag he flung to his shoulder at the Norwalk post office. This was a letter marked "Delivery Delayed." The cancellation date was December 22, 1944. It was readdressed to a Mr. George Radcliffe, 3 Soundview Lane, Greenview Point, Norwalk.

And when Charlie Minner began his daily round at nine A.M. that morning, he did not know, and could not have known, that it would have been better, far better, if he had never delivered it at all.

"Wake up, Martha."

Martha Radcliffe drifted from the languor of her dream, and knew this was the voice of her husband, George.

"Wake up, darling."

His whisper was insistent, and at last she opened her eyes. She saw his face smiling at her, and then he kissed each eye, and finally the tip of her nose, as though it were a ritual, a special ceremonial. Then he grinned.

"Good morning, sleepyhead."

"Hello, darling."

He asked, with a smile, "What was it *this* time, Martha?"

"What was what?"

"The dream you had."

"How did you know I was dreaming?"

"By the way you were moaning and groaning."

"Darling"—she laughed—"you're a horrible Peeping Tom. Can't a girl have any privacy?"

"From the way you sound"—he grinned—"it must have been a beauty."

"It was."

"Tell me about it."

"I'd rather not."

"*Why* not?"

"You might be jealous."

"Oh. Then there was another man in it? Tell me about the dream."

"George, it was ridiculous," Martha told him. "Just plain silly."

"No," he insisted. "You can't get away with that. Let's have it."

"Well, I don't know. I was walking along the Champs Élysées in Paris," she said. "Then suddenly a man came galloping up on a big white horse. He was a beautiful man with golden hair, and he wore armor. The next thing I knew, he'd pulled me up on the horse with him, and we were galloping under the Arc de Triomphe."

"Shades of young Lochinvar!" said George.

"I *told* you it was silly. Anyway, we came to a big place; I guess it was a palace of some kind."

"And then?"

"AND then," she said apologetically, "we got off the horse and started to walk to the palace. And just as we got to the door, he took me in his arms and kissed me."

"*Some* dream," he said.

"I enjoyed it," she answered defiantly.

"I'll *bet* you did. You're a little wanton." He grinned.

"*George!*"

"Well, aren't you? The subconscious really expresses your own true desires."

"George, you're awful."

"I'm right."

"I hate you."

Then he laughed and said, "All I can say is, pretty good for a simple Vermont girl. *And* the daughter of the minister of the First Methodist Church, at that."

She had been born and brought up in Middlebury, Vermont, and George had met her there while he was a student at the college, and that had been the beginning. Now, this was the twenty-fifth year of their married l He loved to joke about New Englanders, old Yankee variety, and especially Vermo ers. He was from Pittsburgh himself, and sw that he had married her only as a kind missionary to rescue her from a prim a proper and early spinsterhood.

She laughed at all this, knowing tha husband is always looking for something can be tolerant of in his wife, and theref masculine in his superiority. Like all marr couples, they had a running joke that las through the years and was private to th and never got tiresome. And their particu joke was Vermont.

"Martha."

"Yes?"

"TELL me something." He grinned. "truth. How far would you have let this jo in the shining armor *really* go?"

"I don't know," she said. "You woke up before I could really find out."

They both laughed at this. Then, sudde they were both serious. Now George held close, and kissed her on the lips. Ma thought, *This is better than the dream ever This man is a god on earth, and his nam George, and he is husband.*

"Why, Marth he said, "you're ing."

"I can't help George. I just c help it. I love yo love you so muc

He wiped her with the corner of sheet, but she tinued to weep a tle, because of joy of it, for it always been this ever since the they had marriec

His head was her breast now, she stroked his the hair showir little iron gray or sides and at the ples, and his tar face was now in c repose, the blue half shut in lang and she thought, *forty-eight, and young as a boy.*

Simply to look at him, to feel his touc know that he was near, was enough. To his voice over the phone, calling from office, was enough. To sit in the living r or the study with him, she with her kni and he with his book or newspaper, and n a word between them, was enough, for it enough that they were there, and near to other. The warmth of his smile, or the t of his hand on hers, or the way he slippe arm around her waist when they wa through the garden, was enough.

There were Annette, soon to be mar and David, now at Fort Benning, and o West Point two years. And these were children, and she loved them, as any mo But she thought, with a kind of secret *The first love is still the man, and he is th always with you when the others go awa make their new lives.* The hours he went t office were never a relief, as they are to r women, but instead an interim, and s times these hours were impatient. Now voiced the fear that was in her.

"George."

"Yes?"

"Do you find me possessive?"

"Aren't most women?"

"No. Tell me the truth."

"I like it."

"But I *am* possessive."

"My dear," he said gravely, "if you your way, you'd chain me in a dungeon li animal, and bring me food, and never le see the light of day, and simply keep m your own amusement." Then he lau "And it wouldn't be anything new. Th cient queens used to do that with slaves fancied."

NEXT MONTH

● When the mayor begged Ma Baggley to take eight underprivileged city kids out to her ramshackle farm for two weeks, Ma started to say no. But she took them . . .

"I should never have tried it," Ma thought. "I should never have taken them in. I wasn't able to look after them right."

What could an old worn-out woman like Ma Baggley do with eight tough kids who didn't *like* the country?

OFF THE CITY STREETS

By LESTER ATWELL

Complete in the June JOURNAL

Here's the gayest idea since Spring itself . . . expressly designed for the young-at-heart. Royledge has colors gay as a maypole . . . patterns as new as tomorrow . . . a fresh, crisp look to charm even the dreariest shelf in the house. And how Royledge saves time and temper. Why just the lightest dab of a damp cloth keeps the exclusive Plasti-Chrome surface gleaming—with never a worry about fading or curling. The cost?—mere pennies.

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And she said, a little angrily, "George, don't silly."

"You asked me, didn't you?"

"But I was being serious."

"So was I."

She could see he would not discuss it. He ared at her a moment. Then, with a quick ile, as though to pull her out of her mood: "Look, we'd better get a move on. I've got a les meeting at eleven."

They rose, and a minute later she heard him ging under the shower. The singing was aim-ss, more like a kind of yelling, but wonder-lly exuberant. She put on a cool, flowered int and a bright blue bandanna, and as she dressed she looked out the window, filling her eyes and her heart with what she saw.

This was the master bedroom. It had three big windows, and when they had bought the house what she wanted was light and air above all, because they had lived in dark little places when they had first been married. There had been the cramped little apartment in Manhattan, when George was struggling to get his start. Both David and Annette were born there. And after that, the tiny, attached house in Freeport, on the island, when George had been so terribly pressed for money.

Finally, luck had smiled on George, and the money had come in like a great flood with almost breath-taking suddenness. That had been ten years ago, and it was then they bought this house, and to this day she could never get over the richness and wonder of it.

SHE stood there now, at the window, and looked out at the wide lawn sloping down to the beach of the Sound, and her beloved garden, and saw Artie Johnson, their gardener, working in the arbor. She noted every tree—the dogwoods, and balsams, and flaming red maples—and their private brook, and even the solitary sailboat on the blue bosom of the Sound seemed to be hers.

Then George came in, wearing his robe, and said, "What are you looking at, Martha?"

"Heaven."

"Pretty small for heaven. Only four acres."

"I wouldn't want it any bigger."

George finished dressing, and they walked downstairs together. They sat in the sunny, pine-paneled dining room with its deep bay and picture window, and it seemed to Martha Radcliffe that Hilda's waffles and bacon had never tasted better than on this particular morning.

Then Annette came downstairs, dressed in a robe, and still without make-up. She said good morning and kissed them both, first her father on the top of his head, then her mother on the cheek. And George grinned, and hummed a snatch of Lohengrin.

"Here comes the bride."

"I wouldn't be so sure, dad."

"No?"

"No. Remember I'm not getting married until the thirtieth. And anything can happen before then."

"What, for instance?"

"Why, anything. Ralph could jilt me, or leave me at the altar."

Martha studied Annette, and thought in a bewildered way, *Is this really true? In only a few days she will be a bride, and they will call her Mrs. Ralph Keeler. But only yesterday she was my baby.*

Then she watched George, his face gay with the banter of the breakfast, and the warmth glowed in her. And on the wall, just behind George, there was a small, framed picture of David, looking very handsome in his lieutenant's uniform. And she thought, *Here we are, the four of us. This is my house and my family, my whole world, and there never was a woman as lucky as I.*

Her reverie was broken suddenly by the tinkle of a bicycle bell outside, and she heard the slap of the morning newspaper against the door. She started to rise, but Annette said, "I'll get it, mother."

A moment later Annette was back, staring at the newspaper curiously.

"Dad."

"Yes?"

"Your name's in the paper this morning. It's right on the front page. It's in a story about that clerk who used to work for your company years ago."

"*Who?*" said George, staring.

"You know, the man who killed that paymaster. William Lehde."

Suddenly it was very still in the room. Suddenly it seemed to Martha Radcliffe that the sun had gone down outside. She stole a look at her husband's face, knowing what she would see there, yet dreading it. The gay smile on it had vanished, and now it was a pale, tight mask, and haunted by some shadow. She had seen George look like this many times throughout the years whenever the name of William Lehde was spoken. And Martha knew that what she saw must be pain, the pain of memory. For it is a terrible thing to speak a word, and point a finger, and thereby send a man to prison for life.

It was George who had seen a man flee from the building on that night long ago. The man had been carrying a small satchel, and had been the same man whom a policeman later chased, but the murderer escaped along the river, and in the dark. George, a minor executive then, and working late at the office, had identified the fleeing man as Lehde, and so testified in court. There was other evidence against Lehde, but the important thing was what George had said. And so the shipping clerk, a man with a wife and two children, had been sentenced to prison for life.

Once she had asked him why he was so disturbed. And he had answered, "My testimony put this man in jail for life, Martha."

"But, George, he was guilty. He murdered an innocent man. You did what you had to do."

"I know, I know," he had said. "But still . . . how can a man forget a thing like this?"

Always, at these times, George had been moody and strange, with the black curtain around him. And Martha always thought, when she watched his face at times like this, *Now I do not know this man, now he is a stranger.*

"Dad," said Annette.

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"Yes?"

She was staring at her father. "Anything wrong?"

He saw that both Martha and Annette were watching him. With an effort he drove away the mood, and smiled. "Wrong? Nothing's wrong, Annette." Then casually, almost *too* casually, he said, "What's the story about?"

"He tried to get a pardon, but they wouldn't give it to him."

"Let's see the paper."

Annette gave him the paper, and he scanned it quickly, without any change of expression.

"That's the second time he's been turned down, Martha."

"Yes."

"That wife of his is a pretty persistent woman."

"I don't blame her."

"What do you mean?"

"If *you* were in jail for life, George, *I'd* be persistent too."

"I'll bet you would." Then he smiled faintly, and tossed the paper on the table. She was relieved to see that his mood had passed. "You'll drive me to the station, Martha?"

"Of course," she said.

A few moments later they were heading down the Point Road. They were just passing the golf course when Martha sighted Charlie Minner plodding along, sweating under the weight of his heavy bag. She waved in greeting, and the postman stopped and waved back, half expecting them to pause and pick up their mail. But they continued toward the town and the station.

"Oh, by the way, Martha, better pack my bags tonight."

"Oh, no, George. You're not going away again."

"Sorry, my dear. I have to."

"Where to this time?"

"Cleveland. I'll be taking the nine-thirty plane out of LaGuardia tomorrow morning."

"When will you be home?"

"I'm not sure yet. I'll let you know."

"Cleveland," she said. "Why on earth must you go there?"

"Business."

Then she smiled and said, "You sure it isn't monkey business?"

"Like what?"

"Oh," she said lightly, "like some other woman."

"It could be." He grinned.

"Is she prettier than I?"

"Much prettier."

She pinched him on the arm, so he winced, and said, "George Radcliffe, you are a liar."

"And you are a very suspicious woman." Then he grinned. "The truth is, that 'she' is a 'he.' A man named Regan. He runs our Cleveland warehouse, and he's made a mess of things. I've got to go out there and straighten things out."

"You know what, George?"

"What?"

"I didn't even know you had a Cleveland warehouse. How's that for a stupid wife?"

"Pretty stupid." He smiled.

"But then, you never tell me anything about business."

"I never mix business with pleasure."

"Thank you, darling. But you can't get away with it. Other women know all about their husbands' businesses."

"Other men are crazy to tell them."

"George," she said, and she was only half jesting now, "do you know I have no idea what you do at the office?"

"Now wait a minute, Martha. After all ——"

"No, it's true. Oh, of course I have a general idea. You're in the trucking and warehouse business. You're a vice-president. The name of the company is the Atlantic Carrier Corporation, with branches all over the country." He started to interrupt, but she said, "I have a vague idea that you have conferences with big men who smoke big cigars, and luncheon appointments, and make trips here and there to straighten out what you call 'bugs' in the organization. In fact, you're always straightening *someone* out, like this—this man Regan in Cleveland."

"I'm the best little straightener outer you ever saw," he said.

"And to complete this picture of a wife's intimate knowledge of her husband's business, I know you make forty thousand dollars a year, plus some kind of bonus. Only I haven't the faintest idea what the bonus is."

"I never know myself," he said. "Depends on what kind of year we have. Good year, good bonus. Bad year, bad bonus." Then he grinned. "Simple, isn't it?"

"George Radcliffe, you're laughing at me."

"Of course. I think you're very funny."

Now they were talking about money, and the word jogged Martha's memory, and she sobered a little, for there was a time when they spoke of money in a different way, in bitterness and desperation. And Martha said, "George, remember Freeport? Remember when we didn't have any money?"

"I'd like to forget it."

She saw his face cloud with the memory, and she knew that he could never forget it. Neither could she. Ten years is a long time, long enough to heal almost any scar. But not one like this.

At that time they had the house on Long Island, the small budget house in Freeport, and George was a kind of junior executive with only a modest salary. Even then he was an able and brilliant man, and felt himself thwarted, because he knew the business of the Atlantic



Mothers!

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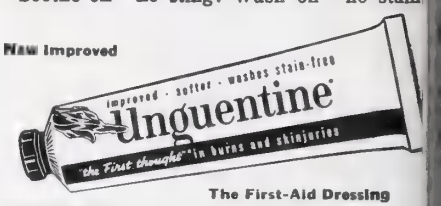


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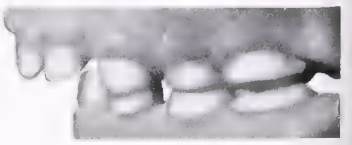
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r Corporation better than its top execu-
It was at this time he started to play the
market, and it was not till later that she
how he had got the money for it. She
knew just what he bought or what he
ecause her world was the home and the
n. She remembered dimly that he was
in things like sugar and grain and cot-
e things called commodities.
n came a time when he had what he
sure information. He was exhilarated.
spoke of was the "killing" he was go-
make, and after this the money would

there was no killing, and she knew
George's haunted face that somehow
ning had gone wrong. And the fear be-
more primitive, and hit deep, because
ss had turned bad at the office, and they
ot know from one day to the next
r George would go. Each evening she
watch him come up the walk, and try to
by his walk whether he was still a man
job or not.
one night he came home and she saw
face the beaten look, the paleness of
ation, and weariness close to death.
remembered it all so clearly now. She
bered his throwing his coat on the
nd sitting at the white-enameled table
iny kitchenette, and looking at her with
at did not see her, and eyes she herself
ever seen. And she had asked him,
ge, what is it? Is it the job?"
. They haven't fired me—*yet.*"
en what is it?"
ad not answered then, but had risen
lked into the living room, and she had
d him, saying, "George, what is it?"
en, as though hunted, and at bay, he

rtha, we're in trouble. Bad trouble."
at kind of trouble?"
got to have twenty thousand dollars."
nty thousand dollars?"
had thought then that he was joking,
e was joking. But then he told her that
borrowed ten thousand dollars from
friends and gone into the market with
speculated. There were words strange
hat he mentioned, "margin," and "sell-
rt," and other words she did not under-
But things had not gone as he had ex-
and he had taken every cent they had
ngs, and borrowed still more from other
All this had happened without her
dge, for he possessed the bankbooks
ew the accounts, and never bothered
h them. The sum he needed had gone
venty thousand dollars, and his debtors
essing him. She remembered him say-
artha, if I knew where I could steal the
money, I would." And then he had put his head in his arms, and hid his face from her.

She had comforted him in his defeat and grief, and said, "It is not the end of the world, it is only money and we will get it somehow." And he had asked, "How, where shall we get it?"

And to this she had no answer. She had suggested that they sell the cottage in Vermont, the summer cottage her father had left them on Lake Dunmore. But it was really no answer, for it would bring little, and they did not bother even to put it up for sale.

Then shortly afterward the turn had come, and what she would always think of as the Miracle.

The Miracle was the money, and it came like a flood, from where she never knew. When she asked George he said, "It's the market, Martha, it's gone my way at last." But when she asked him about the details, he said, "Let me worry about that. You just spend the money."

She came out of her reverie to see the 9:14 come in at Norwalk station.

"'By, darling. See you this evening."

He took her hand, and squeezed it hard, he kissed her, and sprinted for the train. She sat watching him as he just managed to squeeze through the door before the train started. Then she turned the car around and drove home.

When she arrived, the mail was on the table. And Annette, now dressed to go out, said:

"Mother, look at this letter. It's for dad."

Annette handed her a green and faded envelope, and Martha examined it blankly, until Annette said:

"It was mailed ten years ago. Never got here until today. Look at the postmark."

Martha looked at the postmark, and saw that the cancellation date was December 22, 1944, and the place of origin, New York City. The letter had been rubber-stamped, in bold and black letters, "Delivery Delayed." It had been addressed to George at the old house in Freeport, in a man's handwriting, and this address had been crossed out and their present address substituted.

On the back flap was a name, but no return address. The name was Jeremiah Clay.

"Mother, would you have any idea who this Jeremiah Clay is?"

Jeremiah Clay, she thought. *Jeremiah Clay. I have heard the name somewhere, but I cannot remember now, it is out of long ago.*

"The name's familiar, Annette. But I can't place it right now." She stared at the letter. "How on earth did this happen?"

"Charlie Minner told me all about it. It seems that they found this stolen mail pouch in a culvert on the Long Island Rail Road."

Annette picked up the Times. "The whole story's right here in the paper."

After she had finished reading the story, Martha thought again, *Where have I heard of Jeremiah Clay?* And somehow, somewhere, a nerve quivered, and her memory spoke of some unpleasant association. She examined the letter a moment longer, then walked to the desk and picked up the letter opener that was on it.

"You're going to open it, mother?"

"Why not?"

"But it's addressed to dad."

"Darling," smiled Martha, "we've been opening each other's mail for years."

"Well," said Annette, "all I can say is this: When Ralph and I are married, we're going to respect each other as individuals. His mail's going to be his, and mine mine."

Martha smiled tolerantly and opened the letter. The first thing she noticed was an address at the top of the letter, a number on Ninth Avenue. And the letter read:

Radcliffe: You said you saw Lehde kill Spindell, and that was enough to send him to jail. You fooled everybody else, but you didn't fool me. Because I know the truth. I saw you kill Spindell and take the money.

It'll cost you $25,000 to keep my mouth shut. And I want it in cash. I want it by next Saturday,

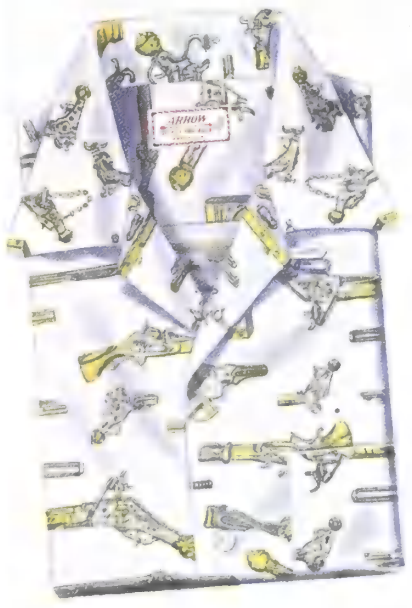




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and if you don't come through I'll go to the police. And I mean this, Radcliffe. You pushed me off once, but you won't do it again.

JEREMIAH CLAY

She was aware of no particular sensation. Not shock, not fear, not anything. Not then. Strangely, she felt quite calm. Why, she did not know.

Her hand was steady as she folded the letter, and put it in her pocket. It might have been a bill from the grocer, or simply an advertisement, or an invitation to dinner.

"What's it all about, mother? Who's this man Clay?"

"A friend of your father's—an old schoolmate from Middlebury." How easy it was to lie.

"Yes? What did he want?"

"He was in New York from Chicago for a day or two, and he wanted to meet your father and have lunch." The lie was glib, it came so easily.

Annette was disappointed. "Is *that* all?"

"That's all."

Suddenly, and mercifully, a horn blew outside. It was Ralph Keeler, in the convertible. Martha mentally blessed her future son-in-law, as Annette kissed her good-by and ran outside. She stood by the window and watched them go.

And she thought calmly, *It is, of course, a lie. For whoever this man Clay is, he is talking about my husband. He is saying that George stole the company's money, and killed a man. But this letter is some kind of ugly jest. For the man does not know George. I have been his wife for twenty-five years, and I know this. The letter is a lie.*

She could not get over the feeling that this whole thing was unreal. But she took the letter from her pocket again, and it was real enough.

Then, for a moment, she thought, *Why not ignore it? Tear it up. Forget it. But that is not my way, nor George's. We have never kept anything from each other, in this way.*

This evening, when I pick him up at the train, I will show him the letter. Then I can see his face and his eyes kill the lie, as well as hear it from his mouth. He will tell me the simple and direct truth, that the letter is a lie. And that will be the end of it.

But as Martha folded the letter carefully and put it in her purse, a nerve quivered. A picture came into her mind, and the picture was George's face, and the shadow that always filled it whenever he was reminded of William Lehde.

All that day she was possessed of a vague and uneasy feeling of dread. *Of course*, she reasoned, *it is because of the letter. Naturally, a thing like this would upset anyone.*

An old lady told me once that she had lunched with the Dickens family when she was a child (you must imagine a tableful of children) and that Dickens had sat down without a word, leaning his head on his hand in an attitude of profound despondency. One of the Dickens children whispered to her, in commiseration and explanation, "Poor papa is in love again."

—DESMOND McCARTHY:
Criticism (Putnam & Company, Ltd.)

She picked up George when he got off the 6:55, but somehow she could not bring herself to tell him immediately. She saw that he was tired, a little edgy, and had obviously gone through a hard day at the office. And almost with relief, she thought, *I will tell him after dinner, when he is more relaxed.* Then, suddenly, the nerve quivered somewhere from deep within, the same nerve as before, and its name was Fear. And it spoke to her in a muffled but insistent way, "*Why do you really delay, Martha? Is it because you are afraid of what you will hear?" Dear God, of course it is not true. But suppose it is.* "*Suppose it is.*"

Again, and angrily, she buried the voice, and would not listen to it. On the drive home, she talked to George of inconsequential things. Then, when they came around the corner of Soundview Lane, George said:

"Martha, it seems we have a visitor."

There was an empty car in the driveway. It was a small car, and dusty, not the kind any neighbor at the Point would possess. On the back was a tiny metal sign, and the sign said "Press."

"Now what would the newspapers want with *me*?" said George.

Then her heart quickened, and in her mind echoed the same thing, *What do they want with him?* But she said, "I don't know, George. I have no idea."

They went inside, and a man was waiting in the living room, a stocky man with a red face, and uncomfortably warm in a tweed suit. He rose when they came in and said to George:

"Mr. Radcliffe, my name is John Platt. I'm with the New York Times. Your maid said you'd be back any minute."

"Yes?" said George. "What can I do for you?"

"We're running an article in the Sunday Times, on that missing mail pouch they found. I thought perhaps you might give me a general idea of the letter *you* got. We're looking for human-interest material, a kind of twist." He laughed apologetically. "You know, whether it was important at the time, or even changed the course of your life in any way."

"LETTER?" George was staring at the man blankly. "*What* letter?"

"Oh," said the reporter, puzzled, "you haven't received it yet?"

"I don't even know what you're talking about."

Then the man's face cleared. He showed George the article in the morning Times, saying, "Of course. I should have thought of it in the first place. Your maid told me your wife just picked you up at the railroad station. Naturally, you haven't had a chance to see the mail yet. But one of those letters was scheduled to be delivered to you today." He smiled at Martha. "I guess you haven't had a chance to tell him yet, Mrs. Radcliffe."

"What about this, Martha?" said George. "What's this about a letter?"

She saw George staring at her, and suddenly panic gripped her. And she thought, *Why did it have to happen this way? What a fool I was, not to tell him at the station.*

"Is this true, Martha? *Was* there a letter?"

"Yes."

"Well," said George impatiently, "who was it from?"

And she blurted out, "From a man named Jeremiah Clay."

"*Jeremiah Clay?*"

The name sprang from his throat, he could not stop it. And there was this sudden glare in his eyes, not hot or flaming, but rather cold and incandescent. He repeated the name, "Jeremiah Clay."

"George ——"

She did not go on, for she knew he would not hear her. And she thought, *He is looking at me, but he does not really see me. He is looking somewhere else, inward toward the memory*, and she shuddered then with horror, for she knew this memory, whatever it was, was something ugly and evil.

Then she remembered with a kind of panic that they were not alone, that the man from the Times was there, in the same room. The reporter was staring curiously at George.

"Mr. Radcliffe, who is Jeremiah Clay?"

George started a little as he heard Platt's voice. Then he said carefully:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Platt. But I'd rather not discuss it."

"I don't want to intrude in what may be some sort of personal affair, sir. Still ——"

"I said I don't want to talk about it."

But the man was eager for the story, and would not be put off. "Mr. Radcliffe, you have my promise that we'll eliminate any names in the letter you may wish. It's just the general idea, the story idea, we're after."

Then George moved to the man, and his eyes were blazing. "Can't you take no for an answer? Get out!"

The reporter stared. "If you feel that way ——"



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do feel that way. Now go on! Get out!"
he man left, his face tight and hostile, and
tha watched him through the window as
alked to the drive and got into the car and
e off. She turned back to George, and saw
storm in his face.
Martha, why didn't you phone me about
? Why didn't you tell me at the station?"
I thought I'd wait until after dinner."
e looked at her as though she were bereft
er senses. "You read the letter, Martha?"
Yes."
That's fine." His voice was a knife. "A
calls me a murderer, and you plan to wait
l after dinner to tell me about it."
George," said Martha slowly, "how did
know what was in this letter? You
n't even seen it yet."
e did not answer this, but said, instead,
here is it?"
George ——"
Give me the letter."
artha reached into her purse and gave him
etter. He read it quickly through narrowed
. Then he said sharply:
Has anyone else seen this?"
Annette was here when it came."
But does she *know?*"
No. I lied to her, George. I told her it was
an old schoolmate of yours."
e took a long breath. Then he took the
r, and tore it into tiny pieces, and after
tore those pieces into fragments even
ler, and threw them into the wastebasket,
ng, "God knows what would have hap-
d if you lost this letter, Martha, if some-
else had seen it. Do you realize the head-
a thing like this would make?"
hen he noted her look, and saw her staring
e wastebasket.
What is it, Martha? What's the matter?"
e asked, simply and directly, "George,
etter was a lie, wasn't it?"
or a while it was very quiet there in the
h. For a while, he did not speak, nor
e.
What do *you* think, Martha?"
Of course it is a lie."
Then why did you ask me?"
just wanted to hear you say so."
ddenly he seized her wrist. He said
nly, "What was the *real* reason?"
told you."
You're sure that was the *only* reason?"
sked.
Yes. Oh yes, George, yes."
e cried aloud at the pain in her wrist. And
ire suddenly died from his eyes, as he
drew his grasp, realizing that he had hurt

Forgive me, Martha. I'm sorry. I didn't
e ——"
George."
Yes?"
Why were you so rude to that reporter?
way you looked at him ——"

t's get this straight, Martha," he said.
s upset, yes. This thing happened rather
enly, as you know. And it isn't every day
one calls me a murderer. You can under-
that, can't you?"
es. Yes, of course." She reddened and
he heat of her shame, and she thought,
is the matter with me? I believe him, I
he is innocent. Why am I so hateful? Why
sk him questions?
m sorry," she said contritely. "I didn't
anything by it. Of course you were
. I was, too, when I saw that letter."
it down, Martha," he said quietly. "I
to tell you everything I know about it."
ou don't have to."
want to. Sit down."
e sat on the couch, and he went on:
irst of all, you remember Jeremiah Clay?"
e shook her head. "All I remember is
ame."
his man Clay used to be the janitor in
ffice building. Remember? The man who
ed me in the corridor at the courthouse,
wanted to talk to me. It was right after
e's trial. You were with me."
w it came back to her, vaguely, and she
ed, *I remember, I remember.*
Well," George was saying, "Clay turned
be a swindler and a blackmailer. Right
in the corridor, he tried to extort money from me with the same lie you read in the letter."

"But why? How would he dare to do a thing like that?"

"I don't know," said George. "He must have been mad. He knew I'd been at the office that night, and probably had some idea that he could scare me into paying him money, by claiming that he saw *me* kill Spindell."

"But I just don't understand ——"

"Neither do I." He shrugged. Now he seemed casual, almost too casual. "At the time, I thought it was one of those things. You know, most every murder trial, especially if it's on the sensational side, always brings up its quota of cranks and crackpots. I guess Jeremiah Clay was one of them. Anyway, he actually threatened to go to the police if I didn't pay him."

"George, he wanted twenty-five thousand dollars. In cash."

"Yes."

"Where on earth did he think *you'd* get all that money?"

"I don't know."

"But he must have had some reason ——"

"Some reason for *what?*" George interrupted a little sharply.

"Why, I don't know. I ——"

"Martha, what are you trying to say?"

His face began to darken again, and he was staring at her again. She stammered, "I mean, well, how would he dare, how would he possibly dare ——"

"I *told* you, he must have been crazy."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that this little fantasy of his might backfire right into his face. That *I'd* go to the police and drag *him* in for blackmail. I thought I was rid of him. I never knew, of course, that he'd followed up with a letter until today. But if I'd received that letter I would have taken it straight to the police."

"You never heard from this man Clay again?"

"No," said George carefully. "Not until just now. But he never went to the police. I'd say that was proof enough that he was bluffing, wouldn't you?"

"Yes." Then she hesitated. "Only one thing."

"Well?"

"The thing I don't understand is the evidence against Lehde ——"

"What about it, Martha?" interrupted George sharply. "Lehde got what was coming to him. He was guilty. I tell you he was guilty."

He seemed suddenly agitated and vehement, and Martha stared at him. "What on earth is the matter with you, George?"

"Nothing."

"All I was trying to say was this: The evidence was so overwhelming against Lehde that I can't possibly see how this man Clay would dare try and blackmail you."

"Oh," said George. The tautness left him, and he rose and came to Martha, putting his hands on her shoulders.

"Martha, I'm sorry."

"About what?"

"I guess I *was* a little edgy, at that. You see, this whole thing brought back memories I'd like to forget. As far as I'm concerned, the matter's closed. And that goes for you, too, Martha. Forget you ever heard the name of Clay. The letter was never written, and it never came here, it's a filthy lie, and not worth another thought. Understand?"

"I understand," said Martha. "But, George, "why didn't you tell me about this Clay situation long ago? Why did you keep it from me?"

For a moment he hesitated. Then he smiled, a queer and almost crooked little smile.

"Because I didn't want to upset you, Martha. I knew Clay was bluffing, and the whole thing would blow over."

"And that's all?"

"Yes," he said. "That's the whole story."

"Darling," she said quietly, "don't you know that a wife *wants* to be worried, if it's her husband's worry too?"

Then she was in his arms, her face in his shoulder, rubbing her cheek against the rough cloth of his coat and feeling her tears wet the collar of his shirt, and crying, *George, George*, because it was over and done with, and that which had come between them had gone.

That night she slept soundly in his arms. And the next morning she drove him to the airport. Then, just before his plane took off for Cleveland, he said:

"Martha."

"Yes?"

"Suppose I *had* killed Spindell? What would you do then?"

"George, please ——"

"No, I mean it," he went on. "What would you do?"

"I'd go on loving you," she said.

Then he smiled, and took her in his arms, and kissed her, saying, "I'll phone you from Cleveland."

After that, he disappeared through the gate. And as she drove home the sweet taste of his kiss lingered on her lips.

But then, suddenly, it was gone.

For now the turmoil came up in her, from some deep and hidden and inner swamp, and out of it came a question. She hated it, and tried to fight it down. But she could not.

Where did George get the money?

Where did he get all the money he had made when they lived in Freeport? He had said he made it in the market. But *had* he? Had he really?

Her mind slipped back into the past, and with growing dread she remembered a re-

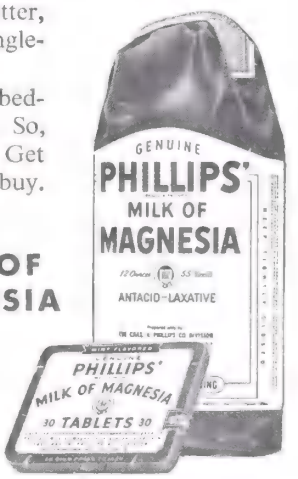
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morseless sequence of time. She remembered now that the bonanza had come only a few months after the payroll money had been stolen, and Spindell murdered. Only a short time after William Lehde had been sent to prison for life. Not before, but *after*.

And Martha Radcliffe cried to herself, *It is coincidence, of course, merely coincidence.* But the other voice, the one in the deep dark place, cried, "*Was it, was it?*" Was this not strange? Especially since Lehde had sworn he had never seen the money? Especially since it had never been recovered?

Now there was not one question, but many. Would a man like Clay really dare this kind of blackmail unless he was pretty sure of his ground? And that shadow on George's face, that strange and tormented shadow. Where did it come from, and why? Why was it always there, like some unwanted ghost, every time he was reminded of William Lehde?

Now Martha Radcliffe drove home, across the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge and up the Merritt Parkway. And all the way it seemed to her that George's face was superimposed upon the windshield of the car, and the shadow was on it, and now it seemed to assume an identity that she had never noticed before.

And she thought, *Lord in heaven, is it guilt? Is it guilt?*

She tried desperately to tell herself, *You are acting the fool, Martha. This whole thing is nonsense, the letter is a lie. You know George Radcliffe, and you know he is incapable of a monstrous thing like this.*

Yet, where did he get all the money?

She drove up the winding drive of Greenview Point, past the golf course and the great houses, until she finally came in sight of her own, Normandy in style, with its warm red brick, hand-hewn mellow brown shingles, and gleaming slate roof. Always before she had regarded it with pride and joy, thinking with wonderment, *Is it ours, is it really George's and mine?*

Now she thought again, *Is it ours?* But in a different and frightened way.

She parked the car in the driveway and walked into the house, telling herself, *Why not settle this thing in your mind, Martha? After all, there is a simple way to prove George's innocence, if you must reassure yourself.*

Frank Wheeler is his broker. And Susan Wheeler, his wife, is a close friend of yours. There is the phone. You can drop in at the Wheelers' tonight, and in a casual way get the information you want from Frank. And that will be the end of it. The suspicion, the doubt, this absurd fear of yours.

She went to the phone and lifted the receiver. She heard Susan's voice saying, "Why, Martha darling," and "how nice." Then Martha said:

"Susan, will you be in tonight?"

"Why, of course."

"George is in Cleveland, and I thought ——"

"WE'LL be happy to see you. Come for dinner. It must be lonely rattling around in that big house of yours while George is away. I know Annette's around, but you take a girl in love, how much company can she be? How about seven o'clock?"

"All right, Susan." Then Martha held her breath a moment. "Will Frank be there?"

"Frank? Oh, he'll be here all right. He's a little edgy; the market's been crazy. But you and I always have loads to talk about, and if he falls asleep, so much the better. All right?"

"Yes."

"Fine," said Susan. "See you at seven."

Martha hung up the receiver slowly, thinking, *It is done, it is done, and there is no turning back.*

At seven o'clock in the evening, Martha Radcliffe swung off the blacktop and onto the dirt road leading to the Georgian house of Frank and Susan Wheeler.

She had slept a little, and after that had luxuriated in a hot bath. Miraculously, her spirits had lifted, and the fear that had gripped her had drifted away.

Now the letter seemed part of some vague nightmare. George had explained everything, and that was enough. She would have given the world to have him beside her now, to reassure him, and tell him her suspicions w foolish. She felt guilty about the phone c and the reason for it. She told herself, *I am interested in asking Frank Wheeler how Geo made the money. I will keep the conversat with the Wheelers where it belongs—the gar club, the community library, politics, who ha baby, who got married or who got a divorce. not about the money, not about the money.*

"Well, Martha! Come in, come in!"

Susan Wheeler brought her in, a warm a welcoming smile on her tanned face, and her on the couch and said, "This *is* an oc sion. We haven't seen you for ages."

"I've been pretty busy."

"You don't have to tell me. I know. T wedding. Frank is upstairs, just out of shower. He'll be down in a minute. How lo will George be away?"

"I'm not sure yet. A few days."

"I must say you don't look worried."

"Why should I be?"

"I'D be worried if Frank had to take th little trips now and then. Business trips mean. Of course the chances are he'd be wo ing all day, then going to his hotel, exhaus at night, falling into bed and dreaming of r But still, there's a chance he wouldn't. C thing about men, they're almost too hum Primitive, I mean. And the world's full attractive women. How would I know t Frank wasn't fooling around with anyo The answer is, I wouldn't. I'm a girl wit very vivid imagination."

"I don't feel that way about George."

"I know. I think it's marvelous. The perf marriage of Greenview Point. All those beau fully serene years you've had—well, it's alm unnatural. I envy you."

Then Martha laughed. And thought, as did, *This is the first time I have laughed in w seems a very long time.*

"You really don't mean that, Susan."

"No, I suppose I don't. Personally, I lik little scrap now and then, just to liven thi up. But Frank's pretty easygoing, it's hard irritate him. And now I'm going to take ba what I said about Frank gallivanting abou he were in Cleveland. The truth is, he's darned transparent and predictable, it's alm infuriating. I wish there were a little m mystery about him, like George."

"George?"

"Yes. Now you take your husband, M tha. There's a man a woman could wo about. Now, darling, don't get alarmed. I sure George is old faithful from way back, a never told a lie in his life. I'm just saying has that *look*. . . . Well, never mind. Do take it seriously. I'm sure there isn't a th about George you don't know, just as th isn't anything about Frank I don't know."

Now there was a sudden beat in Martha kind of quiver, and, *Of course*, she thoug *Susan is just chattering away, in her usual a aimless way.* And her friend must ha sensed some change in Martha's mood, she changed the subject, and went on to t about the wedding: how many guests were ing invited, and what was Annette's weddi dress like.

Then Frank Wheeler came downstairs, we ing brown slacks and sports jacket. Smili he took Martha's hands in his.

"It's good to see you again. Sue tells you're up to your ears in Annette's weddin

"Yes."

Strange, the effect a simple remark can ha a random and aimless observation, when th is soil already there to nourish it. Sus Wheeler was the breezy type who never he tated to talk frankly of everything, includi other women's husbands. And what had said about George? *Now there's a man woman could worry about.* And Mart thought, *Of course it is silly. She meant no ing by it.*

Yet it began to upset her. At dinner, had no appetite. She sat there at the table, it was only a blur of white napery and glea ing silver. She was aware that the Wheel were watching her and sensed her mood. A she thought, miserably, *Why did I come he How I wish I were alone.*

"Martha, what is it? What's the matte

Susan was staring at her, in a queer kind way, and Martha tried to smile. "Matter?"

s. You look so sad you could cry. I've seen you in the dumps like this before."
n sorry. It's just a mood."
lonely mood," said Frank. "If George ere, it would be different. One thing's Martha. You can't be worried about , like the rest of us. Not the way George es in the market."
e market?"
ny, yes. If all my clients were like your nd, Martha, I'd starve to death," told her.

I not bring it up, but he has, she thought nic. *It is almost as though the answer is ed, that it is forced on me and I must hear ther I want to or not.* And she thought, *e the subject quickly.* But instead, she ent. And Frank was rambling on:

nny. When I first represented George on rket, he lost his shirt, a real crazy man oney. I kept trying to advise him, but ldn't listen. Bought the world's wildest, peculative stuff." Frank lit a cigar, and ued righteously, "After that, he decided n to me. Trouble was, he went *too* con- ve. Scared to death, I guess. I hate to it, Martha, but your husband is not, ver was, one of my more profitable "

poke casually enough. But it seemed to t each word would be recorded on her orever, as one records words on wax or nd in this way they would always be ed, just as they were, to be played back nd again. It seemed to her now that a d invaded the room. Perhaps it was a sprung up from the oaks outside, by the last spume of the recent rain, dying through the open window.

watched Frank lean back and contem- is cigar and Martha thought, *He is such l oracle.* It irritated her that he seemed ked, so much at ease. The words he had should have been spoken gravely, or or at least with sympathy. But of he did not know, he could not know.

nk," she said, "I've got a horrible y; when did George first start to do s with you?"

eaned back then, and became for a t dreamy in memory. "Let's see, I'd was about ten years ago. As I recall, March of forty-five."

rch, nineteen forty-five?"

t was a month or two before we talked o moving to the Point," said Susan. mber, Martha? You bought this house ter Memorial Day."

," said Martha. "Of course. Now I re- r."

"Funny the way George came in," chuckled Frank. "He said he'd heard of me that I was a good sound man. We got to talking, and I guess we hit it off together. Anyway, the next thing I knew, we had a new client in the firm, with around a hundred thousand dollars in cash to invest."

And Martha said, slowly, "A hundred thousand?"

"Why, yes. Around that, I think." Then he laughed. "But why should *I* remember, Martha? You're his wife. *You'd* know."

And Martha heard herself say, "Of course." Then casually, "I suppose George didn't tell you where he got it all."

Frank shrugged. "No. He didn't. And I didn't ask him. I never care where my clients get it. All I'm interested in is what they're going to do with it."

"Where *did* he get it all, Martha?" asked Susan lightly. "Rob a bank?"

Martha smiled—how she never knew—and said nothing. But to them, her smile was secret and knowing. As if to say, *This is something confidential between a man and his wife, and what difference does it make?*

But she knew the difference. For her mind had quickly turned the calendar, and she read the pages with growing horror.

March, 1945. Three months after the trial—the trial had been in late December. Spindell had been murdered and the money stolen in October, 1944. October to the following March. Six months, more or less. Could this be an interval just long enough to be discreet? William Lehde had already been sentenced, the case had been closed. Certainly the police would not now be curious about George's sudden wealth. A hundred thousand dollars, and Susan Wheeler had lightly and gaily asked, "Where did he get it all, Martha?"

And Martha thought, *Now I know, now I can tell you.*

After that they played Scrabble, for the Wheelers were inveterate players of the word game. And all through it Martha constructed one word after another, with the others.

But when the game was over, and she looked at the Scrabble board, she saw only three, and all three were words she had made. And the words were *liar*, *trial* and *murder*.

On the way home, her mind slipped back to the courtroom, and the trial of ten years ago. She saw the chalk white of George's face and the way he trembled when he was called to the stand. She remembered how he averted his eyes from the Lehdes, as though in some secret shame, when he mumbled "I saw him, the man was Lehde," his voice so low it could hardly

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

To the question, "What is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to you?" a woman answered, "Holding the baby you've been told by experts you will never have."

"I want my son to learn young what it means to work," said a father recently. "He must never think that potatoes come peeled."

"One thing I don't like about him, mother; he's always showering me with compliments."

"The thing about bachelors which impresses me most," says a wife in our neighborhood, "is their ability to dress themselves."

Last-word department: "All right, I'll go," stormed a six-year-old, when he was sent back to the bathroom to do a better job on his hands, "but I'm never coming back."

A young girl lists a few reasons why it is preferable to have a steady boy friend on another campus instead of her own: "You have time to talk to the girls after lunch, you have time to look up words in the dictionary, and you don't have to run to wash your hands every time you get ink on your fingers."

A woman took her son fishing and came home boasting of her catch. When asked by her husband if she had procured a license first, she looked surprised, then exclaimed, "What! *Me*, a mother!"

If the teen-agers only meant it when they say, "Let's face the facts."

A male parent was elated recently when his daughter announced she had broken a record. Then he learned it consisted of writing the most letters to a boys' boarding school in a two-week period.



Want a good group project this spring?

☐ *An off-beat treat* ☐ *Bird watching* ☐ *A Maypole party*

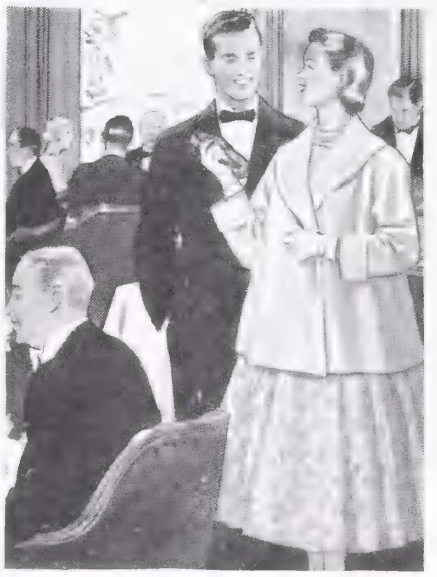
Posies 'n' candy are dandy—but ask the crowd: how about planning something *extra*, this Mother's Day? A really off-beat treat for their moms? Then pool your wits and wallets; throw a theatre party with the mothers as honored guests. They'll love it—this fun way of thanking them for being "the most," pal-wise! And wasn't it your mom, too, who taught you how to smile through *certain days?* Yes. Because she helped you choose *Kotex** for softness, safety you can trust . . . the complete *absorbency you need.* You see, she knew that confidence and Kotex go together!



Which helps "elevate" a low brow?

☐ *Symphony sessions* ☐ *Dating the psych prof* ☐ *A bang on the head*

Neither "long-hair" concerts nor brain bait can lift the kind of brow *we* mean! If your forehead's low, part your hair higher on your head, parallel to eyebrows. Now make a short bang that conceals your real hairline. Different girls have different needs—in grooming aids, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives a choice of *3 sizes.* Try Regular, Junior, Super: see which is for *you.* Each has chafe-free softness; *holds its shape;* keeps its comfortable fit.



At first glance, would you say she's a—

☐ *Gold digger* ☐ *Mixed up kid* ☐ *Shrinking violet*

She may be a living razor at repartee, but in *clothes savvy* she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, *not* the full-skirted style she's wearing. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) *Kotex* and those *flat pressed ends* are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with Kotex, no "wrong side" mix-up! You can wear *this* napkin on either side, safely.

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

be heard: how Mildred Lehde had leaped to her feet, and pointed at George, screaming, "He did it, not my husband. He was alone with Spindell, my husband wasn't even there. Ask *him* where the money is!"

The courtroom erupted then, and Martha remembered Mildred Lehde screaming at the top of her voice, and being dragged from the courtroom by two bailiffs on order of the judge. After this, the judge had cautioned the jury not to consider the outburst of this hysterical woman, and to strike it from their minds and memories.

But this was ten years later, and Martha Radcliffe realized that she had not stricken it from *her* memory, that it had risen again to taunt and torment her like some monstrous ghoul.

When she walked into the house, she went straight to the magazine rack and saw that the New York Times of the day before was still there. She read the item again, of Mildred Lehde's ceaseless efforts over ten years to get a pardon for her husband, and finally the statement William Lehde had made:

"I am an innocent man. Others have crucified me. I can only pray that someday the real murderer will be found."

"*Others have crucified me.*"

Who?

Now, as though in a dream, Martha noted Mildred Lehde's address in the story, a number on East 106th Street. Then, suddenly, she threw herself on the couch and began to weep.

For she knew that now she must talk to Mildred Lehde. This was the forbidden door, and she had opened it wide. She could not turn back now; it was too late.

The street was noisy and squalid, a slum area of cold-water tenements.

Martha Radcliffe stood uncertainly at the entrance of the dirty and dilapidated building, uncertain whether to enter the dark and squalid hallway, or flee back into the sun. The stench of the place struck her almos physical force.

She noted on one of the rusty ma that Mildred Lehde lived on the fourt Slowly she mounted the rickety steps u came to the door. Then she knocked, a door opened, and Mildred Lehde was ing there.

"Yes?"

The woman spoke, looking at Mart lenly, and without recognition. She wa ing a greasy wrapper, and her face, as had remembered it ten years befor been meager enough, but now it was The woman's hair, which she had remem as black, was now gray, and the eyes su bagged. Mildred Lehde stared in hosti

"Well? What do *you* want?"

"You don't remember me, Mrs. L Martha asked.

"Remember you? Why should I —"

Then the woman's eyes opened wid her mouth sagged open in stunned su

"Radcliffe. Mrs. Radcliffe."

"Yes. May I come in?"

But Mildred Lehde could only stan and stare at her, and then two childre from the room and looked at her cu one about twelve, a boy, and the other somewhat younger. Their dirty faces w and pinched, with the look of never enough to eat.

"What do you want?"

"I must talk to you, Mrs. Lehde."

There was a moment of silence, and saw the hatred in the woman, the vi hatred. Then the hatred died reluctan this moment, and turned to curiosit opened the door wide.

"Come in."

Martha entered. There was an unma in the room, and a cot in the corner. T was cluttered with remnants of food—a of milk, a half-empty bowl of corn f few half-eaten slices of bread lying cracked dish. Mildred Lehde saw the Martha's face, and she said, both cynica defiantly:

"Oh, you get used to it, Mrs. Ra When you live on public welfare, you g to almost anything."

MARTHA made no answer to this, fo was no answer to make. The two childr staring at her. Martha thought, *They sh in school*, but remembered quickly. *Thi urday*. And the mother turned to the b girl.

"Carla. You, too, Tommy. Better ge

"But where'll we go?"

"Go? Go anywhere. Outside and pl remember, stay off the street. And d near those Lopez kids, d'you hear? get you both into trouble."

Then the children left, and Martha them clattering down the stairs, and s her attention was caught by a small photograph standing on the bureau. smiled from within the cheap frame, face was of a man, William Lehde. T ture must have been taken a long time the face was young, and gay, and la and showed no fear. Martha could n her eyes from the photograph, thinkin *this be the same haggard and fear-ridde saw at the trial? Is this the same old an face in the newspaper?* And she t *George, George, is this what you have*

"What do you want, Mrs. Radcliff did you come here?"

"I had to come, Mrs. Lehde."

"Why?"

"You've been working for ten years your husband a pardon."

"Well?"

"What makes you so sure he's inn

Mildred Lehde's eyes narrowed, and there was a sudden gleam of triumph, must have seen something in Martha And she persisted, cruelly:

"Now, look, Mrs. Radcliffe. You come here just to go slumming. It was conscience, wasn't it?"

"Mrs. Lehde, please —"

"Bill was innocent. They sent the man to prison. You know it. *And* your p George knows it."

"But the evidence was all against h



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New York Toronto

"Your husband was against him," said the woman. "*He* was the evidence."

"But I'm talking about proof."

"Proof? You want proof, Mrs. Radcliffe?" Mildred Lehde went to a drawer in the bureau, took out the copy of the Times, and flung it on the table in front of Martha. "It's all in here. The Parole Board offered Bill a pardon if he'd only tell them where the money was. Do you know that?"

"Yes."

"Only he didn't tell them. And you know why? Because he didn't know. Do you think he'd stay in jail, and let his family rot in a place like this, if he could produce the money?" She moved toward Martha, her face white. "And where is the *real* murderer? I'll tell you where he is. Up in a big house at Greenview Point, living off the fat of the land. On the money he said my husband took!"

"Mrs. Lehde, I'm not going to listen ——"

"Oh, yes you are! Your husband wasn't a big shot at the company then. Where did he get all the money to build a big, beautiful house like that? Answer me, Mrs. Radcliffe. Where did he get it?" But Martha had no answer. And the woman continued, "And all the time you knew it. All this time, you let my husband rot in jail ——"

And Martha answered, in agony, "No, no, Mrs. Lehde. Believe me, I never knew any such thing. I only thought it possible when ——"

Then she stopped, realizing that she had almost spoken of the letter, and Mildred Lehde said:

"When *what?*"

And Martha would not answer, and the woman again pressed her cruelly, crying:

"When *what*, Mrs. Radcliffe? When *what?*"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"I see. You don't know." Then she looked at Martha in hatred and contempt, and said quietly:

"Do you know what it means to be the wife of a man they call a murderer? To take the train, once a week, up to Ossining, to Sing Sing, and wait for them to bring him to you like a caged animal, and live for the few minutes you get the chance to hold his hand? You saw my children. Do you know what it means to have other children chase yours, and throw rocks at them and yell, 'Your old man is a jailbird, your old man is a killer!'?" Her face was pale in anger. "They should have been yelling it at *your* children, not mine!"

At this, Martha sank into a chair and started to weep. Each word Mildred Lehde had said to her was a whip across her face.

"Mrs. Radcliffe, listen to me. For God's sake, do the right thing. If you won't tell me, go to the police. Tell *them* what you know."

"Speak against my own husband?"

"Look at it another way. Against a thief and a murderer. Against a man who sent another man to jail."

"No," said Martha. "I cannot."

"But it's the only decent thing to do, the only *honest* thing to do. Please, Mrs. Radcliffe, give us back our lives, give my children a chance. Your husband's already stolen ten years of their lives."

Martha rose, and went to the door, moaning, "I won't listen to any more. I don't want to hear any more."

"Then I pity you, Mrs. Radcliffe," said Mildred Lehde quietly. "Because of what you'll carry on your conscience for the rest of your life."

Somehow, Martha got downstairs. She walked along the hot and crowded street, thinking, *Why did I ever go to see her? Every step I have taken leads to George, everything points a finger at George. And all this is my lonely secret, the pain must be mine alone, for it is something I can talk of to no other person.* When she got into the car, she put her head in her arms, and leaned on the steering wheel and wept, crying, *I love him, and how can I turn against him, no matter what he has done?*

As Martha drove up to the house, she saw a delivery truck turn into her driveway, and on it the name, Allen Florists.

The driver saw her, and gave her the long box, and she signed for it and then went in and opened it. There were twelve long-stemmed American Beauties, wired from Cleveland, and a card that said, "Believe me, George."

She stood there for a moment, staring at the card, and as she did Annette came downstairs.

"Mother, David just called from Fort Benning. They gave him leave, for the wedding. He's flying in to Idlewild on Wednesday morning."

"Annette, that's wonderful." Martha tried to smile, thinking, *I am at home now, and I must put on a face for all this; I must be careful before others.*

"Oh, and another thing," said Annette. "David says his captaincy's a sure thing now. The papers are all in, his commanding officer's recommendation, everything. It's just a matter of days."

"That's fine," Martha said dully.

Annette looked at her closely, and a little puzzled. "Mother, what's wrong?"

"Wrong?"

"You look a little low. Something on your mind?"

"No."

"You can tell me."

"It's nothing."

And Annette shrugged and said, "All right. But something's been depressing you for the last few days. I've noticed it."

"It's nothing," repeated Martha. Then she lied: "The wedding, perhaps, I don't know."

"Well," smiled Annette, "you and dad wanted the church wedding, not Ralph and I. Of course if you make us a reasonable offer, we'd be glad to elope."

"Don't be silly," said Martha.

Annette noted the roses, then picked up the card. She smiled, a little tenderly. "You know what, mother?"

"What?"

"You're a very lucky woman. If Ralph is half as wonderful as dad, after *we've* been married twenty-five years—well, I wouldn't want anything more."



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Annette ran upstairs, and Martha fingered the card George had sent. And she thought, *Believe what, George?*

Why do you ask me to believe a lie?

We have lived a lie all these years, and it is only through this lie that we are here, in this fine, big house, and Mildred Lehde and her children are there. For if the truth had been told, it would be the other way around.

Now, what shall I do? Stay silent, and live with my conscience?

The agony of this decision was more than she could endure. She was tempted to run upstairs, and tell Annette the whole story, and say, "This is my dilemma. What shall I do?"

Suddenly she was aware that the phone had been ringing, and now she heard Annette's voice from upstairs, "Mother. Pick up the phone. It's dad. He's calling from Cleveland."

And she thought with sudden panic, *I cannot talk to him, how can I talk to him now?* But she steeled herself, knowing that she must.

"Hello, George."

"Martha. How are you?"

"Fine. Where are you staying?"

"At the Statler."

"How are things going in Cleveland?"

"It's an awful mess. But I think I can clear it up. I want to get home as soon as I can."

She told him of David, and the fact that his captaincy looked sure. And he crowed with pride, saying, "That's my boy." Then, "You got my flowers, Martha?"

"Yes. Thank you, George. They're beautiful."

"I'll tell you something, darling."

"Yes?"

Chinese description of piano playing: You fight him in the teeth, he cry.

—MONTREALER

"I miss you."

"Do you?"

"These hotel rooms get lonelier all the time. I should have taken you with me."

They went on to talk of small things, and although Martha tried desperately to keep her voice light and gay, she knew that the strain came through it. Finally there was a pause — the pause when there is nothing more to be said, and it is time to say good-by. And George said suddenly, "Martha, what's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is." Then a pause. "It's the letter, isn't it? You still think it *might* be true."

"No, George. No."

She knew that her denial was unconvincing. There was a long moment of silence, so long that she thought the phone had gone dead. Then, "Martha, let's face the unpleasant fact."

"Yes?"

"You either believe Clay or you believe me. It's just as simple as that."

"George, please ——"

"No, let me finish. All the time I've been here in Cleveland, I've been thinking about it. I still can't believe that letter ever came. But it *has*. And because it has, it's created a new situation between us, Martha. The choice is yours. It's all up to you. If you believe me, *really* believe me, then nothing has really changed. But if you don't ——"

He left the rest unsaid, but the meaning was clear. And Martha cried, in her agony, "George, no. Don't say things like that."

"I've only one more thing to say, and I want you to listen carefully, Martha."

"Yes?"

His voice came over the wire, suddenly low and quiet and tender. He said, "I love you. Always remember that. Good night, darling."

He hung up then, and for this moment, this brief moment, and in her exhilaration, she told herself, *I believe, I believe. How could I have doubted this man? If I were with him now, I would know how to make him forget I ever doubted him.*

But the moment was brief and quickly drowned in the turmoil and the agony surging up in her again, and the question, *What shall I do, what shall I do?*

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On Wednesday morning, Martha picked up
David at Idlewild airport. When they got home
surprise awaited them, for George was there.
Martha stared at him, saying, "George, when
id *you* get here?" And he nodded toward his
npacked bags in the living room.
"Just got in a few minutes ago. Called the
ouse, but you were gone. Annette picked me
p at LaGuardia."
He spoke quickly, and over his shoulder,
r he was grinning at David, and David at
m. Then they embraced the way men who
e close embrace, clapping each other on
e back, each laughing in their pleasure.
"Congratulations, captain."
"Thanks for the promotion, dad. But aren't
u a little premature?"
"I've heard all about it. I'm proud of you.
e been telling everybody downtown of your
liant deeds in battle."
Then David said, grinning, "You know very
ll I never heard a shot fired in anger."
"Sure," said George. "I know it. You know
But do *they* have to know it?"
Now Annette came running downstairs and
w David. She squealed with delight and ran
him. He lifted her off the floor, and whirled
r around and around, laughing, "Here comes
e bride." The room was gay with all of them,
e chatter going back and forth, and Martha
ddcliffe watched them, and her heart was
ht for the moment. For she thought, *This*
the way it used to be, my house is full again.
After that, they went into the dining room
a second breakfast. And through this
artha spoke to the children, and George
oke to them, but George and Martha did
t speak directly to each other.
Then as they lingered over the coffee,
artha saw Charlie Minner coming up the
lk, carrying his heavy mailbag. She rose
d took the mail from him, and then went
o the study, with the intention of sorting it,
d getting back to her family.
Then, with a shock, she saw the letter on
bottom was from Mildred Lehde.
With trembling fingers, she opened the
velope. It was a simple piece of lined yellow
tepaper. And on it were written only six
rds: "Give my husband back to me."
Dully, Martha tore up the note and emptied
pieces into the wastebasket. And as she
shed, Annette came toward the study.
Mother, what are you doing here? Come on
nd join the party."
And Martha quickly slipped the envelope
a drawer of the desk, saying, "I'll be right
dear."
After that, she went into the dining room,
the sun-bright room with all its gaiety,
laughed as loudly as any of them.

All day long, they studiously avoided the
ject. All day long they were husband and
e, yet they were strangers.
low it was night, and they had retired to
r room. She sat at the dressing table, brush-
her hair, and she could see his reflection as
ay on the bed, smoking and watching her
dily. And this upset her so that she turned
face away from the mirror. And she
ught, *This is ridiculous. We are both acting*
children. But it was George who spoke the
word.
"Martha, we'd better talk this out, once
for all."

"es," she said tightly.
"You still think I killed Spindell?"
"I don't know," she said miserably. "I don't
w."
"Hadn't you better make up your mind?"
said coldly.
Then she turned toward him, and the words
t from her: "George, why did you lie to
?"
"Lie?" He stared. "What are you talking
t? How did I lie to you, Martha?"
"About the money. About all that money we
ght the house with, everything. You see, I
d to Frank."
"*Frank Wheeler?*"
"Yes."
His face drained white, but his eyes were
. "What did *he* tell you?"
"He said you never made that money in
market."
"I see. So you went behind my back."

"George, I *had* to know."
"All right," he said. "Now you know."
She cried out in anguish, "George, George, tell me the truth, where did you get the money?"
And he answered bitterly, "Try asking Frank Wheeler again."
"George, you must have some kind of answer, you *must!*"
"All right. I *have* an answer. Suppose I told you I made the money through another broker?"
"What other broker?"
"You want the name, Martha?"
"Yes."
"Why?" he said cruelly. "So you can check up on me again?"
"But if you're telling the truth ——"
"There'd never be any way for you to find out, Martha." He smiled mirthlessly. "You see, this other broker's dead. Been dead for years. His office was liquidated. All the records destroyed."
"I see," she said hopelessly. "He's dead."
"I suppose you don't believe *this*, either."
"No," she said. "I'm sorry, George. If you'd only explain ——"
"Why should I bother?" he said. "I'm convicted already, as far as you're concerned. Why should I waste my breath? You wouldn't know the difference between the truth and a lie, anyway. Not any more. At least, not from me." She started to say something, but he interrupted her with a harsh laugh. "Let's stop all this fencing, Martha. You can cut it any way you want, but the fact is this: You think I killed Spindell and stole that money. You think I sent Lehde to jail to cover up for myself. All right, let's leave it that way. I'm a murderer. The question is, what are you going to do about it?" He watched her, waiting. And she squirmed, thinking, *George, what is going on in that brain of yours, what kind of answer do you expect? How can I answer, if I do not know the truth, for you have not told it to me?*

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Finally, he turned and went to the closet, and took out his robe, and stuffed cigarettes and matches in the pocket. Then he picked up the pillow on his bed, and tucked it under his arm.

"George. Where are you going?"

"I'm sleeping in the guest room."

"But that's ridiculous!"

"Is it?" Then he laughed cruelly. "Surely, Martha, you don't want to sleep in the same room with a murderer, do you? How could you be sure I wouldn't strangle you some dark night?"

"Please," she said, in a kind of panic, "please, don't, George. Stay here."

"Why?" he wanted to know. "Why should we be hypocrites? Do you really think we can stay husband and wife after this?"

And Martha wanted to cry out, *George, we can, we can. If only you had told me the truth, I might have forgiven you even this. For you must know that I love you enough.*

But before she could answer, he was gone. She heard the door of the guest room open, and slam shut. And she thought, *It is the first time in twenty-five years we have ever been separated under the same roof.*

It was about ten in the morning when Martha reached the address which she had remembered on Jeremiah Clay's letter.

The superintendent told her that Clay had moved from the building some three years ago. But fortunately he still had kept the forwarding address, a number on Third Avenue, and he gave it to Martha.

Now she parked the car under the el, and saw that the entrance was situated between a shabby pawnshop and a tavern. She walked into the dim vestibule and peered at the mailboxes.

And then she saw the name, a scrawl on a card. Jeremiah Clay. Apartment 2C.

She pressed the bell, thinking dully, *Perhaps I have pressed the button to my own execution.* The buzzer sounded on the door, and she opened it. The dark hall had the same smell she had noted at the Lehdes', the smell of the poor. And from somewhere above the flight of the wooden steps, a hoarse voice called, "Up here." And Martha realized it was a woman's voice.

Then, with heavy and reluctant feet, she slowly mounted the stairs. She saw the woman waiting at an open door, a huge and uncorseted slattern shapeless with fat, the eyes cold and fishy in a suspicious, pock-marked face. Her hands were wet, she had apparently been washing dishes or clothes, and now she rubbed them on her dirty apron as she stared at Martha.

"Yes? What is it?"

"I'd like to see Mr. Clay."

Then the woman stared at Martha up and down, in a faintly hostile yet curious way.

"What do you want to see him about?"

Before Martha could answer, a voice came from the room, the voice of an old and tired man, calling peevishly, "Who is it, Stella?"

"A lady to see you."

"Well, bring her in, bring her in."

Then the woman stepped aside to let Martha pass, staring at her all the while, her eyes insolent and yet wondering, and Martha entered the room.

The room was dark, for it was shadowed by a pillar of the el outside, and in it was the sour smell of the sick. The bed was still unmade, revealing the filthy sheet, and the floor was littered untidily with a chaos of crumpled garments. She saw a wash bucket on the grimy sink, and some damp underwear just wrung from the wash; and aside from the bed, there was no other furniture but a battered bureau topped by a cracked mirror, a wooden table, and two straw-backed chairs.

Jeremiah Clay was sitting next to the window, staring at her. He was dressed in a tattered striped bathrobe, and beneath this his thin veined legs were naked, and his feet covered by a pair of dirty scuffs. But it was his face that made her gasp, for it was terribly emaciated, the skeletal bones showing beneath the taut and parchment-white skin, and if there was any look on his face that might be given a name, it was death. Only his eyes seemed bright and animated, and they watched her suspiciously, but without recognition.

And Martha thought, *How thin he is, and how he has aged. I would have never recognized him now, not out of my memory.*

"What can I do for you?"

"You don't remember me, Mr. Clay?"

He peered at her and shook his head.

"My name is Martha Radcliffe. I'm George Radcliffe's wife."

"*George Radcliffe's* wife?"

He stared at her and half rose from his seat, his mouth dropping in astonishment. Then recognition came back to him, and he sank back. And after a long time, asked:

"What do you want?"

Martha turned toward the doorway, for the slattern was still there, the woman Clay had called Stella. But she did not budge, she was staring at Martha. It was obvious that she knew the name of Radcliffe, and had heard it before.

"I must talk to you privately," said Martha.

Now! Waterproof make-up..



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Smooth Helena Rubinstein's *Silk-Tone Foundation* evenly over entire face with up-and-out strokes. Apply *Silk-Tone Rouge* in a 3-dot triangle, as above; blend up and outward. Then use *Eye Shadow Stick.*



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Then Clay turned to the woman, and said harshly, "Get out, Stella."

And the woman answered angrily, "You're a fine one to order me around, Jeremiah."

"I told you to make yourself scarce. This is none of your business."

The woman glared at him sullenly, as if undecided whether to go, or whether to defy him and stay. But finally she turned and went out into the corridor, and Clay rose, slamming the door behind her. Then he turned to Martha, still staring at her as though she were some kind of apparition.

"Well, Mrs. Radcliffe? What have *we* got to talk about?"

Then Martha told him only of the letter, and how it had come to their house after ten years, and why it had been delayed. He listened to her without a word, his face a study in growing astonishment. And finally Martha concluded:

"Mr. Clay, I know you must think I'm mad coming here. But I *had* to, don't you see? I've got to find out the truth from you. Was that letter of yours a lie? *Was* it?"

But the old man did not seem to hear her. Instead, he pounded his bony fist on the window sill in a kind of angry frustration.

"So that was it, eh? The mail got lost. No wonder he never answered my letter. And all these years, I thought he had bluffed me out ——"

Then he thought better of continuing, and his face became shrewd and a little furtive.

And Martha repeated, in agony, "Was that letter of yours a lie, Mr. Clay?"

He studied her carefully, trying to probe for some kind of trick. But he saw none, only the agony and the desperation.

"No," he said slowly. "My letter was the truth. Your husband was Spindell's murderer, Mrs. Radcliffe."

"But how do you *know* George did this?"

"Because I saw him."

"*You saw him?*"

Now he eyed her with a kind of secret amusement, and waved her to the other chair.

"Sit down, Mrs. Radcliffe. I see no harm in telling you what happened now. In fact, the more I think of it, the more I'm sure there may be some good in it for *both* of us."

"I don't understand ——"

"Patience, Mrs. Radcliffe, patience." He smiled. "You wouldn't think it to look at me now, but I've had some education, and I'll try to tell you what happened in an intelligent kind of way. That is, if you're ready to listen."

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"All right. Now suppose we begin at the beginning. The night Spindell was killed. It so happened that this particular night was my night off, but we'd been having boiler trouble all that week. Anyway, I decided to drop in anyway, just to see that everything was all right with the oil lines, and so forth. You follow me, Mrs. Radcliffe?"

"Yes."

HE leaned back with his eyes half closed, as though savoring the memory, and continued:

"I can't say I ever had a more interesting evening. You see, I'd just checked the boiler, and was coming up the cellar steps toward the first floor, when I heard someone coming downstairs from the second floor. That man was your husband."

"George?"

"No mistake about it. I saw him very clearly, but he didn't see me. I was on the lower stairs, as I said, and he was too interested in Eli Spindell's office. He walked straight down the corridor toward it. I knew Spindell and Lehde were both in the building, but your husband was a surprise to me. Even then, I might not have looked twice. But his face was pale, dead white. And he was carrying a small black bag, and wearing gloves."

And Martha said dully, "I see."

"To go on. I saw your husband open Spindell's door softly. Then he pushed the light switch next to the door, throwing the room in darkness. Then I heard Spindell yell out, 'Lehde!' As far as Spindell knew, the clerk was the only other man in the building, and since it was dark, he couldn't see your husband. A moment later George Radcliffe came out of Spindell's office with the bag, only now it was full. He opened the window and threw it outside to another man, a confederate. It was very clever of your husband, Mrs. Radcliffe. I take off my hat to him. He'd planned to put himself in the clear by simply phoning the police and waiting there till they came, without having to hide the money somewhere in the building. Later on, he met his friend, and they disposed of the money between them." He smiled sardonically. "And if I know your husband, he certainly took the lion's share."

"But this accomplice," said Martha. "Who could *he* have been?"

"Nobody will ever know," said the old man. "Except your husband, of course. But whoever he is, he's keeping quiet about it. And you can't blame him. After all, he didn't know George Radcliffe was going to kill Spindell. Robbery's one thing, you see. But being an accessory to a murder, that's something else. Whoever he is, you can't blame him for being quiet."

"It doesn't seem possible," whispered Martha. "The whole thing, I can't believe it's possible. I can understand the money, perhaps. But why did he have to *kill?*"

"My dear Mrs. Radcliffe. Whatever your husband is, he's no fool. Spindell dead was much safer than Spindell alive. Especially when they found the paymaster with Bill Lehde's letter opener in him."

The old man coughed spasmodically, and took a spoonful of medicine from a bottle on the window sill. Then he wiped his mouth and smiled.

"Anyway, I've got to hand it to your husband. He was not only a born thief, Mrs. Radcliffe, but a born actor. The way he did it in court. The way he sent poor Lehde to jail." Clay chuckled, his bright little eyes gleaming. "All the play-acting. The way he squirmed and bit his nails. The white face and hanging head. The good citizen doing his reluctant duty. I'll say this, he fooled the court with it. And he would have fooled *me*, if I hadn't known."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153

Each word hit Martha like a blow in the ice, and thickened the nausea in her throat. nd she remembered again George sitting in he witness chair, with downcast face, and say- g, "I saw the man and it was Lehde."

"You knew all this," she whispered to Clay. You saw all this. Yet you said nothing."

"Exactly. I figured my silence would be orth something, Mrs. Radcliffe. Twenty-five ousand dollars, to be exact. You may be a oman of conscience, you *must* be, in order to ave come here in the first place. Believe me, I lmire this quality in you. But not in me. The ought struck me at the time that your hus- nd had suddenly come into a lot of money, d he could afford to take a little off the top r a poor man. I asked him to take care of me, the corridor of the courthouse, right after e trial. But he refused. I even threatened to to the police. He told me to go ahead."

"Then why didn't you go?"

"Your husband very cleverly pointed out the t that the evidence had already been given, d Lehde convicted. If I went to the police, it isn't necessarily true that they'd believe me. d even if I did, I'd be in trouble myself. For rjury in testimony. For withholding evi- nce. *And* for blackmail. You understand?"

"Yes."

"In a way," Clay said with an ironical smile, he whole thing was a pity. It would have en so easy for both of us to agree, instead of hting each other."

"Then George never paid you a cent?" ed Martha.

"No."

"And you never went to the police?"

"No. After that, I wrote him the letter you erred to. I thought he'd come around, after had a chance to think it over. And when I n't hear from him, I figured he'd simply bluffed me. I didn't know he never got t letter until you just walked in and told "

Now the room shimmered and swam in the r of Martha Radcliffe's tears, and something ner shrieked, *Get out, get out of this horrible ce, away from this diseased and evil man, into the clean air and the sun!* Now she w. She had walked the full length of the bidden road, and this was the end, and e was no longer any doubt. And she wept de, *George, George, what have you done? It ie end of us all.*

he started to walk woodenly toward the r. And then:

One moment, Mrs. Radcliffe."

She turned and faced him again, and now she saw a cold smile on his face.

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the money."

"*What* money?"

He grinned evilly. "My dear Mrs. Radcliffe, our business is still unfinished. Surely you wouldn't leave a poor and dying old man empty-handed, without making *some* kind of contribution."

She stared at him, saying again, "What do you mean?" And he went on craftily:

"Why, it's very simple. Your visit here was a godsend, Mrs. Radcliffe. A fresh wind out of the past, you might say. In fact, it has renewed my interest in this whole affair. I am willing to write off the past ten years. Let us say my poverty has been due to this unfortunate accident, this misplaced letter. But now the letter has arrived, has it not? And you must see that the situation hasn't really changed. Your husband is still at large, the murderer of Eli Spindell, and I still know what I know."

"You mean you intend to blackmail my husband all over again?"

"Why not?"

Now she saw the hypocrisy in his face, and the confidence. And she heard herself saying, "Mr. Clay, you're making a mistake."

"Am I? Why?"

"If my husband refused to be blackmailed then, I'm sure he won't change his mind now."

"Then it's up to *you* to persuade him, Mrs. Radcliffe."

"I?"

"You."

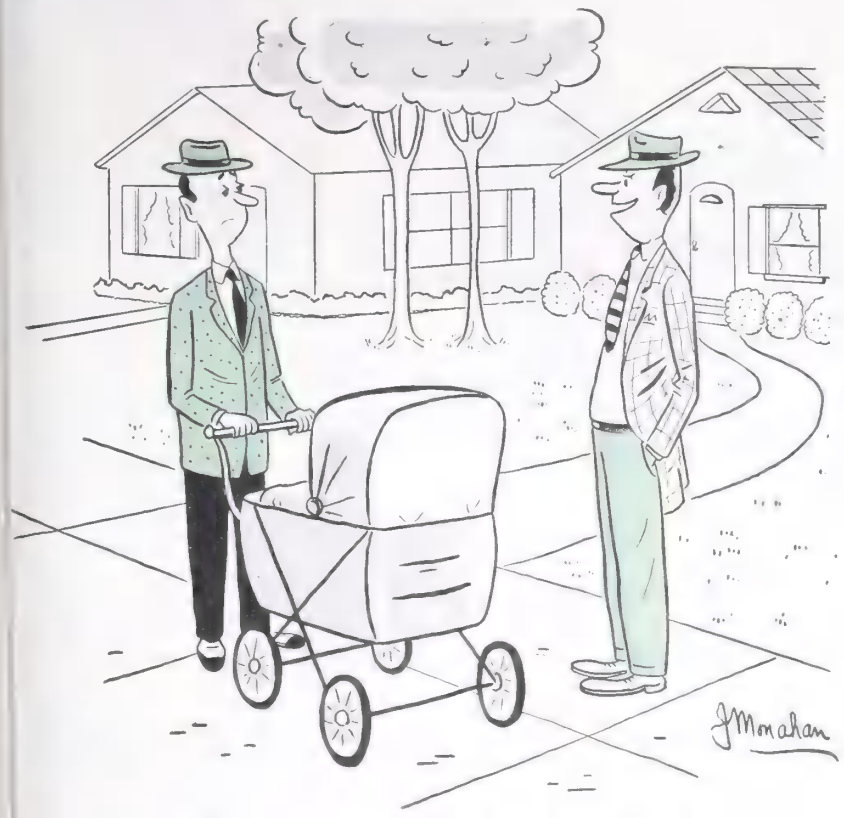
She saw the trap in his face, it was so plain now. She was to be the instrument for this, she was caught and she knew that there was greed here, and there would be no quarter and no mercy. And she cried desperately, "But I can't. I don't *dare* tell him I was here."

"I can see your husband's point of view," smiled Clay maliciously. "Naturally, he's going to be upset. It must be obvious to you, Mrs. Radcliffe, that coming here was a very stupid thing to do. It would have been much better to let well enough alone. But now you're involved, and I suggest that you be sensible about it."

"Mr. Clay ——"

"I am not a greedy man, as I told you. I am not even interested in a large lump sum of money, as I was originally. I should be very glad to settle for something on a weekly basis. Say two hundred a week. *Every* week."

"But I can't do it."



"Why don't you assert yourself? In our house, I just change mine, feed him and walk the floor with him."



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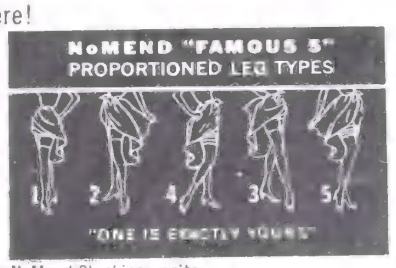
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"You'd *better* do it."

"If I told George I'd been here ——"

"Perhaps it won't be necessary to tell him, Mrs. Radcliffe."

"What do you mean?"

"Of course this is your problem," he said, smiling. "But I'm only trying to help you with it. All I want is two hundred a week. And personally, I don't care whether it comes out of *his* pocket . . . or *yours*. Just as long as it comes."

"Are you suggesting that I ——"

"Why not?" He shrugged. "You're a wealthy woman, Mrs. Radcliffe. I have no doubt that you have funds of your own."

"Suppose I refuse," she said slowly.

"Then I'd go to the police," Jeremiah Clay told her.

"But if you didn't dare tell them before ——"

"Ah," he said. "Ten years is a long time. And things have changed." Then his face grew grim, and he tapped his chest. "Mrs. Radcliffe, I'm going to tell you something you don't know. The doctors tell me I'm very sick—very sick in here. They give me another year. Perhaps two. I can afford to gamble now. What can I lose? Suppose the police *did* throw me in prison? I couldn't be any worse off than I am now."

Somewhere downstairs a door slammed. Somewhere she heard a raucous voice. Something about staying off the street, and a child's irreverent answer. It seemed that she heard a rustling outside the room, somewhere in the corridor. Was it only her imagination? She did not know.

"I'll give you until next Saturday, Mrs. Radcliffe," Jeremiah Clay was saying. "No longer. Two hundred dollars in cash—the first installment. You can simply mail it to me. If I don't get it by then, I'm going to the police."

Somehow she got out of the room, and stumbled down the stairs, and finally out on the sidewalk.

After that, she crossed the cobbled stre under the el, and got into her car, and beg the long drive home.

My husband is a thief and a murderer.

Martha Radcliffe spoke the words to h self, over and over, all the way home.

Yet their meaning did not seem to penetra They had an almost casual ring. The way y might say to a new acquaintance, "My h band is a lawyer," or "My husband is merchant." They sounded as though someo else had spoken them, some other wom about some other man.

And as she drove along the parkway, made her decision. *I must keep silent. I m find some way to meet Jeremiah Clay's mands, and keep him silent. I cannot and I not destroy my own family, no matter w George has done. I am flesh and blood, a hur being. I am not a saint, and there is a pl where a conscience must stop. I am sorry William Lehde, and his wife, and his child very sorry. I will do everything I can for th for they have been cruelly wronged. But my family must come first, my obligation is to tect them first. Is this so wrong? Is what I doing a sin? Would not any woman, any o woman, do the same?*

All through the evening Martha Radc persuaded herself, and rationalized th things, and even managed to feel righteous a little while:

But later, as she lay in bed, she tossed turned fitfully, and the face of Mildred Le became clearer, and the thin faces of her dren, and the face of the young man smi from the picture on the bureau.

And she knew that she had lived the da fantasy, and the way out she had chosen not the way at all. For if anything was c it was this: there was not enough room in for both George and her conscience, sooner or later she must keep one, and the door on the other.

Finally she drifted off into uneasy s crying to herself, *What shall I do? Ga heaven, what shall I do?*

There was a voice in her ear, and the v was harsh and unpleasant. It was say "Wake up, Martha, wake up," and she k it was George's. She tried to sink back int darkness of her sleep, knowing that the was dark and pleasant and warm and, a all, safe. But the voice would not let her. now she was aware that George was sha her, and she opened her eyes.

"What is it, George?"

He took an envelope from his pocket held it out to her, and Martha saw that i the envelope of the note Mildred Lehde sent to her. And Martha could not speak stare. And he said quietly, "It seems tha got some mail."

And she said stupidly, "Where did yo it?"

"I was looking for some papers, and f it in the study desk." Then he said s "Why did Mildred Lehde write you a l Martha?" She could not answer, and he on coldly, "You read my mail. Now I'd l know what was in yours."

And then she began to weep, c "George, George, what can I say?"

And he answered, "You can tell m truth! What was in this letter?"

THEN she told him the whole story, beginning to end, about her suspicions the visits to Mildred Lehde and Jer Clay. And as she went on, the storm face darkened, and his eyes seemed to fanatically with the coldness of his ange

"So you talked to Clay, eh?"

And she cried, "Yes, yes, I had to, G don't you see, I had to."

And he lashed at her, "You and your of right and wrong. You and that pr conscience of yours. Why couldn't y well enough alone?"

"George ——"

And he paced the floor back and for the fury was upon him. "Do you know you've done? You've opened up this thing again, got us all involved. Why d go to see Clay, why?"

"I'm sorry, George. But I ——"



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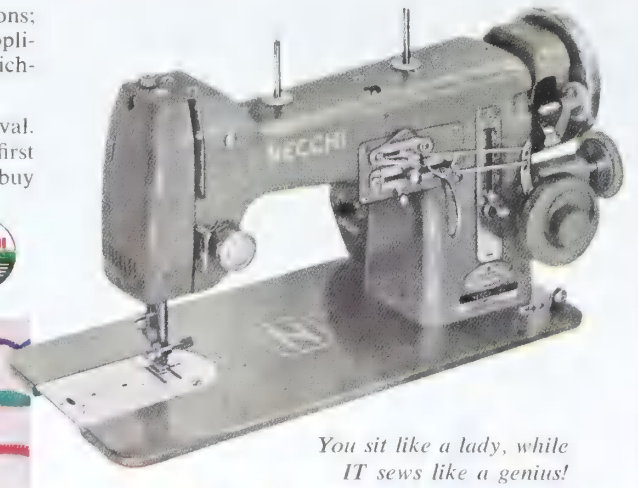
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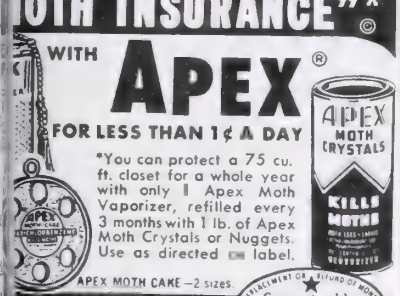
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"You're sorry." He laughed harshly at this. "*You're* sorry. Well, Martha, that's just fine. Only it's too late. Now you've got that swindler interested all over again. And that means nothing but trouble! Even if the police don't believe him, there'll be some kind of new investigation, a lot of bad publicity. And even though I'm innocent, a lot of people will always suspect and believe that I *did* kill Spindell." Then he exploded angrily, "Martha, why did you give him this chance?"

"I couldn't help it, George. I *had* to see him!"

"When did Clay say he wanted the money?"

"Saturday."

And he pounded his fist in the palm of his hand, again and again, saying "Saturday, Saturday." Then slowly he seemed to calm, and finally:

"Martha, I want to be clear about something. Absolutely clear."

"Yes?"

"You're still convinced I killed Spindell?"

And she nodded, saying quietly, "I know you did, George."

"No doubts at all?"

"No."

"I see."

THEN he lit a cigarette, very slowly and very deliberately, as though his mind were keeping pace with what his fingers were doing, in the same careful way, his face veiled and showing no emotion, no anger, not even disappointment or regret. And finally he said:

"Now that you know, what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know, I don't know!"

"You must have *some* idea!"

He demanded an answer, and she wanted desperately to evade the question, for it was the one that plagued her, and had all night, and long before that. And always there was the grain of comfort, *I have time, I have time to decide*. But now there was no more time. And she said desperately:

"George, suppose you went to the police?"

"The police?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes. Suppose you went and told them everything. Threw yourself on their mercy. Perhaps if you told them you didn't know what you were doing, it was an accident ——"

"Do you think I'm crazy?"

"But ——"

"You must take me for a fool," he said. "Or worse, an idiot."

"But what about Lehde? He's been in jail ten years. George, in the name of heaven, how can you let him stay there ——"

"So you can't sleep nights, worrying about Lehde. Is that it?"

"Yes. Yes!"

"Then *you* go to the police."

"I?"

And he shrugged, and said, "It's *your* conscience that's bothering you. Not mine. I find I can live with mine very well." Then he said coldly, "Well, Martha? It's up to you. Where do we go from here?"

And she cried desperately, "I don't know, I don't know. All I know is that I love you."

"If you do," he said angrily, "you've a strange way of showing it. If your idea of love is to ruin and destroy us all, and everything we've built and worked for, then it's beyond my understanding, and I want none of it. Surely you must recognize the consequences of going to the police? Think of your children alone! What about Annette? Do you think Ralph would marry her if you went to the police? Do you think *anybody* would marry her after that? And your son. What about David? What about his career in the Army? The son of a murderer. He'd be ruined. Do you want all this to happen?"

"No, George, no."

"Then think it over, Martha. Of course you can do whatever you wish. Keep silent. Or go to the police. If you go, I suppose I can't stop you. But all I ask is this: Wait till the wedding is over. Give Annette her chance to marry. Give David his Army promotion. Then, at least, you'll be doing a little less harm than you're capable of now. We'll live together, of course, until the wedding's over. Just to keep up appearances. After that—well, I just don't care any more."

Then she came to him, and tried to put her arms around his neck and cling to him. "Darling, don't say that. Please, I can't stand it, I can't stand it."

"Let me alone."

"George ——"

"I said let me alone!"

He tore her arms from him, and pushed her away. There was no compassion in his eyes, and no softness, only what seemed to her contempt. Then they narrowed, and he said bitterly:

"I can thank Clay for this. If it hadn't been for him, and that letter, none of this would have happened."

He turned on his heel and started for the door, and she called after him, "George, wait." But he did not hear her, or did not care, and slammed the door behind him.

All that day, and into the night, she never left her room. To Annette and David she pleaded a headache, and they were solicitous, and Annette offered to stay home with her. But a girl who is a few days away from marriage has no time for the sick. And Martha said, "No, Annette, you go about your business. You've a thousand things to do, and I'll be all right."

Hilda came in with a tray of food, but Martha could eat nothing. For her stomach

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Beat 3 egg whites until fluffy. Add ½ cup sugar gradually. Beat until meringue is stiff and fine-textured. Fold chocolate custard into meringue until well blended. Fill baked pie shell and refrigerate several hours. Before serving, pretty your pie with unsweetened whipped cream.

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was already full, bloated with a great lump of fear. And Hilda said, "Shall I send for the doctor, Mrs. Radcliffe?" and Martha lied again, saying, "It is only a headache, and I will be all right later." Then she told Hilda to pull out the plug of the bedroom telephone, knowing she could talk to no one that day.

For as the time passed, something began to grow in her mind, and this was the answer to her dilemma. It did not come as a flash, or a revelation, but rather it grew slowly and certainly, through that day and into the evening, and she realized it had been deep in her for a long time, but she had never dared bring it to mind.

She looked at the idea, straight in its face, and studied it, almost without emotion. It seemed to her a new road, straight and clear, where there had been none before. And she thought, *Of course, of course, it is the only way. How simple it is, how sure.*

So she made her decision, and knew she must carry it out. For the first time in days she felt at peace, and without turmoil. And at this moment there was a knock at the door and it was Hilda. She came in with a tray, and on it toast and tea.

"How do you feel, Mrs. Radcliffe?"

"Much better, Hilda. Much better."

Martha was surprised to find she was ravenously hungry, and she devoured what was on the tray while Hilda waited. Then Hilda said:

"Mr. Radcliffe called."

"Yes?"

"He said to tell you he's working tonight at the office, and he won't be home till late."

"All right, Hilda."

Martha yawned and stretched, and suddenly felt very drowsy. When Hilda left the room, she turned her head away from the wall, and buried her face in her pillow, and wept a little. And finally, there was sleep.

She awoke to the sound of a car coming to a stop on the bluestone drive. She lay there a moment, listening to the motor idling in the stillness of the night. She looked at the glowing hands of the night clock on her bed table, and they said ten minutes to four. And she thought, *It is George, of course. But he has never stayed at the office this late before. Why has he not put the car in the garage, as always? This is not like him at all.*

Then she almost drifted back to sleep, but not quite. She heard the front door open and close, and then the tread of his feet on the carpeted stairs. She waited for them to turn off into the guest room, but they did not. Instead, they came right on, toward the door of her room.

She heard the door open slowly and, feigning sleep, sensed George's presence in the room. He stood over her, breathing heavily, and the sound of it was like that of some animal, frightening in the quiet and darkness of the room. And she knew he was standing over her, and watching her, and suddenly she smelled the reek of alcohol.

Still she kept her eyes shut, as though in sleep. And it seemed that he stood there over her for a full minute. And she thought *He has been drinking, and what is he up to? Why does he stand over me in the darkness, and watch me like this?*

THEN she felt his hand on her arm, and its touch was gentle. And he bent over, and kissed her lightly on the forehead, once. A moment later, she heard the door to her room close gently. And he was gone.

After a long time, and because she could not sleep, and because the print of his lips was still cool and sweet on her forehead, she arose. She arose, and put on her night robe and tiptoed down to the guest room, and opened the door slowly and carefully, just a chink, for she did not want him to know that she was there.

She heard his hard and almost painful breathing, the kind that comes in sleep after too much to drink, and tiptoed inside. He was lying on his back, one arm limp over the side of the bed, and the sheets were in disarray, and his clothes flung about the room.

She watched his face now, in the repose of sleep, and thought, *How young he looks now; this is the face of a troubled boy.* She looked at him in pity and tenderness and love, and wondered, *Is this true of most women, do they see their men as children, when they sleep? Or is it just I?*

She covered him with the blanket, which he had kicked from him, and tucked the blanket under, gently, ever so gently, so that she would not wake him. After this, she put his shoes away and hung up his clothes, and opened the window and drew the blinds. Then she came to him, and leaned down and kissed him gently on his forehead, as he had kissed her.

He stirred fitfully, and mumbled something, and turned over on his face. And she tiptoed from the room.

It was after nine when Martha came downstairs. Strangely, she was at peace now, the peace of resignation to the decision she had made. But she knew that the fear was still there, the doubt and terror would come later. She went into the dining room, and Annette and David were there, but not George. They

MARY TUDOR'S SONG

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

In Aragon, my mother's land,
The hills are stern and stone,
And in the hollows, oak trees grow
And a shepherd sings alone,
Singing, singing,
Singing all alone,
"The Virgin sits in the height of heaven
With seven stars for her throne."

In Aragon, my mother's land,
The towns are white and bare,
Old bells and small red-footed doves
The windy towers share,
Singing, singing,
So high up in the air,
"The Virgin's spindle is of gold,
As golden as her hair."

In Aragon, my mother's land,
The spirit may find rest,
In solemn joy the heart may sing
Within a quiet breast,
Singing, singing,
"The silent songs are best.
The Virgin bends her happy head
To the baby at her breast."

both looked at her, and smiled, and Annette said:

"How do you feel, mother?"

"Much better."

And David said, "Something you ate, no doubt."

And Martha answered, with a smile, "No doubt." And then she asked, "Where is your father?"

"He left early," said David.

"And the way *he* looked," added Annette. "If I ever saw a horrible hang-over, *he* had it. Since when has dad been such a lush, mother?"

And Martha answered, "It was just that he was working late at the office."

And David grinned, saying, "On this performance this morning, he looks more as though he were working late with some blonde."

Finally, they both kissed her, and left. When they did this, she wanted to weep, but she told herself, *I cannot, I cannot, until they have gone.* Then she picked up the morning paper, and went out on the terrace, and sat in the chaise, and opened the paper. But for a while she did not see the print, for the blur of the tears. And the tears were for self-pity, and the cry, *Why does it have to end this way, and to me?*

Suddenly her eyes focused on a small line and a block of print beneath it. It v item buried on an inside page, and the seemed to leap up and scream at her.

For the story was about Jeremiah Cl had been murdered by some mysterio sailant the night before. There were sig struggle, and someone had smothered t man in his pillow, and left him dead bed. The police were hunting the killer

Now Martha put the paper down. the bitter depth of her shock, she th *There are only a few more days before t ding. After that, I will do what I have p to do. After that, I shall be free.*

At last it was over. Everything wa and gone, and done with. First the we And now, finally, the reception. Th guests had just departed, and George w side, seeing them to their car.

Now Martha sat on the couch, and su the living room. It seemed to her that t lam was still in her ears, the gay chatt congratulations, the high, shrill laugh relatives and friends. The debris of t cent presence was everywhere. In the ash trays, in the empty champagne bott the half-empty glasses, in the crumbs of cake littering the table, the cold an coffee cups, and the confetti littering t Annette had left with Ralph, and Da time only for the wedding before cat plane back to Fort Benning. Now th seemed to her so empty and so for seemed to brood.

David and Annette are gone, I ha good-by to them and there is only Geor In a moment he will come in, and we alone. He will come in, and then what say to him? What shall we say to each In these last days we have been actors performance, walking and talking and l acting like devoted husband and wife, ea being careful to pull the right string at moment, each playing the game out.

But now it is all over. The time for pr over.

And she thought, *He does not know. not know that I know what happened miah Clay. It was a small item and bu back page, and since I did not mention sure I have not seen it. But he will neve for I shall not speak of it to him. A should I speak of it to him, when I have to leave him? Is there not enough guilt it is?*

The door closed, and George came room, and sat down opposite her. cigarette and stared at her without s For a while they both sat there, saying each painfully aware of the silence them, each reluctant to say the firs Finally, George spoke.

"Well, Martha, we're alone. I thin the time to understand each other."

"Yes."

"What have you decided to do?"

"Nothing."

He stared. "*Nothing?*"

His mouth dropped open, for it w that he expected some kind of impo cision. And Martha thought, *Be you cannot, of course, tell him the tr is the time you must play your role, a hearsed it, and choose the words caref say them with sincerity. For, above all never know.*

"Is that so surprising, George?"

"But I thought ——"

"*What* did you think?"

He was genuinely taken aback, floundered. "I—well, I don't know. pected you to go to the police. Or at least, leave me."

"You know me better than that, she said. "I could never leave you."

"But you think I killed Spindell."

"I *thought* you did. But I know n wrong."

"*What?*"

"George, can you ever forgive me such a fool?"

"Martha, I don't understand." H his head in bewilderment. "Only a ago, you were so sure!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

"I know, I know. I must have been out of my mind. The way things happened, George. I don't know, the letter, everything. But then I began to think it over. And the more I thought of it, the more I saw that I'd been acting like a hysterical schoolgirl."

"I don't know," he said, still shaking his head. "I just don't get it."

"Don't you see, George? I condemned and convicted you on what a lot of other people said. Without any real proof, just what they *said*. Mildred Lehde, for instance. When I *really* began to reason it out, I knew she'd be willing to blame *anybody* to get her husband out of jail. Even you. Certainly I would have done the same in her position."

"But after you spoke to Clay, you seemed so *sure*."

And she thought, *Be careful, Martha, think of each word before you say it.* "I thought that through too. And again I realized all I had was his word for it. Then I told myself, 'Why should I take the word of this man, an obvious blackmailer, against the word of my own husband?' Not only that, there was all the evidence. In court. Against Lehde. Why should *I* be the only one to ignore it, when a whole jury, and everyone else, believed it? And there's one more thing, George."

"Yes?"

"I love you," she said quietly. "And I know you. And I must have known all along that you couldn't possibly be capable of doing a horrible thing like this."

Then he was coming toward her, and saying, "Martha, Martha." And she thought dully, *I have carried it off, I have carried it off, he believes and is convinced.*

"I'm only sorry that I got us all involved with Clay."

"Don't worry about Clay. I'll handle him, Martha. He won't bother us."

No, reflected Martha, *he won't bother us. Not any more.*

Then she was in George's arms, and he was saying, "Martha, Martha, let's start all over." He kissed her, and for the first moment she was cold, and resisted it. But then her arms went around his neck and she clung to him, because she could not help it.

Then, finally, he released her, and held her at arm's length, his face smiling and eyes glowing.

"Martha, Martha, where have we been? What happened to us?"

"It doesn't matter, George," she told him. "As long as it's all over. As long as things are the same again."

"Martha," he said suddenly, "let's get out of here."

"What?"

"Away from the house, I mean. Let's get in the car tomorrow morning, and drive to Vermont."

"You mean to the cottage?"

"Why not? The lake will be beautiful now. A little fishing, a little swimming, driving around the country, lazying on the porch—what could be better right now? After what's happened, all this trouble we've had, and the wedding on top of that—well, we both need it, Martha. It'll give us a chance, both of us, to think things over." Then he added softly, "For one thing, we've been apart too long, much too long. We can make this—well, a kind of honeymoon of our own."

"A honeymoon of our own," she said.

And he smiled and said, "Why should the kids have all the fun? What's wrong with us? We'll pack tonight, and leave first thing in the morning."

"All right, George."

HE laughed gaily, and picked her up in his arms, and whirled her around. And she thought giddily, *What I must do, I can do in Vermont as well as here. How queer it is, this idea of a honeymoon now. And yet, why not?*

For there is not much time. And why should we not enjoy these last few hours together, as we once did?

She did not sleep throughout that night, although George never knew it.

In the morning they went downstairs together, and had breakfast together, as always. And she thought, *This is the last breakfast we shall have here in this room.* And the fe knotted in her like a fist, at the thought what she was about to do. And a voice cried her, *Martha, you cannot, you cannot.* But a other, and much stronger, cried, *You mus For it is the only way.*

George was in high good humor, and during the long ride north he laughed a joked, for the ordeal of their strain was ov And Martha found herself laughing at H jokes too quickly, and too easily, in a gid lightheaded way. And she thought, *Lord, Lor let us get there quickly; let me get it over wit*

AT last they reached the winding road hu ging the lake, and then their entrance off t blacktop, the rocky dirt road which apparen ran down into the woods to nowhere. A there was the white mailbox, and the sha wooden arrow pinned to the tree, pointi downward, and inscribed with faded wood letters, G. Radcliffe. And they bumped a bounced down the road, and under the gras ing and leafy arms of the jealous trees, a finally there it was, the grove of birches, a the sparkle of the lake, and at the edge, t neat white cottage, looking as it always d

The grass needed cutting, and the boat w on its back, and covered with a tarpaulin. minnow trap, its two mesh jaws opene waited forlornly on the dock, and a pair George's swimming trunks, forgotten the su mer before, hung stiffly in the fork of a tr The droppings of the birches were thick on t picnic table, and the grate to the open fi place was rusted. The cottage was shutte and stood there lonely, its windows like e watching them in reproach. Everything th spoke of being away too long.

This was their cool retreat from the heat the summer, and from the rest of the wor They had often spoken to each other ab "getting away," and it was never discussed to where, for the cottage was always the swer, and understood. Many times Geo and she had come up out of season, and liv by the roaring fire in the great hearth. A many times, when pressed with work, he h brought up bulging brief cases full of pape and sworn that he could do more work at cottage in a single day than he could at office in a week. They had always maintai the spell of its isolation, and never even stalled a telephone.

They entered the spacious, knotty-pine terior, and unpacked. And in a kind of h dream she went through all the motions of packing, and stocking the refrigerator w the meats and vegetables they had bought Rutland, and opening every window wide. that the air could eddy through and refr the staleness of long confinement. She m the beds, and then dusted the furniture ligh and it was miraculous that her hands could all this, for they were disembodied from rest of her and disconnected from what wa her mind.

And after this, George got into his old faded denims, the kind he always wore aro the cottage, and sighed. "I guess I'd be get started."

And she heard herself say, "Started w what, George?"

And he answered, "On cutting that gr If it gets any higher, it'll be bulrushes. Aft scythe it down, if I still have any ambition, dust off the Adirondack chairs and bring out."

Then he looked at the shed, and sig again, for it was there that they kept the to and the old furniture, and the firewood, paint supplies and odds and ends they stored through the years. Finally he rose, went to the screen door, and as he did cried suddenly, "George!"

He turned and stared at her, for there something in her cry that puzzled him, a might have been that it had been a little l or too intense. But she did not give him tim think or reflect on this, and went to quickly, and put her arms around him kissed him, once. She kissed him and held for a long time, and then he held her at a length, and smiled. "Why, Martha."

And she said, "Just to remind you much I love you." Then he rumpled her affectionately and walked out, and into shed, and was gone.

he heard him rummaging around within. she thought, *Now, now.* She ran into the room, and changed into her bathing suit, king in a feverish kind of way, *I must finish uickly, and not delay. Otherwise, I shall lose courage.*

low she walked down to the dock and od at its edge, staring into the cold, clear er. *I have come to this decision,* she thought, *it is the only way I can take. Perhaps I am ward, and this is the easy way and the weak , but I'm not strong enough to face any r. For I cannot live with George, knowing t I know, yet keeping silent.*

nd I cannot go to the police, and tell them t I know, and destroy those I love, and live bitter and empty house. Either way, my ny is my conscience, and I must answer to nd either way, my life would be ended in all neaning, if not in fact, and I could not bear ain of it, and this is the way I have decided, ring it to an end.

he dove into the water, and began to swim er clumsy fashion, for she was not a good nmer. And far ss the lake she saw rown summer ho- nd thought, *When down, that will be last thing I shall n this life.* And as began to put dis- e between herself the dock, it seemed er that her body ested the dictate er mind, and re- d against it, and ed to submit. For ould not seem to but felt that some- she was being be- ed, and could on forever.

t gradually the iness stole upon ike a determined shadowing thief, ner arms began to and numb a lit- nd were harder t from the water, still harder. And rned once to look , and saw the and the dock the shed, and ght, *If I turn back I can still return. not too late, and still return, and there is warmth est and life, and all, the man I The time to recon- is now, for there will be no other time but and later will be too late.*

w, in her indecision, and in her agony, topped swimming, and began to tread l, and her muscles urged her not to linger but to *go*, go *back*. The cold began to and convulse her, and her teeth were ering now, and she thought, *I cannot, in heaven, I cannot. I cannot go on, for I fraid.* Then she saw George come out of ed, and he was carrying something under m, although what it was she could not or it was too far away.

en he saw her, and walked down to the of the dock and shaded his eyes, peering , and began to wave, come back, come And Martha sobbed *Come back to George, I cannot come back.* And the of him decided her, and gave her the ge, and she turned and started to swim rd again.

artha, come back!"

heard his cry, echoing across the lake, and again, "Come back, come back." e did not turn. Her arms were turning to now, the water seemed to clutch them eep them down, her legs labored piti-

breath stabbed and choked through gs and still she swam on, thinking, *It is e, it is already too late.* How big the lake d now, how vast and empty the expanse of water ahead. And the hotel on the other side, how far away it was.

Then the mist came before her eyes, and she could no longer kick her legs, nor raise her arms. Now she was paralyzed with the fatigue, and sobbing, and trying to say to herself some kind of prayer, *The Lord is my shepherd.* Then she went under and felt herself dropping deep into the chilly depths, and then suddenly fought to the top again, thinking in anguish, *I want to live, oh God, I want to live.* And she thrashed about, but her body was like a stone and she could not lift her arms above the water, and the lake pulled her under again, and as she sobbed the water poured into her lungs, and once more she fought feebly for air and life. Once more she bobbed to the surface, and through the mist saw someone swimming toward her and shouting her name. And she saw that it was George, and it seemed to her he was very far away.

THE lake embraced her for the last time, and wound its watery arms around her, and pulled her down. Now she knew it would not be denied, and she ceased to struggle, thinking, *Take me, take me, I can fight no more.* Then her lungs seemed to explode, and there was a horrible roaring in her ears, and she felt herself spinning, round and round, down into the deep. Finally the pain left her, and there was nothing now but the darkness.

The voice came from very far away, calling her name. It seemed to move forward and backward, now distinct, now faint. It was cold where she was, and very dark, and she seemed to lie deep in some kind of abyss, a place of peace. And the voice came again, from high up and far away, and she thought, *Go away, go away and let me sleep.*

Finally she opened her eyes, and saw the sun and the sky, but only for a moment. For a shadow obscured it, and she saw that it was George's face bending over her, and he was sobbing, "Martha, Martha!" And this was the voice she had heard. She realized that she was lying on the dock, and thought, *I am alive, I am alive.*

Then she spoke his name: "George." And he said, "Darling, darling." And she saw tears in his eyes, and he kissed her on the mouth. Then she tried to gasp out something, but she could not, for the water was still running from her mouth, and the agony sharp in her chest. And he said gently, "Don't try to talk, darling. Not now."

He lifted her up, and carried her into the house, and placed her on the couch. He pulled the couch before the fireplace and wrapped her in a heavy blanket, and then built a great blaze in the hearth. And the grateful warmth began to permeate her flesh, so that the cold melted away, and her shivering stopped. Then George took off his soaked underwear, and put on a warm robe, and sat on the couch beside her. And for a long time neither spoke, but merely stared into the fire, thinking their own thoughts.

And finally he said gravely, "Why did you do it, Martha?"

"George, I can't tell you."

"Why did you do it?"

Then she told him why, and he listened without interruption. And when she had finished, the tears blurred his eyes.

"Martha, you fool!" he said then. "You crazy fool!"

Our constitution does not copy the laws of neighboring states; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves. Its administration favors the many instead of the few; this is why it is called a democracy. If we look to the laws, they afford equal justice to all in their private differences; if to social standing, advancement in public life falls to reputation for capacity, class considerations not being allowed to interfere with merit; nor again does poverty bar the way, if a man is able to serve the state he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition. The freedom which we enjoy in our government extends also to our ordinary life. There, far from exercising a jealous surveillance over each other, we do not feel called upon to be angry with our neighbor for doing what he likes. . . . But all this ease in our private relations does not make us lawless as citizens. . . .

If we turn to our military policy, there also we differ from our antagonists . . . while in education, where our rivals from their very cradles by a painful discipline seek after manliness . . . we live exactly as we please, and yet are just as ready to encounter every legitimate danger.

—THUCYDIDES



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And she said, "I didn't know any other way."

"Then you lied to me. You still think I'm a murderer."

"George, George, what else can I think?"

He looked at her a long time, but without anger and without reproach, running his hand through her hair. Then he rose, saying, "I'll be right back, Martha."

And she cried, "Don't leave me, George."

But he said, again, "I'll be right back."

She heard him go outside, and a moment later he returned, and she saw that he carried a faded red cardboard portfolio in his hands, the kind used to store away papers and documents. And he said, "Martha, when I went into the shed looking for the scythe, I stumbled on a box of old papers I'd stored away years ago. Then I thought maybe what I needed was among those papers, and I started to go through the box. And I found this."

She stared at the portfolio. "But George, what is it?"

And he said quietly, "Proof."

"*Proof?* Of what?"

"Of my innocence."

"George ——"

"You asked me where I got all that money."

"Yes."

"And I told you I made it in stocks and bonds."

"Yes."

"All right," he said. "Look at these."

He reached into the portfolio, and took out a batch of long slips, yellowed with age. And she saw they were records of stock transactions, the kind brokers send to their clients. She stared at them, at the names of the stocks, the number of shares, the price paid, and the broker's commission, but they were meaningless figures swimming before her eyes.

"If you want to add these up, Martha," he said, "you'll find out where I made the money ——"

"George ——"

"No, let me finish. I tried to get the originals of these records. You don't know how hard I tried to get them, knowing what you were thinking. I finally tracked down one of the former employees of the Masterson firm. He told me that they'd held the transaction records in storage for a few years after the office had closed, and then, having no further use for them, had destroyed them. Then I remembered I must have had my own duplicates somewheres. You see, every time they put through a stock transaction on your account, they always send you a duplicate of the purchase or sale, like these. I went all through the house, but never found them. I stayed awake nights, trying to think of where I might have put them. But after all, it was eleven years ago, and I couldn't remember."

"And you brought them here one weekend, George. Along with some other papers ——"

"Yes."

And now she was crying, "Then this is where you got the money, and you did not steal it, and you did not kill Spindell, it was William Lehde who did it after all."

"Of course it was, Martha, of course it was, I tried to tell you that all along."

And she continued to babble, "It was Lehde after all," and he kept answering, "I tried to tell you." And she cried out, "What have I done? How can you ever forgive me, George, why did I not love you enough?" And she buried her face in his shoulder, and he stroked her hair, and whispered in her ear, "You little fool, Martha, you little fool."

After a long time the fire died to embers and they fell into slumber, the two of them together, on the couch. And all through this there was a singing in Martha, and she thought, *I have been given back my life again.* But then suddenly there was a harsh and discordant note, the shock of memory.

What about Jeremiah Clay?

THE percolator was bubbling the next morning when she heard the knock on the door. And the man standing there was Sam Wilson, who ran the combination public beach, general store and tiny post office, next to the hotel across the lake. And he smiled:

"'Morning, Mrs. Radcliffe. Glad to see you folks back."

"We're glad to be here, Mr. Wilson. How's your wife?"

"Ailing pretty much through the winter. But she feels fine now."

"Good. You tell her I'll drive over and say hello, the first chance I get."

"I'll tell her."

"Would you like a cup of coffee?"

And he said, "Thank you, Mrs. Radcliffe. But no. I've got to be getting on." Then he took a telegram from his pocket, and said:

"This here's for Mr. Radcliffe. Came in this morning.

Martha thanked him, and the man left, and she stared at the telegram. And she thought, *Who would know we were here?* Then she remembered. Of course Hilda knew, and anyone could have got the information from her. And for a moment, in the mechanical way of an old habit, she started to tear the telegram open. Suddenly she shuddered a little, thinking of the letter, and the way she had opened it, and what it had brought her. *No,* she thought. *This time I will let George open it.*

Then she woke him, and he yawned, and she handed him the telegram. He lay there on the couch, blinking at it a moment, and then opened it. He glanced at it quickly, and suddenly the sleep left his face, and he sat upright, reading it again.



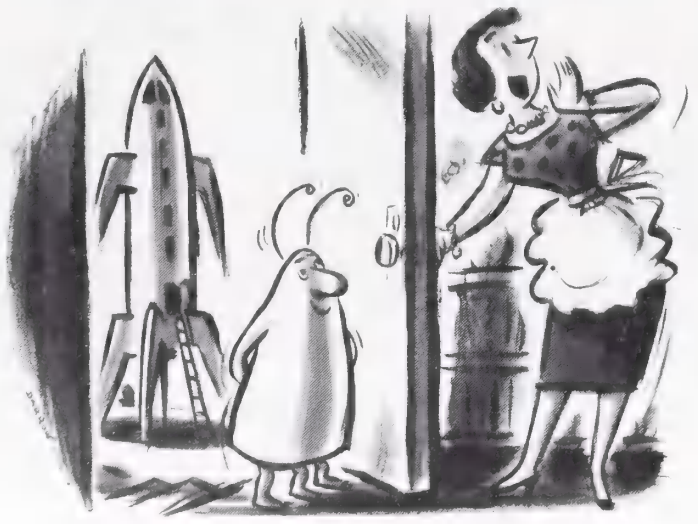
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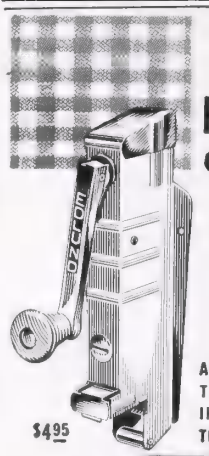
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"George, what is it?"

"It's from Joe Herrick."

"Herrick?"

Herrick was George's lawyer, and had been for fifteen years. And George was still staring at the telegram, and mumbling, over and over:

"It's crazy, crazy. I don't understand it."

"But what does it *say?*"

He handed her the telegram, and she read:

IMPERATIVE THAT YOU RETURN TO NEW YORK AT ONCE STOP COME DIRECTLY TO MY OFFICE STOP HAVE PROMISED AUTHORITIES YOU WILL BE HERE STOP FOR FULL EXPLANATION READ THIS MORNING'S NEW YORK TIMES PAGE 5.
JOE HERRICK.

"I don't understand it," George was saying. "All this stuff about the authorities, I don't get it."

And a hand seized Martha about the throat again, with the cold clutch of fear. And she thought, *It must be about Clay, Jeremiah Clay.* She looked at George's face, and saw that it was pale and worried, and she thought, *He knows, he knows, as well as I.*

Then he dressed quickly, and said, "I'm going over to Wilson's and get the Times."

And she said, "But today's Times won't be there till late this afternoon." And he answered, "The telegram's dated yesterday. Herrick's talking about yesterday's Times. They're sure to have it over there now."

"I'll go with you."

And he said, "No. No, I'd rather go alone."

"But, George ——"

"I'd rather go alone," he said. "I'll be right back."

Then he went out, and got into the car, and drove up the dirt road, and disappeared. And she watched him through the window till he was gone.

When the car came down the road again, and George got out, the newspaper in his hand, she could see the shock in his face.

He came toward the porch, his face ashen-white, stumbling a little, like a drunken man.

"George, what is it?"

He thrust the newspaper in her hand, and said brokenly, "Martha, Clay's been murdered. And I sent Lehde to jail. *I* sent him to jail."

"Lehde?" she said blankly.

"Read it," he mumbled, like a man bereft of his sense. "Read it."

He turned away from her in the agony of his pain, and walked toward the bedroom.

"George, wait."

But he did not seem to hear her, and slammed the door behind him. And with trembling fingers, she opened the paper to page 5, and there was the story.

Now she read that the police had captured Jeremiah Clay's murderer, and it was the woman, Stella Ryba, who had lived with Clay as his common-law wife for many years. And Martha remembered the woman, and the ugliness of her, the look of her in that dismal corridor on that hot day. And she thought, it was she, it was *she* who had done this to Clay, and not George, *not George*. And the woman had confessed to this, she had confessed in writing and signed her name, and it was the printed confession that whirled before Martha's eyes, and drained her of strength so that she felt faint and had to sit down to read it. And there it was, the truth, printed word for word, paraphrased by the police out of the woman's own mouth:

"I have been living with Jeremiah Clay for over twelve years, as his common-law wife. He murdered his paymaster, Eli Spindell, at the place where he worked, the Atlantic Carrier Corporation, ten years ago. He is the real killer, and no one else. William Lehde is innocent.

"The way it happened was this: My husband came there that night, and no one saw him. It was his night off, and no one expected him. He put on a pair of gloves, and went to Lehde's office, and got his letter opener. Then he entered Spindell's office. Spindell's back was turned, and he did not see Jeremiah.

"Jeremiah turned out the light, and Spindell turned and shouted Lehde's name, thinking it was the clerk, and not being able to see in the dark. This is the cry Mr. George Radcliffe heard, and that is why he named the wrong man at the trial. But it was not Lehde at all. Then Jeremiah stabbed Spindell, and put the money in a bag and ran outside. He had just got clear of the building, and was running along the river, when a policeman saw him, and started to run after him. I guess Jeremiah lost his nerve, or he did not want to get caught with the goods. So he threw the bag and all the money in the river.

"When he got home, he was almost crazy about losing the money. Then he saw a way to get it back, another way. He thought up this scheme and he wrote a letter to George Radcliffe and said he would testify that Mr. Radcliffe was the killer, and not Lehde, unless Radcliffe paid up. But I don't know, somehow the letter got lost, and Jeremiah never heard from him. Then it was found by Mrs. Radcliffe, somehow, I'm not sure. And she came to see Jeremiah, and he blackmailed her, and she promised to send him money to keep him quiet.

"All the years I lived with Jeremiah, I took care of him, hand and foot, sacrificed for him, gave him my life. I guess I must have been in love with him, what difference does it make? For years we didn't have a cent, hardly anything to eat, living miserably because he was sick a long time and couldn't work. He was a very sick man, it was in the lungs. I know I was crazy to do it, now, but I stuck by him, and took care of him, and if it wasn't for me, he would have died years ago.

"Anyway, he was going to get some money now, and for the first time in our lives we had a chance to live decent. But then Jeremiah tried to freeze me out, and wouldn't share with me. He wanted all the money for himself. He told me to get out, he was through with me.

"At first I couldn't believe it. But then I saw that he meant it. I couldn't stand that. I thought I deserved better than that. I tried to tell him, but he spat in my face, and called me a fat, dirty hag, and kicked me out of his house.

"I thought about this, and all I done for him. And I guess I went a little crazy. Then I made up my mind that a man as low as this didn't deserve to live.

"A few nights later I went to his room. He was still up. I begged him for the last time to show me more kindness. All he did was laugh at me. Then we fought, and he was old and weak, and it wasn't very hard for me to handle him. I pushed him down on the bed and smothered him to death with his own pillow.

"And that's all. I'm glad I did it. A man like that doesn't deserve to live."

Signed,
STELLA RYBA

There was more. There was something about the police finding some negotiable securities belonging to the Atlantic Carrier Corporation, finding them in a closet shelf in Jeremiah Clay's room. The woman explained that he had stuffed these securities in his pocket at the



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time he had killed Spindell and never had the courage to try and cash them afterward. There was more, but Martha did not read on.

For she was overwhelmed by a great wave of pity, and tenderness, and she thought, *Why do I sit here, when he is in there and suffers alone? Why am I here, when he is there, and needs me now, as he has never needed me before?* And she put the paper aside, and opened the bedroom door, and went in.

He was lying on the bed, on his back, with an arm thrown across his face, as though to hide it, not only from her, but from the world itself. And she sat down on the bed, and took his other hand in hers, and said gently, "George."

And he cried, "Martha, let me alone, let me alone."

And she answered, "No, George, I am staying here with you."

And he cried again, "Martha, I swear to God I thought it was Lehde. I *thought* it was!"

"But you weren't sure?"

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know. I thought it was. When I saw the man outside the window that night, the man with the bag, I was sure of it, Martha, *sure*. I was sure of it in court. Now, I know it wasn't. Ten years too late. I don't know, when I heard Spindell yell Lehde's name, it must have done something to me. I must have put the name and the man together, automatically assumed it was Lehde I saw outside, told myself it must have been *he*, who *else* could it be?"

"George, you told the truth as you saw it."

"Martha, listen. All these years, I wondered, and sometimes it drove me crazy. Had I *really* seen Lehde outside the window? Had I? Had I? I don't know, I'd been so sure, but there was this germ of doubt in me somewhere, and I never could quite kill it. And when I heard Lehde's name mentioned, or remembered about him, I got a little sick with the doubt of it. I don't know how many times I thought of going to the police and saying, 'Look, maybe I was wrong. Maybe I've made a horrible mistake.' But I didn't have the courage, Martha. I didn't have the courage."

"Why didn't you tell me about this?"

"How could I? How could I talk to *anyone* about it? It's the kind of thing a man has to carry alone, Martha."

"Yes," she said quietly. "I think I know what you mean, George."

And he was saying brokenly, "Martha, I sent a man to prison for ten years. An innocent man. I cheated him out of ten years of his life, and ruined his family. What can I do to make it up to them? I can see that they have all the money they'll ever need, I can see that they'll never be in want again. But it'll never be enough, Martha. It's a debt I can never really pay, no matter *what* I do. How do you pay a man for a part of his life you've stolen?"

He buried his head in her shoulder wearily, in his anguish and his guilt, and she said, "George, George, it will be all right, everything will be all right. Because you are not alone in your pain, I am here to share it with you. And this is the important thing. Together, and not alone." END

TELL ME DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

over the cervix. This assures that the semen stays in place and also affords a measure of protection against a vaginal secretion which might be of a hostile nature. Some successes have been reported from this method.

"Another way is to dilute the seminal fluid with warm salt solution and inject it by means of a syringe into the cervical canal above its internal mouth. By this method it is assured that the solution reaches the interior of the uterine cavity and possibly even that of the Fallopian tubes. There is no question but that success can be obtained in a certain percentage of cases by this means, and there seems to be no ethical or legal objection. The physician is merely lending Nature a hand."

"And you will try this method for us?"

"I promise you that I'll try the last two mentioned repeatedly, if necessary."

"Thank you, Doctor. Thank you, so much." END







CAN THIS CHILD BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

wined his feet and arms around the chimney o he wouldn't tumble to the ground. Whenver the poor kid dozed off, his feet would ip and rake the shingles—scratch-scratch—nd that was the sound I'd heard. I looked t Jimmy clinging there—alone and so panetic—and for a moment I thought my heart ould break. Afterward he told me that he ad climbed a tree to the roof. He thought e could get in the attic window from the oof, but he couldn't.

"Now that's just not right," said Mrs. Robson. "No father should so frighten a younger that he's afraid to enter his own home. ver since Miller was discharged from the rmy—Jimmy was nine then—he has been ghting with the boy. Even when Jimmy was orn, Miller didn't act cocky and proud like he average man. Jimmy came along barely en months after our marriage, and that, in is dad's opinion, was far too soon. The day e fetched us from the hospital Miller frankly old me we should have postponed starting our mily, that both he and I should have kept n working until we had saved enough to ake a down payment on a house.

"When Jimmy was little we hadn't the oney to buy a house or anything else. mmy's baby clothes were hand-me-downs. did buy a pretty layette which I charged at a eighborhood store. Miller promptly returned e layette and got a few rags to cover our baby begging worn-out things from his older sters. That's the kind of husband and father is. Stingy, unreasonable, incessantly comaining.

"The three of us lived in a furnished room, nd I had an awful time keeping it tidy. The oom was so cramped and ugly that cleaning ardly seemed worth the effort. Miller never ook that fact into consideration. Nor when he bjected to my cooking did he reflect that he dn't provide me with the money to buy tasty od. To this day, my grocery allowance is tiful. It almost kills Miller to part with cash. s been months since he has given Jimmy a in dime.

"The best times Jimmy ever had were during e years his dad was stationed overseas," dered Mary Robinson. "My mother opened boardinghouse for aircraft workers and the y and I moved in there. I took a war job d my mother looked after Jimmy in addi- to taking care of eighteen boarders. othing Jimmy could do was wrong in his andma's eyes. In no time he had her wound ound his little finger. I recall the September was six and supposed to start in school. s grandma took him to the school every orning for a week and each morning he uld burst into tears and she would lead n home with her. Finally one of the teachers ught on to what was happening and she conced Jimmy that school was a good idea. ter that, for a long while he seemed to enjoy studies. His teachers sent good reports on n, except once in a while they would write d ask me to come to the school and discuss fact that Jimmy was fighting and showing too much. I never had the time to go. And sides, it seemed to me that disciplining mmy was the teachers' business.

JIMMY was always big for his age. Soon became bold. His grandmother and I considered his cockiness kind of cute. Most of the arders agreed with us. They, too, made a of him. Money was free in those days and boarders used to pay Jimmy for any little ng he did for them. I guess his grandmother s responsible; she paid him too. I remember evening in particular when Jimmy went to corner drugstore and bought one of the rders a newspaper. He received a dollar. dollar was too much, of course, but I don't pose Jimmy thought so. As a little tyke he s used to having quite a sizable amount of ney in his pocket.

There were dozens of kids living near the rdinghouse, and Jimmy was a regular g among them. He would visit the other ngsters at his pleasure and often he would his supper with them. Afterward he would t the crowd—as many as six or seven youngsters—to ice-cream cones and candy. One time he stayed all night with a schoolmate and forgot to telephone his grandmother. She and I were worried sick until he turned up in the morning. That time I had to scold him.

"I hated to scold Jimmy and I seldom did," Jimmy's mother admitted. "I worked the night shift and I had little chance to see my son. Consequently when we could be together I liked to see that he had fun. If I wasn't working on a Saturday he and I would go into the city and spend most of the day at the movies. We would go from one theater to the next and Jimmy would pay both of our admissions from the money I put in his hand. Jimmy loved to be my escort. Those Saturdays were wonderful to him.

"Our Saturdays ended when Miller came home," Mrs. Robinson said flatly. "Everything changed for Jimmy. We moved out of my mother's house and he had to leave behind his friends and playmates and enter a different school. Miller at last had accumulated the savings to buy a house. The house he bought was in a nice neighborhood, but it needed a new roof, new floors, new plaster, new everything. The upstairs wasn't finished at all. There was no bedroom for Jimmy; there was just an open space in the attic. Miller promised he would wall in a bedroom for our boy, but so far he hasn't.

"When our twin girls were born," said she, "Miller built them a pleasant bedroom in the attic quick enough. Jimmy pretended he didn't care, but I'm sure he did care and still does care. In fact, I think jealousy is the main reason he isn't fond of his little sisters. When I brought the two babies from the hospital Jimmy wouldn't even look at them. His father had to drag him to their bedroom and force him to look in the crib. Miller is partial to our



Love Letters

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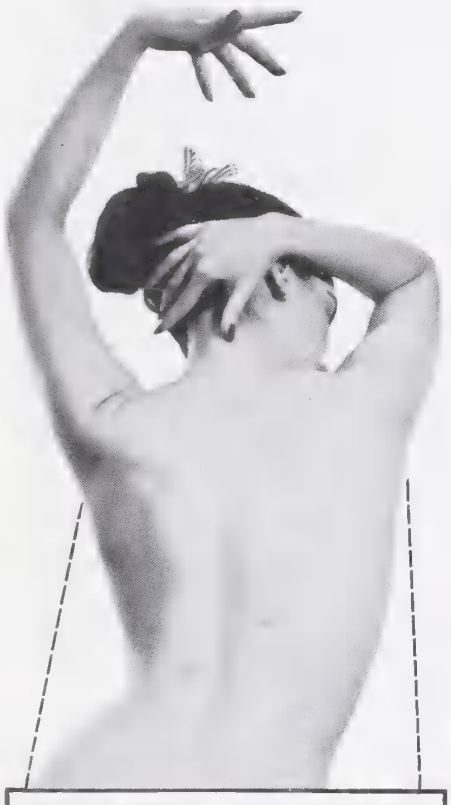
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girls. Personally, I believe Jimmy might be a better boy if he had a better and more loving father."

HIS FATHER'S STORY:

"So far as I'm concerned, Jimmy has been bad news from the first," said Miller Robinson, a harried-looking man whose pale indoor complexion combined oddly with his truculent air. He had broad, powerful shoulders, and was about the same height as his tall, gangling son. "Mary and I got married in the midst of the depression—both our families were on relief—and my ambition was for us to work and save and rise a little in the world. I was only twenty when I married, but I did have a few dollars in the bank I'd managed to hide out from my father. Jimmy's birth picked me clean. I even had to sell my jalopy in order to settle the hospital expenses.

"Until Jimmy was a year old and I got another secondhand car I walked two miles back and forth to my job. And when I walked in home, believe me, I found no comfort. Mary was young and as husky as a horse, but she would neither work at a job nor at being a wife and mother. She would be lying on the bed complaining of a headache or a backache or some other kind of ache while Jimmy lay in the crib I built for him—I don't suppose she told you I built all his baby furniture out of scrap lumber—and he would be screaming with colic or with hunger. Much as his mother claimed she loved the baby, she was too lazy to bestir herself to look after him and clean up our place. My parents were so poor they often sat in the dark to save electricity, but my mother believed in using soap and water. Not so Mary.

"One evening I remember I came in and stumbled over a pail of diapers that should have been washed and hanging on the line the day before. Furthermore, supper wasn't cooking on the stove. Indeed, there wasn't a scrap of food on the premises. Mary, who had just breezed in, had spent the grocery money going to the movies. I got so mad I grabbed the pail of diapers and tossed the whole works down the air shaft.

"Jimmy was walking by then and I guess he took fright. Anyway, he ran and hid behind her skirts and I pulled him away from her and gave him a first-class spanking. Maybe I should have restrained my temper, but I simply couldn't help blowing up. That particular trick of Jimmy's has always made me see red—the way he plainly shows his preference for his mother and reacts to me as though I were a devil with horns. No wonder I take more pleasure in the twins. My little girls climb on my lap occasionally and put their arms around me and show they love me.

"Jimmy doesn't care a row of pins for me. Neither he nor his mother cares how hard I work or how sick I feel most of the time. I'm trying now to save my money so I can buy a small electrical-repair shop someday and be my own boss and work easier hours. Then maybe my nerves will ease off and my health may improve. At seven in the morning I report to work and I don't reach home until five in the afternoon. By then I'm all fagged out and more often than not my plaguy stomach is kicking up.

"So when I get home I like to relax and take a nap. Naturally five o'clock is the exact hour Jimmy, who gets home from school at three o'clock, used to choose to practice on his clarinet. One afternoon about a year ago when he was tootling away practically at my bedroom door I rushed out and broke his clarinet over my knee. That was the last of his being in the school band. Ever since the kid has had it in for me and Mary has called me selfish and unreasonable.

"Jimmy is a big strong kid and I could use his help around the house. I certainly don't get it. Unless you call it helpful for Jimmy to borrow my tools for projects of his own and leave them scattered everywhere. Last Saturday I was on a ladder painting the shutters and I called on him to lend me a hand. He refused to stir unless I agreed to pay him seventy-five cents an hour. By the time I jumped off the ladder to show him what I thought of that attitude, he was out of the yard and gone.

"Jimmy won't do anything for me or his mother either unless he is paid in cold cash. He got the habit of thinking his smallest services should be rewarded while I was gone during the war. His grandma spoiled him rotten and so did her boarders. Jimmy was sorry to see me come back from overseas, as he didn't hesitate to announce. While I was away I'd sort of pictured a new deal for the boy and the wife and myself. I supposed Jimmy would enjoy living in his own home and I'd pictured us sharing a workshop and my teaching him carpentry and stuff. Instead the boy kicked like a steer at the idea of moving away from his grandma.

"Jimmy claims he would like a room of his own, and in the beginning I planned just that for him. There is still plenty of unused space in our attic. I wouldn't object to building a room for the kid, provided he was willing to cooperate. Darned if I will pay him laborer's wages for his help, and that is what he is demanding.

"Any Saturday the weather is fine and he is in the mood Jimmy can earn five or six dollars caddying at the golf course. I don't ask him what he does with that money. When I was his age and working at odd jobs I had to turn in every penny to my dad. Why should I give Jimmy a dollar and a quarter for a haircut? The last time he wheedled the dollar and a quarter from me he came back from the barber with one of those 'duck-bill' jobs; his hair was still so long you couldn't tell he'd been within a mile of scissors. If I buy him a suit of clothes, he takes no care of it. He slops around and tears the pants or else he snags the coat or has some other calamity. Then, without permission, he borrows my good suit—I do take care of my clothes in spite of the bedlam in our house—and he uses my good suit as badly as his own.

"When I get mad you can hear me yelling for blocks around," said Miller Robinson. "But, truthfully, my bark is worse than my bite. When I order Jimmy to get out of the house, I don't half mean what I'm saying. It's nerves speaking. It's my stomach speaking. I don't intend for Jimmy to feel he has to stay away from his home for hours on end. In five or ten minutes I've usually cooled off and am sorry I sent him packing. There's no cause for him to be afraid of me the way Mary insists he is.

"Jimmy should have had a father like my old man," said Miller Robinson with sudden bitterness, "and then he would be in a position to realize how lucky he is. My dad thought nothing of clouting me with anything that happened to be in reach. Once I was chopping wood in the back yard and I didn't chop to suit him and he threw a heavy log that knocked me to the ground. Then he kicked me until our next-door neighbor stopped him by threatening to call the cops.

"I can still see myself as a kid younger than Jimmy running out of our house with my father yelling bloody murder and right at my heels. There was a big advertising signboard across the street. I would race for the signboard and I would shinny up the back like a monkey and then lie stretched along the top peeping down at my old man scurrying around below in search of me. And my heart would bang with fear and my stomach would tie itself in knots and hurt almost as much as it hurts now.

"That's the way I was raised," said Jimmy's father in conclusion. "And yet I wasn't picked up by the police for breaking street lamps and school windows and destroying stuff. I think kids these days have it too soft."

LEGACY IN BRASS

By JESSIE FARNHAM

My mother's beehive candlesticks
Were wrought of burnished brass,
How patiently she polished them
As bright as looking glass.

How often I was witness to
This furbishing routine,
So beautifully the facets caught
The sun as though to preen.

But far more lovely when her hand
Touched candle tips with flame,
Her eyes gave back the golden light
While shadow formed a frame.

Then as she moved away it seemed
The shadows somehow parted
As though the light would go with her
Whatever path she charted.

Though some may doubt that brass can hold
Such magic in its base,
Each time I light her candlesticks
I see my mother's face.

THE COURT'S STORY:

"Jimmy was a difficult youngster to work with," said the probation officer to whom Judge Smyth assigned the case. "The boy had been rejected by his father and neglected by his mother and in the process he had acquired a deep suspicion of adults. At fourteen he was in active rebellion against any kind of authority. Drawing on his long experience and his personal knowledge of Jimmy gained by numerous interviews, Judge Smyth advised me to proceed cautiously and tactfully.

"Jimmy was typical of many of the boys who appear before our court, although he came from a higher-than-average economic level.

"Miller Robinson was a skilled electrical worker who, after well-remembered hard times, was earning about $7000 a year. Jimmy and his father were strikingly alike in appearance and personality; their similarities—the stubbornness, the quick temper and nervous disposition they shared—undoubtedly accounted for some of their clashes. The battles that sent Jimmy to the street, of course, drove him straight into the company of bad companions—unhappy, foot-loose boys like himself. Furthermore, Jimmy carried away from a materialistic home neither ideals nor adequate moral standards.

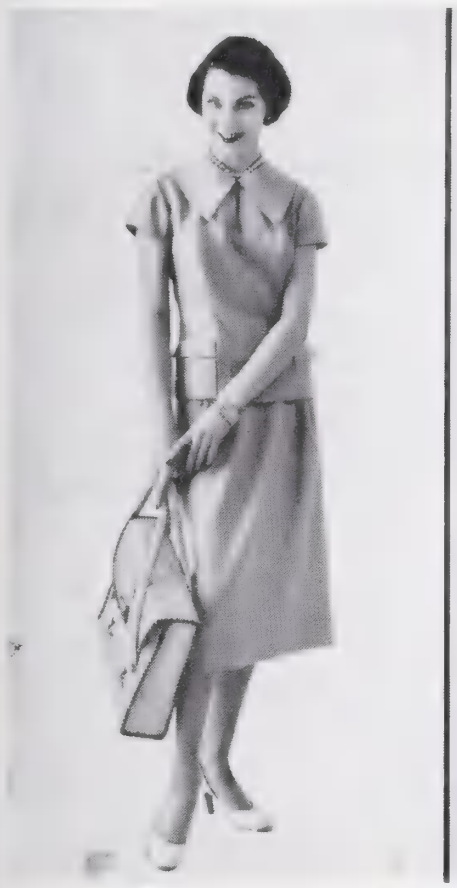
"His mother loved him in an aimless sort of way, but she took no physical care of the boy and she seemed to be incapable of thinking about his ultimate welfare. While her husband was in the Army, Mary Robinson had allowed her son to run completely wild. Endowed with too much money, he had become a 'big shot' among the neighborhood small fry, and his cockiness was a good deal less admirable than his mother and grandmother imagined. In this period, the judge believes, the foundations for his future misdeeds were laid.

"During his father's absence Jimmy occupied a cot in his mother's room, and, at the age of nine, regarded himself as the man of the family. When Miller Robinson returned and the living arrangements were revised, Jimmy turned sulky and defiant. Miller Robinson was not a man of insight. How could he understand the inchoate resentments and jealousies of a little boy who had been exiled from his place in the sun? Or fathom his distaste for a new family home where his sleeping quarters were a drafty and unfinished attic?

"Jimmy fought back in the only way he knew—nonco-operation. He defied parental authority whenever he safely could, fled the house in terror when his father's anger exploded. He greeted the arrival of the twins glumly; here were two more interlopers. And

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

Here today... gone tomorrow?



Now you see it—one outfit with all the latest fashion features—flattering Puritan collar, long-bodied over-blouse, slim skirt. Get it in monochrome linen, wear it as separates, too.



Now you don't want to see it! No matter how "carefully" you wash them, some linens—and some cottons—shrink. Be "careful" *when you buy*—SEE the "Sanforized" label.



Fit for any occasion. Dresses like this checked cotton are always popular for summer. Here the long-torso look combines with a flared skirt. Wear it with or without a belt.



Fit for kid sister. Some dresses can shrink out of fit in just a few washings. Dresses marked "Sanforized" have *permanent* fit. Why gamble when you can buy a sure thing?



Like a breath of spring! Fashion's hardy perennial, the dress with fitted bodice and flowing skirt is everywhere. Frame-the-shoulder neckline, sheer cotton print adds newness.



Like the last rose of summer! Don't let shrinkage cut it down before you get your money's worth. Dresses labeled "Sanforized" *won't* shrink out of fit . . . out of style.

Moral:

No matter where you buy your cottons and linens, no matter how much you pay, make sure you see the "Sanforized" trade-mark *before you buy.*

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1%, by the Government's standard test.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

mosity between father and son already had a flourishing start. It smoldered for several years and then, with Jimmy's adolescence, burst into blaze.

"As soon as Jimmy became a ward of the Children's Court, Judge Smyth arranged for him to be tested and interviewed by our county psychiatrist. The psychiatric report read in part: 'Jimmy is seriously disturbed emotionally and is already set in a pattern of delinquency and antisocial behavior which will get him into further trouble with the law unless his living conditions are radically changed. What this boy needs is to be taken from his home and placed where he will have an opportunity to experience stable family life, guidance and understanding combined with firmness.'

"A stable home was easier to recommend for Jimmy than to find," the probation officer went on ruefully. "We had no suitable and available family to whom he could be sent. Few foster homes will accept a boy like Jimmy. Confinement in a state institution would be likely to confirm his delinquent tendencies. The only answer was to send him back to his parents. If he was to be helped, it was plain to Judge Smyth that our county social agencies must go all out to help and guide his parents. His father, in particular.

"Miller Robinson was the real key to the situation. This father was responsible in large measure for his son's difficulties. Of course he didn't realize it. Instead, he felt cheated in his own life, burdened with a weak and inefficient wife, harassed by a troublesome, ungrateful boy. Miller Robinson was accustomed to taking out his disappointments and frustrations in volcanic bursts of temper. His violence served to make matters worse for all concerned.

"Jimmy did not dare to answer his father's violence in kind, but he did dare to lead a destructive raid on his school and thereby avenge his injured feelings.

"Miller and Mary Robinson, after their conferences with the judge, became sold on the idea he wanted to assist them as well as their boy. They agreed to attend the Mental Hygiene Clinic in their community. Here, for the first time in their lives, these two confused and unhappy adults discussed and thought impersonally about themselves, their problems, their children. Both benefited. Miller Robinson soon came to see that in his handling of Jimmy he had been subconsciously mirroring the behavior of his own father—whom he detested. He acknowledged it was foolish and unjust for him to abuse and mistreat Jimmy simply because he himself had been abused and mistreated as a boy. From this new understanding arose a determination to change his ways.

"Mary Robinson was encouraged enough to improve her cooking, to budget her time and her money, to organize her housekeeping duties on a more rational and systematic basis. Then, too, at the suggestion of the clinic, both Robinsons visited a doctor for a medical checkup. Mrs. Robinson was found to be completely durable, but not her husband. There was a logical explanation for those abdominal pains about which he so frequently complained: he had a stomach ulcer.

"My immediate job was Jimmy himself," said the probation officer. "I saw him at least once a week, sometimes oftener. I set out to win his friendship, his confidence and respect, and eventually I was successful. Some time before Jimmy warmed to me, I warmed to Jimmy. Whatever his faults—and they were many—he had one shining virtue: he was truthful. One by one we commenced to thresh out his problems. His teachers at school helped greatly in the reorientation.

"When Jimmy told me he could not study in his noisy home, I reported to the judge and he discussed the matter with Frank Sealy, the school coach. The Sealys lived near the school, and Jimmy began to spend an hour there every afternoon doing his homework. Under this regimen his grades quickly improved. He joined the basketball squad and, in the spring, made the baseball team. The music teacher saw to it that Jimmy got another clarinet, and Jimmy returned—with genuine pleasure—to the band. The school music fund put up money for the clarinet with the proviso that he pay for it in installments out of his earnings as a caddie. These various activities drained off some of his adolescent energies and reduced the temptation to hang around the candy store and bowling alley where youthful hoodlums gathered.

"THE following June the Sealys invited Jimmy to spend the summer with them on their Maine farm. This was a vacation for Jimmy; it was more than a vacation for his parents. Without Jimmy on the scene to whet their differences, they achieved during those peaceful weeks an approximation of harmony. Self-examination had disclosed to Miller Robinson that his extreme penuriousness was not due to economic necessity, but to fears born of his depressed childhood. Medication and diet soothed his ulcer pains and sweetened his disposition. He became more financially generous and as a direct corollary his wife became more thrifty. Mary and Miller set themselves to greet Jimmy with love and understanding upon his return in September.

"The rehabilitation of a delinquent seldom proceeds in a steady upward curve. Usually there is progress and then retrogression. Like military tacticians, we counselors in a period of retrogression try to hold as much gained ground as possible. At times it almost seems that problem youngsters must get worse before they get better. This was the case with Jimmy.

"When he returned from Maine he had a chip on his shoulder. He seemed indifferent to the changes in his household, contemptuous of the concessions toward his welfare made by his parents. He had hated his father; now, in our weekly meetings, he included his mother in his acid criticisms. Perhaps his glimpse into the Sealys' well-regulated family life had made him more demanding. His father presented him with a new suit of clothes and got no thanks for it. And at a time when his mother's housekeeping had improved immeasurably,

You'll call it "milk magic"
NEW INSTANT STARLAC®

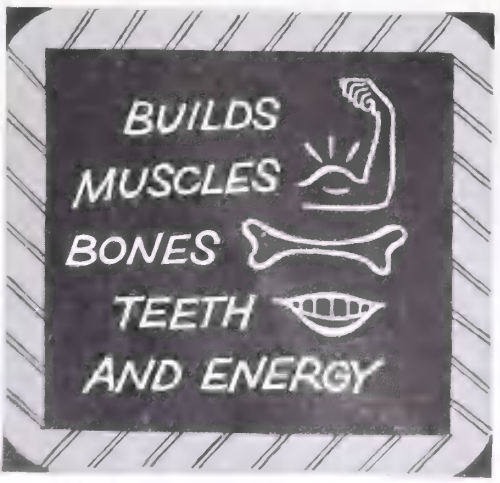
FROM BORDEN'S, GREATEST NAME IN MILK





Mixes instantly Yes, even in ice water, new Instant Starlac dissolves *swish!* just by stirring or gentle shaking. No lumps. You get the same amount of proteins, B vitamins, and calcium found in Borden's finest pasteurized milk. Cost? 8¢ a quart!

Tastes so good . . . so milk-sweet you'll enjoy it the way you do milk. Women say it tastes better than any other "instant." They can hardly believe it's made from a powder. You'd expect that. Only the finest comes from Borden's, famous name in milk.



Use it as you would milk for drinking, cooking and baking, for Starlac is milk with the water and fat removed.

In blue economy package for . . .

ABOUT 8¢ A QUART!



Copyright, The Borden Company

Also in red, 3 qt. pre-measured envelope package at a slightly higher price

bitterly informed me that he was ashamed ring friends to his home.

Actually, in some confused and aberrant , I think Jimmy missed the drama and ence of a divided household. His mother once been his ally against his father; readjustment may have seemed to him an of treachery. At school his behavior deorated. He became a bully in the hallways on the playground. He stopped making ments on his clarinet. Most surprising of he was skipping band practice, and, once in, he was staying out too late at night.

Eventually I discovered his new interest. as a girl—the wrong kind of girl. She was years older than Jimmy already apprenticing self for an ancient proion. She served a pure in bringing the boy's problems to a speedy ax. One evening, roamthe streets, Jimmy and girl friend came upon a nk automobile parked curb. The key was in ignition. They 'bored' the car, drove it nty or thirty miles. When Jimmy brought car back he was recognized and the incit was at once reported to me.

This second offense was a danger signal judge was unwilling to ignore. In Westter County the court maintains a 'detencottage' which accommodates fifteen s. It is a rather handsome Georgian resice presided over by a housemother and sefather. The food is good, the treatment ndly, but windows and doors are kept sely bolted and there are firm rules and regions which, to the inmate, foreshadow the men he will encounter if he is sent to a state tution. In other words, the boys get a e of what it is like to be away from their ilies, confined among strangers—and are wed to reflect on what compass course they to plot their future.

Jimmy was sent to this detention cottage a period of three weeks. I talked to him e and he did a lot of thinking on his own. t of all, he decided to break off with his flamboyant girl friend. After ten days he sent Judge Smyth a letter. 'If I am given another chance,' he wrote, 'I will never get into trouble again. This is a solemn promise.'

"Jimmy kept his promise. When he was released, he was a chastened and much more serious youngster; he listened to counseling with gravity. Jimmy was intelligent. The threat of losing his home had clearly made him appreciate its virtues. He admitted to me that he wasn't entitled to be paid for the smallest chores, that the son of a family could reasonably be expected to perform certain duties. He also admitted there was nothing to be gained by his deliberately provoking his father, as he had often done in the past. He even understood when I pointed out to him that he and his father were two men of a pattern; both of them had extraordinary ability with tools and with their hands, and an intolerance for the inept. In a guarded way they began to become acquainted with each other. After a month or so, they began to build together the long-promised bedroom. That was the pay-off. At last they admired each other's skills.

One of the best rules of conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.
—SWIFT

"Jimmy is eighteen years old now and long since has passed out of the authority of the court. When he completes his stint in the Army, he and his father expect to open on their own an electrical-repair shop. What did the court do for Jimmy? Well, I guess I'll settle for Judge Smyth's words:

"'In doing our work, we must ever remember that the individuals before us are not criminals, but unfortunate children in need of aid, protection and help. This is our guiding motive—help.

"'We must, belatedly, do for children what their parents should have done in the first place. And we must also try to give the parents guidance in their personal relationships with their children.'"

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

SOME SUNDAY IN MAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

n. Steaks 2" thick require 30–35 minutes are and 35–40 for medium.

Tomato surprise? No. There are few surs left to mortal man. "I was never so rised in my life" doesn't mean that. Look to last Friday or last Christmas or to erday and you might as truthfully say were as surprised or more so. Isn't it so?

The tomato has it. A little observation and tation and a short test will teach you that see here a stuffed tomato. If you are sured, then I'm a crystal gazer and need a tent a county fair. But I'll guarantee you'll be sed and no mistake!

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES

the tops off 6 ripe tomatoes; scoop out pulp, then turn tomatoes upside down drain. Sauté about 1½ cups frozen cut in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine ⅓ cup chopped green pepper and ½ cup ped onion, seasoning with ½ teaspoon and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Finally add ⅓ firm tomato pulp, diced, and ¼ cup soft d crumbs. Season tomatoes with salt and per, fill with corn mixture and bake in a erate oven, 350° F., for 15 to 20 minutes. p hot in warming oven while steak broils ou have a one-oven range and the broiler the oven.

Worthy of a queen's table. Our grand e is poetically called an angel pie. We ect it will arouse a thoroughly earthy ape. Hope so, anyway.

PEACH ANGEL PIE

ase well and flour a 9" or 10" pie plate t to the edge. Beat the whites of 6 eggs ¼ teaspoon salt until stiff but not dry. Add gradually, *very* gradually, 1 cup sugar, beating well after each addition. Add 2 teaspoons vanilla and another cup of sugar, very slowly, alternating with 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Beat until all the sugar is dissolved and the meringue is very stiff. Put the meringue into the pie plate, having it higher in the middle than around the edge. It should look more or less like a dome. Bake 1 hour and 30 minutes in a slow oven, 275° F., and then for 30 minutes at 300° F. It will puff and then crack. As it cools, the center will sink somewhat. Cool thoroughly. But not in the refrigerator. (There's no snow, so that's out too.) Drain two 10-ounce packages frozen sliced peaches. Just before serving whip 1½ cups heavy cream with ½ teaspoon almond extract and 1 tablespoon sugar. Spread a layer of the cream on the pie, then a layer of the peaches, another layer of cream and more peaches on top. Do not put the pie in the refrigerator. It does not improve the meringue. Spoils it, as a matter of fact. Cut as you would a pie—loosen the edges with a spatula first to make the coming out easier and more successful. It will be one of the best successes you ever had—if you ask *me*.

A RHYME IN TIME

With angel pie I said good-by,
And all the summer through
I know that you'll be making this,
It's lighter than a lover's kiss
When hearts no more are big with bliss—
And love's deserted you.
It may be—yes, it could *be—*
Come June and roses, too,
That angel pie
Your tears will dry
And bring him back to you.

YOURS, ANNIE

Secrets from the

Sunkist Kitchen

European gourmets have a secret we can steal. Even the simplest foods become more tantalizing, they say, if you follow this rule: "A *little* lemon *emphasizes* flavor . . . *more* lemon *adds* flavor." Apply this to meat, fish, soups and vegetables.



When the honeymoon's over it's time to try lemon pie! A grouchy husband just can't resist a delicious treat like this one.

MAGIC LEMON PIE

8-inch baked pie shell
2 egg yolks, beaten well 2 tbsp. sugar
½ cup Sunkist lemon juice
1 can (1⅓ cups) Borden's Eagle Brand condensed milk
1 tbsp. grated lemon peel

Thoroughly combine all ingredients. The filling will thicken as though cooked. Pour into a baked pastry shell or a crumb crust. Cover with meringue.

MERINGUE

1 tsp. lemon juice
2 egg whites 4 tbsp. sugar

Beat egg whites and lemon juice until stiff, gradually adding sugar. Spread on pie. Bake at 400° F. until golden brown.

FREE: 10 prize-winning Lemon Pie recipes. Write Sunkist, Section 205, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California.

When the doctor says, "No salt"—foods are so flat and tasteless it's hard to eat. Thousands placed by their doctors on low-salt diets have found *fresh lemons are able all by themselves to make foods appetizing without salt!* Only under doctor's orders should salt be restricted or eliminated from the diet. But when he says, "No salt," put a dish of juicy lemon wedges on the table every meal. Squeeze their tangy juice generously instead of using salt. Foods will taste good again.

To help you in cooking and serving for the low-salt dieter we have prepared a valuable recipe booklet, "Salt or No Salt." Free. Just write Sunkist, Section 205, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California.

We Americans are learning that the simple "tea break"—morning and afternoon—sends us back to work more *refreshed.* Lemon . . . fragrant drops of fresh juice . . . works magic even your eyes can see: your tea turns instantly from brown to amber-clear. And delicious? *Ah-h-h!* What a difference fresh lemon makes!

Crepes suz-lemons—for a scrumptious, simple dessert, squeeze lemon over a large, thin buttered pancake. Sprinkle with sugar. Roll like a jelly roll and cut in bite sizes.

COUNTING CALORIES?

Here's an easy way to drop 200 to 300 calories from your daily diet:

Whether you're dieting strenuously or just trying your best to hold that waistline, there's no easier way to cut calories than this:

1. Instead of mayonnaise or oil dressing, make your salads tasty and tantalizing with a generous sprinkling of fresh Sunkist lemon juice!

2. Instead of topping hot vegetables with a pat of butter, squeeze over them a generous wedge of Sunkist Lemon—and discover how magically fresh lemon enhances vegetable flavors!

A lemon wedge contains, of course, almost *no* calories, yet adds valuable vitamins and minerals.

Why, shucks, you can use lemons for just about everything through the meal—from canape to finger bowl!



Don't forget fresh lemons the next time you shop—only *fresh* lemons give you the *true* lemon flavor!

Fresh **Sunkist** *Lemons*

California-Arizona

For easy days...



Perfect Rice Without Cooking!

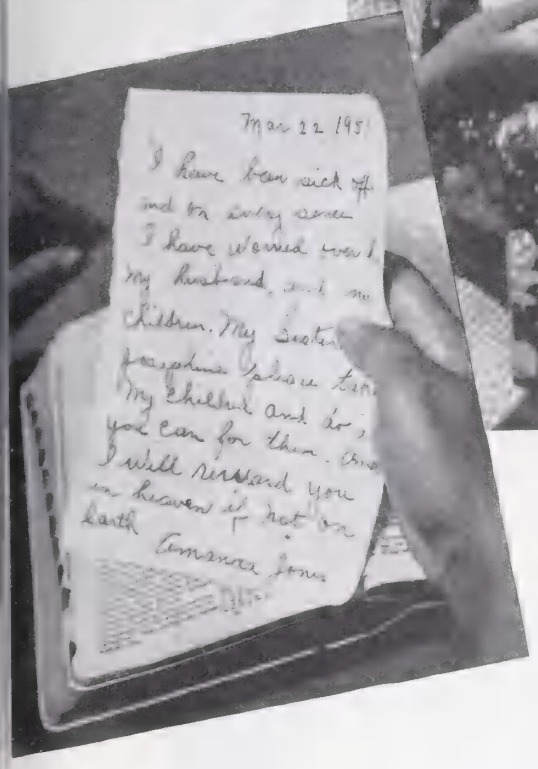
1. **It's prepared instantly.** Just add Minute Rice to boiling water!
2. **It's trouble-free.** No washing! No boiling! No draining! No sticky pans!
3. **It's foolproof.** White, fluffy delicious rice—perfect every time!
4. **It's just plain good eating**—the easiest way to round out a well-balanced meal!

Product of General Foods



Birthdays come almost every month, with a cake and party for each. Nine children live at home with George (Uncle Billie), Jo and "Pop" Paulhill. So the table for twelve has to stretch from dining room straight into the living room.

"From now on you live here," Uncle Billie gently told the children. Four days later Mrs. Morris found their mother's note in a Bible.



"please take my children"

Four years ago, George and Josephine Morris were childless.

Today, nine foster children fill their life in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

BY ROSEMARY JONES • PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK SAUNDERS

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"I USED to say it couldn't be done," George Morris said, laughter in his deep voice. "I always said people should have their kids when they're young and can stand it! All that running around to heat bottles and chase two-year-olds takes more energy than middle-aged folks have left."

He paused while Fanny Rebecca, four years old and the youngest in the Morris's foster family of nine, stretched up to put her lips close to Mrs. Morris's ear. "Mommy, can we have some jel-ly?" she whispered. Mrs. Morris smiled, shook her head, and whispered back, "Wait for dinner."

"Well, we found out I was wrong," Mr. Morris went on. "Nobody around here's dead yet!"

Four years ago George and Josephine Morris, then in the middle forties, and Mrs. Morris's father, affectionately called "Pop" Paulhill, were living quietly and comfortably in the eight-room row house the Morrises had bought soon after their marriage in 1942. They had no children, but together George and Josephine had built a rich life which was all the richer in their eyes because both had worked so long to reach it. After years of literally stretching every penny, hard years during which his first wife died, George Morris had built the labor organization and the career in labor he had dreamed of. For the first time he was able to save regularly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 173



The TV set is in big demand, but Uncle Billie insists on parliamentary procedure. If children can't agree, they vote on what program to see. Janett (on floor) is on the losing side this time. She and Fanny always vote with mommy—a solid block of thr



Neat brick "row house," one of many alike in the block, was bought by Morrises in 1942. Girls bunk in 1 room, boys in 2. Problem! There's only 1 bath.

"Our richest years began when our savings disappeared." First purchase: $60 worth of sheets and pillowcases.



Biscuits for dinner—3 panfuls—are appreciatively eyed by Janett, 5. Aunt Jo's big help comes from teen-agers Josephine and Pattie and from Adelaide, who is only 11 but can turn out a dinner for fifteen people.

HOW AMERICA LIVES



All the family are active in the Baptist Church, "and thank God every night for all the wonderful things he has given us." John and "Butch" are members of older boys' Sunday-school class.

First-floor hall is the only "free space" used for play, sorting laundry, checking off chores on a blackboard. Married Donald's 2-year-old son also tries it out for basketball.



Senior member of the house is "Pop" Paulhill, Aunt Jo's father. He works nights, walks 5 miles for exercise, and will teach a jitterbug step to any child who wants dancing help.





Home haircuts save money, but the older boys object. Uncle Billie has begun to talk over finances with them, explains that a small fund of money "has to take care of all your little brothers and sisters."



After-school snacks help use up 6 to 7 loaves of bread a day. Aunt Jo buys fruit and vegetables by the bushel, meat in bulk to go into the freezer. The food bill runs to a minimum of $70 a week.

Fanny yawns after an exciting day (all her days are exciting!) nd Aunt Jo relaxes—but she'll be wide awake again for the good-night chat over coffee with Uncle Billie.



TINUED FROM PAGE 171 Josephine was saving She still worked for the Main Line family e she had been the highly prized cook and ekeeper for more than twenty-five years. (She n work when she was seventeen.)

Mr. Billie" (Mrs. Morris's nickname for her and dates from their courting days) and Jo proud of the wide-screen television set in the g room, the dining-room suite in polished ogany with a glass-fronted cabinet for Jo's dishes. She was perhaps even prouder of the ning new refrigerator and range in her kitchen.

en in the early-morning hours of Easter Sat-, 1951, Josephine's younger sister, Amanda, unexpectedly after the birth of her ninth . The older children were staying in the is home while their mother was in the hos- A few hours after Josephine telephoned the from the hospital, George Morris called the en together and said simply, "Your mother d. From now on you live here."

ere had been no time to talk with Jo about hen he said, "You live here," he spoke on lse, thinking of the days just ahead. Because ildren almost never saw their father, Amanda been their security, the center of their lives. was no way to soften the news of her death, George Morris wanted to assure them at of a home and someone to care what hap- to them.

. Billie, Jo and "Pop" Paulhill held a rence the next day. The children's father, new, would not help. "He is the type of per- ho just doesn't care," Jo admits privately;



Pattie (lower bunk) and "Sweetie Pie" listen in while young Jo hears the little girls' prayers. Janett (right) still has trouble saying words plainly, hides her face when she makes a mistake.

"We can't give them much . . .
our food isn't fancy,
they have to wear
hand-me-downs.
But this is a happy house."

the Morrises never say anything to the children against their father "but you can't *make* them love him. I can't understand anybody not wanting that *love* they give ——"

The Morrises were the only relatives able to take the children and keep them together as a family. Donald, the oldest, was away in service in the Air Force. State authorities would see that the other eight, from Fanny Rebecca, not yet two days old, to Lawrence, fourteen, were placed in institutions or foster homes. The children would, of course, be separated. In addition to losing their mother and their home, they would lose each other. The older boys, fourteen, twelve and nine, were already having adolescent "growing pains," adjustment difficulties about which Amanda had been consulting Mr. Billie before her death. All of them, boys and girls, needed to belong. What would happen if *all* the order they had known were wiped out at once?

For Josephine, who had always been especially close to her younger sister and who loved Amanda's children dearly, there was no alternative. "There was nothing else to do," she says simply. But she admits she will never forget her wonder that Mr. Billie should agree, unhesitatingly, to give and do so much for children who were "not his people, but *mine*."

Mr. Paulhill, who has the family's sense of fun in full measure plus a stamina many younger men might envy, agreed to the Morrises' decision. From now on life for all of them would be totally different. CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

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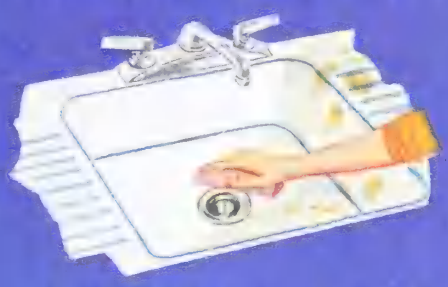
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Now you can buy Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast in handier, thriftier 3-package strips. You'll find the new "Thrifty Three's" are more economical to buy and they're so much easier to store on your shelf.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

So it happened that for the Morrises there was nothing gradual about parenthood. With their ready-made family, they found that problems and concerns which many parents face one or two at a time, and over a period of years, "just fell in our laps all at once." In addition to the newborn baby, not yet home from the hospital, there were a two-year-old just beginning to feel independent; a five-year-old starting kindergarten; three children, seven, nine and eleven, in elementary school; a twelve-year-old just ready for junior high school; a fourteen-year-old who would enter high school within months; and a boy in service soon to be sent to Korea.

The decision was made in love, but neither Mr. Billie nor Aunt Jo underestimated the changes in their own lives this decision would bring. Financially they went back to pinching pennies. The house and furniture Mrs. Morris had taken such pride in would not stay the same now that the eight small rooms, ample for three people, were to be crowded with living. "At least put the dining-room furniture away, Jo—for a few years anyway," a cousin urged. But Mrs. Morris laughed and refused, saying, "They made more than one set."

Mrs. Morris would have to leave the Main Line household, whom she had served so long, and so happily, that they seemed to her a second family. The constant care of a new baby and a two-year-old would keep her on her feet many more hours, day and night, than she was used to.

Uncle Billie and Aunt Jo each worried secretly about the effect the new life would have on the other (and they still do), but both felt, deeply, that they had to try.

"The first year was tough," they admit. The children never went back to the house where they had lived with their mother. During those first weeks the new baby's crib was a market basket. Until the Morrises could get more beds, some of the children slept on pallets, with the front bedroom an improvised dormitory for the boys, the back bedroom for the girls. Mrs. Morris's first purchase was $60 worth of sheets and pillowcases. Until they could get chests to provide more drawer space, she used a large table in one of the bedrooms for the children's clothes. Each child went to his own pile of underthings and shirts or blouses. They ate meals in two shifts or, when the family did sit down to dinner together, in different rooms. The overflow from the dining room ate at the kitchen table.

ONE of the first projects was to have the long oversized table made for a corner of the kitchen (the dining room isn't large enough to hold it) because "we hated not being able to sit down together." Wall benches were covered in soft yellow plastic cloth to match the bright formica tabletop. Then a new heating system for the house, a freezer, an automatic washer, bunk beds and chests quickly reduced savings to the vanishing point.

But the Morrises were almost too busy to notice, certainly too busy to worry then. Though they had known the children since they were born, and the children—drawn by the loadstone attractions of television in the living room and Aunt Jo's cooking in the kitchen—had dropped in at the house on Gratz Street so often that it was like a second home, still the Morrises, now that they were undertaking twenty-four-hour-a-day parenthood, felt they were getting acquainted for the first time.

"I couldn't get used to socks and shoes a over the place. Every week somebody neede a new pair of shoes!" Mrs. Morris says. " couldn't figure out why they wore the knee out of their pants so fast. Turned out to b marble shooting."

With four in elementary school and two junior high, Mrs. Morris joined two P.T.A. (she belongs to three now), and she and Unc Billie began having their occasional talks wi the children's teachers. Luckily all the childre make good marks (or can!) and all of them, s far, like school and hate to miss more than day.

MRS. MORRIS is gratified that the children teachers agree with her on one point. "W can't give them much: our food isn't fanc they have to wear hand-me-downs; we can afford allowances. But this is a happy hous Our kids go off to school *happy*, and the teac ers say that's the most important thing."

With a new baby and Janett, not quite tw to look after, Aunt Jo found that the only w to work out the early-morning scramble getting six off to school was to establish a fo rules: about the order of precedence in the o bathroom; about who would help get brea fast; who would he get Victor ready f kindergarten. Th she saw that the ru were followed and the young ones g themselves off.

The two old girls have been valuable help fr the beginnin "Sweetie Pie" (s can't remember th anyone except h teachers has ev called her by h name, Adelaide) w just seven when h mother died, ev then showing gr skill in the kitch Today at eleven, s is the first down the morning, g breakfast for eve one, packs lunc for those who v need them. Josep ine (named for A Jo), three years ol than Sweetie Pie a the most const reader of the family, could turn her hand to a household job (except cooking, at fir Young Jo had had rheumatic fever when was seven and had to be watched to see t she didn't push herself too hard.

For the older children that first year v "tough" too. The boys, especially, found justment to a new household and new ru hard. Lawrence and John, in junior high sch were just beginning to feel independent. Ni year-old Butch (Clarence), the family's sta thinking up—and doing—the unexpected, going through his "rebellious" period w there was trouble about money, trouble ab running away, though he is naturally as af tionate as he is inventive.

The three boys didn't like having to permission when they went out (but the M rises, with so many on their minds, felt t had to know where the children were); t didn't like having to be in by a certain h each evening. For this problem, Mrs. Mc says, television has been a godsend. Except special occasions, the children are in, al them, by 8:30 every evening. (Philadelph new 10 P.M. curfew for teen-agers doe bother the Morrises.)

For the Morrises the days and week those first years as parents run togethe their memories. Getting the children enro in Sunday school; getting everyone clean spruce and off to church on Sundays. Get new glasses for Sweetie Pie and young Jo, ting the boys to keep dental appointme seeing John and Butch off on their first Scout hike, meeting new teachers as the dren moved from one grade to the next

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

NEXT MONTH

Ten years ago, after a dance, a girl named Anne sent a bag of jelly beans to a West Point cadet named Pat. He sent her a funny letter and they fell in love. And then history caught the class of '44 in a maelstrom.

For Pat there was war in Europe—starvation and imprisonment, liberation and occupation—and then Korea. For Anne there were fearful waits and long moves and four babies. As the tenth anniversary of the end of World War II rolls around, Maj. Oliver B. Patton and his wife Anne review

VICTORY TEN YEARS AFTER

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES in the June JOURNAL

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Yes, these New Quick oat flakes—cut in tiny pieces—are rolled to a new tissue thinness. They cook in just 50 to 60 seconds in boiling water.

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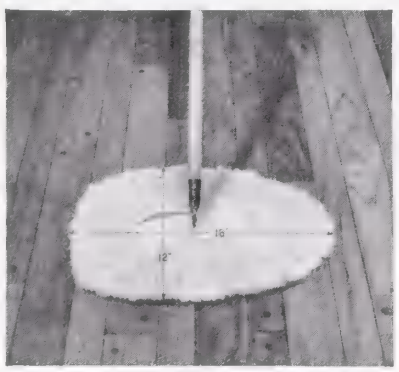


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(Offer good in U.S.A. only, expires August 31, 1955)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

ranging for dancing lessons (from a friend nearby) for the older girls. Urging Janett to speak instead of pointing at everything she wanted, watching eagerly for Fanny's first tooth (Uncle Billie, impatient as any new father, decided in despair that Fanny would be walking long before she had a single tooth).

Aunt Jo remembers her fright the day the older boys were sliding down the banisters and one played "dead." One minute the house had been shaking with the boys' uproar, the next minute Butch lay limp and still on the floor at the foot of the stairs. Aunt Jo says her heart nearly stopped, until he opened his eyes and grinned up at her.

And the *fun*. From the beginning fun has outweighed all the problems and concerns at the Morrises' house. The excitement when Donald, stationed in Texas, got an unexpected four-day leave and, as a member of the Air Force, hitchhiked by plane all the way to Phil..delphia to see the family—how they ate! "Turkey, candied sweets, peas, turnips, cranberries, good brown tasty gravy . . . all nine ate till they were filled to the brim!" Uncle Billie remembers. Later they all went to the airport to see Donald off and he put on his parachute outside the plane so his family could see.

There was the day young Josephine, who was taking home economics, brought home the first sample of her cooking, a biscuit. It was so good Aunt Jo let her make biscuits for the whole family for supper, and while everyone stood around watching, Josephine proudly set her book before her, got out all the materials she needed, and set to work. The biscuits, everyone agreed, were the best they'd eaten.

There was the afternoon Janett suddenly said "Milk!" clearly and distinctly, and when Aunt Jo, too delighted to speak, gave her milk, Janett said, "Thank you." Uncle Billie, teasing, says she hasn't stopped talking since. She still gets so excited and her words come so fast that outsiders sometimes don't understand a word. But her family can interpret everything.

DONALD came home again at Thanksgiving, his last visit before going to Korea, and Fanny crawled for the first time (but still had not a tooth!) while Donald was home. Butch, who had planned for years to be a prize fighter, suddenly gave up the idea. He and Uncle Billie had been studying fights on television, and Butch had been enrolled with the Police Athletic League. A few bouts with boys his own age, a few falls, and he changed his mind.

There was the day Josephine was graduated from elementary school in the morning and Lawrence from junior high school that same afternoon. Uncle Billie and Aunt Jo went to both ceremonies, had a proud day watching "our kids" march up the aisle. Josephine wa winning so many honors and offices in schoo that Uncle Billie warned he was "watching he head to be sure it didn't get too large for he hats." Lawrence took his interest in sport into high school and soon was playing footbal and basketball. Uncle Billie and Aunt Jo wer in the audience at night basketball games a often as possible. "That boy can run back wards just as well—and maybe even faster— as he can forwards!"

When Lawrence, in his junior year, won Philadelphia Union League Boys Award fc good citizenship (he was one of 50 Negroe among 250 boys in the greater metropolita area honored for good sportsmanship and cit zenship), the whole neighborhood was a proud as the Morrises.

SIX weeks before Fanny's first birthda Janett and the baby both came down wit measles—Aunt Jo's first experience with illne in her large family. Janett was soon well, ar fretful, but Fanny developed an ear infectio and an aftermath of complications which se her fever shooting up; she had to be rushed the hospital at four in the morning. She w kept there ten days, and the Morrises had t most anxious time they'd known yet.

Two weeks after she came home from t hospital Fanny walked for the first time. "V had ice cream, and she loves it," Mrs. Mor says, her eyes shining as she remembers. "S walked right to me!"

With every memory shared the new fam has grown closer. As each Thanksgiving a Christmas finds the family together, the ch dren happy and growing, the Morrises gi added thanks—and happily buy a larger t key (32 pounds last Christmas). Though th have not been together long, as family life counted, the change in the children is asto ishing—for these have been the "growi years." "When they first came," Uncle Bi points out, "we could look down on all their heads except Donald's. Now Lawre and John tower above us, and Josephi Butch and Pattie can all look us in the ey He says this with an air of discovery, but Aunt Jo, in charge of the clothing proble the children's growth is no surprise.

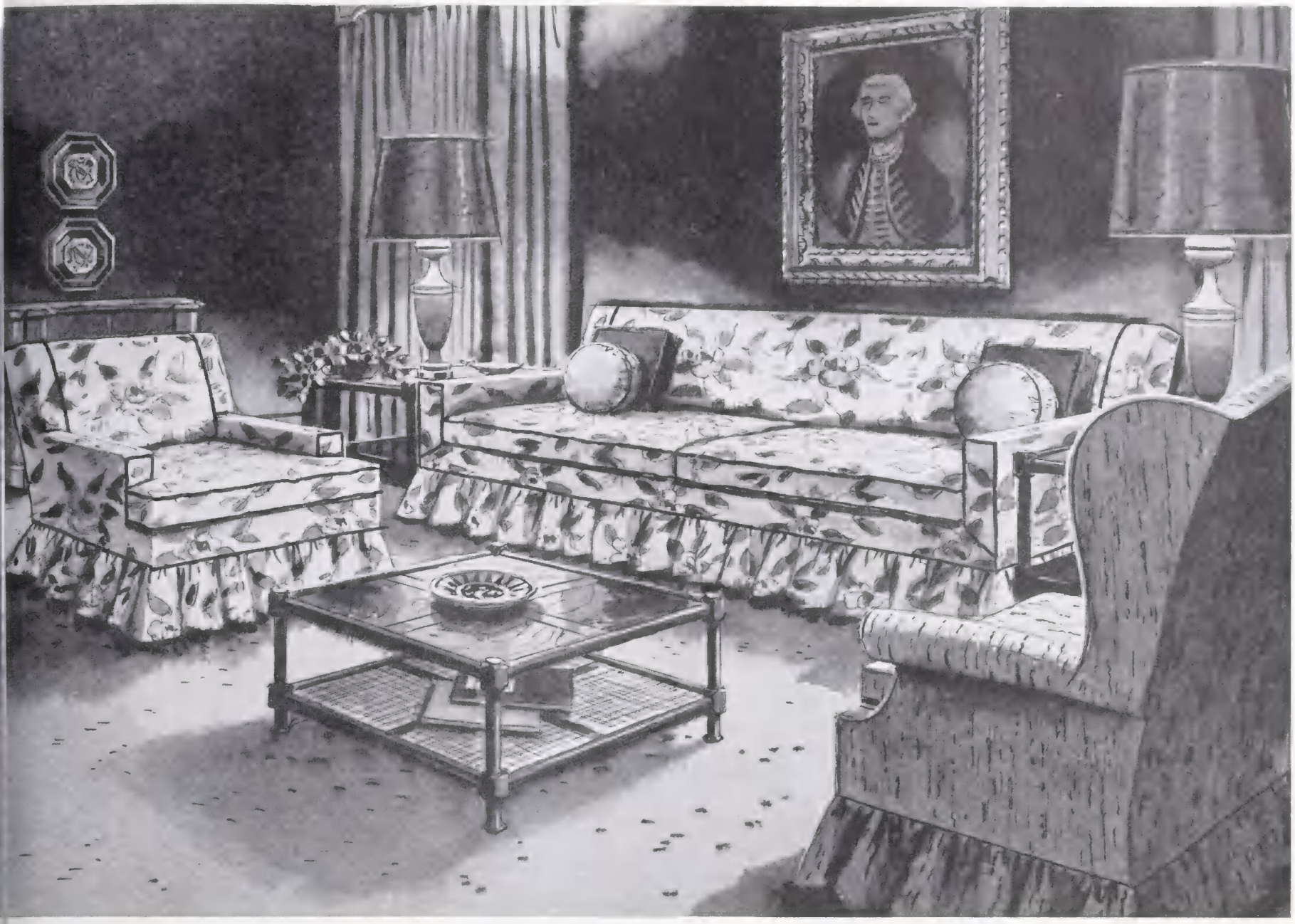
Pattie, newest addition to the family, ca to the Morrises a year ago, when she was th teen. Daughter of Mrs. Morris's brot Collis, Pattie was just a month old when mother ran away. Her father placed the ch first with one family, then another, in Bro lyn and in the Bronx, and she spent most of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

HOW THE MORRISES SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

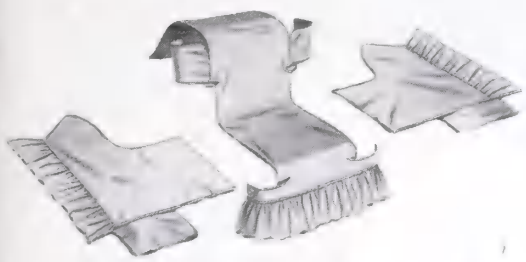
The state allows Mr. and Mrs. Morris $189.80 a month toward the care of their foster children. With Mr. Morris's salary ($95 a week) their monthly income is approximately $598. The Morrises own their own home and, with so many dependents, pay no income tax, but money is still short. Out of the $40 left unallotted each month come all the unpredictable expenses—clothing for all the children (and Mrs. Morris gratefully makes use of friends' gifts) plus household and furnishing supplies and emergency maintenance bills (there is always a repair of some kind needed, particularly for plumbing—that one-bathroom problem). The Morrises estimate other monthly bills as follows:

Food and milk (about $70 a week)	$300.00	Contributions to charities	5.00
Gas and electricity	14.00	Installments (on bunk beds, freezer, oil burner)	28.10
Fuel (average over year)	22.00	Car (including $50 payment)	90.00
Phone	12.00	School transportation and supplies and school milk for Janett	15.00
Property tax ($94 a year)	7.90	Cleaning, shoe repair	20.00
Life insurance ($400 each on Mr. and Mrs. Morris)	6.00	Laundry (sheets and cases only)	7.00
Medicine and supplies (the state pays the children's medical and dental bills, except Pattie's)	10.00	Newspapers	2.00
Recreation for all children	10.00	Cigarettes for Mr. Morris	4.00
Church	5.00	Total	$558.00



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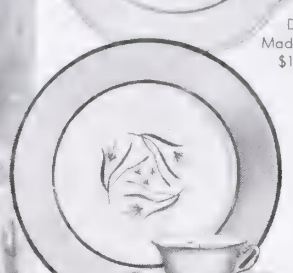
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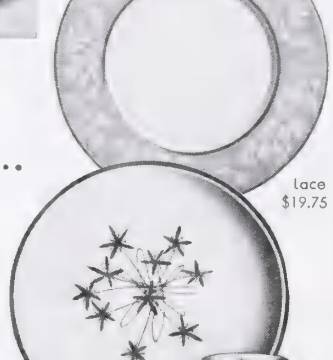
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

holidays with the Morrises and her cousins. One day last April she called Aunt Jo long distance to ask if she could come stay with them. "We had been worried about her for some time," Mrs. Morris explains. Again the Morrises didn't hesitate. Pattie made the train trip from New York to Philadelphia alone the next day, a Saturday; she was enrolled in junior high school and went to her first classes, with Butch and Josephine, on Monday.

Pattie has had adjustment problems too—Uncle Billie had to be firm about strong language until the habit was finally broken—but she is gradually fitting into her cousins' way of life, and there is no quicker way to bring her into line than to say she can't stay if she won't do her part. Fortunately the Morrises, who hate threats, almost never have to say it any more.

Though there have been grumbling and some of the shirking expected of any children, the Morrises feel that their nine have co-operated to an amazing extent. The children know how much it means to be together. The older ones, especially, understand from acquaintances at school that even having to tell where you are going and having to be in by a certain time is better than having no one to care whether you come home or not. Listening to Fanny and Janett arguing about who's eating the most at dinner, or to Victor bragging about his spelling lesson, may be tiresome at times, but it's better than living in a house where people never sit down to a meal together from one year to the next. They know kids who belong to families like that too.

Part of the accord, too, comes from the children's background. Thanks to Amanda, they came to the Morrises with the habit of love and of being a family, and with the habit of work. Amanda had kept them together, and happy, on even less means than the Morrises have. But "somehow she always managed a party for each birthday," Mr. Morris remembers. "They weren't much, just cake and a churn of ice cream—but every kid in the neighborhood was invited. Amanda's place was known to be a welcome house." Before leaving for the hospital that last time she had already bought little candy chickens for her children's Easter. Wrapped in such love, the children had worked as a matter of course to help their mother. Now they help the Morrises and grandpop.

The house on North Gratz Street doesn't really come alive until the children start arriving home from school in the afternoon.

After the morning rush to get everyone off to work and school, Uncle Billie, last to leave, kisses his two housekeepers, Aunt Jo and Fanny, good-by—and an unnatural quiet falls. Lunch is quiet too. Only Sweetie Pie, Victor and Janett come home at noon, and Aunt Jo catches up on all their interests then. (Later they may be shouted down by the older ones.)

LAWRENCE and John get home from high school between 2:30 and 3:00. The junior-high contingent—Josephine, Pattie and Butch—comes soon after, and Sweetie Pie and Victor a half hour later still. The pile of coats and scarves, caps and mittens grows higher and higher on the narrow hall table, and voices rise high, too, with the excitement of being free of classrooms.

But there is an order of events under all the noise and fun. First comes the change from school clothes to jeans or old slacks and skirts. Then to the kitchen for food—school is the hungriest work in the world! Aunt Jo, picking up the news of the day from each arrival, automatically says every minutes or so, "No cooking back th (The kitchen would be impossibl enter by dinnertime if all the would-be burger and hot-dog chefs were given fre after school; they are limited to the t and two to three loaves of bread, plus rolls of bologna, liverwurst and cheese s in the refrigerator for such emergencies.

BACK at the long kitchen table where sprinkling the early-morning load of cl Aunt Jo has part of her mind on the child chores to come. Victor didn't clean the tub this morning, or if he did, the effect noticeable. He'll have to go over it again he'll want to get it done before Hop Cassidy time. Butch still has the stairs t Pattie can get the little girls dressed after naps and then help Sweetie Pie with d The sprinkled clothes are sorted into pil John and Josephine, who'll be busy at th ironing boards in the basement for an or so.

John, taking a pile of tightly rolled s mutters, "Can't this floor get dirty!" and Jo smiles. Keeping the kitchen floor scr is another of John's after-school duties.

Victor comes i takes a World sits down across Aunt Jo at the k table and starts lo for words he's le to spell. The s World Books is k a white cabinet especially for them the kitchen table doubles for hom sessions in the eve Uncle Billie laughs the World Book other early purcha got them so I coul in the house!" found that nine c children who thi knows everythin fill every waking n with questions.

The children their work with Janett, awake fro nap, wanders do sit on the basemen and talk to Jos while she irons. U someone has turn television and the comes clearly through the basement c Young Jo nods her head in time to the and listens with half an ear to Janett a favorite story of Goldilocks.

Janett lives every minute of the story telling, and now her bright brown eyes tense and her voice deep for Papa Bear run and she run . . ." and the little feet and down in panic on the steps. "He's a man, a *mean* man, Gran'pa Bear—he eat her all up, right?"

Upstairs Aunt Jo checks the stew Sweetie Pie and Pattie are making for

"Can I go to the dance after school t row?" Pattie asks, and Aunt Jo says Pattie has the quarter fee saved. ("Pattie dance all day and all night if she h chance," Mrs. Morris says. The junio school has lunch-hour dances twice a and a two-hour afternoon dance on F Pattie rarely misses one.)

When Uncle Billie comes home a litt six, chores and homework are nearly television cowboys are riding hard in t ing room, and dinner ready to go on the

George Morris was born on a farm in land and worked his way through Ha Institute in Hampton, Virginia. Wh came to Philadelphia with his machinis tificate he couldn't get a job without a card and he couldn't join a union wit job. So he took the first work he coul cleaning windows. Window cleaners an tors were not organized in the early tw "We had a terrible trade—some drunks with spirits broken, all looked down He and a friend decided to change this p and the two men worked for twenty

A CURIOUS SONG

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

I have forgotten you at last!
I have forgotten how you walk
With a get-there step, and how
Laughter obeys you . . . do you talk

All in a rush when joy rides high?
I have forgotten. And if your eyes
Are devil-song blue, the fact
Just now escapes me; memory-wise,

I cannot find you anywhere.
Oh, and I revel in this view,
And I am astonished that my heart
Still goes on feeling torn in two.

etimes with nothing to eat but bean soup with no enthusiasm to count on except own. To make himself more effective, Morris took special courses in writing and king. Today he is business agent of the dow Cleaners and Maintenance Union, l 125, AFL. He helps with all first-level ration. He is a member or officer of erous committees and organizations for ation, labor, and racial understanding. As vice-president of Philadelphia's NAACP inaugurating a new educational and mem- hip campaign. Though weekday nights often taken up by meetings, he tries to the weekends for the family and rarely es the little talk with Aunt Jo over a last of coffee before they go to bed. Then they pare notes, and Uncle Billie catches up is wife's and children's activities.

strong right arm to the Morrises in rais- heir ready-made family is Josephine's fa- Matt Paulhill. On the mantel in the living n, next to a framed photograph of Donald s Air Force uniform, stands a small snap- of "Grandpop's" mother, who was a in Georgia. Her hair is snow-white, but eyes are snapping, her face strong and -humored. Grandpop's amazing stamina come from her. He can do a buck-and- or modern jitterbug (to show the kids have nothing on him). He can outwalk body else in the family. He often walks iladelphia's central shopping district and , about five miles, and when Jo protests "*That* little walk! . . . You can't learn ridin', you know," he adds. "You find lot more things walkin'!"

delights in teasing and tries to fool the y with his straight face, but his eyes shine fun. Grandpop is also a power in the hold. Smaller now than any of the boys t Victor, he can still, on the rare occa- when he decides the kids have gone too in a battle with any of them. The family emembers with delight and awe the ing when John and Butch, in the bath- , wouldn't come out, thus delaying the family schedule. The uproar reached pop in the front bedroom. He pays lit- ention to the ordinary chaos of family ing on around, but he doesn't like "dis- ice," and decided this was one. He got loses, the strap (called Moses "because t so much influence!"), jerked the bath- door so hard the hinges nearly came off another minute had both boys out and run.

ndpop moved his five children from ome in a small town in Georgia to Phil- ia when Josephine, the middle daugh- as seventeen. She had finished one year h school and began working at once. a skillful, creative cook, and is teaching girls to be the same. She likes to experi- with new ways to freeze foods, likes to everal cakes at once (birthdays are still occasions, and at the Morrises there thdays almost every month!), puts the nes away for future use.

skill in preparing good food at low cost en invaluable, now that there are so nouths to feed on a limited budget. She ies in a sixteen-inch piepan. The family dozen eggs a week, six to seven loaves d daily (that after-school snack!). She verything in quantity: potatoes by the meat in bulk (to go into the freezer), r dishwashing in 25-pound boxes.

ouse needs new paper and paint out. Chairs have been broken, the springs gave completely (Uncle Billie is lly proud of the good job Butch did in him board up the bottom of the couch it together), stair treads have worn d been replaced. The family is on its et of linoleum rugs. But they feel lucky ey already had the television set, the ood refrigerator and range. "I wouldn't to buy such pieces now," Mrs. Morris e tries to keep installment buying to a m, hates "having bills hanging over d."

inancial strain has been great. But the s regularly take boxes of the children's vn clothes to people in real need— rris hears the names through one or of the organizations he works with. The Morrises sometimes worry that they cannot save a penny, but they are deeply thankful that they have been able to keep food on the table, clothes and shoes in the closets for their children.

It has been hard, "but if it had been even harder, we would still do it." They don't think in terms of reward, but they remember when Victor says proudly, "Me 'n' Uncle Billie are the best whistlers in this house," puts two fingers in his mouth and lets out a shrill blast to prove it; when Sweetie Pie asked Uncle Billie to give a talk at her club on parliamentary procedure; when Josephine asks Aunt Jo, "Are there any more clothes sprinkled?"; when Butch, in the hospital briefly for a finger injured in basketball, called Aunt Jo three times in one day just to see how things were going at home; when Mr. Morris, after a late meeting, finds Fanny in bed with Aunt Jo because "I have to watch mommy so won't nobody come and get her!" The Morrises say their richest years began when their savings disappeared.

They believe deeply that they are not alone and could not have succeeded alone in their project. "I never remember going to bed without praying," Mrs. Morris says, "and I have the children thank God every night for all the wonderful things He has given us." "Every successful year for our children is a blessing from God," Mr. Morris wrote after their second Christmas together.

Four days after they had made the decision to take the children Mrs. Morris, putting away Amanda's personal things, looked in her sister's Bible and found a letter she had not dreamed existed; Amanda had not even hinted at her private fear.

"My Sister Josephine please take my children and do all you can for them." Tucked in beside the letter were three dollar bills, all that Amanda had. "I prayed to God on my knees," Mrs. Morris says simply, "to show us how to keep the children." END

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Breezeway into Livingroom

Dining furniture is weather resistant, can be taken outdoors. Window is pass-through to kitchen.



By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND

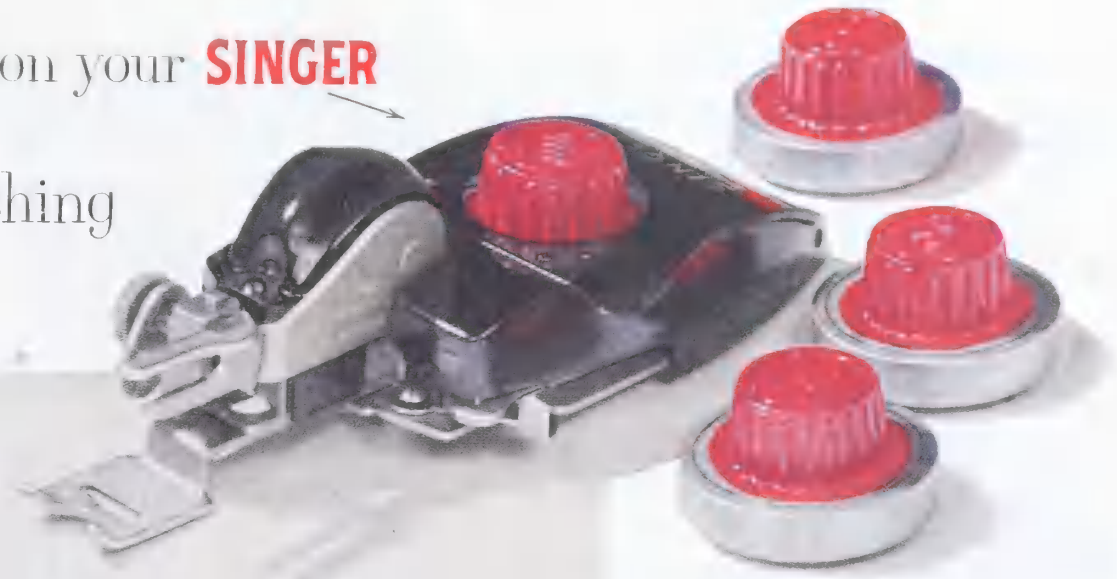
More and more the breezeway is growing up with the family. All over the country the low, ground-hugging houses are prevalent; the idea of outdoor living, eating and entertaining is enjoying a great vogue. A breezeway begins its life as an open porch; later it may become semi-closed-in; still later when a growing family needs more space it may be turned into an extra room. Here you see the breezeway in its adult phase, and a versatile room it is too. The two long walls are of whitened plywood paneling. The jalousie windows at either end bring in sun and sky by day, are cozily curtained in a beige, open-weave casement at night; these also provide excellent light control.

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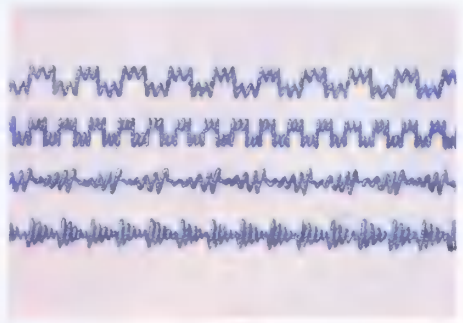
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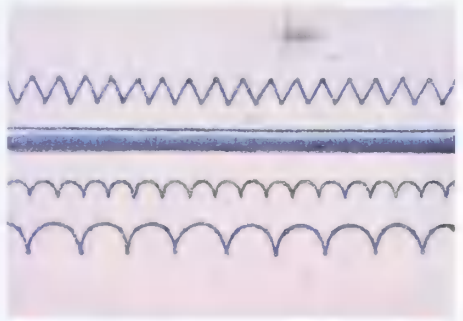
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Worcester — Denholm & McKay Co. Inc.

MICHIGAN
Adrian — Walper Furn. Co.
Albion — Booth Furn. Co.
Birmingham — Bigtown, Inc.
Detroit — Cedar Furn. Co.
Detroit — Crown Furn. Co. Stores
Detroit — Fenster & Co.
Detroit — Frumin Furn. Co.
Detroit — J. L. Hudson Co.
Detroit — The Ernst Kern Co.
Detroit — Kohlenberg Furn. Co.
Detroit — F. B. Melin & Co.
Detroit — Plymouth Furn. Co.
Detroit — Raimi Bros.
Flint — Flint Home Furnishings
Flint — Leath and Company
Flint — Winegarden Furn. Co.
Grand Rapids — Wurzburg Co.
Hastings — Thompson Furn. Co.
Hazel Park — Tower Furn. Co.
Kalamazoo — Leath and Company
Kalamazoo — Vermeulen Furn.
Lansing — F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Mount Clemens — J. H. Malbin & Sons Co.
Mount Clemens — Paul's Furn. City
Pontiac — Lewis Furn. Co.
Pontiac — F. B. Melin & Co.
Port Huron — Leath and Company
Royal Oak — Triangle Furn. Co.
Saginaw — The Furniture Market
Saginaw — Leath and Company
St. Clair Shores — Price Furn. & Appl.
Wayne — Kent Furn. Co.

MINNESOTA
F. S. Kelly Furn. Co. Stores
Alexandria — Anderson Furn.
Fergus Falls — Diamond Furn.
Mankato — Harres-Smesrud Furn.
Minneapolis — Borg & Powers
Minneapolis — Boutell's
Minneapolis — Dayton Co.
Minneapolis — L. S. Donaldson Co.
Minneapolis — Swenson Furn.
Montevideo — Unger Furn.
Rochester — Leath and Company
St. Cloud — A. J. Daniel Furn.
St. Paul — Borg & Powers
St. Paul — Emporium Furn.
St. Paul — Minnesota Furn.
St. Peter — Klein Furn.
Sauk Centre — Unger Furn.
Willmar — Norby & Hedman Furn.

MISSISSIPPI
Columbus — Jonston Furn. Co.
Hattiesburg — The Furniture Market
Jackson — Rhodes Furn. Co.
Jackson — Rice Furn. Co.
Meridian — F. A. Huelett & Sons
Meridian — Rhodes Furn. Co.
Natchez — Allen Furn. Co.
Tupelo — McClure Furn. Co.

MISSOURI
Joplin — Christman's
Kansas City — Davidson's
Kansas City — Duff & Repp
Kansas City — Emery, Bird, Thayer Dry Goods Co.
Kansas City — Macy's
Kansas City — Peck's
St. Joseph — Kirwin Furn. Co.
St. Joseph — Ray's Furn.
St. Joseph — Wyeth Co.
St. Louis — Famous-Barr
St. Louis — Lammert's
St. Louis — Stix, Baer & Fuller

MONTANA
Billings — Holliday Furn. Co.
Billings — Rowe Furn. Co.
Kalispell — F. A. Buttrey Co.

NEBRASKA
Alliance — Alliance Furn. Co.
Chadron — Midwest Furn. Co.
Falls City — Chaney's Furn. Co.
Fremont — Kavich's Furn. Co.
Grand Island — Payne-Larson
Kearney — Payne-Larson
Lincoln — Gold's
Lincoln — Hardy's
Norfolk — Ballentyne's Furn.
Norfolk — Midwest Furn. Co.
North Platte — Dempster Furn. Co.
Ogallala — Nye Furn. Co.
Omaha — Davidson
Omaha — Nebraska Furn. Mart
Omaha — Peter Pan Furn. Co.
S. Sioux City — Everett's Furn. Store
Valentine — Clements Furn. Co.

NEVADA
Elko — Stinson-Berger Furn. Co.
Las Vegas — Hollywood Furn. Co.
Reno — Home Furn. Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester — E. M. Chase Co.
Nashua — C. H. Avery Co., Inc.

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park — Steinback Dept. Store
Asbury Park — Town & Country
Atlantic City — Grossman Kensington Carpet Co.
Atlantic City — Ventnor Furn. Co.
Bloomfield — Heyman Bros. Furn. Co.
Camden — The Naden Store
East Orange — Robert H. Wuensch Co.
Elizabeth — Levy Bros. Dept. Store
Garfield — Andrew Coremin
Hanover — Edwin A. Kirch
Jersey City — Goodman Furn. Co.
Keyport — West Furn. Co.
Mintola — Maurelli's
Morristown — Morchower Furn. Co.
Newark — L. Bamberger & Co.
Newark — Hoffman Furn.
Newark — S. J. Parker Furn. Co.
Newark — Supreme Furn. & Bedding Co.
New Brunswick — Madewell Furn. Co.
N. Hackensack — Hoffman & Boyle
No. Plainfield — Highway Furn. Shop
Orange — David Palons
Passaic — Stark & Son
Paterson — Alfano Bros.
Paterson — Keystone Furn. Co.
Paterson — The Quackenbush Co.
Pine Brook — Casale Furn.
Plainfield — Thomas Furn. Co.
Rahway — Koos Bros.
Ridgewood — Ridgewood Rug & Furn.
Riverside — Jacob Naden
Salem — Klines Furn.
Trenton — Gibson Furn.
Vineland — Blom Bros.
Vineland — Brody's
Wildwood — King Sales
Woodbridge — Rockford Furn.

NEW MEXICO
White's Auto Stores Inc.
Bryson Tanner Furn. Co. Stores
Albuquerque — American Furn. Co.
Albuquerque — Fedway Store
Albuquerque — Franciscan Furn.
Hobbs — Barrow Furn. Co.

NEW YORK
Albany — W. M. Whitney & Co.
Astoria — Dean's
Batavia — Wortzman Furn. Co.
Bellerose — Bellerose Furn.
Binghamton — The Fair Store
Binghamton — Olum's of Binghamton, Inc.
Bronx — Frank Art Shops
Bronx — Mallary's
Brooklyn — Abraham and Straus
Brooklyn — George Jochnowitz
Brooklyn — Namm-Loeser's
Brooklyn — Pawgan Bros.
Brooklyn — Wernick's Furn.
Buffalo — J. N. Adam & Co.
Buffalo — J. H. Lampka Furn. Co.
Buffalo — Mendelson's Assoc.
Buffalo — Nemmer Furn. Co.
Elmira — Edgecomb's Furn. Co., Inc.
Elmira — Robbins Furn. Co. of Elmira
Flushing — B. Gertz, Inc.
Flushing — Simon's Furn.
Geneva — Franklin Furn. Co.
Glendale — Wagner's Upholstery
Hempstead — Abraham and Straus
Hempstead — George's Fine Furn.
Hempstead — John A. Schwarz
Hudson Falls — Stevens Furn. Co.
Ithaca — Shulman's Inc.
Jamaica — B. Gertz, Inc.
Latham — Sharlet's Finer Furn.
Livingston Manor — Jacob's Home & Appliance
Mount Morris — Mount Morris Furn. Co.
New York — Bloomingdale's
New York — Lewis and Conger
New York — Ludwig-Baumann-Spears
New York — Stern Bros.
Niagara Falls — Levy Bros.
Oneida — The Markson Oneida Corp.
Ozone Park — Morris Kawaler, Inc.
Poughkeepsie — The Wallace Co.
Rochester — Ruby Gordon, Inc.
Rochester — Harry T. Mangurian, Inc.
Rome — Markson Rome Corp.
Seneca Falls — Franklin Furn. Co.
Syracuse — Dey Bros.
Syracuse — Franklin Furn. Co.
Syracuse — Lipsy Bros.
Syracuse — Olum's Syracuse Corp.
Syracuse — Wilson Leading Jewelers, Inc.
Troy — Gumble Furn. Co., Inc.
Utica — Leed's Distinctive Furn.
Watertown — Kamargo Furn. Co., Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA
Kimbrell's
Bridges Furn. Stores
Charlotte — Home Furn. Co.
Fayetteville — Highland Furn. Co.
Greensboro — Purvis-Webster Wayside Furn.
Greensboro — Rhodes Furn. Co.
Hendersonville — Gunderson Furn. Inc.
Wilmington — Hanover House Furn. Co.
Wilmington — Rhodes Furn. Co.

NORTH DAKOTA
C & G Stores
Grand Forks — O'Keefe Bohlman Furn.
Jamestown — Goldberg Furn.

OHIO
Akron — The M. O'Neil Co.
Akron — The A. Polsky Co.
Cincinnati — A & N Furn. Co.
Cincinnati — Rollman & Sons
Cincinnati — John Shillito Co.
Cincinnati — Smith Furn. Co.
Cleveland — Higbee Co.
Cleveland — May Co.
Cleveland — Wm. Tayler & Sons
Cleveland — Sterling Linder Davis Co.
Cleveland — Watkins Furn. Co.
Cleveland — Woldmans Inc.
Columbus — Lazarus Dept. Store
Dover — Deuvall Furn. Co.
Fremont — Bond Furn. Co.
Lancaster — Colonial Heights Furn. Co.
Marion — The Lennon Furn. Co.
Monroeville — Howard Leis Furn. Co.
Piqua — Piqua Furn. Mart
Sandusky — Herman Furn. Co.
Toledo — Imperial Wayside Furn. Co.
Toledo — Kennedy Furn. Co.
Toledo — LaSalle & Koch Co.
Youngstown — Reichart Furn. Co.
Youngstown — Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

OKLAHOMA
Clinton — Chalfant Furn. Co.
Duncan — Everett's Home Furnishings
Enid — C. E. Loomis Furn. Co.
Lawton — Lawton-Ft. Sill Furn. & Appl. Co.
Lawton — Popular Furn. Co. Inc.
Midwest City — Midwest Furn.
Oklahoma City — John A. Brown Co.
Oklahoma City — Harbour-Longmire
Ponca — Glenn Paris & Sons
Sapulpa — Rule-Reel Furn. Co.
Tulsa — Brown-Dunkin Co.
Tulsa — Mayo Furn. Co.

OREGON
Albany — Fragers
Astoria — Greenbergs
Bend — A. C. Stipe Furn. Co.
Brookings — Hendricks Furn. Co.
Coos Bay — Art Decorating
The Dalles — Hampton Furn. Co.
Eugene — Rubenstien's
Lebanon — Lebanon Furn. Co.
Medford — Weeks & Orr
Oregon City — Busch Furn.
Portland — Cohn Bros.
Portland — Director's
Portland — Holman Furn. & Appl.
Portland — Jennings Furn.
Portland — Sharff & Son
Portland — West Furn. Co.
Roseburg — Carstens Furn. Co.
Salem — H. L. Stiff Furn. Co.
Seaside — Bjorklunds
Springfield — Wrights
Tillamook — Fisher Bros.

PENNSYLVANIA
Wolf Furn. Co. Stores
Allentown — Harold Furn.
Bethlehem — Lipkin Furn.
Bristol — Spencer's Furn.
Butler — Ketterer Furn.
Butler — A. E. Troutman
Chester — M. J. Freed Furn. Co.
Chester — Morton's
Coatesville — Chertok's Furn.
Corry — Meerdink Furn. Co.
Easton — Wm. Laubach & Sons
Easton — Lipkin Furn.
Erie — Reliable Furn. Co.
Franklin — Wayside Furn.
Harrisburg — Pomeroy's
Hatboro — Gamburg Furn.
Hazleton — Valleri's Furn. Store
Indiana — Jones Furn. Co.
Jacobus — Bruce V. Smith
Jeanette — Frank Levin Furn.
Johnstown — Penn Furn. Co.
Kane — Benz Furn. Co.
Lancaster — Harold Furn.
Lansdale — Town & Country
Lebanon — The Bon Ton
McKees Rocks — Ross Independent Oil
McKees Rocks — Superior Furn.
Monessen — Check's Furn.
Monroeville — Faller Furn.
New Castle — J. R. Frew Co.
Norristown — B. E. Block & Bro.
Oxford — Eagle Dept. Store
Philadelphia — Di Pasqua Furn. Co.
Philadelphia — Gimbel's
Philadelphia — S. Kruger & Co.
Philadelphia — Lit Bros.
Philadelphia — McGinnty & Murta
Philadelphia — Nelson's Furn. Inc.
Philadelphia — J. A. Severino
Philadelphia — Snellenburg's
Philadelphia — Stern & Co.
Philadelphia — Strand Furn.
Philadelphia — Strawbridge & Clothier
Philadelphia — John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh — Carson Store
Pittsburgh — Gimbel's
Pittsburgh — Joseph Horne Co.
Pittsburgh — Miller Furn.
Pittsburgh — Olbum's Furn. Co.
Pittsburgh — Rosenbaum
Pittsburgh — Spear & Co.
Pittsburgh — Union Sy. Co.
Pottsville — Pomeroy's
Punxsutawney — Jones Furn. Co.
Reading — Harold Furn. Co., Inc.
Reading — Pomeroy's
Rochester — Gorrin & Harris
Schuylkill Haven — Cleland's Home Furnishings
Scranton — Scranton Talk, Inc.
Uniontown — Cohen Furn. Co.
Upper Darby — Appliance Center Washington — Home Furnishing Div.
West Chester — Wm. J. Kauffman
Wilkinsburg — Faller Furn. Co.
Wilkes-Barre — Pomeroy's

RHODE ISLAND
East Greenwich — Ross Aker Furn. Co.
Pawtucket — Garreau Furn. Co.
Pawtucket — Shaffer's Furn. Co.
Pawtucket — Westminster Furn. Co.
Providence — Joseph Marcus Co., Inc.
Providence — The Outlet Co.
Woonsocket — Jolicoeur Furn. Co.
Woonsocket — McCarthy Dry Goods Co., Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Kimbrell's
Belton — Maynard Furn. Co.
Orangeburg — King Furn. Co.
Spartanburg — Rhodes Furn. Co.
Charleston — Rhodes Furn. Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Deadwood — Schwarzwald Furn.
Mitchell — Farmers Market Inc.
Sioux Falls — Farmers Market Inc.

TENNESSEE
Memphis — Donald Furn. Co.
Memphis — Lowenstein's
Memphis — Normal Furn. Co., Inc.
Memphis — Rhodes-Jennings Furn. Co.

TEXAS
Fedway Dept. Stores
White's Auto Stores, Inc.
Edelstein's Better Furn. Stores
Abilene — A. B. Barrow Furn. Co.
Alice — Brunston Furn. Co.
Angleton — Hudeck Bros. Furn. Co.
Amarillo — J. W. Hill Furn. Co.
Amarillo — V. L. Taylor Co.
Austin — Bridges Furn. Co.
Austin — Louis Shanks Furn. Co.
Baytown — Culpepper Furn. Co.
Beaumont — Dallas-Williams Furn. Co.
Beaumont — Finger's Furn. Co.
Beaumont — Mansell-Douglass Furn.
Brownfield — Griggs Goble Furn. Co.
Borger — Frank Jennings Furn. Co.
Brenham — Hermann Furn. Co.
Bryan — Kratt Furn. Co.
Cleburne — Cumbies Furn. Co.
Corpus Christi — Allen Furn. Co.
Dallas — Bearden Furn. Co.
Dallas — Mary Bonner Furn. Co.
Dallas — Dougherty Furn. Co.
Dallas — Duffey's Furn. Co.
Dallas — Higgenbottom Pearlstone Co.
Dallas — Highland Furn. Co.
Dallas — Massey Furn. Co.
Dallas — Rick Furn.
Dallas — Sanger Bros.
Dallas — J. D. Smith Furn. Co.
Dallas — Stanford Furn.
Dallas — Wm. Tanner & Co.
Dallas — Titche-Goettinger Co.
Del Rio — Del Rio Furn. Co.
Donna — Donna Furn. Co.
El Paso — American Furn. Co.
El Paso — Imperial Furn. Co.
Floydada — Boren Furn. Co.
Forney — Mitchell Furn. Co.
Fort Worth — The Fair
Fort Worth — Fakes & Co.
Fort Worth — Greines Furn. Co.
Fort Worth — Kemble Bros. Furn. Co.
Fort Worth — Leonard's
Gainesville — Tanner Furn. Co.
Galveston — Plantowsky
Greenville — Collins Bros.
Harlingen — Home Furn. Co.
Houston — Covington Furn. Co.
Houston — Finger's
Houston — Foley Bros.
Houston — Gulf Coast Furn. Co.
Houston — Haverty Furn. Co.
Houston — Joske's of Houston
Houston — Stowers Furn. Co.
Houston — Sunland Furn. Co.
Houston — Waddell's
Kermit — Ideal Furn. Co.
Kingsville — Coleman's
Lamarque — Sterchi's Furn. Co.
Levelland — Stacy-Mason, Inc.
Littlefield — E. C. Rodgers Furn. Co.
Longview — McWilliams Hdw. & Furn. Co.
Lubbock — Seller's Jondal Jenkins
Lubbock — Spears Furn. Co.
Lubbock — Watson Furn. Co.
Lufkin — Hemenway-Johnson Furn. Co.
Marshall — McKay Furn. Co.
Marshall — McWilliams Furn. Co.
Marshall — Smith Furn. Co.
McAllen — Whalen Furn. Co.
McAllen — Stroud's Home Furnishings
Midland — Midland Hardware Co.
Mexia — J. I. Riddle & Co.
Odessa — Barrow-Phillips Furn. Co.
Orange — Dallas-Beadle Furn. Co.
Palestine — Denby Furn. Co.
Pecos — Home Furn. Co.
Plainview — Griggs Furn. Co.
San Antonio — Empire Furn. Co.
San Antonio — Joske's of Texas
San Antonio — Kelfer Furn. Co.
Seguin — Starcke Furn. Co.
Sweetwater — Modern Furn. Co.
Sulphur Springs — Tapp Furn. Co.
Tyler — Broadway Furn. Co.
Waco — Clifton-Simpson, Inc.
Waco — Stratton-Stricker Co.
Wichita Falls — Tanner's, Inc.

UTAH
Logan — Crystal Furn. Co.
Ogden — Boyle Furn.
Salt Lake City — South East Furn.
Vernal — Vernal Furn. Exchange

VERMONT
Barre — Hooker's Wayside Furn. Store
Rutland — Union Furn. Co.

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen — Goldberg's
Bellingham — Jorgenson Furn. Co.
Dishman — Spokane Furn. Co.
Enumclaw — Gunderson Home Furn.
Everett — Goldberg's
Goldendale — Mayson Furn. Co.
Kelso — United Furn. Co.
Kelso — Wasser Furn. Co.
Longview — Quigley's, Inc.
Olympia — Goldberg's
Prosser — Prosser Trading Post
Seattle — Bon Marche
Seattle — Butler Bros. (North Gate)
Seattle — Greenbaum's United Furn.
Seattle — MacDougall-Southwick
Spokane — Bell Furn. Co.
Spokane — Bon Marche
Spokane — Cohn Bros.
Spokane — Crescent Dept. Store
Spokane — Sylvan Furn. Co.
Tacoma — The Peoples Store
Vancouver — Riback's
Vancouver — Vancouver Furn. Co.
Walla Walla — Davis-Kaser's

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston — Woodrum's
Clarksburg — Palace Furn. Co.
Fairmont — Hartley's
Huntington — Star Furn.
Wheeling — Reichart Furn.
Wheeling — Stone & Thomas

WISCONSIN
Antigo — Soman & Bradley
Appleton — Gabriel Furn. Co.
Appleton — Leath & Co.
Beaver Dam — Matlin Furn.
Beloit — Leath & Co.
Beloit — Standard Furn.
Cuba City — Donohoo Furn.
Eau Claire — Leath & Co.
Elm Grove — Blue Mound Furn.
Fond du Lac — Kremer Bros.
Fond du Lac — Leath & Co.
Fond du Lac — Rickmeyer Furn.
Green Bay — Leath & Co.
Green Bay — Miller Furn.
Green Bay — H. C. Prange Co.
Janesville — Adams Furn. Co.
Janesville — Leath & Co.
La Crosse — Leath & Co.
Madison — Kraft Furn. Co.
Madison — Leath & Co.
Manitowoc — Brewer Furn. & Carpet Co.
Manitowoc — Shimek & Schwartz
Manitowoc — Westphal's
Marinette — Lauerman Bros.
Marinette — Olson Furn.
Marshfield — Leath & Co.
Milwaukee — Art Furn.
Milwaukee — Atlas Household Furn.
Milwaukee — Boston Store
Milwaukee — Gimbel's
Milwaukee — Hack's
Milwaukee — Kunzelmann-Esser
Milwaukee — Meyer Stores
Milwaukee — Schuster's
Oshkosh — Leath & Co.
Racine — Bloch's Furn.
Racine — Grant's Furn.
Racine — Porter's Furn.
Sheboygan — H. C. Prange Co.
Two Rivers — Messerman Furn.
Waukesha — Randle Inc.
Wausau — Leath & Co.
West Allis — Green Furn.

WYOMING
Casper — Stewart Furn. Co.
Cheyenne — Bradley Furn. Co.
Gillette — Ryan's Furn. Co.

ALASKA
Anchorage — Northern Commercial
Fairbanks — Nerland's



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FIGURES MADE TO ORDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Reducing Diet for Endomorphs-Mesomorphs

Between 1000 and 1100 Calories a Day

By eating salads first, you will take the edge off your appetite, and decrease your desire for the more fattening foods.

MONDAY

Breakfast	Calories
Orange or grapefruit juice (4 oz.) *or* medium serving of fresh fruit such as melon, peach, pear, berries, apricots, banana (½), grapefruit (½) (approximately)	50
Whole-grain cereal (⅔ cup) with skim milk (½ cup) and honey (1 tsp.)	165
Whole-wheat toast, 1 slice with ½ pat butter	100
Coffee or tea, plain	—
	315
Lunch	
Chicken consommé	—
Shrimp salad (¾ cup shrimp, Journal Diet Dressing*)	150
Rye Melba toast (2 slices)	40
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
	275
Dinner	
Tossed salad (lettuce, tomato, carrot, onion, Journal Diet Dressing*)	50
Roast veal (2 medium slices)	170
Asparagus stalks, lemon juice	15
Cauliflower	15
Fresh pear and dessert cheese (½ oz.)	100
Coffee or tea, plain	—
	350
Any time during day	
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
Total Calories for Day—1025	

TUESDAY

Breakfast	
Fruit or juice (approximately)	50
Poached or boiled egg	75
Crisp bacon (2 slices)	100
Whole-wheat toast (½ pat butter)	100
Coffee or tea, plain	—
	325
Lunch	
Chopped-steak patty on ½ toasted roll	225
Apple	50
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
	360
Dinner	
Pear-and-cottage-cheese salad (½ pear, 1 tbsp. cheese)	40
Broiled chicken	170
Broccoli, lemon juice	15
Diced carrots	25
Prune whip	80
Coffee or tea, plain	—
	330
Any time during day	
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
Total Calories for Day—1100	

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast	
Same as Monday	315
Lunch	
Tomato consommé	—
Fresh fruit salad (orange, grapefruit, banana, apple, Journal Diet Dressing*)	150
Melba toast (2)	40
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
	275
Dinner	
Broiled lamb chop	135
French string beans	15
Baked potato with ½ pat butter	125
Dessert cheese (1 oz.) and saltines (3)	145
Coffee or tea, plain	—
	420
Any time during day	
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
Total Calories for Day—1035	

THURSDAY

Breakfast	
Same as Tuesday	325
Lunch	
Beef bouillon	—
Tomato stuffed with cottage cheese and chives (½ cup cheese)	190
Carrot sticks	10
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
	285
Dinner	
Cucumber salad (Journal Diet Dressing*)	30
Broiled chopped-steak patty, parsley	150
Peas with mushrooms	75
Broiled tomato halves	30
Fruit-flavored gelatin	100
Coffee or tea, plain	—
	385
Any time during day	
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
Total Calories for Day—1080	

FRIDAY

Breakfast	
Same as Monday	315
Lunch	
Tomato consommé	—
Mushroom omelet (2 eggs, chopped mushrooms, 1 tsp. butter)	175
Melba toast (2)	40
Coffee or tea, plain	—
	215
Dinner	
Shredded-carrot salad (Journal Diet Dressing*)	6
Broiled swordfish	170
Brussels sprouts	2
Baked potato (½ pat butter)	125
Chilled grapes	50
Coffee or tea, plain	—
	430
Any time during day	
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
Total Calories for Day—1050	

SATURDAY

Breakfast	
Same as Tuesday	325
Lunch	
Large bowl of vegetable soup	170
Whole-wheat toast (½ pat butter)	100
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
	355
Dinner	
Green salad (lettuce, water cress, green pepper, endive, Journal Diet Dressing*)	5
Broiled calves' liver	170
Spinach, lemon juice	10
Boiled onions	50
Honeydew melon	20
Coffee or tea, plain	—
	310
Any time during day	
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
Total Calories for Day—1075	

SUNDAY

Breakfast	
Same as Monday	315
Dinner	
Jellied consommé	—
Roast beef (2 slices)	250
String beans	30
Julienne beets	20
Fresh fruit cup	100
Coffee or tea, plain	—
	300



hrifty one-dish treat
SO good to eat!

MOCK POT ROAST—Brown 4 lamb or veal shoulder chops, salt, pper, 1 clove garlic. Remove garlic and d 2 cups Herb-Ox Bouillon. Cover and mmer 40 minutes. Add 4 onions, 8 car- s split lengthwise, 4 small potatoes, ved. Cover and simmer 30 more min- s, until tender. Serves 4.

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Packers of 10 Rare Teas

Supper	Calories
Grilled cheese sandwich on rye toast	250
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
Any time during day	
Skim milk or buttermilk (8 oz.)	85
Total Calories for Day—1100	

*JOURNAL DIET DRESSINGS

Cottage-Cheese Diet Dressing for Vegetable Salads

To ½ cup creamed cottage cheese add 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon minced chives or scallion tops, dash of pepper and dash of paprika and, if you like the flavor of garlic, ¼ teaspoon garlic salt. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 3 to 4 tablespoons buttermilk or skim milk, depending upon the consistency you like. By using a little less milk it makes a good dip for raw vegetables such as carrot sticks and celery stalks.

Cottage-Cheese Diet Dressing for Fruit Salads

To ½ cup creamed cottage cheese add ¼ teaspoon grated orange rind and thin with 3 to 4 tablespoons of fruit juice. Chopped mint is a nice addition with fruits such as orange and pineapple.

Building-Up Diet For Ectomorphs

Approximately 2000 Calories a Day

MONDAY

Breakfast	Calories
Orange or grapefruit juice (4 oz.) *or* medium serving of fresh fruit such as melon, peach, pear, berries, apricots, banana (½), grapefruit (½) (approximately)	50
Scrambled eggs (2), 1 tsp. butter	175
Crisp bacon (2 slices)	100
Whole-wheat toast, 1 pat butter	125
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	475
Midmorning	
Whole milk (8 oz.)*	170
Lunch	
Tomato soup, clear	80
Shrimp salad (¾ cup shrimp), Russian dressing	220
Corn muffin, 1 pat butter	150
Banana	100
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	575
Afternoon	
Whole milk (8 oz.)	170
Figs, 2 dried	100
	270
Dinner	
Roast veal (2 medium slices)	170
Asparagus stalks	15
Corn	100
Tossed salad (lettuce, tomato, carrots, onion, olive oil and vinegar dressing)	50
Dessert cheese (1 oz.) and Saltines (3)	145
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	505

Total Calories for Day—1995

TUESDAY

Breakfast	
Fruit or juice (approximately)	50
Whole-grain cereal, hot or cold, with honey (1 tsp.) and light cream (¼ cup)	235
Whole-wheat toast (1 slice, 1 pat butter)	125
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	435
Midmorning	
Whole milk (8 oz.)*	170
Lunch	
Cheeseburger on whole-wheat toast, 1 pat butter	375
Coleslaw, sour-cream dressing	85
Fresh fruit cup	75
Whole milk (8 oz.)	170
	705
Afternoon	
Pick-me-up snack (such as dried fruit—apricots, prunes, figs) (approximately)	100



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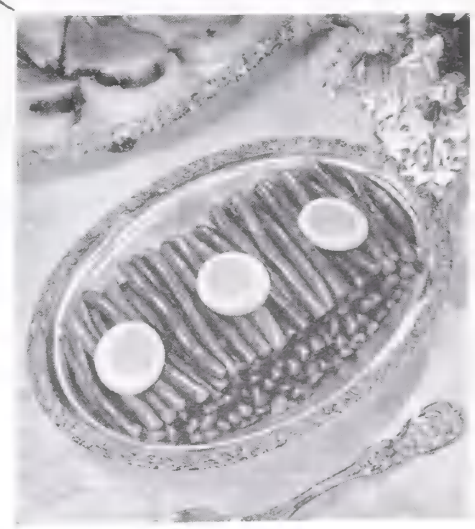
when you eat OUT
when you eat IN



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Blue Lakes are the variety of green beans grown on the Pacific coast that aroused the whole nation to a new look and taste in canned green beans.

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Here at last is an elastic stocking without that "wooden leg" look. So sheer and smooth-fitting it keeps your varicose veins a secret—even without overhose!

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Dinner	Calories
Broiled chicken	170
Broccoli with hollandaise sauce (2 tbsp.)	115
Steamed fresh carrots	25
Pear-and-cottage-cheese salad	80
Prune whip	80
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	495

Total Calories for Day—1905

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast	
Same as Monday	475
Midmorning	
Whole milk (8 oz.)*	170
Lunch	
Vegetable soup (1 cup)	85
Cottage cheese (½ cup) with fresh fruit salad	310
Rye toast, 1 pat butter	120
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	540
Afternoon	
Eggnog (8 oz. milk, 1 egg, ½ tsp. vanilla, a dash of cinnamon or nutmeg)	245
Dinner	
Broiled lamb chop	135
French string beans	15
Mashed potatoes, 1 pat butter	125
Sliced tomato salad with French dressing (1 tbsp.)	90
Fruit gelatin	100
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	490

Total Calories for Day—1920

THURSDAY

Breakfast	
Same as Tuesday	435
Midmorning	
Whole milk (8 oz.)*	170
Lunch	
Tomato consommé	—
Cheese soufflé	175
Rye toast, 1 pat butter	120
Fruit gelatin	100
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	420
Afternoon	
Whole milk (8 oz.)	170
Oatmeal cookies (2)	200
	370
Dinner	
Broiled chopped steak	150
Peas with mushrooms	75
Stewed tomatoes	25
Cucumber-and-radish salad with French dressing (1 tbsp.)	85
Vanilla Nutmeg Custard	130
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	490

Total Calories for Day—1885

FRIDAY

Breakfast	
Same as Monday	475
Midmorning	
Whole milk (8 oz.)*	170
Lunch	
Baked macaroni (¾ cup) and cheese	280
Tossed mixed green salad, French dressing (1 tbsp.)	85
Fresh pear	50
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	440
Afternoon	
Orange juice (6 oz.)	75
Dinner	
Broiled swordfish	170
Lima beans	100
Baked potato, 1 pat butter	150
Sliced tomato and lettuce salad, 1 tsp. mayonnaise	55
Honeydew melon (½)	150
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	650

Evening	Calories
Whole milk (8 oz.)	170

Total Calories for Day—1980

SATURDAY

Breakfast	
Same as Tuesday	435
Midmorning	
Whole milk (8 oz.)*	170
Lunch	
Cream of potato soup	200
Club sandwich on whole-wheat toast (chicken, tomato, bacon, lettuce)	350
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	575
Dinner	
Broiled calves' liver	170
Spinach with egg slices	50
Creamed onions	150
Tossed green salad, French dressing	85
Strawberries and cream	175
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	655
Evening	
Whole milk (8 oz.)	170

Total Calories for Day—2005

SUNDAY

Breakfast	
Same as Monday	475
Dinner	
Jellied consommé	—
Roast beef	260
Peas and onions	75
Julienne beets	25
Lettuce-and-tomato salad, Roquefort dressing	75
Fresh fruit cup, large	100
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	25
	560
Afternoon	
Whole milk (8 oz.)*	170

Supper	Calo
Welsh rarebit on toast	
Tossed salad, olive oil and vinegar dressing	
Apple, large	
Coffee or tea, cream or milk, if desired	
Evening	
Whole milk (8 oz.)	

Total Calories for Day—1860

*If you wish, flavor milk with ½ tsp. var dash of cinnamon or nutmeg.

Note: Our doctor has purposely elimin refined sugars from both diets in the lief that refined sugars deplete the bod stored B-complex vitamins which are ne sary to good health. If you feel you have sugar in your tea or coffee, try to yourself to a teaspoon daily. If you feel must have a special sweet or dessert occasion (not listed in diets) try to limit y self to one splurge a week! In time, you be delighted to discover your taste for sw will diminish and that while you may enjoy them occasionally, you won't them.

Essential Foods For Everyone

All things needed for adequate nutritic the body and for physical efficiency are pre in the following foods:

1. Whole-grain cereals.
2. Whole-grain breads (rye, wheat, corn)
3. Vegetables (legumes, root and leafy v tables).
4. Fruits (fresh, dried and water-packed)
5. Dairy products (whole milk, skimmed m buttermilk, soured milk or yogurt, bu cheese, and eggs).
6. Meats, fish, fowl. (Vary diet with: l veal, lamb, beef and calves liver, chil livers, chicken, all kinds of fish.)



By MUNRO LEAF

CLOWNS in the circus are funny and we like to see them

BUT

One creature nobody likes to see and one nobody thinks is funny is a Car Clown. Car Clowns are stupid show-offs who just can't sit still in a car. They seem to think they have to stand up on seats, stick their heads and arms out windows and shout and make faces at people in other cars. This Car Clown had better pull its tongue and its silly head and arms back in before they all get knocked off for good by another car.

How you can clear away beauty-robbing "make-up clog"

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This is a fact and a promise. Your skin will look smoother, finer, lovelier . . . if you cleanse with the Tussy cream *made* for your skin type. It cleanses better than ANY soap.

It clears out clogged make-up and dirt that many creams can't even *reach!*

And please don't rub, and risk *stretching* your skin. This cream is so effective, it needs only gentle smoothing to do its good work.

Follow the arrows for beauty cleansing. Stroke your special Tussy Cleansing Cream on face and neck . . . moving up, up, up with your finger tips. Use short, round-and-round motions on your forehead, nose and chin. These are the places where pores are most apt to become clogged.

It actually cleanses deep-down! Tussy's deep-reach cleansing cream actually gets *down under* "Make-up Clog" and dirt . . . and clears them out! What's more, it softens and satinizes your skin while it cleanses.

The result? Your skin has new beauty, new color—fast.

Remember, there's a Tussy Cleansing Cream for every skin type . . . dry, normal and oily. Each is like a special beauty prescription for your skin. Each helps give your skin what it needs, to make it look its loveliest!

Tussy Pink Cleansing Cream for oily or normal skin. It dissolves and removes excess oil; lessens chance of blemishes and blackheads. Silkens skin as it cleanses. Only $1.25.

Tussy Emulsified Cleansing Cream for dry skin. It's extra rich in lanolin and other skin-softeners. Provides dry skin with beauty oils it *thirsts* for. Use it faithfully for lovelier skin. Only $1.25.

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A footed sherbet glass makes an ideal container for a compact little bouquet of spring or summer blossoms on a small table for two or four.





STUART

The bright faces of a few pansies and white daisies arranged casually in any small dish—even a custard cup—say a cheery "good morning" from the breakfast tray.



A cone-shaped shell, saved as a memento of a holiday, may be coated with paraffin so that it will hold water. Tuck in a few sprays of azalea or other flowering shrub. Place on the bathroom shelf for a beauty touch.

Small Bouquets

ALL OVER THE HOUSE

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

CONSIDER the charm of the small bouquet. You needn't be an expert to arrange a few buttercups from the fields and violets from the woods in a gray stoneware jar that once held marmalade, since half the delight it will give you and those who look upon your creation will be its casual gaiety and surprise.

This month everything seems to be in bloom at once, from the tiny bulb flowers that border the rock garden to the flowering trees and shrubs. There is no better time to try your hand at composing small arrangements.

Your bouquets will be most effective if you keep them simple. If you have picked more flowers than are needed, make several compositions rather than try to use them all in one bouquet. There are no rules, really. Just let yourself go. Do what pleases *you*. Combine with easy grace your colors and textures from what you have at hand.

Look at the contents of your cupboards with a new eye. Cups and saucers, small pitchers, a vinegar cruet, even a jar that once held mustard or marmalade, are all potential containers for blossoms near at hand.





Surprise your guests by bringing in a small bouquet on the coffee or tea tray. This one is composed of a few rosebuds and leaves from a house plant. The container is a cigarette cup.



When the mustard jar is empty save it. It's perfect for a bouquet of miniature spring flowers on the table beside your husband's favorite reading chair to greet him on his home-coming.

A small bouquet on the coffee table will add more charm to the living room and attract more attention by its very daintiness than a larger bouquet placed elsewhere in the room.



Modern refreshment is Light refreshment

AGAIN THIS SEASON'S style news proves that fashion's not half so fickle as they say. She is still stressing the slender waistline, and probably always will.

So no wonder the modern woman has learned to prefer lighter, less filling food and drink—to the advantage of her health as well as looks.

And no wonder Pepsi-Cola is more popular than ever. It's kept in step with modern fashion, modern taste. Today's Pepsi is never heavy, never too sweet, reduced in calories.

It's the modern, the light refreshment. Refresh without filling. Have a Pepsi.

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

PEPSI-COLA

it's a short step from

WHITE LACE to WHITE SHIRTS



...make it an easier step with Rid-Jid KNEE ROOM!

● Want to tickle a bride? Give her years of ironing ease with a handsome new Rid-Jid Knee Room Ironing Table. She'll bubble with joy at its gleaming chrome and yellow beauty . . . so new . . . so right for a bride's home. And when she sees the KNEE ROOM . . . she'll thank you forever! The modern bride's a smart gal . . . she knows that knee room means *comfortable* sit-down ironing with no bumped knees . . . no cramped legs . . . no stretching, twisting, bending. Those S-shaped legs leave room for knees to slide way under the table so the ironing surface fits right over the lap. Rid-Jid also adjusts easily to any height for comfort level ironing . . . sitting or standing.

Watch her glow with pleasure when she irons on Rid-Jid's patented, fully ventilated open-mesh top. The 61% open area lets moisture escape . . . clothes dry *fast.* Give *happy ironing* . . . give a Rid-Jid Knee Room and Air Flow pad and cover set!

APPROVED BY CUPID FOR BRIDES



MEMORIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

I think it was about this time that I went down to Washington for a big dinner party that the Edward McLeans were giving. I stayed at Mrs. J. Borden ("Daisy") Harriman's, and all kinds of people came in for tea—diplomats, Cabinet members, senators, all talking with great solemnity about one thing:

"Did you get a message from Mrs. McLean that we are to wear black ties?"

This was discussed in hushed, grave tones. It wasn't until we got to the McLeans' that we found out the reason for the message—Will Rogers was the guest of honor and he never wore a white tie!

Of course if anybody had worn a white tie, Will Rogers wouldn't have noticed it, and it always struck me as grimly humorous that such a triviality could have caused such excitement in one of the world's great capitals.

Afterward I came to know Evelyn McLean very well and often in Washington I would stay at Friendship with her and her two old great Danes and her ancient, rather decrepit watchman. She kept a fortune in jewels in a suitcase under her bed and she used to drag it out and put it on the bed and show me all the lovely things that had been her mother's. Even when she and little Evelyn went around the corner to the movies in tweed skirts and sweaters, she wore the Hope diamond. She never took it off till just before she went to sleep. Then she'd put it on the night table. I asked her what she'd do if anyone broke in, and she opened a drawer of the table and there was a big revolver in it. She was very casual about it all.

Sometimes I would stay with a dear friend of hers and mine, that lovely, beguiling creature Cissie Patterson, in her beautiful house on Dupont Circle which she once lent to the Coolidges when the White House was being repaired. I had first known Cissie and her brother Joe—two people absolutely dripping with charm—in Chicago and later in New York. Cissie was running the Washington Times Herald, which she had first managed for Hearst and then bought from him.

There are other happy memories of those years. One of them is going to wonderful Sunday luncheons at the Swopes' at Great Neck. One of the first times I went there I heard Maggie, Herbert's wife, say casually to the maid they had had since they were married, "Mae, there'll be thirty-four for dinner."

And there were, and one of them was Ring Lardner, who lived next door. Ring was one of my idols, wonderfully kind and charming. It was always thrilling to see him saunter onto the porch.

JUST as I was writing this page a letter came from Herbert Swope. He had heard that I was writing this book and wrote to give me what he describes as his Word for Today about it:

Tell the truth, irregardless (as Jim Farley says) of what it may be. Truth is always more interesting.

And remember the two best rules of writing that were ever laid down:

The first, by the Red Queen in "Alice" when she was asked how Alice should tell a story: "That's very simple—begin at the beginning, go through to the end, then stop."

The second was by Lord Verulam, whom the peasants know as Francis Bacon: "Look into thine heart, then write."

I HAVE tried my best to live up to all these counsels.

Another of the happy memories is of going to Sunday-night dinners with that magical Laurette Taylor and her husband, Hartley Manners, in their big house on Riverside Drive. She had made a silent picture of "Peg of My Heart" and always after dinner they would show it to us. Some years afterward she said to me, "Ethel, did you ever see my picture, 'Peg of My Heart'?"

I said, "All one winter."

I hadn't meant to be funny, but Laurette loved it and kept repeating it. We were very fond of each other, but she would often say, "Here's Ethel, Hartley's favorite actress."

CULVER SERVICE



"I loved The Twelve Pound Look, but had no idea that it was to serve as a lifesaver for the next twenty-five years."

After "Mrs. Tanqueray" I played for a short season in "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" with Walter Hampden, whom I admire and love, both as a person and an actor.

The first part of Portia is very difficult, like algebra or a complicated fugue. It was a great comfort to come to the courtroom scene, which is at least straightforward, but I didn't like the idea of making the quality-of-mercy speech a speech. In the passage I say to Antonio, "Do you confess the bond?"

He says, "I do."

And I say, "Then must the Jew be merciful."

Shylock says, "On what compulsion must I? tell me that."

And instead of making a speech I merely answered his question very quietly, "The quality of mercy is not strain'd," and then proceeded, still very quietly as the speech went on, becoming more and more legal and developing the point that Portia was going to make.

It had a curious, overwhelming effect on the audience. I never heard such silence, and then a sort of gasp, much as to say, "*Why that was the speech!*"

Usually the audience is waiting for the speech and whispers it with Portia, especially the school children in the balcony at matinees. This time the audience was taken unaware and the speech was almost over before they realized it was beginning. Even the school children were dumb with surprise when they realized it, which was a great comfort to me.

Again there wasn't any play that I wanted to do, and so I went back into vaudeville in "The Twelve Pound Look," this time on a long tour during which I stayed in the same Kansas City hotel in which Sinclair Lewis lived while he was getting material for "Elmer Gantry." On the way to my apartment I would have to pass the open door of his room, which was always crowded with ministers of every denomination whom he was bullying in the hope, I suppose, of extracting something for his book. He would stride around the room pointing a finger at one of them after another and saying, "You know you don't believe in God."

They all seemed transfixed except one Irish Catholic priest who said, "Sit down, my son, and don't blaspheme."

That silenced Red for a moment. Then he said, "Will you have a drink, Father?"

"I will," said the priest.

Sometimes he would ask me in for a few nutes. That was where I met Burris Jenkins, Protestant minister, who had a radio audice of millions every Sunday. We became at friends, and I used to have dinner with n and Mrs. Jenkins. He asked me if I would me to hear him preach, and I said I wasn't pposed to do that but I would go to Mass t and then come.

So he sent his son, who was about seventeen, take me to Mass and then bring me to the vice at his church. It was very interesting, d, to me, utterly unlike church.

My next play was "The Constant Wife," by merset Maugham. We opened it in Cleveland, and on that first night my old sick agony of terror caught up with me at last. The devastating thing about it was that, although my mind was blank, I still knew what was happening. Even with George Cukor, the stage manager, hiding in the fireplace with the manuscript trying to prompt me, I couldn't remember some of my lines. The next day the Cleveland papers intimated that I didn't know them and suggested that a city as large and important as Cleveland deserved better treatment. But the point was that I did know my lines. I was letter perfect in them the following night, and I had been letter perfect at dress rehearsal. This one night was the only time that the old terror ever really overcame me.

When Maugham came backstage after the play, looking rather grim, I said, "I ruined your play tonight, but never mind. It's going to run two years."

And it did and more.

But Maugham was leaving the next day on his way to Japan and never saw it again.

AUBREY SMITH played with me in "The Constant Wife." One night in New York he came to my dressing room and asked me, "How long do you think the play is going to run?"

I said, "Forever, apparently. Why, Aubrey?"

"Because," he said, "I should really go home to see my dad."

I thought he himself was quite an old man. It required a lot of self-control to keep from laughing. He did go and we had to replace him for a while. I nearly died without him.

He was a great cricketer and when he was at Cambridge had played for England. When he was over eighty, he organized a cricket team among the English actors in Hollywood and played on it himself, appearing in striped blazer and flannels. He was a very much loved man.

The three years that I played in "The Constant Wife" were three of the ugliest years of the twenties, but the whole period was a period of ugliness, of ugly fashions, ugly manners, even ugly dances like the Charleston, and ugliest of all to me was the self-pity of the young "intellectuals" who were happy about being so sorry for themselves, so proud of being what they loved to call "the lost generation."

Of course it wasn't the generation that was lost but only a handful of unpleasant people, completely unlike the millions of sane, decent young men and women who had no time to be sorry for themselves because they were too busy at working and playing and living.

It was one of those people who for a while lifted all of us above the muddy sentimentality and defeatism of the age—a young man named Charles Lindbergh. I shall always remember what I saw and heard in Times Square on that afternoon when the news bulletins announced his safe arrival in Paris—the thousands of voices blending into one exultant cry, the shining brightness of self-forgetting triumph that was in every face. Most vividly I remember seeing it in the faces of two taxi drivers getting out of their cabs to throw their arms around each other.

I like to remember, too, one evening at Town Hall when a little colored girl named Florence Mills, wearing a short white dress, came out on the stage alone to sing a concert. She sang so beautifully; it was a great and thrilling experience.

Toward the end of the long, long run of "The Constant Wife" Zoë Akins, who was working for the Shuberts, came to me and told me that they wanted to build a theater and name it after me. They also had a play that I loved, "The Kingdom of God." So I went over to their management, they built the Ethel Barrymore Theatre and I opened it with "The Kingdom of God."

Percy Hammond wrote a nice thing about that theater. He said he was perfectly sure that Miss Barrymore would rather have it called the John Drew Theatre and he was so right!

I had known Percy and Florence Hammond when he was drama critic for the Chicago Tribune. I have always made a point of not knowing dramatic critics—I never really knew or liked Alec Woollcott until after he had stopped being one—but I alway loved Percy Hammond. He was a graceful, exquisite writer; the only American critic, I think, who wrote about the theater beautifully. Henry Mencken is the only other critic whom I would put way up, a mischievous oddity and brilliant, whom it was always a pleasure for me to see in Baltimore.

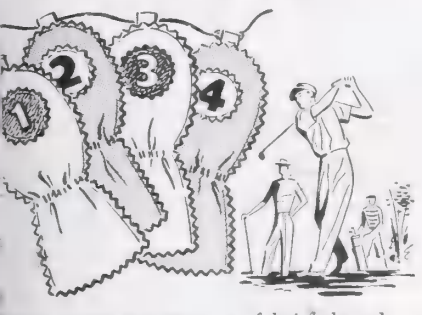
Percy should never have moved from Chicago to New York, where he was never happy. He and Florence had a little house at East Hampton, and once when I was staying with Uncle Jack I went to see them. It wasn't far so I walked. A big, colored woman opened the door and said: "No, they out."

I said, "Well, I'd like to leave a message for them. Will you tell them that Miss Barrymore ——"

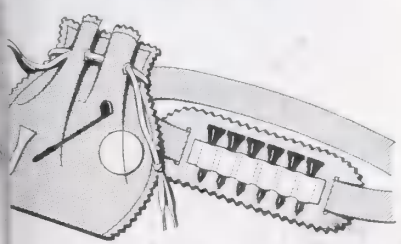
She interrupted with a beautifully dismissing wave of her hand, said, "Oh, I never could remember that," and shut the door in my face. I could hear her laughing all the way back to her kitchen.

In "The Kingdom of God" I was a nun. In the first act I was a novice in a convent that took care of old men. In the second, I was twenty-nine, in a convent where bad girls came to have their babies; and in the last act I was seventy-two, the mother superior of an

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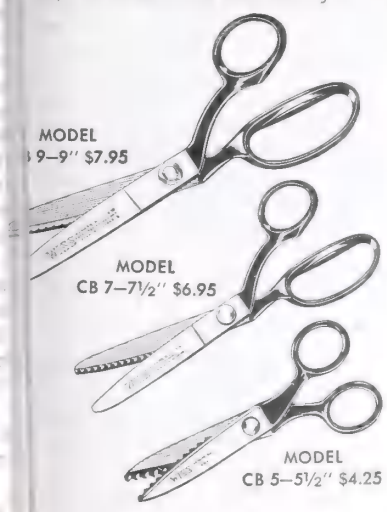
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orphanage. I loved the play and so did everybody else. Then I did a worldly play called "The Love Duel" and alternated them on tour for eighty weeks. That was a wonderful experience because the two plays were so different. Louis Calhern played opposite me in "The Love Duel" and gave a magnificent performance. In "The Kingdom of God" I began to direct my plays. I used my own name, E.M. Blythe, because I wanted a break, and I got it. There was praise for the direction from many sources.

On the first night of "The Kingdom of God" in Chicago, when I went down the alleyway to the Harris Theatre, I saw a lot of men and couldn't imagine what they were doing there. When I asked, I was told that they were detectives in plain clothes who were surrounding the theater because there were going to be two gangs out in front.

There was a stagehand who I always insisted was in with the gangsters. I looked through a hole in the curtain and said to him, "I see your friend Al Brown in front."

"What do you mean?" he said.

I said, "Isn't that he?"

"Yes," he said, "but how did you know his name was Al Brown?"

I said, "I've heard that Al Capone calls himself Al Brown now and then."

As always, I could see everything that went on in the audience, and all through the play I could see Capone sitting there, holding his wife's hand, with the tears pouring down his face.

Other actors were threatened in Chicago to make them contribute to alleged charities, and some of them were beaten when they didn't pay, but I was never threatened. Word had evidently gone out to leave me alone.

When we played in Los Angeles, I stayed with Jack in Beverly Hills. I remember his coming down to see the first night and driving me back afterward. All the way he was very quiet. He didn't say much except the usual things about loving it all. When we got home his household was in bed—he was a bachelo at the moment, thank God! I always hav coffee after a performance, and we went t the kitchen to make it. When he had th coffee-making thing working, he suddenl turned to me and said very abruptly:

"Why don't they cough?"

I said, "Oh, you mustn't let them cough.

"What the hell do you mean?" he sai "They coughed in 'Hamlet.'"

I thought that was so endearing! I sai again, "You mustn't let them cough."

"What do you mean? You can't stop the from coughing."

"Yes, you can."

"How?"

"I don't know. You turn on number eig or number ten or whatever it is, and they ju don't cough."

They never coughed in "The Kingdom God."

I have always been able to do somethi that keeps the audience from coughing. don't know what it is. I don't think the voi has anything to do with it, but maybe it h You don't look at the cougher. You just kn that they must not cough. That's all.

That is one of the reasons why, after a pl you find that the thing you must do to audience has made you very tired. You fought ten rounds and you do it six night week and two matinees. I was always en mously conscious of the audience. If th seem slightly hostile, the job is to win th over and it is an extracurricular job. At end of such a day you just gradually let do the tension. No sleep right away, not for certainly. If there was somebody to talk fine. If not I would read into the night. I m well into the morning.

That time when we played "The Kingd of God" in Los Angeles was one of the times I really saw Jack after the tour "Sunday." I stayed with him for two we He was working all day on a movie, and I to leave for the theater about the time came home. I didn't like to keep him up w ing for me, but I did see him some when he wasn't working at the studio.

Working in films is a lazy man's existe compared with working in the theater wh if you're a star, there is a terrific responsibi You have to be always on top. You can' down for a moment, or everybody else down without knowing that he is doing i

As a matter of fact, it is rare that a perfo ance is missed because of the illness player. Women on the stage have to do a g deal of traveling but can never have a col a headache; you are carried onto the with a temperature, and that night you Missoula. Actresses are supposed to above all the natural ills of the human b and, by George, they do!

THAT's the truth behind that ridicu noble-sounding phrase, "The show mu on." The reason the show must go on is a lot of people will be hungry if it doesn' cause the theater will close and salaries

There is another phrase which I have al thought just as ridiculous—to say, of pl a role: "I *was* that person. I lost myself i part." You'd lose everybody. How woul give some poor wretched actor a cue curtain would have to come down an other actors, who were not lost, would every right to overpowering indignation

With some people acting is an insti thing and they get by with it. Sometim good. But the happy medium is a combi of the instinct and the mind.

Perhaps this is the place to add that when I go to the theater I remember the l lovely old-fashioned footlights and "Oh, God, give 'em back!" The man started modern lighting was Gordon Ellen Terry's son. Some of his ideas magnificent, but those who followed footsteps sometimes got so carried awa their imaginative brilliance that they much more interested in lighting a turr flight of steps than an actor's face, w have always felt was more important– least equal. Of course both things have sionally been accomplished by a genius luckily as much interested in the em



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play of an actor's face as in the beauties of a stone wall or a bit of Venetian brocade.

When "The Kingdom of God" closed, I went to Paris to meet Sister, who had been at school in Verona. We went to London where the boys joined us when their school term was over. The hotels were so crowded that Sister and I had to stay in one and the boys in another. The expense of it was using up all the money we had for the summer until I met Bobby Newton at a party and he said he had a little house that we could have for five pounds a week. It was off King's Road in Bywater Street, a tiny little house that just fitted us. It was perfectly charming.

Once when we were in London, I took Sammy and Jackie to lunch with the Winston Churchills. I remember how wonderful Winston was to them and how thrilled they were. And I remember taking Sister to that year's theatrical garden party—a wonderful opportunity for me to see, all together, many people I hadn't seen for years. All the stars had booths. I remember Gladys Cooper sitting at a small one, selling her own photographs and looking perfectly beautiful, and Tallulah Bankhead, running the treasure hunt and rushing over to take full charge of us. She asked us to wait till she was through at the booth and then come to her house and dine. So after we had seen Gerald du Maurier and all the other people I knew, we drove in Tallulah's beautiful Bentley to her charming flat in Farm Street, Berkeley Square, and dined there. She couldn't have been kinder or nicer to us all. It was truly a wondrous day.

I took the three children to lunch with Gerald and Muriel du Maurier at Hampstead.

There is no cure for birth or death save to enjoy the interval.

—SANTAYANA

The boys played tennis with Gerald's daughters, Daphne and Jean, and Gerald was so funny about their manners. He said, "Are all American children so well mannered?"

I said I hadn't noticed anything different about their manners.

The summer was a heavenly one for all of us. I was relaxed because I had settled on my play for the next season. It was "Scarlet Sister Mary." I had the manuscript with me and would occasionally look it over, studying it, and Sister would read it too.

One night in our stateroom on the Berengaria, coming back to New York, when I thought Sister was asleep, she suddenly said, "Mother, I don't want to come out."

I said, "Why not?"

"I want to go on the stage. I want to play Seraphine in 'Scarlet Sister Mary.'"

"Are you sure?" I said. I wasn't prepared for this at all. I had never thought she wanted to go on the stage, and everything had been arranged for her debut—orchestra, room at the Colony Club, everything.

She said, "Oh, yes, I'm sure. I've thought about it a lot."

She did play the part and she was perfectly lovely in it. My cousin, Georgie Mendum, was in it, too, and we played it all through that season in New York and on tour.

It was lovely having Sister in the company with me. There was a very special kind of happiness in seeing her so charming, so sure in her part. When she first came on the stage, smiling, it always seemed to radiate a glow to every corner of the theater.

Although I had loved "Scarlet Sister Mary," I thought it would be a wonderful contrast next fall to go back to the white-powdered wigs of "The School for Scandal," which also had a long run in New York and on tour.

The Winston Churchills came over to New York that winter and one afternoon, when Winston was walking up Park Avenue from the Waldorf on his way to Bernard Baruch's, he was hit by a taxicab and rather seriously injured. Before he lost consciousness he told the police that it was not the taxi driver's fault but his, that he had been thinking of

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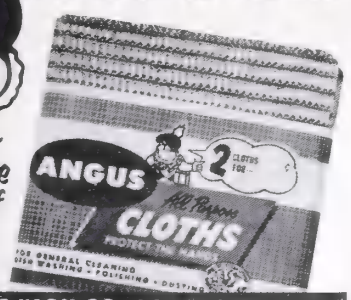
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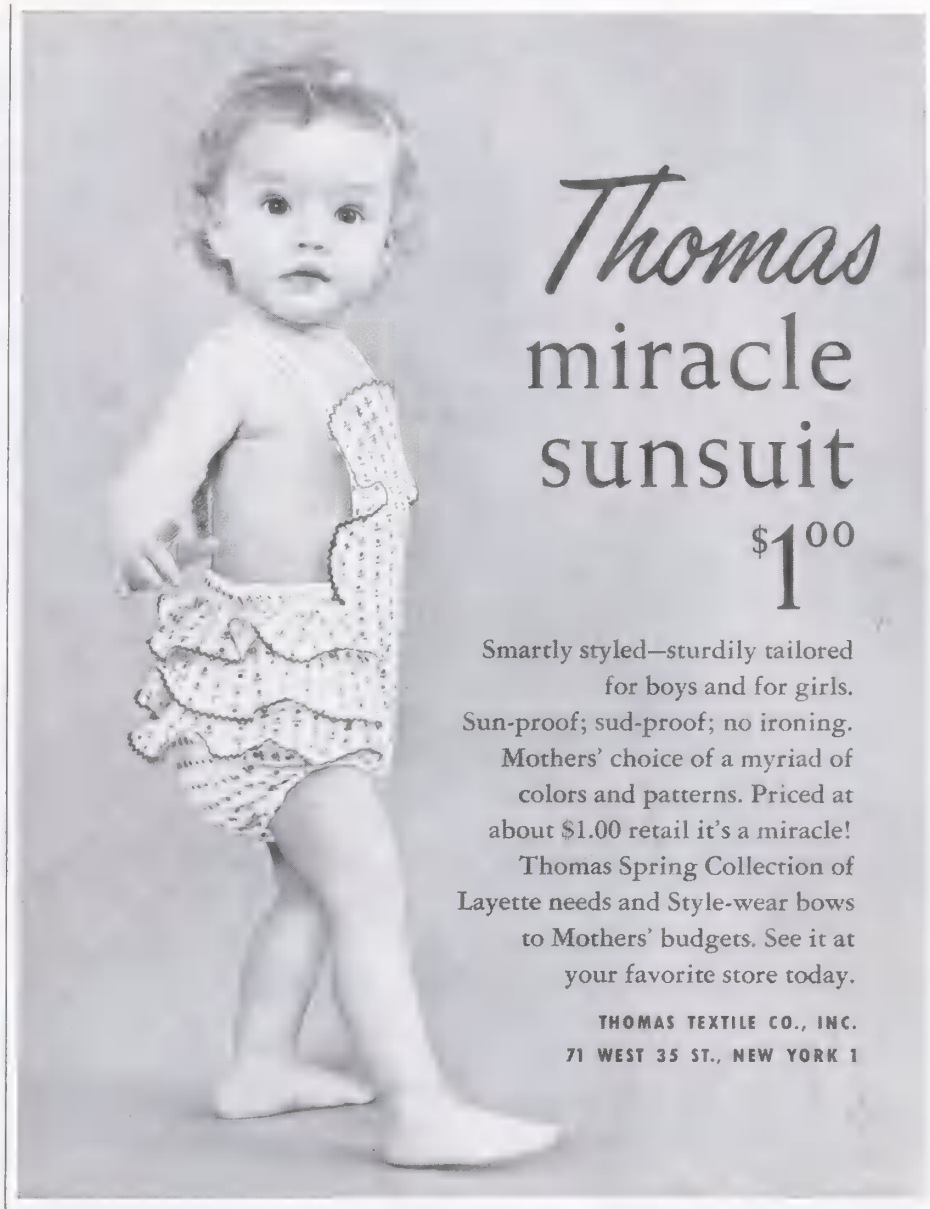
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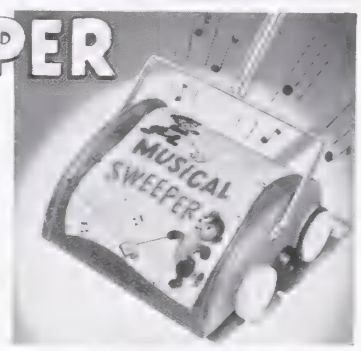
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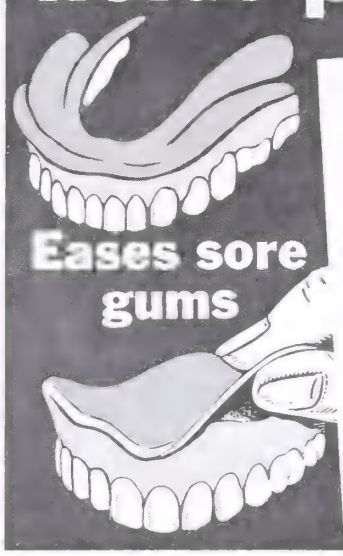
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something else and hadn't realized that he wasn't in England where cars would have been coming from the other side.

In the hospital, as soon as he had recovered from the first shock, he began to write an article entitled "My New York Misadventure" which he sold to a syndicate for $2500! I went to see him as soon as he came back from the hospital to the Waldorf and he said, "You know, Ethel, I have a terrible past."

I think he was thinking about the time he left the Conservative Party and for a few years was a Liberal. He was always chiding himself like that, more or less humorously.

At the end of the regular season I was asked to play "The School for Scandal" in summer stock, bringing only a few members of the company. I said I would accept only on condition that my whole company came with me. On these terms we played through the whole summer season of sixteen weeks.

In the fall there was again no play that I wanted to do and again I went back into vaudeville with "The Twelve Pound Look" until the following spring, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who had decided to make a picture called "Rasputin and the Empress," wanted Lionel and Jack and me to act in it together and I was delighted with the idea.

When I came out they told me to leave the train at Pasadena to avoid the photographers and newsmen, which I did. And of course all the photographers and newsmen were there. And so was Jack, whom I hadn't seen for two or three years.

He put his cheek against mine and embraced me and I am sure all the reporters and photographers thought he was telling me how wonderful it was to see me again, but what he was really muttering into my hair was "For God's sake, get Bill Daniels."

I knew I would learn, later, the meaning of this remark and I waited till the photographers had finished and we were in the car. Then I said:

"Who is Bill Daniels?"

"He's a cameraman," Jack said, "the best one in the world. He takes all those sweetbreads away from under my eyes. Garbo won't make a picture without him."

I said, "But, Jack, I wouldn't even know how to go about getting him."

He said, "You're new out here. You ask for him and you'll get him."

So I did ask Irving Thalberg for him and we did get him.

MAKING "Rasputin" with Lionel and Jack was one of the very few times all three of us were together after our early childhood days, but I hardly saw them except at the studio. When you're making a picture, you don't have time to see people and I was in Hollywood only for that picture.

It was great fun to be with them, of course, and I saw them at the studio as often as I could, which unfortunately wasn't too often, as there wasn't much time for anything except work, especially as the script was written day by day on the set, sometimes on the backs of old envelopes. Often I would learn a scene and then find that I would have to learn an entirely new one after I was on the set.

I had always been terrified of microphones and I was more terrified than ever when Lionel said to me, "The first thing to remember is that the microphone is right here," and he held his hand over his head—not very far over it.

When you speak in the theater, you know they have to hear you in the back row of the gallery. You speak very quietly but you make them hear you. It is a very different technique from that of the movie microphone, as different as violin and piano.

And, incidentally, I have always felt that one of the most important things about acting is listening. Sometimes it is more important than speaking.

Of course there was no truth in the nonsensical publicity stories about quarrels between us that were put out while we were making the picture. We were all actors, w ing at a job; and besides, we didn't know other well enough to quarrel. You mus member that we were always very frigh ingly polite to each other. Scene stealin tween Lionel and Jack was just a joke. did it for fun.

The only thing I quarreled with was parts of the story which I didn't think sh be done. After I left they were done, an company was sued because of them and to pay heavy damages.

THE children had come out with me agent had rented a house for us in Be Hills, an enormous one complete with t courts and swimming pool which I hardly saw, although I would hear the child voices coming from them when I came dead tired from the studio.

The Olympic Games were held in Angeles while we were making "Rasp and I managed to get to the opening day see the March of Nations. It was all ver pressive, but the most impressive thing a it, I regret to say, was the Italians. They all in black. They moved as one person a they passed the Presidential Box and gav Fascist salute, it was as if one arm wen It was a terrific sight, and curiously en not ominous.

That was the only day on which I cou to the games because I had to be a studio, but Russell came out and tool children every day came to dinner every

I remember going t "première" of a pi the first one I had ever This one in the midd the depression was ver ferent from those t had heard and read a when the bystanders plauded the people drove by them in big This time there was n plause. The onlooke the sidewalks were and sullen as people ing furs and jewels rode by them in th cars. It was a very uncomfortable experi

After "Rasputin" I came back to New to do "Encore," soon renamed "An Am Career," by Arthur Hopkins. It was a amusing play about an opera singer wh progressively younger as the play goes o marries and marries and marries. Whe is about to marry for the last time, sh pears in a white organdy dress with a sash. It was a very funny play, but ther nothing funny about the depression in we were doing it, the bad days when wasn't any money except scrip, which good only where it was issued. Finally, we were in Chicago, and the Govern ordered all banks to close, there wasn' money at all, and although the play had doing very well, we had to close it.

That next year was a bad and harro time, the only year after I first went o stage when I was not at work. I did summer stock in "The Constant Wife," otherwise we stayed at Mamaroneck.

Late in the winter, when I went to Lo and played "The Twelve Pound Look the Palladium for a week, an astou thing happened. They didn't like the They hated it! They said it was old-fashio I don't know what they didn't say abou had banked on it for so many years. thought it was practically a classic, and a shock to discover that as far as Englan concerned its day was past.

I came back to Mamaroneck for the su and in the autumn I played in "L'Aiglon" Eva Le Gallienne. Sister had the pa Fanny Ellsler, the dancer, and althoug was over nineteen, she went through the ful process of taking ballet lessons in or make her entrance on the points of her It was beautifully done, but nobody noticed. They just took it for granted th could walk on her toes. That always gave pain around my heart. There were so times in my life when there have been around my heart! In fact when I began to

Anyone who proposes to do good must not expect people to roll stones out of his way, but must accept his lot calmly if they even roll a few more upon it.

—**ALBERT SCHWEITZER:** Out of My Life and Thought (Henry Holt & Co., Inc.)

is book, every now and then I thought of lling it "So Many Tears," but I decided at this would be rather a melancholy title d also I had managed through the years to am up the tears.

I never realized then that she was to become mething new in our family—a wonderful nger. She was the only private pupil Maggie eyte ever took in America, and she has gone to a long and successful career of most autiful singing in concert and opera. Her ice has extraordinary range and she uses it ith magnificent artistry. And she has been ually successful in her private career of arriage and motherhood.

Both of my sons, too, have helped to make e happy. Jackie has been happily married r fourteen years to Marjorie Dow, of Boston, d they live in the Mamaroneck house. And don't know how I could manage without mmy, who adds so much to my comfort, ing out here with me and looking after my fairs.

After "L'Aiglon" I couldn't find a play I anted to do and, except for twenty-six weeks nen I did a radio series, there were some lean nes. I enjoyed working in radio. A manuript is such a lovely thing to lean against. ater I was to find that I liked working in evision too. They are learning to do so any interesting things with it.

There were some good times, too, in those mmers when I went to stay with Eleo Sears Prides' Crossing and with that lovely, owing creature, Katharine Cornell, at artha's Vineyard, and at Sands Point with erbert and Margaret Swope. I still go to see erbert and Margaret if they are at Sands int when I am in the East; our friendship s gone on through all the years and I am erly devoted to them both.

HE plays I most enjoyed doing were déclassée," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," he Constant Wife" and "The Corn is een." Such plays seldom come along. After lean times I played briefly for the Theatre ild in "The Ghost of Yankee Doodle," by ney Howard.

During that engagement I read in a newsper that Lionel, who had been making a vie in England, was in New York on his y to Hollywood. I called him up and asked, itely as always, if I could come to see him. He said, just as politely, "No, I'll come to you."

When he came, he told me about having n "Whiteoaks" in London. He said that it s an amusing play with an amusing part t for me and I ought to get hold of it. That ne evening an English producer named ne Jennings called up and said, "I've got rights of a play called 'Whiteoaks.' Do mind playing a woman of a hundred two?"

said, "I'd be perfectly delighted. That's what I feel."

o I played a woman of 102 all that season New York, for part of the summer in stock all the next season on tour.

uring that tour I often hired a car to take from one city to the next instead of going rain. It was good to see the country and to the clean air. In Montana I remember ing between pines as high on one side as uld see and stretching far below me on the r, and between them the road covered frozen snow and nothing else, just the trees and the road. A tire went and when stopped to change it, I said to the driver, better get out and walk up and down to warm."

did. I looked up and looked down. It was being alone in the world, and then, suddy, I saw a very small sign, so small that I d hardly see it. It said: CONTINENTAL DE. I will never forget those black pines that white snow, the most beautiful sight r saw!

here is another day that remains in my mory, when I was to play a summer-stock gement in Maine. I had been playing in on and had my own car and Britt, my ffeur. We left Boston early Sunday morndriving through Massachusetts, Vermont New Hampshire on the way to Bangor. extraordinary thing was that, without seesignpost, without anyone telling us what state we were in, we knew. The Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the Maine landscape all were unmistakable.

Again the shadows were deepening over the world, and this time they were too visible to be ignored or misunderstood. I had been living under them so long that there was no shock of disbelieving amazement when, early one September morning, without knowing why I did it, I reached out to turn on my radio and heard the tired, tragic voice of Chamberlain announcing that England was again at war.

Again, as it had been for me in the first war, work was a blessed necessity. In "The Farm of Three Echoes," a play about Boer people in South Africa, I played a woman of 97, and I loved doing it. We opened in Princeton and played Washington and Baltimore before coming to New York, and a member of the psychiatric department at Johns Hopkins wrote me that my performance was "the most magnificent portrayal of senility" they had ever seen. I was slightly startled but delighted.

In the spring I played in "An International Incident," by Vincent Sheean. Guthrie McClintic produced and directed it and he was fun to work with, but it was a light play, quite different from the serious one the title and the author's name and the state of the world led people to expect, and it had only a short run.

I found some solace for the downfall of France in the splendor of spirit with which the people of England turned that terrible defea into the triumph of Dunkirk, and in their turning, at last, to the leader whose vision had never been deceived, whose courage never faltered. I think I knew, even when it was hard to hope and impossible to believe, that my dear friend Winston Churchill's promise of blood and sweat and toil and tears was an even surer promise of victory.



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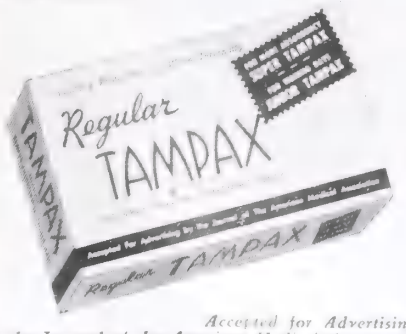
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Herman Shumlin had secured the American rights of "The Corn is Green," and asked me to read it. When he came to the Colony Club to talk to me about it, I said, "You can't be Stanislavskyish about this. It's a simple play about a simple Englishwoman with the gift of teaching, who gets a wonderful chance."

He looked a little startled that anybody should have an opinion about anything, but he controlled his apparent amazement and we came quickly to an agreement.

The play and I were instant and terrific successes, and believe me, it was high time for that success. It came at a crucial moment in my life and made all the difference.

Perhaps out of that success I drew the strength of spirit I needed to bear, for the second time, the sudden nearness of a war that had seemed far away. For me this war came very near, for Sammy enlisted immediately after Pearl Harbor and before long Jackie, too, was in uniform. There is no comfort for a woman whose sons have gone to war, but the next best thing is to have, as I had it through those heavy years, the blessing of hard work.

"The Corn is Green," after fourteen months in New York, ran for two years more on tour, a tour in which, after having played every city in the country, we went straight back and played exactly the same cities over again.

During the tour Mr. Piazza, of RKO, got on the train at Portland, Oregon, and asked me to read the script of a moving picture, "None But the Lonely Heart," on my way to San Francisco. I read it that night and in the morning when Mr. Piazza came to my stateroom and asked me how I liked it, I said I liked it very much but it would be impossible for me to do it, as I had to finish the tour.

He said, "We know all about that. All we want to know now is, do you like the part well enough to play it? If you do we will make the necessary arrangements with Mr. Shumlin."

I said, "That will be very nice," and dismissed the matter from my mind as a fantasy. But while we played San Francisco and Los Angeles, the necessary arrangements *were* made, and they *were* fantastic.

RKO agreed to pay all the company's salaries during the time I was making the picture, to reimburse Mr. Shumlin for all the receipts that would have been taken in, during that time, by the theaters where the play had been booked, and to reimburse the theaters for all cancellations and for the money they would have made!

I liked the picture and I liked Clifford Odets, who directed it, and David Hempstead, who produced it, and Cary Grant, who was my son. And of course it was very pleasant later to get the Oscar. The very last day I worked was when I died in the prison. The make-up man walked over to my dressing room with me when it was over and he said, "I feel very silly. I had the menthol stuff all ready to make you cry and when I saw tears gushing out of your eyes and pouring down your cheeks, I really did feel pretty silly."

I finished the picture at noon and I was on the train to go back to "The Corn is Green" at one o'clock.

ONE of the things that I seem to remember clearly about that long, long tour in "The Corn is Green" is the little boys—infants—in uniform, saying good-by to their mothers and their girls at railroad stations. And the stars in the windows of the little shacks beside the track—there were four gold stars in the window of one house that you couldn't believe had more than one room in it. The first war had been different; then it was bands marching along Fifth Avenue, cheers, and doughnuts.

More clearly I remember an afternoon at the Colonial Theatre in Boston. I was waiting in my dressing room after a matinee—I often used to have food brought to me in the theater between a matinee and the evening performance instead of going out to dinner—when they brought me word from the box office that Lionel was calling me from California.

I knew it must be something very important. As I ran back of the boxes toward the front of the house, I fell and broke a bone in my ankle and I didn't know it until after I had got to the box office, and Lionel had told me that Jack was dead.

When I started back, I couldn't walk. I had the ankle strapped up and managed to get through the play that evening, but I had to spend the next two nights in a hospital.

Although I saw very little of Jack during our lives, I still miss him every day, as I did when I wrote to Alec Woollcott:

> I am feeling—as I am sure you know—laid low. So many memories of my little brother, so long ago, when we were all so young and knew and expected so little, and it didn't matter.

After "The Corn is Green" when I was playing in Franz Werfel's "Embezzled Heaven" I got pneumonia and almost died. Perhaps I ought to have died, when everybody was saying such nice things about me. There was one editorial in The New York Times that was so wonderful I simply had to know who wrote it. So I asked Herbert Swope to find out for me and he said, "I'm glad to know you read it. I was going to send it to you." And he did find out that it was Brooks Atkinson who wrote the editorial. It was Brooks Atkinson, too, who said, about my performance in "The Corn is Green," "Let's stop quibbling and just call it a masterpiece!"

After I was well somebody told me that one night those electric signs that scamper around

PHIL BURCHMAN



Miss Barrymore rehearses script for radio program "Suspense," with Gene Kelly.

the Times building had said, all in one breath:

GENERAL MAC ARTHUR LANDS AT LEYTE ETHEL BARRYMORE'S TEMPERATURE LOWER

When I was well enough to travel, the doctor sent me down to Hot Springs, where it snowed all the time I was there.

To her great happiness—and mine—Sister had become engaged to Romeo Miglietta, a charming Italian, an engineer, who had spent most of his life in England and America. He was able to leave his work for a short time just after I went to Hot Springs and Sister thought it would be wonderful to be married then and spend their honeymoon at Hot Springs while I was there. And so to my happy thankfulness they did.

That pneumonia was the second of the only two important illnesses I have had in my long life in the theater, a life which makes demands on physical strength that kill many, many people very young.

My next play was Philip Barry's "The Joyous Season," in which again I had the part of a nun. I did not bring it to New York. I loved it and did not want it to be buffeted, so I closed it at the end of the run in Chicago.

I had had pneumonia; I was suddenly getting lots of colds; I decided it might be better for me to pursue the sun of Southern California, so out I came and began to make motion pictures. Then I decided to make California my home and keep on making pictures. It wasn't as strenuous as the theater. I had given fifty years to the theater and felt that I had done my bit; and besides, lately, in the theater in New York, I had come to feel a little as if I were Ruth amid the alien corn. And, incidentally, in all the years I have never ceased to miss Mr. Frohman.

When I first came to California to live I ha a tiny little house on Laurel Canyon Drive perched on a hill—just a one-person house There was no room even for a maid. The Sammy joined me and I began looking for larger place.

Zoë Akins said one day, "Have you eve been to Palos Verdes?"

I said, "I never even heard of it."

We drove out there and, all of a sudden, was entirely different from any other place i Southern California where I had been. place of magical beauty. Ahead of us on th road I saw a house with a high brick wall en tirely covered with a blaze of climbing ge raniums—pale mauve, pale pink, coral, whit They seemed to be every color and the ne color you saw was the blue, blue sea. A b man was standing at the gate.

"Do you mind if we stop a minute just admire the flowers?" I asked.

He said, "No. Have you come to look the house?"

It was for rent! We went in and I took

THE house was surrounded by trees, wi one huge willow, and beautiful flowers, a pe fectly lovely place. From my bedroom u stairs there was a big, wide balcony. I used sit out there, looking across the who Pacific Ocean—at China. (Of course, what was really looking at on days when it wasn hazy was Catalina.)

When guests from England and other fo eigners came they couldn't understand wh anyone lived anywhere else. Lionel came lunch one day, took one look at the house a said, "Well, Mrs. Doheny!"

It was not a *palazzo*, but it did have a bea tiful view. Elsie de Wolfe said it was too f out for her to come to lunch, but her husban Sir Charles Mendl, came and told me the pla was beautiful. Finally Elsie heard so mu about it that she decided to see it for herse So she came and I said:

"Charles says this place is like the south France."

Elsie said, "Not at all! Capri."

The house was not too far out for me b everyone else thought it was, and so we fina left it after four years for Pacific Palisades

In California I soon found that you so many nice people with widely differing terests. Aldous Huxley, Thomas Mann, A tur Rubinstein and Horowitz live here becau they find it restful and like the outdoor li Bob Hutchins, a great friend of mine, is he now, too, and Christopher Isherwood a Gerald Heard. Friends from all parts of t world keep arriving, stopping on their w here and there.

It is always pleasant to hear from Wal Hampden when he comes out to do a pictu The last two times he brought Mabs, his wi with him and she's sweet too.

Then there are the old friends: Geor Cukor, who, of all the people who ha achieved great success and wealth in Hol wood, is unchanged; he is just the same pers he was when he was getting $50 a week, just kind, just as amusing and just as good a frie of mine; there is Charlie Brackett, too, wh I had known for years in New York, a Elizabeth, his wife, a great person; Mildr and Edwin Knopf, two fine people; and i always pleasant when Katharine Hepburn here.

New friends too. I was in a west-s market, ordering things for the house, a suddenly saw a man sauntering along, eat an apple.

He said, "Hello, Miss Barrymore."

"Hello, Mr. Crosby," I said.

We sort of grinned at each other and waved the hand holding the apple. " lunch."

That was the way we met and that was end of the conversation. My children and I been mad about Bing Crosby from the day his earliest records and we had them all. a Five and Ten Cent Store" and all the r

When I met his wife, Dixie, for the first t I was enchanted by her. It was only a months before her illness and she gave a s prise birthday party for Bing—and it re was a surprise. He is probably the only son in Hollywood for whom you could ha

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

1955



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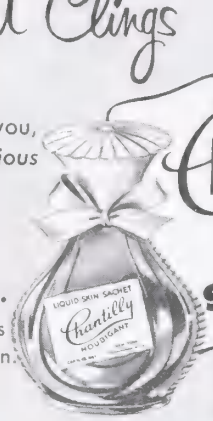
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198

surprise party. He had been at the studio all day, and came home and found 250 people at the house.

Dixie looked so pretty, so young and attractive. At first I thought she was blond and then, when I saw her under the lights of the dance floor, I realized that her hair was silver.

When I played in a picture with Bing it was one of the most charming experiences I have had in the movies. He is so relaxed, so nice, just being around him is heaven.

Hollywood is a fairly make-believe place with distinct sets of people. Whether these sets are influenced by money, or by snobbery, who knows? But there they are. I don't think it's true to say that, because of Hollywood, people with real talent have been lost to the theater. Nobody is lost to the theater unless he wants to be. And if he wants to be lost, let him.

There are as many different kinds of people in Hollywood as there are in other parts of the world. And that is diverting. Even the extremes are diverting.

For example, there was the woman of, shall we say, very small beginnings (there is nothing at all wrong with small beginnings) who went to a luncheon. Afterward, describing the dining-room table, she raised her hands in horror. "My dear, they had commercial silver!"

Once my brother Jack stopped one of the magnates who was screaming at him and shaking a finger in his face. Jack said, "Put that finger down. I remember when it had a thimble on it."

Some of the Hollywood sets keep more or less to their own group, never seeing anyone else, but this is no different from other places. I remember the Philadelphia Main Liners who always used to take a ducal shooting lodge in Scotland in summer, taking with them the very same people they saw every day at home. (One friend of mine who usually went on these shooting parties was living for a time in a hotel in Philadelphia and decided late at night to take a bath. He was enjoying himself, singing lustily in the tub, when a call came from downstairs that the people in the next room were protesting that they couldn't sleep. "Tell them to read," said the Philadelphian.)

Working in motion pictures is very much easier than working in the theater. Since there is no audience, there is not that incessant, demanding awareness that the whole thing hangs on you. You don't need to keep them from coughing.

WHAT I minded about my brothers' coming to Hollywood was that I felt it was such a loss for the public. Jack and Lionel had both been superb in the theater. To think that Jack could be the great Hamlet and then to see him in endless "Something Loves" was distressing. I always longed to see him play "Richard II." I don't think he was ever satisfied. I don't think yachts and swimming pools make up for other things. Perhaps he always had a feeling that Mummum was looking down, disapprovingly. There was a great bond there.

In California one of my pleasant experiences was going with Somerset Maugham to see the movies in the different projection rooms when he came to do some supervising on the writing of the script for "The Razor's Edge." He stayed at George Cukor's house and, while there, as he always does, he started writing every morning at eight o'clock and kept at it for four hours. He has become a warmer person than when I first knew him—I feel it is a real privilege to have become a friend of his.

People kept trying, of course, to get me to go back to the theater. Once when they wanted me to play "The Mad Woman of Chaillo the pressure was so high that I went to Ph nix, Arizona, to escape it. Nobody kn where I was going but I was no sooner in the door when the telephone rang and De Liagre was asking to speak to Miss Ba more. But I didn't yield to either pressure persuasion. I liked Mr. De Liagre enormou and I thought the play had brilliance, b just didn't want to do it and I didn't.

I WENT back to New York for the birth my daughter's baby, and Britt, who had sa the steps of the porch at Mamaroneck w Sister was being born upstairs, drove Si and her baby and me home from the hosp

I have always been happy that I had children at home.

Every now and then I go back to New Y to see Sister and the baby. Once when American National Theatre Academy he I was coming, they asked me to do " Twelve Pound Look" at their annual ber and I said I would.

For years I had been carrying on the s typewriter in the play, a small light one, Eddie McHugh, my stage manager, had it to his home in So Dakota so ANTA prov one for the performa

It weighed 9000 pou when I came on the s carrying it. The whole dience stood up. The plause lasted over five utes and that is a l long time for applaus last. And do you k what happened to that g heavy typewriter du those five minutes? It lighter and lighter, a just tossed it on the t

After the play there many, many curtain c I was always much too to make curtain spee but this night I felt th must at least say th you and I added, " make it very tempting.

Except for those few neys back to see Siste Johnny and my you son, Jackie, I have kep living in California, ma motion pictures and s times appearing on television and radi have always hoped that I could int someone in Hollywood in making the Bo Ruth. Instead of making spectacular Bib pictures, I wanted them to make a spec larly simple Biblical picture which would b Book of Ruth, where the principal exp would be two donkeys and a sickle. T is even a love story there.

For several years at Easter I read the sion Story from St. Matthew on the Fa Hour for Father Peyton. It always brough thousands of letters from Protestants as as Catholics.

And once after I was no longer doin readings, I happened accidentally to tur my radio one Sunday in spring, just in ti hear myself reading that Easter story- only time, I think, that I have ever hea recording of my voice. Oh dear!

I have never seen any of the motion tures in which I have appeared. When p ask me why, I laugh and say, "Oh, let me my dream."

It seems strange that one's memory in years should turn more toward things tha far in the past, that things which happ fifty years ago seem nearer and more rea more important than those which happ yesterday.

Looking back, I discover, rather to astonishment and disappointment, that I never been able to bear malice toward body, although there have been plenty o portunities for it.

For me there are some autumn memor clear and bright as any remembrance of sp One is of the day when New York Univ gave me an honorary degree. There thousands and thousands of graduates s on the grass on the hillside as far as th

CHINESE PROVERBS

If you fear that people will know, don't do it.

Fuel is not sold in the forest, nor fish on the shore of a lake.

One dog barks at something, and a hundred bark at the sound.

Better go home and make a net than dive into a pool after a fish.

He who wants to know himself should offend two or three of his neighbors.

ld see. When I was given my degree, they stood up. In the sunlight, wearing the erent-colored hoods and tassels of their ious arts and sciences, they looked like a d of flowers.

And the other, and the best one of all, is of seventieth birthday.

Under the auspices of the Academy of tion Picture Arts and Sciences, of which is president, my old, dear friend, Charles ckett, arranged and presided over a nation-e broadcast in which my friends, old and , said things about me for all the country ear—and for me to hear.

cannot think of any better way to end the y of my life than to share, with those who e been sharing in my sorrows and my re-ings, as they read this book, the last, deep piness of coming suddenly upon this un-pected image of myself as others see me. f to share this happiness seems like vanity, n sorry; it is not in vanity but in humblest nkfulness that I am offering to share it.

o share the sound of Bing Crosby's voice, ging "Happy Birthday." . . .

o listen with me as President Truman says: am here to pay tribute for myself and for ntless of my fellow countrymen to a great and a great artist. I have seen her in most er roles, and I am eternally indebted to her the pleasure she has given me. To Ethel rymore, first lady of the American stage, ny happy returns of the day." . . .

o hear the dear, remembered voices of a dred other friends, each bringing its own o of that birthday message from all the ers of the earth. . . .

nd Mr. Herbert Hoover saying: "Miss rymore needs no introduction to the erican people, nor is she in need of any ression of appreciation. But her millions riends will grasp this opportunity to join ne occasion of expressing their gratitude admiration for America's greatest artist, our country has been greatly blessed by superlative artistry. We are proud that she n American. We are proud not only of a t artist, but of a great woman whose whole s an expression of the very best in Amer-womanhood." . . .

nd Katharine Hepburn saying, as only voice could say it: "In 1901 John Singer ent made a drawing of Ethel Barrymore. ings over her mantel today, an extraordi-y beautiful girl with a long throat and , proud eyes.

uch portraits can be infinitely saddening a century later. Believe me when I tell this one is stopped in its tracks by the l Barrymore who stands beneath it. The it hair is gray, of course, but time has something measured and magnificent to eatures, and the spirit which looks out the dark upslanted eyes is identical. t am I talking about? It's more vital, vigorous. The woman is breath-taking.

HE has more friends than anyone I know, he's not a dear, gentle soul. Barrymores come like that. She has a trenchant wit, an rebuke stupidity or intolerance with e better than Joe Louis could do it with sts. She makes appallingly accurate ob-tions. She doesn't know the meaning of or the meaning of caution." . . .

d Arthur Hopkins telling about the y tradition and inheritance and Lionel, memories of Mummum and of our father nother and Uncle Jack. . . .

d Lucile Watson remembering: "I hadn't Ethel Barrymore in my first year on the dway stage in 1903, but I received a tele-of good wishes on my opening night the great young star. I still have that pre-telegram. . . . I saw all those wonderful of hers, and was in several of them. And her I learned an important lesson in acting: thousands came nightly to be thrilled r magnetic voice, I was watching some-else—the way she listened to the speeches fellow players—and I thank her now for nowledge I have of what is perhaps the st art of an actor—the art of beautiful ng." . . .

d Katharine Cornell: "Dear Ethel, even h the movies may claim you, as well they , you continue to be all that is most rous in the theater; and no matter how many birthdays you insist on celebrating in the wilds of Hollywood, you still remain Broadway's most bewitching star. God bless you, darling." . . .

And Billie Burke: "The first time I met you, Ethel darling, was in London, in 1906. You were crossing the lobby of the Carleton on your way to some ducal dinner party. You were wearing a wonderfully simple black diaphanous chiffon dress, and from the very way you walked, I knew that beautiful up-turned face must be the lost face of the Winged Victory. . . . The following year Mr. Frohman brought me to New York to be the leading lady with your Uncle John Drew. There was difficulty, however. John Drew thought Billie an undignified name for his leading lady. Perhaps he thought I should expand it to Wilhelmina. I didn't want to, but I had no idea how to win my point. Mr. Frohman had asked you to take me to our first rehearsal, to break the ice, and you did, and by your magic I remained Billie. . . . Happy birthday, Ethel." . . .

And Alfred Lunt: "I come in about here, Ethel, by virtue of having fallen in love with you as an enterprising boy of fourteen, when I saw you in 'Her Sister' in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Bless those tours that gave you to the whole United States." . . .

And Tallulah Bankhead: "I'm sorry, darlings, but 'Déclassée' is my cue. I'm the all-time authority on 'Déclassée.' I saw Ethel Barrymore play Lady Helen Hayden thirteen times. Just up from Alabama and suffering from economic cramps more often than not, I saw it from a perpendicular stance at the rear of the theater. Ethel Barrymore was then forty, with eighteen years of stardom behind her.

"At forty I thought that she was the most exciting actress, the most vivid personality I had ever seen on the stage. The lapse of thirty years has not changed that juvenile conviction. At seventy I still think that Ethel Barrymore is





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the most exciting actress, the most vivid personality I have ever seen on the stage. Over the last half century in the American theater it hasn't been hard to find Ethel Barrymore if you knew where to look for her: at its top, its very, very top. It may have been a little lonely up there at times, but the peak was and is her rightful residence in the theater. I love you, Ethel." . . .

And other heartwarming messages, from Claudette Colbert and Gregory Peck and Cary Grant. . . .

And Somerset Maugham, remembering me in "Lady Frederick" and "The Constant Wife": "In 'The Constant Wife' there was one line which I shall never forget. It wasn't even a line. It was a single word, the word 'when.' I had written it because it was the natural, obvious word for the heroine of my play to say, and it had never occurred to me that there was anything more in it than the inquiry it made. But Ethel Barrymore put such a wealth of meaning, humor, innuendo and malice—none of which I had seen—into that little word that the audience rocked with laughter until I thought they'd never stop. It just shows you what a great actress can do when the author gives her half a chance. If I hadn't fallen madly in love with Ethel during the rehearsals, I should have fallen in love with her then." . . .

And Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt: "I have remembered Miss Barrymore with pleasure in many stage performances, and I have also remembered her with admiration off the stage. The last time she came to the White House she had all the charm and all the beauty that I had admired for many years. And I am sure she has that same charm and that same beauty today and will always have it." . . .

And dear Bernie Baruch, using to describe me my own line from "Sunday": "Ethel Barrymore—that's all there is. There isn't any more." . . .

And Herbert Bayard Swope: "This thing is all wrong. This date has fallen into the hands of the chronologists who want to mark the seventieth year of Ethel Barrymore's *age*. That's silly. Ethel has no age. She is an unchanging and unchangeable spirit. There is in her today the same fire, the same charm, the same alertness and the same ability to ma those she meets glow and thrill at seeing h that she had when I first became her willi subject, and that was one day when I, as young reporter, saw her for the first time. S was with Richard Harding Davis and h brother, Charles Belmont Davis, in front the old Weber and Fields Music Hall. S then had that utterly irresistible attracti She has it today, she will always have it. . . . is fitting that this date should be celebrated. gave Ethel birth and it gave the world a gr and flaming spirit." . . .

And a cable from Strasbourg: "Every go wish my dear Ethel and many happy retu of the day. Winston." . . .

And then Lionel: "It's time for the fam now, Ethel. The one who has known you e since you first opened your eyes wants to w you happy birthday for the seventieth tin and here are some young people you ha known ever since they opened their eye maybe a little longer." . . .

And Sammy: "Happy birthday, mother!"

And Jackie: "Happy birthday, mot darling!" . . .

And Sister: "Happy birthday, mamm And here's another generation, John Di Miglietta." . . .

And Johnny: "Happy birthday, Mummun

And my answer to them all—and to all you:

Thank you, Johnny darling, and thank y children. Thank you, Mr. President, and all friends. I am afraid there's not enough ti left in my life to tell you all of my gratitu and appreciation for this overwhelming tr ute. It is much more than I deserve, but ple believe me, it is not more than I can take my heart. Thank you.

But my story does not end with any w of mine. It ends with Johnny saying:

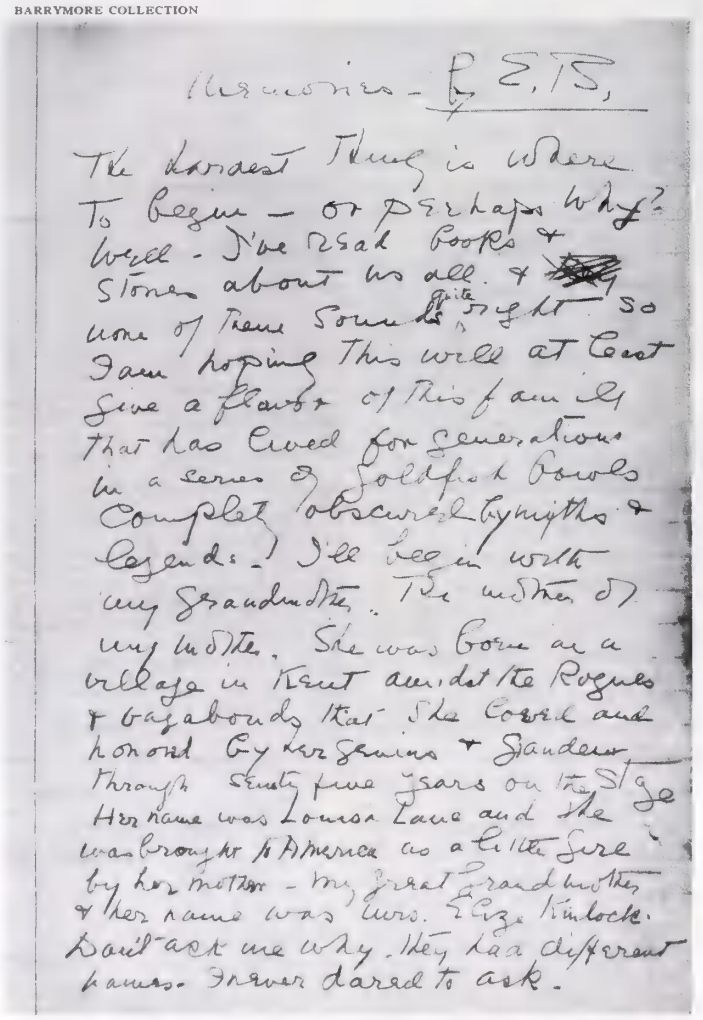
"Happy birthday, Mummum!"

Mummum!

. . .

Since I have finished this book, Lionel died. I like to think that he and Jack are gether and that they will be glad to see

BARRYMORE COLLECTION



Memories - E. B.

The hardest thing is where To begin — or perhaps why? Well - I've read books & Stories about us all. & ~~[illegible]~~ one of them sounds right — so I am hoping this will at least give a flavor of this family that has lived for generations in a series of goldfish bowls Completely obscured by myths & Legends! I'll begin with my Grandmother. The mother of my mother. She was born in a village in Kent amidst the Rogues & vagabonds that she loved and honored by her genius & Standards Through seventy five years on the Stage Her name was Louisa Lane and she was brought to America as a little girl by her mother - My great Grandmother & her name was Mrs. Eliza Kinlock. Don't ask me why. They had different names. I never dared to ask.

A handwriting analyst, shown this first page of "Memories" without knowing the identity of "E. B.," said, "This is the writing of an ardent, personable woman; artistic; has a certain amount of obstinacy and persistence; is enthusiastic but fairly critical of herself and others; strives for perfection; might be a great actress or musician."

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FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI



Tea-drinking England loved its teapots and made a fine art out of shaping and decorating them. The variety is infinite. Notice the exquisite curves in the handles and the balanced grace of the spouts. Made in England, all the above were household familiars in America. Teapots were favorites with our great-grandmothers and many have survived a hazardous century.

Finders Keepers

old china you can find in villages and towns throughout America

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

IF you collect old china even in a small way, you know the thrill of discovering a charming old teapot or platter, cream jug or trinket box hiding out in a secondhand shop or country cupboard. All the pieces shown on these pages were found in just this way.

For a hundred years the beautiful wares of the English potters were as common in America as in England. Ships laden with dinnerware were always pulling into Eastern ports. American cupboards were stocked with big sets of "dishes" for company use and a variety of service pieces for every day. There were figurines for the mantel and trinket boxes for the dresser, flower vases and huge quantities of Staffordshire commemorative pieces showing American scenes.

Pioneers took these treasures westward with them. So, no matter where you live, your chances of finding these delightful old pieces is good. The quantity imported was vast. When American potteries added their output to this, our ancestors really had a great bounty from which to choose. Many of the old pieces were not marked, but there are many good books, well illustrated, which will help you identify your find.

HAROLD FOWLER

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. EARL B. SMITH



Trinket boxes such as these were great favorites in the Victorian era. The designs were often whimsical, showing miniature dressers, birds in the nest, pet lambs and quaint children, as well as romantic figures, picturesquely posed. Some were Dresden; others, Worcester, Bristol, Staffordshire or Bow. Many were made for children and young girls and were gifts of sentiment. In the center are figurines of the period, some actually vases.



Rich luster combined with delicate bands of color, hand decorated, had great vogue in America. Luster cream jugs and teapots were particular favorites. The luster is a metallic glaze and may be pink as well as silver, copper and even platinum. Shown here are good specimens of early luster together with a Rockingham jug in the second row center. The big jugs or "pitchers" were for milk on the family dining table.

lon is the name given to the pale green
ese type ware shown here. It is
tely decorated with raised designs, often in
and darker green. At the left is
derland teapot with a soft, spattered design,
about 1820. The nautilus pitcher,
by Enoch Wood, has happily survived since 1815.
Pratt made the handsome luster pitcher
right of the grouping, probably about 1800.
gurines in the center are English
rdshire of the type loved by Americans.

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Halo

the shampoo that glorifies your hair!



for dry, oily, normal hair

THE CLOAK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Alba, in Spain, who was a handsome and brilliant man, married a plain and simple-minded lady of the court and remained faithful to her, and when his friends, amazed at the fact, jestingly questioned him upon it, he answered them that the Duchess of Alba must needs, in her own right, and irrespective of personal qualities, be the most desirable woman in the world. So it was with the disloyal pupil. Once his strong amorous urge was joined with that great art which to him was the highest ideal of all—and was, moreover, coupled with a deep personal devotion—a fire was kindled, which later on he himself could not restrict.

Neither was Leonidas himself without blame in regard to the two young people. Day by day, in conversations with his favorite pupil, he had dwelt on Lucrezia's beauty. While making the young woman pose for his lovely and immortal Psyche With the Lamp he called upon Angelo to try, at his side in the studio, his hand at the same task, and did indeed interrupt his own work in order to point out the beauties in the living, breathing and blushing body before them, enraptured and inspired as in front of a classic work of art. Of this strange understanding between the old and the young artist neither of them was really conscious, and if a third person had spoken to them of it, they would have rebuffed him with indifference, perhaps with impatience. The one who suspected it was the woman, Lucrezia. And through it she suspected—at the same time with a kind of dismay and giddiness—the hardness and coldness which may be found in the hearts of men and artists, even with regard to the ones whom these hearts do embrace with deepest tenderness. Her own heart lamented, in complete loneliness, much as a lamb laments when led by its shepherd to the shambles.

Dread the anger of a dove.

As now, through various unusual occurrences in his daily life, Leonidas realized that he was being watched and followed, and as from this fact he concluded that he was in great danger, he was seized so deeply by the idea of his own death, and of the approaching end to his artistic career, that his whole being closed round it. He spoke no word of his danger to the people surrounding him, because these people, in the course of a few weeks, to him had become infinitely distant and thus, in accordance with the law of perspective, infinitely small. He might have wished to complete the work on which he was engaged, but soon his work, too, to him seemed an unreasonable and inconvenient distraction from the matter which really engrossed him. In the last days before his arrest, he stepped out of his isolation, unwontedly gentle and considerate toward all those around him. He now also sent Lucrezia away to the house of a friend, the owner of a vineyard, in the mountains a few miles from town. As, in order to give a reason for this arrangement—for he did not wish her to have any suspicion of the actual position—he explained to her that she looked pale and feverish, he himself believed that he was using a casual pretense to persuade her to leave him, and he smiled at the deep concern with which she received his command.

She at once sent word to Angelo and told him of her husband's decision. The lovers, who in anguish had been seeking an opportunity to meet and fulfill their love, looked each other in the eyes in triumphant certainty that now, and from now on, all powers of life were uniting to serve them, and that their passion was the loadstone which according to its will attracted and ranged everything around them. Lucrezia before now had visited the farm; she instructed Angelo as to how, by a certain path in the mountains, he could approach the house unseen, and come to her window. The window faced west, the moon would be in her first quarter, she would be able to discern the figure of her lover between the vines. When he picked up a pebble from the ground and threw it against the windowpane, she would open the window. As, in the course of their deliberation, they came to this moment, the voices of both faltered. To regain his equilibrium Angelo told her that for the nocturnal journey he had bought himself a large and fine cloak of violet goat's wool with brown embroidery, which a friend from the country, who was hard up for the moment, had offered him. All this they discussed in Lucrezia's room next to the studio where the master was working, and with the door to it open. The meeting, they decided, was to take place on the second Saturday evening.

They parted; and just as, all through the following week, the thought of death and eternity accompanied the master, the thought of Lucrezia's body against his own accompanied the young disciple. This thought, without having at any time really left him, constantly seemed to return to him anew like a forgotten, surprising, joyful message—"Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night. Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee. I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine."

On Sunday morning Leonidas Allori was arrested and taken to prison. In the course of the week several interrogations of him followed, and possibly the old patriot might have justified himself in some of the accusations brought against him. But in the first place the government was resolved this time to make an end of such a dangerous enemy, and in the second place the accused himself was resolved not to upset, by any ups and downs, the sublime balance of mind he had attained. There was from the very beginning no real doubt as to the outcome of the case. Judgment was passed, and orders were given that next Sunday morning that most famous son of the people should be stood up against the prison wall, to fall against the cobbles with six bullets in his breast.

Toward the end of the week the old artist asked to be paroled for twelve hours in order to go to the place where his wife was staying, and to take leave of her.

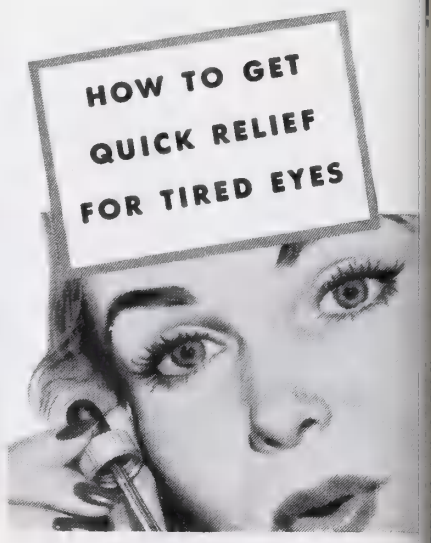
His plea was refused. But such great strength had this man still in him, and with such an aura of radiance did his fame and his integrity of heart surround his person, that his words could not die quickly in the ears of those to whom they were addressed. The last request of the condemned man was brought up again and weighed by his judges, even after he himself had given up hope.

It so happened that the topic was raised in a house where Cardinal Salviati was present.

"No doubt," said His Eminence, "clemency here might set a dangerous precedent. But the country—and the royal house itself which possesses some of his works—is in debt to Allori. This man has often by his art restored men's faith in themselves—maybe men should now have faith in him."

He thought the matter over and continued: "It is said that the master—do they not call him the Lion of the Mountains?—is deeply loved by his pupils. We might find out if he has really been able to awaken a devotion which will defy death. We might, in his case, make use of the old rule which will allow a prisoner to leave his prison for a specified period, on the condition that he produce a hostage to die in his stead, if he does not return in time.

"Allori," said the cardinal, "last summer did me the honor of executing the reliefs on my villa at Ascoli. He had with him there his beautiful young wife and a very handsome young disciple, Angelo by name, whom he called his son. We might let Leonidas know that he can obtain his freedom for a period of twelve hours, during which, as he wishes, he can take leave of his wife. But the condition will be that this young Angelo shall enter the prison cell as he himself leaves it, and that it will be made clear to both the old and the young artist that at the expiration of the twelve hours, at all events an execution will be carried out in the prison yard."



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A feeling that in the circumstances it would be correct to decide on something unconventional made the powerful gentlemen with whom the matter rested accept the cardinal's suggestion. The condemned man was informed that his request had been granted, and on which conditions. Leonidas sent word to Angelo.

The young artist was not in his room when his schoolfellows came to bring him the message and to fetch him to prison. Even though he had not paid any attention to the sorrow of his friends, it had nevertheless upset and distressed him, since at this moment he himself conceived the universe as perfect in beauty and harmony, and life in itself as boundless grace. He had kept apart from his fellows in a sort of antagonism, just as in respect and commiseration they had kept apart from him. He had traveled afoot the long way to the Duke of Miranda's villa to see a recently unearthed Greek statue of the god Dionysus. Still without really knowing it, he had wished and resolved to have a powerful work of art confirm his conviction of the divinity of the world.

His friends thus had to wait for him a long time in a small room high above the narrow street. When the chosen one finally entered, they pounced on him from all sides and informed him of the sad honor that awaited him.

So little had the master's favorite understood the nature and extent of the misfortune that had befallen himself and all of them, that the messengers had to repeat their tidings to him. When at last he comprehended, he stood petrified for a while, in the deepest grief. In the manner of a sleepwalker he inquired about the sentence and the execution, and his comrades, with tears in their eyes, gave him their answers. But when they came to the offer made to Leonidas, and the prisoner's request for Angelo, light returned to the young man's eyes and color to his cheeks. He asked his friends, indignantly, why they had not informed him at once—then without words he tore himself from their grasp to hasten to the prison.

But on the doorstep he stopped, seized by the solemnity of the moment. He had walked a long way and had slept on the grass, his clothes were covered with dust, and he had torn a rent in one sleeve. He did not wish to appear before his master like this today. He doffed his big new cloak from the hook on which it hung, and put it on.

The warders in the prison knew in advance of his coming. He was led to the condemned man's cell, and let in. He threw himself into his master's arms.

Leonidas Allori calmed him. To make the young man forget the present, he turned the conversation round to the stellar heavens, of which he had often talked with his son, and in the knowledge of which he had instructed him. Soon his great gaze and deep, clear voice lifted his pupil up there with him, as if the two of them, hand in hand, had slipped back many years, and were now speaking together all by themselves in a lofty, carefree world. Only when the teacher had seen the tears dry on the pale young face did he return to the ground, and he asked his pupil if he was indeed prepared to spend, in his place, the night in the prison. Angelo replied that he knew he was.

"I thank you, my son," said Leonidas, "for giving me twelve hours which will be of boundless importance to me.

"Aye, I believe in the immortality of the soul," he continued, "and perhaps the eternal life of the spirit is the one true reality. I do not know yet, but I shall know tomorrow. But this physical world around us, these four elements—earth, water, air and fire—are these not realities as well? And is not also my own body—my marrow-filled bones, my flowing, never-pausing blood, and my five glorious senses—divinely true? Others think that I am dead. But I am a peasant and of peasant stock, and our soil to us has been a stern, bountiful nurse. My muscles and sinews are but firmer and harder than when I was a youth, my hair as luxurious as it was then, my sight is not in the least impaired. All these my faculties I shall now leave here behind me, for as my spirit rises forth on new paths, the earth—my own well-loved Campania—will take my honest body in her honest arms and will make it one with herself. But I wish to meet Nature face to face once more, and to hand it over to her in full consciousness, as in a gentle and solemn conversation between friends. Tomorrow I shall look to the future, I shall collect myself and prepare myself for the unknown. But tonight I shall go out, free in a free world, among things familiar to me. I shall observe the rich play of light of the sunset, and after that the moon's divine clarity, and the ancient constellations of the stars round her. I shall hear the song of running water and taste its freshness, breathe the sweetness and bitterness of trees and grass in the darkness and feel the soil and the stones under the soles of my feet. What a night awaits me! All gifts given to me I shall gather together into my embrace, to give them back again in profound understanding, and with thanks."

"Father," said Angelo, "the earth, the water, the air and the fire must needs love you, the one in whom none of their gifts have been wasted."

"I believe that myself, son," said Leonidas. "Always, from the time when I was a child in my home in the country, have I believed that God loved me.

"I cannot explain to you—for the time is now but short—how, or by what path, I have come to understand in full God's infinite faithfulness toward me. Or how I have come to realize the fact that faithfulness is the supreme divine factor by which the universe is governed. I know that in my heart I have always been faithful to this earth and to this life. I have pleaded for liberty tonight in order to let them know that our parting itself is a pact.

"Then tomorrow I shall be able to fulfill my pact with great Death and with things to come." He spoke slowly, and now stopped and smiled. "Forgive me talking so much," he said. "For a week I have not talked to a person whom I loved."

But when he spoke again his voice and mien were deeply serious.



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"And you, my son," he said, "you, whom I thank for your faithfulness throughout our long happy years—and tonight—be you also always faithful to me. I have thought of you in these days, between these walls. I have fervently wished to see you once again, not for my own sake, but in order to tell you something. Yes, I had got much to say to you, but I must be brief. Only this, then, I enjoin and implore you: keep always in your heart the divine law of proportion, the golden section."

"Gladly, gladly do I remain here tonight," said Angelo. "But even more gladly would I tonight go with you, such as, many nights, we have wandered together."

Leonidas smiled again. "My road tonight," he said, "under the stars, by the grass-grown, dewy mountain paths, takes me to one thing, and to one alone. I will be, for one last night, with my wife, with Lucrezia. I tell you, Angelo, that in order that man—His chief work, into the nostrils of whom He had breathed the breath of life—might embrace and become one with the earth, the sea, the air and the fire, God gave him woman. In Lucrezia's arms I shall be sealing, in the night of leave-taking, my pact with all these." He was silent for a few moments, and motionless.

"Lucrezia," he then said, "is a few miles from here, in the care of good friends. I have, through them, made sure that she has learned nothing of my imprisonment or my sentence. I do not wish to expose my friends to danger, and they shall not know, tonight, that I come to their house. Neither do I wish to come to her as a man condemned to death, with the breath of the grave on me, but our meeting shall be like our first night together, and its secrecy to her shall mean a young man's fancy and a young lover's folly."

"What day is it today?" Angelo suddenly asked.

"What day?" Leonidas repeated. "Do you ask that of me—me who have been living in eternity, not in time? To me this day is called: the last day. But stay, let me think. Why, my child, to you, and to the people around you, today is named Saturday. Tomorrow is Sunday.

"I know the road well," he said a short while later, thoughtfully, as if he were already on his journey. "By a mountain path I approach her window from behind the farm. I shall pick up a pebble and throw it against the windowpane. Then she will awake and wonder, she will go to her window, discern me amongst the vines, and open it."

His mighty chest moved as he drew his breath.

"Oh, my child and my friend," he exclaimed, "you know this woman's beauty. You have dwelt in our house and have eaten at our table, you know, too, the gentleness and gaiety of her mind, its childlike tranquillity and its inconceivable innocence. But what you do not know, what nobody knows in the whole world but I, is the infinite capacity of her body and soul for surrender. How that snow can burn! She has been to me all glorious works of art of the world, all of them in one single woman's body. Within her embrace at night my strength to create in the daytime was restored. As I speak to you of her, my blood lifts like a wave." After some seconds he closed his eyes. "When I come back here tomorrow," he said, "I shall come with my eyes closed. They will lead me in here from the gate, and later, at the wall, they will bind a cloth before my eyes. I shall have no need of these eyes of mine. And it shall not be the black stones, nor the gun barrels, that I shall leave behind in these my dear, clear eyes when I quit them." Again he was silent for a while, then said in a soft voice: "At times, this week, I have not been able to recall the line of her jaw from ear to chin. At daybreak tomorrow morning I shall look upon it, so that I shall never again forget it."

When again he opened his eyes, his radiant gaze met the gaze of the young man. "Do not look at me in such pain and dread," he said, "and do not pity me. I do not deserve that of you. Nor—you will know it—am I to be pitied tonight. My son, I was wrong: tomorrow, as I come back, I shall open my eyes once more in order to see your face, which has been so dear to me. Let me see it happy and at peace, as when we were working together."

THE prison warder now turned the heavy key in the lock and came in. He informed the prisoners that the clock in the prison tower showed a quarter to six. Within a quarter of an hour one of the two must leave the building. Allori answered that he was ready, but he hesitated a moment.

"They arrested me," he said to Angelo, "in my studio and in my working smock. But the air may grow colder as I get into the mountains. Will you lend me your cloak?"

Angelo removed the violet cloak from his shoulders and handed it to his teacher. As he fumbled at his throat with the hook, with which he was unfamiliar, the master took the young hand that helped him, and held it.

"How grand you are, Angelo," he said. "This cloak of yours is new and costly. In my native parish a bridegroom wears a cloak like this on his wedding day.

"Do you remember," he added as he stood ready to go, in the cloak, "one night, when together we lost our way in the mountains? Suddenly you collapsed, exhausted and cold as ice, and whispered that it was impossible for you to go any farther. I took off my cloak then—just as you did now—and wrapped it around us both. We lay the whole night together in each other's arms, and in my cloak you fell asleep almost immediately, like a child. You are to sleep tonight too."

Angelo collected his thoughts, and remembered the night of which the master was speaking. Leonidas had always been a far more experienced mountaineer than he himself, as all together his strength had always exceeded his own. He recalled the warmth of that big body like that of a big friendly animal in the dark against his own numb limbs. He remembered further, that as he woke up the sun had risen and all mountain slopes had become luminous in its rays. He had sat up, then, and had cried out, "Father, this night you have saved my life." From his breast came a groan, wordless.

"We will not take leave tonight," said Leonidas, "but tomorrow morning I shall kiss you."

THE jailer opened the door and held it open, while the towering, straight figure stepped over the threshold. Then the door was once more shut, the key turned in the lock, and Angelo was alone.

Within the first seconds he felt the fact that the door was locked, and that nobody could come in to him, as an incomparable favor. But immediately after he fell to the floor, like a man struck by, and crushed beneath, a falling rock.

In his ears echoed the voice of the master. And before his eyes stood the figure of the master, illuminated by the radiance of a higher world, of Art's infinite universe. From this world of light, which his father had once opened to him, he was now cast down into darkness. After the one whom he had betrayed had gone from him, he was completely alone. He dared not think of the stellar heavens, nor of the earth, nor of the sea, nor of the rivers, nor of the marble statues that he had loved. If at this moment Leonidas Allori himself had wanted to save him, it would not have been possible. For to be unfaithful is to be annihilated.

Good manners and soft words have brought many a difficult thing to pass.
—AESOP

The word "unfaithful" was now flung at him from all angles, like a shower of flints at the man who is being stoned, and he met it on his knees, with hanging arms, like a man stoned. But when at last the shower slackened and after a silence the words "the golden section" rose and echoed, subdued and significant, he raised his hands and pressed them against his ears.

And unfaithful, he thought after a time, *for the sake of a woman. What is a woman? She does not exist until we create her, and she has no life except through us. She is nothing but body, but she is not body, even, if we do not look at her. She claims to be brought to life, and acquires our soul as a mirror, in which she can see that she is beautiful. Men must burn, tremble and perish, in order that she may know that she exists and is beautiful. When we weep, she weeps, too, but with happiness—for now she has proof that she is beautiful. Our anguish must be kept alive every hour, or she is no longer alive.*

All my creative power, his thoughts went on, *if things had gone as she wished, would have been used up in the task of creating her, and in keeping her alive. Never, never again would I have produced a great work of art. And when she grieved over my misfortune, she would not understand, but would declare, "Why, but you have me!" While with him—with him, I was a great artist!*

Yet he was not really thinking of Lucrezia, for to him there was in the world no other human being than the father whom he had betrayed.

Did I ever believe, Angelo thought, *that I was, or that I might become, a great artist, a creator of glorious statues? I am no artist, and I shall never create a glorious statue. For I know now that my eyes are gone—I am blind!*

After a further lapse of time his thoughts slowly turned away from eternity and back to the present.

His master, he thought, would walk up the path and stop near the house, among

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vines. He would pick up a pebble from the ground and throw it against the windowpane, and then she would open the window. She would call to the man in the violet cloak, such as she was wont to do at their meetings, "Angelo!" And the great master, the unfailing friend, the immortal man, the man sentenced to death, would understand that his disciple had betrayed him.

During the previous day and night Angelo had walked far and slept but little, and the whole of the last day he had not eaten. He now felt that he was tired unto death. His master's command: "You are to sleep tonight," came back to him. Leonidas' commands, when he had obeyed them, had always led him right. He slowly rose to his feet and fumbled his way to the pallet where his master had lain. He fell asleep almost immediately.

But as he slept, he dreamed.

He saw once more, and more clearly than before, the big figure in the cloak walk up the mountain path, stop and bend down for the pebble and throw it against the pane. But in the dream he followed him farther, and he saw the woman in the man's arms—Lucrezia! And he awoke.

He sat up on the bed. Nothing sublime or sacred was any longer to be found in the world, but the deadly pain of physical jealousy stopped his breath and ran through him like fire. Gone was the disciple's reverence for his master, the great artist; in the darkness the son ground his teeth at his father. The past had vanished, there was no future to come, all the young man's thoughts ran to one single point—the embrace there, a few miles away.

He came to a sort of consciousness, and resolved not to fall asleep again.

But he did fall asleep again, and dreamed the same, but now more vividly and with a multitude of details, which he himself disowned, which his imagination could only have engendered when in his sleep he no longer had control of it.

As after this dream he was once more wide awake, a cold sweat broke out over his limbs. From the pallet he noticed some glowing embers on the fireplace; he now got up, set his naked foot upon them and kept it there. But the embers were almost dead, and went out under his foot.

In the next dream he himself, silent and lurking, followed the wanderer on the mountain path and through the window. He had his knife in his hand, he leaped forward, and plunged it first in the man's heart, then in hers, as they lay clasped in one another's arms. But the sight of their blood, mingled, soaking into the sheet, like a red-hot iron, burned out his eyes. Half awake, once more sitting up, he thought, *But I do not need to use the knife. I can strangle them with my hands.*

Thus passed the night.

When the turnkey of the prison awakened him, it was light. "So you can sleep?" said the turnkey. "So you really trust the old fox? If you ask me, I should say he has played you a fine trick. The clock shows a quarter to six. When it strikes, the warden and the colonel will come in, and take whichever bird they find in the cage. The priest is coming later. But your old lion is never coming. Honestly—would you or I come, if we were in his shoes?"

When Angelo succeeded in understanding the words of the turnkey, his heart filled with indescribable joy. There was nothing more to fear. God had granted him this way out: death. This happy, easy way out. Vaguely, through his aching head one thought ran: *And it is for him that I die.* But the thought sank away again, for he was not really thinking of Leonidas Allori, or of any person in the world round him. He felt only one thing: that he himself, within the last moment, had been pardoned.

He got up, washed his face in a basin of water brought by his guard, and combed his hair back. He now felt the pain of the burn in his foot and again was filled with gratitude. Now he also remembered the master's words about God's faithfulness.

The turnkey looked at him and said, "I took you for a young man yesterday."

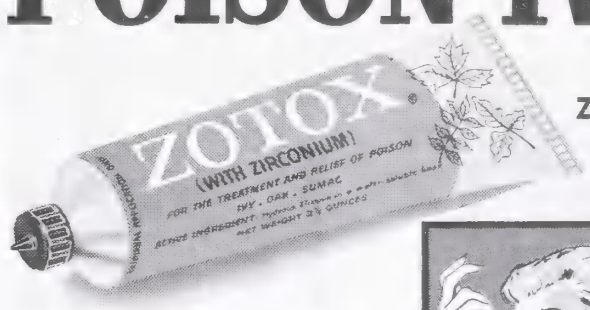
After some time footsteps could be heard up the stone-paved passage, and a faint rattling. Angelo thought, *Those are the soldiers with*



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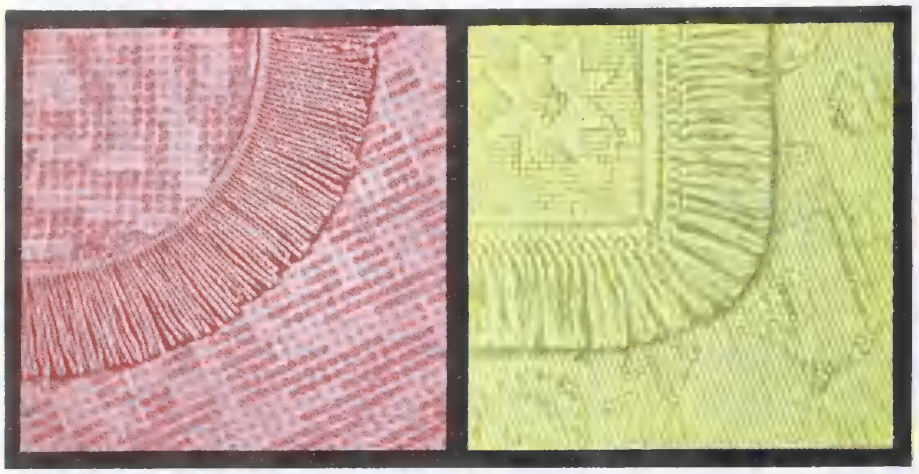
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their carbines. The heavy door swung open, and between two gendarmes, who held his arms, entered Allori. In accordance with his words the evening before, he let himself be led forward with closed eyes by the warders. But he felt or perceived where Angelo was standing and took a step toward him. He stood silent before him, unhooked his cloak, lifted it from his own shoulders and laid it around the young man's. In this movement the two were brought close, body to body, and Angelo said to himself, *Perhaps, after all, he will not open his eyes and look at me.* But whenever had Allori not kept a given word? The hand which—as it put the cloak round him—rested against Angelo's neck forced his head a little forward, the large eyelids trembled and lifted, and the master looked into the eyes of the disciple. But the disciple could never afterward remember or recall the look. A moment later he felt Allori's lips on his cheek.

"Well, now!" cried the turnkey with surprise in his voice. "Welcome back! We were not expecting you. Now you must take potluck! And you," he added, turning to Angelo, "you can go your way. There are still a few minutes to six o'clock. My lords are not coming till after it has struck. The priest is coming later. Things are done with precision here. And fair—as you know—is fair."



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After Leonidas Allori's death a sad misfortune came upon his disciple Angelo Santasilia: he could not sleep.

Will the narrator be believed by such people as have themselves experience of sleeplessness, when he tells them that from the beginning this affliction was the victim's own choice? Yet it was so. Angelo walked out through the prison gate, behind which he had for twelve hours been hostage for his condemned master, into a world which to him contained no direction whatsoever. He was totally isolated, an absolutely lonely figure in this world, and he felt that the man whose grief and shame—like his own—exceeded that of all others must at the same time be exempt from the laws which governed those others. He made up his mind not to sleep any more.

On this day he had no feeling of time, and he took fright when he realized that darkness had fallen, and the day was over. He was aware that his friends, other pupils of the dead artist, were tonight keeping watch together, but on no account would he join them, for they would be talking of Leonidas Allori and would greet him as the chosen disciple, upon whom the eye of the master had last dwelt. *Yes*, he thought, and laughed, *as if I were Elisha, the follower of the great prophet Elijah, on whom the passenger of the chariot of fire threw his mantle!* So he betook himself to the taverns and inns of the town, where casually collected people roared and rioted and where the air was filled with strumming and song, and was heavy with vapors of wine and the smell of the clothes and sweat of strangers. But he would not drink like the others. He left one inn to proceed to another, and both in the taprooms and in the streets he told himself, *All this does not concern me. I myself will not sleep any more.*

It is with our judgments as with our watches; no two go just alike, yet each believes his own. —POPE

In such a tavern, on the night between Monday and Tuesday, he met Giuseppino, or Pino, Pizzuti, the philosopher, a small man shrunken and dark of hue as if he had been hung up in a chimney to be smoked. Pizzuti had once, many years ago, owned the noblest marionette theater in Naples, but later on his luck had left him. In prison, and in chains, three fingers of his right hand had withered, so that he could no longer maneuver his puppets. He now wandered from place to place, the poorest of the poor, but luminous, as if phosphorescent, with love of humanity in general and with a knowing and mellifluous compassion for the one human being with whom he just happened to be talking. In this man's company Angelo passed the next day and night, and while he looked at him and listened to him he had no difficulty in keeping awake.

The philosopher at once realized that he had a desperate man before him. To give the boy confidence he for a time spoke about himself. He described his puppets one by one, faithfully and with enthusiasm, as if they had been real friends and fellow artists, and with tears in his eyes, because they were now lost to him. "Alas, the beloved ones," he moaned, "they were devoted to me and they trusted me. But they are dispersed now, limp of arms and legs, with moldering strings; they are thrown away from the stage to the uttermost parts of the sea. For my hand could no longer lead them, nor my right hand hold them!" But presently—as ever in the vicissitudes of his existence—he turned his mind toward life everlasting. "That is not a matter for grief," he said. "In Paradise I shall once more meet and embrace them all. In Paradise I shall be given ten fingers to each hand."

LATER on, after midnight, Pino led the conversation to Angelo's own circumstances, felt his way in them, and soon had them all at his seven fingers' ends.

In this way it happened that next night Angelo told him his whole story, as he would not have been able to tell it to any other person in the world than this crippled vagabond. At that the old man's face lit up in high, solemn harmony. "That is not a matter for grief," he said. "It is a good thing to be a great sinner. Or should human beings allow Christ to have died on the Cross for the sake of our petty lies and our paltry whorings? We would have to fear that the Saviour might even come to think with disgust of His heroic achievement! For exactly this reason, as you will know, in the very hour of the Cross, care was taken that He had thieves by Him, one to each side, and could turn His eyes from the one to the other. At this moment He may look from you to me, and mightily recognize and repeat to Himself, 'Aye, verily it was needed!' "

After a while Pino added, "And I myself am the crucified thief Demas, to whom Paradise was promised."

BUT early on Thursday morning Pizzuti quite suddenly vanished, like a rat into a gutter hole. He left the room on a necessary errand and did not return, and not till several years later did Angelo again see this excellent man. And as the silence behind him grew deep and, as it were, conclusive, the outcast man realized that he no longer needed to hold on to a decision. It would not happen to him again to fall asleep.

For some time he walked among people still absolutely lonely, like an unproved but ambitious young ascetic with a hair shirt next to his skin. So as not to meet his friends of the past he changed his lodgings, and found for himself a small closet high up under the roof in the opposite quarter of the town. During the first time he was surprised at the fact that his sleepless nights did not appear long, but that time simply seemed to have been abolished—night came, and then again morning, and to him it meant nothing.

But, just as unexpectedly, his body rose in rebellion against his mind and his will. The moment came in which he gave up his pride and prayed the great powers of the universe: "Despise me, cast me away, but allow me to be like the others, allow me to sleep."

He now bought himself opium, but it did not help him. He also purchased another strong sleeping draught, but it only conveyed to him a row of novel, quite confused sensations of distance so that objects and times which were far away were felt by him as quite near, while such objects as he knew to be within reach—his own hands and feet and the stone steps of the stairs—were infinitely far off.

His brain by this time was working extremely slowly. One day in the street he saw Lucrezia, who had returned to the town and was living with her mother. But only late at night, when the church towers had rung out midnight, did he tell himself. *I saw a woman in the street today, it was Lucrezia.* And after another while, *I once promised to come to her. But I did not come.* For a long time he sat very still, handling this thought, and at last he smiled, like a very old man.

It was shortly after this day that he began to turn to other people and to look to them for help. But when he begged their advice, he was in such deadly earnest that he made the persons he addressed smile, and they answered him in jest or altogether dismissed his questions.

One morning he bethought himself of Mariana, the old woman in whose tavern he had met Pizzuti. She had, he knew, given friends of his good advice—it was not impossible that she might be able to help him. But the lack of seriousness in his counselors till now had frightened him out of asking straight away, and he searched for a pretext for going to her house, until he remembered that he had left there his purple cloak with the brown embroidery. At that he went straight to her house.

Old Mariana looked at him for a while. "Well, well, Angelo, pretty death's-head," she said. "We Christian people should bear one another no grudge, and I forgive you, today, that you did reject my fond love, and keep thinking of another woman, when I wanted you. I shall help you. Now listen well, and afterwards do exactly as I tell you. Walk from the broadest street of the town into a narrower one, and from this narrow street into one still narrower, and go on like that. If from your narrowest alley you can find your way into

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 210

tighter passage, enter it, and follow it, and draw your breath lightly once or twice. And at that you will have fallen asleep."

Angelo thanked Mariana for her advice, and pushed it down to the bottom of his mind. Only when it was quite dark did he make up his mind to test it.

His own room was in an out-of-the-way alley. He had to proceed into the broadest and best lighted of the boulevards. For a long time he had not been in this part of the town, and he was surprised to see how many people there were in the world. They walked faster than he, they were intent on their errands, and as far as he could judge an equal number was walking in each direction.

How, he asked himself, *has it become necessary for all people who live east of the boulevard to come west, as well as to all who live west to come east? It might make one feel that the world was badly managed. The whole city of Naples is now set up as a big loom, men and women are the shuttles to it, and the weaver is busy tonight. Yet this great pattern*, he reflected as he walked on, *is no concern of mine—others will have to look after it. I myself will keep my thoughts carefully collected on what I have got to do.*

At this he turned from the Via di Toledo into a smaller street, and from that into one still narrower. *It is not impossible*, he thought, hope strangely dawning in his heart, *that this time I have been well advised.*

After a while he found himself in a lane so narrow that, looking up, he saw above him only a handbreadth of evening sky a little lighter than the eaves. The paving was here very rough, and there were no lamps, he had to place his hand on the wall of a house to walk on. The contact with solid matter did him good; he felt grateful toward this wall. It suddenly vanished under his palm. There was a doorway here, and the door was open. It gave into an exceedingly narrow passage. *I am in luck tonight*, he thought, *I am lucky to have come upon such an exceedingly narrow passage*. He proceeded until he came to a small door. Underneath this door a faint light shone.

Now for a while he stood perfectly still. In there sleep awaited him, and with the certitude of sleep memory came back to him. He felt, in the dark, his hard, drawn face smoothening, his eyelids lowering a little like the eyelids of a happy, sleeping person. This moment was a return and a beginning. He stretched out his hand, took care to draw his breath lightly twice, and opened the door.

By a table in a little, faintly lit room a red-haired man was counting his money.

THE sudden entrance of a stranger did not seem to surprise the host of the room, he looked up casually and then sank back into his former occupation. But his guest felt the moment to be formidable.

The man by the table was ugly, and had nothing kind about him. Yet in the fact that even while counting his money he left his door unlocked, to be entered by a stranger, there was a kind of friendliness which might hold great possibilities. *But what am I to say to him?* Angelo thought.

After a while he said, "I cannot sleep."

The red-haired man waited a moment, then he looked up. "I never sleep," he declared with extreme arrogance.

After this short interruption he resumed his work. He carefully arranged his coins in piles of two, scattered them with his big hands and re-collected them in piles of five—to scatter these once more, and build up, absorbed in the task, new piles of six, of ten and fifteen, and at last of three. In the end he stopped, and without taking his hands off the silver leaned back in the chair. He gazed straight before him and repeated, with deep scorn, "I never sleep.

"Only dolts and drudges sleep," he took up his theme after a while. "Fishermen, peasants and artisans must have their hours of snoring at any cost. Their heavy natures cry out for sleep even in the greatest hour of life. Drowsiness settles on their eyelids. Divine agony sweats blood at a stone's throw, but they cannot keep awake, and the whizzing of an angel's wings will not wake them up. Those living dead will never know what happened, or what was said, while they themselves lay huddl and gaping. I alone know. For I never sleep

Suddenly he turned in his chair toward guest. "He said so Himself," he remark "and had He not been so hard driven, w what high disdain would He not have spok Now it was a moan, like the sea breaki against the shore for the very last time bef doomsday. He Himself told them so, fools: 'What, could ye not watch with one hour?' "

FOR a minute he looked Angelo straight the face.

"But no one," he concluded slowly, in describable pride, "no one in the world co ever seriously believe that I myself did sleep on that Thursday night in the garden."

It was a lovely spring day, and the almo trees were blossoming, delicately pink a coral like flamingo feathers, down the slop front of the white villa. From the terrace the top there was a wide view over the la scape, and all shapes and colors within i the far-off, air-blue mountains, the green gray olive groves on the nearer slopes; serpentine, dust-gray road through the va below; the free, fleeting groups of big clou and the noble, mathematically straight, dar blue line of the sea on the horizon—in the of the evening were as beautifully harmoni as if an angel had stood behind the shou of the observer and poured out it all from flute.

Angelo Santasilia, the famous sculptor owned the villa, was sitting on the terr shaping tiny figures in clay. His long work was over, and he was satisfied with his w But his three children—two fair-limbed l boys and a little girl with a skin as transpa as an almond blossom and big, childishly fathomable dark eyes—before consentin go to bed had demanded that these t equestrian statues should be ready by the morning. No one horseman was to be perior to another, yet they all were to b different that each of the children could mediately pick out its own from among th The task had gripped the artist's imaginat so that he was now deeply engrossed i His wife, Lucrezia, wrapped in a crim shawl, sat a little behind him, and smile her husband's gravity.

A nightingale sang in a distant thicket, all on a sudden another struck up, enraptu quite close by.

Angelo was still in his working smock great beauty since we last saw him had bec richer, almost blooming like that of a wo

A small man came from the house d toward husband and wife. He did not carr hat in his hand, for he had no hat, bu attitude was as dignified and deferential he had been sweeping the ground with panache of one. Lucrezia first caught sig him, and drew her husband's attentio him—but Angelo, who was just about to s a rearing horse, did not want to be interru Still when he turned his head, and recogn in the approaching figure the wand Giuseppino Pizzuti, a friend of old time waved his hand to him.

Giuseppino greeted his host as if their ing had taken place that very morning. Al same, the years had not passed over him out leaving their mark. He was even le than before and more poorly dressed. His brows were raised high on his forehead, a permanent deep amazement had placed there. He seemed to be without weight, l withered, rolled-up leaf.

At first he seemed quite unaffected b changed circumstances of his old compa in misfortune; indeed, he hardly seeme notice them at all. But when he was introd to Lucrezia and saw what a lovely wife A had, he was so deeply impressed that he s him "Signor Santasilia" and "Maestro."

"Nay," Angelo interrupted him, "speak so. I am no fine gentleman and no maste you remember where we last spoke toget

"Yes," Pizzuti answered after some liberation, "it was at the inn of Mariana Rat, the good home of thieves and smug down by the harbor."

"Aye, and let us talk together as w there," said Angelo.

Lucrezia after a while noticed that her husband's guest had three fingers missing on his right hand, and turned her face away. She was expecting her fourth child, and feared any impression of ugliness which might put its stamp upon the unborn baby. She therefore rose as quickly as with courtesy she could, remarked that the wanderer must be in need of something to eat and drink, and walked back to the villa to prepare something. The two men followed her with their eyes until she disappeared through the door.

"And how, Pino," asked the host, "have you been doing since I saw you last?"

The old man began to tell his story. He had traveled far and wide, had seen famous places and people and witnessed remarkable natural phenomena. He had also consoled the distressed and set on the right path those who had strayed from it. Suddenly he gave himself up to tears.

"Why do you weep, Pino?" asked Angelo.

"Oh, my friend, weep with me," Pino answered. "I have loved since last we met."

"Loved?" Angelo repeated, slowly and with astonishment, as if he were repeating a word of a foreign tongue.

"Oh, loved, loved!" cried Pino. "Life's sorest pain has penetrated and torn asunder even this heart of mine. A woman, radiant, triumphant like a song, smiled upon me—and went away again!"

"Life's sorest pain?" Angelo repeated as before."

"She was a great lady traveling from England," said Pino. "Three years ago, in Venice, as she got into her gondola, she gave me such a deep, friendly, animated glance, such a goddess glance, that thereby heaven came down and walked on earth! I followed her, we met again, and each time her eyes gave me the same greeting out of her soul's inexhaustible riches. Once she spoke to me. She was tall like a statue, she wore a silk robe that rustled faintly, her hair was like red-golden silk!"

Pizzuti raised his right hand to the sky. "But I," he cried out, "I lack these my three fingers, and will nevermore make my puppets dance! When she had gone away, the world was a void—and yet how full of pain! I had left one thing left to me in my infinite destitution: to talk with somebody who might possibly, just once in the course of the day, speak her name. I remained in Venice for two years, solely to sit with her gondolier, a plebeian who could neither sing nor play, hoping for this: that he would pronounce her name, as if waiting for sweet music to come from his lips. But he married, and his wife forbade me her house. O Angelo Santasilia—all life that I have in me consumes itself!"

Pino let his head fall onto his breast; tears poured down his face onto his greasy black cloak.

"You must not let that worry you," said Angelo. "It is a good thing to have a great sorrow. Or should human beings allow Christ to have died on the cross for the sake of our toothaches?"

After a while he continued: "Tell me her name, Pino. Then you will stay on in my house, and I will speak it once a day."

Pino closed his eyes, made two attempts to speak, but remained silent. He whispered, "I cannot."

Lucrezia's red-cheeked maid came from the house, smiling, with a tray containing wine, cheese and bread, and a cold chicken. Angelo poured out wine to his friend and to himself. The old wanderer was obviously hungry, yet he ate and drank slowly, as now he did everything.

"And you, Angelo," he said, "how have things gone with you?"

It was now Angelo's turn to report on his life in the seven years that had gone. He told Pino of the works he had completed since they had seen each other, and of the large orders he received from princes and cardinals, of the pupils who flocked to his school and of his children. When he stopped, Pino's gaze met his, and for some time they sat thus in silence. It came strange to Angelo to be sitting again with Pizzuti.

"Yes, you see, Pino," he at length said slowly. "All this—art, a lovely wife, beautiful children, renown, friends, wealth—all this will constitute a man's happiness, my happy life. But you know that there be rivers which at one place in their course disappear into the ground and run beneath it for a couple of miles. Woods and rose gardens grow in this ground, but beneath them runs the river. In that same way a river is running beneath my happiness, and only to you can I speak of it. That river is the secret which Lucrezia bears and keeps from me. For I do not know what happened on the night when I was hostage for Leonidas Allori in prison.

"She has never spoken of it. Many times I have waited for a word from her lips which would solve the riddle. On our wedding night I waited for it—and the river ran deep below our bridal bed. One day when we walked together along the seashore, and there was an offshore wind, and she gazed at me, I waited for it. But she has never spoken, her full sweet lips have always been sealed over the secret.



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While I was still young, I felt that I might have to kill her if she continued to keep silent.

"But I have reflected," he went on, "that I have no claims on her. For the entire being of a woman is a secret, which should be kept. And one more deep secret to her becomes part of it, one charm more, a hidden treasure. It is said that the tree under which a murderer buries his victim will die, but the apple tree under which a girl buries her murdered child does blossom more richly and does give more perfect fruit than others—the tree transforms the hidden crime into white and rosy, and into delicious flavor. I must not expect her to part with this secret either."

He gazed out over the valley.

"And I have further thought," he said, "that in the moment when at last I should be asking Lucrezia, 'Tell me, for I suffer, what happened that night that Leonidas Allori came to you, in the house of the vintager, in the mountains? Did the master learn, then, that you and I had betrayed him?' she would turn her face toward me, her clear eyes dark with sorrow, and answer me: 'So you have known that your master went to the vintager's house in the mountains, and you have never told me that you knew! For seven years, day and night, you have hidden your knowledge from me, and even my kisses have not been able to make you speak!' Maybe, after that, she would leave me forever. Or again, maybe she would still stay with me for the sake of the children, and because my great fame gives her pleasure. But she would never again be my happy, smiling wife.

"And I have come to understand that she would be in the right. For in the mind and nature of a man a secret is an ugly thing, like a hidden physical defect. And thus," he finished, "the river runs beneath my life."

Pino remained silent for a while, glanced at his friend and then gazed at the mountains. "And how goes it?" he asked. "Can you sleep now?"

"Sleep?" Angelo repeated, as before, as if from its sound he were repeating a word from another language, "Aye, do you remember when I could not sleep? Yes, thanks, now I can sleep."

Again there was a silence.

"No," Pino said suddenly, "you are mistaken, and things are not as you imagine. I happen to know. A person who—because of you—did have this matter at heart, might—for your sake—ask Lucrezia, 'What happened the night your lover pledged his life for your husband? Did the great artist then get to know that you two, whom he had held dearest of all, and whose hearts and fates he had directed as by strings on his fingers, had betrayed him? Did the blow then break his great heart? Or did he stand up to it, even if staggering, trusting to the law of the golden section?' She would then look up at the inquirer, her eyes so clear that he would be ashamed to doubt even for a moment the truth of her words, and answer him, 'I am very sorry that I cannot tell you. But I do not remember. I have forgotten.'"

"Do you mean to tell me," Angelo asked in a low voice, "that you have asked her?"

"I have seen your wife for the first time today," answered Pino. "But you forget that I have once written marionette plays. I had then a lovely puppet, the *jeune première* of my theater, with rosy cheeks and white bosom, and with eyes of clear dark glass, who resembled Lucrezia."

When after a pause the old man again looked at Angelo, he noticed that he was smiling a little. "What are you thinking of, Angelo?" he asked.

"I was thinking of those small instruments that we call words, and by which we have to manage in this life of ours. I was thinking of how, by interchanging two everyday words in an everyday sentence, we alter our world. For when you had spoken, I first thought, 'Is that possible?'—then secondly, after a moment, 'That is possible.'"

They now for some time talked of other things, and to give Giuseppino pleasure, Angelo made him tell of his marionette theater. But from time to time the smile left the face of the old theater director, and he sank back into melancholy.

"But listen now, Pino," said his friend. "Today your heaven is seven years nearer to you then when we last met. There you will see again both your puppets and your milady. For I take it that you are still Demas, the thief on the cross who had Paradise promised him?"

"Well, Angelo," said Pizzuti, scratching his head with his two fingers, "there you bring up something to which I have been giving a good deal of thought. I certainly still do believe that I am that great sinner to whom hope was given. But how, now, did things really go with this thief on the cross?

"'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,' the Saviour said to him. But when on the evening of Good Friday Demas presented himself at the gate of Paradise, Christ was not there, and as you know, forty days passed before He came home in all His splendor. Very likely the young King of Heaven, in those days of great events, gave not much thought to an invitation. But I myself—better than most people—will know with what confusion and anxiety the poorly dressed guest did approach the gate.

"And I have pondered," Pino went on, "who will really have been present behind the gate at which Demas was staring, with the authority to let a thief into Paradise? The Rock of the Church, the great Fisherman Peter, at this dark hour crouched at the back of the high priest's house, farther away from Paradise than ever before or after. St. Mary Magdalene, whom Demas knew from Jerusalem, was sobbing into her long hair and had

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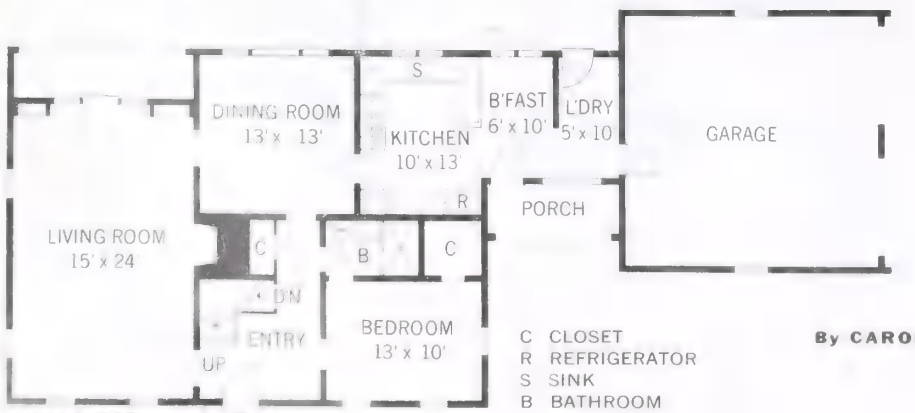
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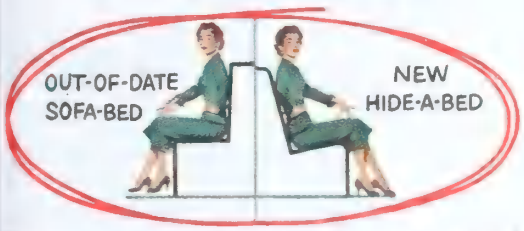
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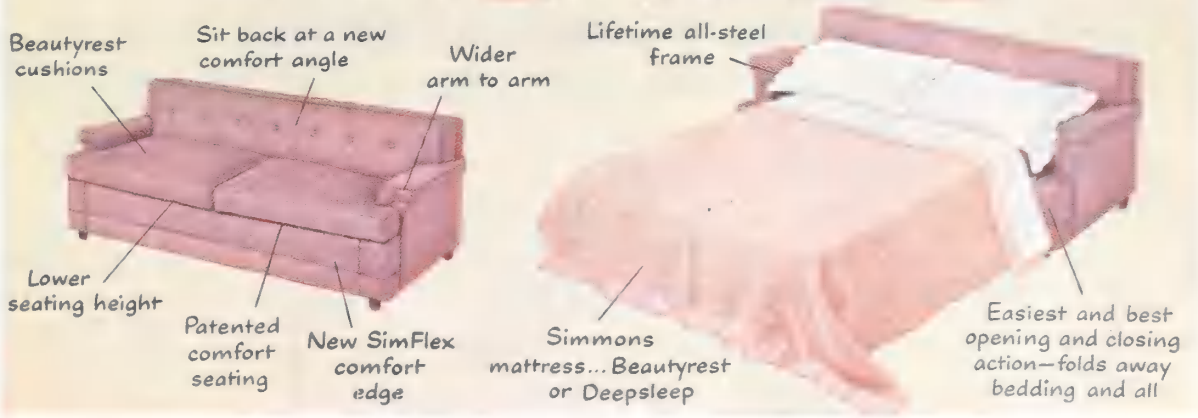
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not yet made up her mind to go to the grave. Those friendly saints with whom we are now familiar—Francis, Anthony and sweet Catherine—came upon the heavenly stage only many centuries later. The gentle Blessed Virgin, had she by that time been Queen of Heaven, would have understood all that was going on in Demas' heart, and so would have come to the gate herself, with her crown on and her retinue of angels—but even her strong heart could not hold or bear any more on that Friday night. Yet after a long time, I have imagined, the little children whom King Herod had had put to death in Bethlehem came running along to throng around the newcomer. No doubt they laughed at the sorry figure collapsed in a small heap over his sundered bones, perhaps they did even point their little fingers at him, as children will do at a ragged cripple. But in the end two of them ran in to fetch Saint Anne, Christ's blessed grandmother. And as this worthy woman now appeared at the gate and spoke to him, Demas suddenly realized how everything is explained and made clear to the blessed in heaven, for even after the happenings of Good Friday, she was mild and bright as a lighted candle.

"I have now imagined the following conversation to take place between the two of them.

"'Come in,' the lady says, 'come in, my good man, you are expected. But my grandson has been delayed, for He has found it necessary to descend into hell.'

"'O Lady,' Demas answers, much ashamed, 'there will have been some mistake, just as I expected, and it is down there that I am to see Him once more. May I make so bold as to ask the way, for I want nothing better than to be where He is.'

"'Certainly not,' said Saint Anne. 'You must do as you are told. And I myself very much want to speak with one who has seen Him so recently.'

"'O Lady,' says Demas again, 'how can one such as I discourse with you on that which no man on earth can describe?'

"'I know, I know,' says the holy grandmother. 'Who would know better than I? My good man, you did not see Him when He first learned to walk. I myself held one of His little hands, and His mother held the other—never have I seen a child so like his mother! No, it is as you say—it is indescribable!'

"And led by Lady Saint Anne's hand—that same hand of which she had spoken—Demas stepped across the threshold of Paradise."

Angelo laughed at his friend's story.

"Aye, if I had still got my theater," said Pizzuti, carried away by his own eloquence, "I should have played this scene on the stage. Might it not have been sublime and thrilling, dear Angelo? Now it must content itself to become reality someday.

"And you yourself now," he said after a minute. "Are you going to Paradise? And shall we meet and talk together there, as we do here now?"

Angelo for a long time found no answer. He took up one of his small clay figures and set it on the balustrade, a little to the left.

"A man is more than one man," he said slowly. "And the life of a man is more than one life. The young man who was Leonidas Allori's chosen disciple, who felt that at his hand he would become the greatest artist of his age, and who loved his master's wife—he will not go to heaven. He was too light of weight to mount so high."

He set up another figure on the balustrade, at some distance from the first and to the right of it.

"And this famous sculptor, Angelo Santasilia," he went on, "whom princes and cardinals beseech to work for them, this good husband and father—he will not go to heaven either. And do you know why? Because he is not at all eager to go there."

He placed his last figure in between the two others, farther back on the balustrade.

"Do you see, Pino?" he said softly. "These three tiny toy figures are placed to mark three corners of a rectangle, in which the sum of the two is to the length as the length to the sum of the two. These, you know, are the proportions of the golden section."

He let his skilled hands fall to rest in his lap.

"But," he finished very slowly, "the young man whom you met at the inn of Mariana-the-Rat—the good home of thieves and smugglers down by the harbor—the young man with whom you talked there at night, Pino—he will go to heaven." END

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JUDGE HAROLD G. KNIGHT,* of the Montgomery County Juvenile Court, Pennsylvania, began in 1951 a new system of dealing with traffic violations by juveniles. He requested police in the various towns to refer all juvenile offenders to the Juvenile Court, rather than to justices of the peace, as formerly. Then he worked out an arrangement with the director of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Highway Safety, whereby operating licenses would be suspended on recommendation of the court, and reinstated only with the court's approval. Montgomery, a test county for this system, has shown positive results, as evidenced by these comments:

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Journal

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June, 1955

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Journalities

EVAN HUNTER, whose first novel, *The Blackboard Jungle*, caused many drums to beat when it was published in the JOURNAL last year, has written the short story on page 48 titled *The Fallen Angel*. It's about a circus aerialist who learned to perform the most shocking stunt in the twentieth century. We want to tell you right now we don't think it ever really happened. We do not. It's fiction, that's what it is. Still, and all—well, it *might* have happened. Strange things do happen at circuses, and it's just possible a man *could* train himself to—but, of course, we *don't* believe it happened to Evan Hunter. We do not. He and his lovely wife, Anita, and their three young children were snugly situated in a New York suburb, last we heard. Evan Hunter is not and never was the daring young man on a flying trapeze. Or was he?



Evan Hunter

Hardly anybody pays any attention to *The Bride's Sister*—and that's a story (see page 58). One writer who has is ANN CHIDESTER, who lives in Stillwater, Minnesota, the town where she was born. She reports: "I have just returned from Europe where, just as here in my home town, I met people I knew everywhere. I have written five novels and innumerable short stories, a good percentage of which went into a wastebasket. I have been writing for fifteen years and find it much more difficult now than in the beginning—but more stimulating and natural too."



Ann Chidester

Here is a photograph of photographer TANA HOBAN taking a photograph of photographer TANA HOBAN. She does it with mirrors, probably, so don't worry about it. Tana does most of the photography for the Sub-Deb page and has done many JOURNAL covers. She says her family consists of one husband, one daughter, one cat, four finches and three fish. She was an artist before becoming a photographer and she likes to cook and sew. She has written a book, just published, called *How to Photograph Children*. She is also a do-it-yourself carpenter, plumber, electrician and interior designer, having completely remodeled, with her husband's help, their four-story house in Philadelphia. With mirrors, we said.



Tana Hoban

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Our readers write us

All-Around Approach

San Jose, California

Dear Editors: When you describe incomes less than ours and show families living in less fortunate circumstances, my perspective changes and I realize how lucky I am. That's why I like your "all-around" approach—and why I found your recent issue on delinquency so excellent. You've made the "woman's world" a real outlook on the world.

Sincerely yours,

DELLA BELANSKY

Dear Editors—Help!

Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: I couldn't live without some of my modern kitchen devices—but the big hitch, I find, is in getting these things serviced. When will manufacturers learn that none of even their fine appliances are better than the service that keeps them operating? Can it be, in reaching for automatic devices we've made them too complicated? When servicemen fail to keep an appliance operating, the housewife holds it against that brand, and will be influenced when she makes a next purchase.

In our kitchen we have a refrigerator that is claimed to defrost automatically, but every day a pool of water collects in the tray where we are supposed to keep the meat cold. We called in the local serviceman, who looked it over and then admitted that he can't cope with the situation. In fact, he claims he can't understand the instructions from the home office! Can't you use your influence to remedy this situation?

Desperately,

MRS. ROBERT F. FIELD

Children and Pets

Toulon, Illinois

Dear Editors: My idea in sending you this photo was simply this: pets are more than a means of teaching children responsibility, something for them to "take care of." They're companions—something they can freely show affection toward, something they can love.



Companions.

Sincerely,

ERNEST ROBSON

A Question of Loving

Detroit, Michigan

Dear Editors: Your Children in Trouble has caused me to retract a statement I made to my daughter only a few days ago—and to urge her *not* to act upon my too hasty advice.

Mary's neighbor is a businessman whose work takes him far and wide over the world. His five-year-old son, James, likes to play with my grandson—so much so, in fact, that he is at my daughter's most of the time. And this causes a few problems. James apparently doubts that he belongs to a family; he has had a different nanny in four different countries, and now is left at home with a nurse who cannot cope with him.

When Mary herself became quite disturbed over problems she had with the boy, I—all sympathy for her—said, "I don't see why you should be obliged to discipline James when you're so busy caring for your own child."

Then last night I read Children in Trouble and The Child Nobody Cares About, and I was ashamed of my earlier reply. I told my daughter that for *her* son's sake as well as for James', we should both take an interest in his problems. And we shall—for we know it is simply a question of loving.

You, in these pages to cherish, have reached straight to my heart.

Sincerely,

A.S.G.

Gold Under the Wings

Bartow, Florida

Dear Editors: Every magazine I've read recently has had one or more articles about the schools, but it seems to me that all of them have left out something. I call it gold under the wings. And I would like to tell you why I call it that:

I had tidied my desk at school and leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction. For once I had done everything planned. Then came a timid knock and one of my slowest learners. In his hands he tenderly held a dead moth. "I just had to give you this. We were so busy today we didn't have time to talk about it."

I thanked him, and then determined to have science lesson right then and there. To all my questions he shook his head. Then he began a backward retreat. Suddenly he stopped. He hurried back, his face suffused with happiness.

"I don't know any of those things you asked me; but, look, there's gold under the wings!" Then I knew my day hadn't been perfect. It had passed like a well-oiled machine. I thought of a little boy riding a crowded school bus holding a fragile moth so carefully that not even a speck of gold was lost.

First thing next morning Randy showed his moth. Nothing was said about scientific facts. We concentrated on the gold under the wings!

And that's what I want to talk about now. Aren't we becoming so enmeshed in problems that we're forgetting and neglecting some far more vital needs? I want my pupils to learn the skills and facts they will need; but more than that, I want them to have a dream, new worlds to conquer, a desire to serve one's fellow man. I want them to know God.

To me there is nothing more fascinating than teaching. You aren't just a teacher. You're a doctor discovering what each child needs, a psychologist, an artist helping to create and nurture ideas; more than anything else, you're a friend, someone never too busy to listen.

We need more teachers desperately. I hope I can say something which will give young men and women a glimpse of the things I find most heart-warming:

That tense moment when everyone is trying to figure an arithmetic problem and suddenly a face has that "I've found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow" look.

When the bell for dismissal rings, and I walk with them down the steps, telling each one good-by and listening to last-minute rush of things they've just thought to tell me.

The things they carry around in their pockets and eagerly show me, inviting me into a magic world! One day we are going to have a lesson woven around those treasures. If we run out of things, I can empty my pocketbook!

One of my favorite times is early in the morning when we're all standing at attention. I love America. I believe that it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

IVORY SNOW

Safest possible soap
for baby's things
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by HAND OR MACHINE!



FOR DIAPERS . . .

and baby clothes, there's no soap like Ivory-safe Ivory Snow. It leaves them *far* softer than detergents or strong washday soaps, free from deposits that chafe baby skin. *And,* it's granulated for efficiency!



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99 44/100% PURE®

The only soap both IVORY-SAFE and GRANULATED for efficiency



When an argument gets hectic, should you—

☐ *Tape record it* ☐ *Break it up* ☐ *Take the loser's side*

One man's politics (or ball club or disc collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over. Shatter the chatter—tactfully. Maybe with music; or a funny story; anything you and the other gals can think of to quickly change the subject and save the party from bogging down. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time, as well. For when you choose *Kotex**, you're getting protection without fail. You're sure of the softness, safety, complete *absorbency you need*—to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.



Quick way out of your hero's heart?

☐ *Confess you can't cook* ☐ *Be a mambo maniac* ☐ *Kiss and tell*

All those sweet nothings he whispered in her ear, last night . . . all cancelled, in nothing flat! Why? Because today a complete playback reached his blushing ears! Only a chrome dome babbles to her cronies; broadcasts her Romeo's romancing. It's a fatal mistake. On certain days, you need make no mistakes about sanitary protection—not with Kotex. For this napkin can be worn on either side, safely; and you get special softness that *holds its shape*.



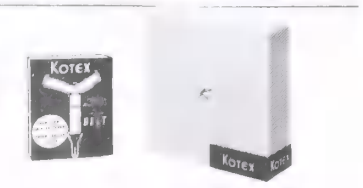
What's smart to have on an auto trip?

☐ *Wisp control* ☐ *A face lift* ☐ *Dramamine* ☐ *Hitchhikers*

Seeing America this summer? Look pretty, please—for America (Mrs. and *Mr.*) will be seeing *you*, too! On a long jalopy jaunt, carry a bottle of skin freshener to give your face a quick wash. Bring hair spray, for wisp control. And at "that" time, too, you can meet the public eye serenely—what with Kotex and those *flat pressed ends* preventing telltale outlines. Try all *3 sizes* of Kotex; it's the only way to learn which one best suits you . . . Regular, Junior or Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Buy two . . . *for a change!*



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

is the land of the free and the home of the brave. We can't afford to let our future leaders down. Can't we—church, home, school, newspapers, comic books and TV—get together?

Sincerely,
ANNE McCALL

Love Letter to an Aunt

Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Editor: You ought to write about my Aunt Jenny. She takes care of me and my grandfather. She lets me have dogs and cats and turtles and snakes.



She does it herself.

She bought us a house because we were living in an apartment and she is shingling it all by herself.

Yours truly,
BOBBY BOGDAN

P.S. I'm sending you a picture of my aunt and a picture of me and my dog.

▶ *Bobby, 12, thinks everybody ought to buy the* JOURNAL. *He regrets other kids can't see the zooky hat Aunt Jenny made him, so their mothers could copy, but agrees that Aunt Jenny, professional woman and homemaker, takes precedence. We agree with Bobby. ED.*

Speaking as a Husband—

Cholon, Indochina

Dear Editors: The opportunity to read your magazine in this far-away corner of the world seems not easy, for they are at least fifty days behind the published date. Here, I want to tell you how much we appreciate everything in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

As a Christian looking for a better world, I like your editorials; as a teacher and father I like the way you deal with the problems concerning the teen-agers; and also as a husband, I feel so proud to watch my wife improving our home life by reading your magazine.

Hope to hear a word from you, many thanks. Sincerely,

SZE-TO KWONG

Army Gripes

Berkeley, California

Dear Bruce: Since most of my buddies were in the Army, and the group of us represents a pretty broad (if not very deep) body of military experience, I seem to spend quite a lot of time reminiscing. Poor old Army. What a pitiful instrument to have put your trust in. If you have an ear among the Younger Set—I don't particularly mean the Ivy League younger set—you've heard that the boys look forward to going in as they would to prison terms, and that they come out, most of them, filled with resentment. The unfortunate thing is that the Army is bending over backward to make things just as pleasant for them as it can. In my opinion, it's bent so far backward it'll be hard to straighten up again.

Looking back from the distance of about three years to my enlisted experience, and more than a year to my last commissioned service, my formerly incoherent feelings are beginning to take shape. By order of the commanding officer, I conducted a survey in our company in Germany on why the men weren't signing up again. Questionnaire: no signature required, use back of sheet for additional comments. Every possible complaint was made. The food was overdone, or underdone; the sergeants were incompetent, or the officers; the chain of command was too strictly observed, or not strictly enough; discipline too rigid, and too lax; uniforms unsatisfactory, pass policy, leave policy, promotion policy, all unsatisfactory. The boys just didn't like the military.

And neither did I, but until recently I didn't know why either. I can see now it was that having responsibility without authority is an impossible situation. In 1948 arrived the "new Army," the "citizens' Army"; distinctions of rate and rank were very largely abolished; a "policy" was proclaimed by Washington, and "implemented" with many "directives," "special regulations," and "standard operating procedures"; the whole business culminated in the Manual for Courts-Martial of 1951. The effect of all this was much too large and complex for me to try to deal with here. Unless you want me to write about 20,000 words on the subject (and I'm sure you don't), it's enough to say that while the authority of the sergeant was abolished both in fact and theory, the authority of the junior officer (to and including major) was abolished only in fact.

This preposterous state of affairs leads to my second complaint: that having jobs to do, recalcitrant timeservers to do them with, and no power to compel, the proud officer of our citizens' Army is obliged to spend many painful hours trying to justify his failures.

I suffered with it, but no worse than anyone else. I don't believe I was a particularly good officer, but I know I wasn't a particularly poor one. It's the system. Yours,

WARREN

▶ *When asked for permission to print the above excerpt from his letter, Warren—now a law student—said, "You understand, I'm sure, that you'll be publishing an unpopular point of view. If anyone's moved to comment, the comments will take issue. The ex-privates will be quick to point out what gall the man has to have been an officer and afterward complained about it, while the ex-colonels will hasten to correct the false impressions lent by this upstart lieutenant. No doubt there's some justice in both viewpoints." ED.*

What to Do with Old Specs

Short Hills, New Jersey

Dear Editors: Do you know about New Eyes for the Needy? This is a nonprofit organization which provides new eyeglasses and artificial eyes for people who cannot otherwise afford them. The work was started by Mrs. Arthur Terry, who died in 1947, and now is carried on by the Short Hills Junior Service League. Up to 1953, more than 75,000 people had been helped.

The system is this: Old eyeglasses are collected, and reusable frames are set aside. (Lenses without frames cannot be used.) Metal frames and old gold and silver scrap are sent to be melted and redeemed for cash. This fund is then used to buy new prescription glasses.

Distribution of new glasses and artificial eyes is uncomplicated. A needy person may apply to a hospital, clinic or welfare agency—or directly to us. He is then examined and referred to an optician for glasses paid for by the organization.

The need for optical scrap is greater now than ever! Please help by sending your old eyeglasses and gold and silver scrap to New Eyes for the Needy, Inc., Short Hills, New Jersey. Help, too, by telling others about this unique charity. Sincerely,

ABBY N. DUNN



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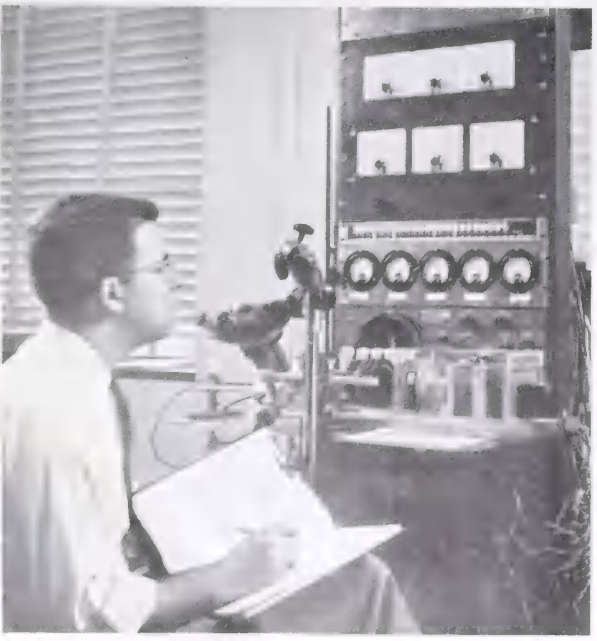
An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

Should Your Child be an Electronic Engineer?

by Mervin J. Kelly

President, Bell Telephone Laboratories, as told to **DONALD ROBINSON**

At Bell Telephone Laboratories, where the Nike guided missile system was developed, flight problems are worked out with electro-mechanical equipment simulating Nike, providing in a few months flight data which would otherwise take years.



Making experimental transistors—tiny, solid amplifiers which do the work of vacuum tubes—is done automatically by this machine now being developed at Bell Telephone Laboratories. It employs many principles which are bringing automation to industry.

AN AGE of electronic miracles lies ahead of us. The next few decades will witness some of the most exciting advances in the history of this wonderful new science.

Just take the field of communications. In the predictable future, you really will be able to see as well as hear the person with whom you are talking on the telephone. Each telephone may be equipped with its own television screen.

The day is coming when there will be a powerful radio transmitter and receiver no bigger than a wristwatch. You'll be able to carry it in your pocket and use it wherever you go.

Business procedures will be revolutionized by electronic devices.

The boys and girls who choose electronic engineering as a career will participate in these forward strides and countless others. They will have an opportunity to help open great new scientific frontiers.

I envy them the broad horizons that stretch out before them.

Electronics covers such a wide area that many people are confused about it. Again and again, I am asked,

"Precisely what does an electronic engineer do?"

The answer is simple. The electronic engineer is concerned with all spheres of science that depend for their effect on the negative charge of electricity which we call the electron. Radar, radio and television are three examples of the electronic engineer's work. The electronic computer—the so-called artificial brain—is a fourth. There are many more.

If he is involved in research, the electronic engineer generally spends his time developing and designing electronic devices. If he is in the manufacturing end, he plans and supervises the production, operation and maintenance of electronic equipment.

Today, the demand for electronic engineers is a vast one. The industry has grown so fast that there just aren't enough. According to the National Society of Professional Engineers, less than ten percent of the 450,000 professional engineers in the United States specialize in electronics.

Opportunities for advancement are, therefore, excellent. In most reputable companies, the young engineer is limited solely by his talent and enthusiasm. As he demonstrates the capacity for it, he is sure to receive more and more responsible work to do.

The rewards of the profession are large. A graduate of an engineering college can expect a starting salary of

$360 or $375 a month. Within ten years, if he has evidenced ability, he should be earning twice that much. He probably won't become a millionaire. Few engineers do. But top men in the field can anticipate an income of $25,000 or $30,000 a year.

Over and beyond that, the average electronic engineer gets a lot more out of his profession than his salary. I know I do.

There is a challenge in electronic engineering that is hard to match—the challenge of taking a nebulous idea and making it assume shape as a constructive, operating reality.

I can remember as vividly as if it were today the thrill that came when a group of us Bell engineers were working on the first trans-Atlantic radio telephone.

The problem was a tough one. The biggest vacuum tube available could produce only 250 watts. We had to develop a tube capable of twenty to twenty-five times that output.

It was my good fortune to be able to design such a tube.

Then we had to devise a system that would use this tube to transmit voices unfailingly across the 3,000 miles of static-ridden Atlantic water.

We built an experimental station out on Long Island and started transmission tests to England. Deliberately, we picked the most difficult sentences in the language for transmission to see if they could be heard and understood there.

"Joe took father's shoe bench out," we said.

And, "She was waiting at my lawn."

And, "Why do people eat oysters?"

Could these sentences be understood—not just once but day in and day out, no matter what the hour or the weather?

Finally, the word came back. Our messages were getting through. Trans-Atlantic telephone service was assured.

I was a very happy man.

There are still other rewards. The electronic engineer has the respect of his community as a well-educated professional man. He has the gratification of doing work which is beneficial to mankind. Just think of the lives that have been saved, for example, by the X-ray tube. In these days of international stress, he also has the satisfaction of knowing that he can make a marked contribution to the defense of democracy. More than one-half of the electronic industry is now engaged in defense work. The continental defense system is all electronic. The brain which makes the Army's land-to-air missile Nike so effective in hunting out enemy planes and destroying them is electronic. The instrumentation of atomic weapons like the H-bomb, the A-bomb and the warheads on missiles is electronic. In fact, the electronic engineer is as essential to atomic weaponry as the nuclear physicist.



e first trans-Atlantic telephone cable will require more than 0 underwater amplifiers with vacuum tubes that can give interrupted service for years. Here research specialists ke transmission measurements on an experimental model.

I am not saying that electronic engineering does not have its drawbacks. Certainly, it is not the field for a man absorbed only in money-making. No man who cares merely about getting rich should submit himself to the disciplines of such a creative technology.

It is not the most attractive field for the man who wants to go into business for himself. Too much capital is necessary for the average electronic engineer ever to set up a laboratory or business of his own.

And, it is surely not the field for the rugged individualist who hates to collaborate with others. More and more, electronic engineering has become dependent on teamwork.

When the Bell Laboratories began its research on solid state physics, shortly after the end of World War II, a group of three senior engineers and ten technical aides was set up. As it probed deeper into the matter, the group was enlarged. Soon we had almost 30 men in it.

Out of their three years of teamwork came the transistor, the epochal device which is replacing the vacuum tube and has metamorphosed electronics.

Had these men not been able to work together, the transistor would probably never have been invented.

How can you tell whether your son is fitted to be an electronic engineer?

I'd say that you first should determine whether he has a scientific bent. Find out whether he likes mathematics and makes good marks in it. How about his physics? Do the experiments fascinate him?

If he seems genuinely interested in science, then you should check up on certain broad characteristics. Is he willing to work hard? Thomas A. Edison aptly remarked,

"Genius is one percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration."

Is your son painstaking? This is a field that requires great attention to detail. A misplaced decimal point can do much damage.

Is your son intellectually honest? A scientist must allow facts, not prejudices, to set his course.

Does your son have an open mind? Is he willing, even anxious, to look at new evidence? He must be if he is to arrive at true scientific answers.

Should your son decide to go in for engineering, I would urge him *not* to select electronics—or any other line—as his specialty too soon. He can make a grievous error if he does. I did.

As a high school student out in the Midwest, I had a brief conversation one day with a metallurgical engineer. His tales of adventure in British Columbia impressed me so much that, then and there, I resolved to become a metallurgical engineer, too.

I was mistaken. After I enrolled in a school of mining, I learned that my interest lay in other fields of science. I had to switch courses.

To avoid making a similar mistake, I would recommend that every would-be engineer secure a broad foundation in all the sciences before he chooses the kind of engineering which interests him the most.

Actually, an engineering education starts in high school. A boy who wants to be an engineer should study all the mathematics and physics he can get there.

After high school, comes an engineering course at college. Ordinarily, it is a four-year course leading to a bachelor's degree. In most colleges, the first two years are the same for all students. The choice of a specialty usually is not made until the end of the sophomore year.

As a rule, the boy who wishes to specialize in electronics should take the course in electrical engineering. This will give him a background not only in electronics but in all facets of electricity. He should also take as much English and the other humanities as possible. They will come in very handy.

A course such as this is not easy. It probably will necessitate more classroom work and more study hours than almost any other course. You can't bluff your way through it. It is always engrossing, though.

Is college expensive? In many instances, yes. It can run from a few hundred dollars a year to almost $2,000. However, a recent survey by the National Society of Professional Engineers disclosed that American colleges make over 2,800 scholarships available to engineering students. Several thousand more scholarships are granted by the various states. At least 36 of our 48 states make some legal provisions for engineering scholarships and fellowships.

I am often asked, "Can girls make a go of engineering?"

The answer is a resounding "Yes." It is true that there are less than 4,000 women graduate engineers in the United States today. Nevertheless, there are some very good women engineers who hold down splendid jobs and do fine, creative work. This is particularly noticeable in electronics.

To the girls as well as the boys who have the requisite aptitudes, I say: by all means, select electronic engineering for your career. You can help create a better, more livable world.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

Booklets available on other careers

This article on Engineering is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling *and* Nursing. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Bruce Gould

Beatrice Blackmar Gould

Editors

Can women be ladies?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON



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"Landscape With Three Gabled Cottages Beside a Road." Signed and dated Rembrandt, 1650. Three versions of this etching exist today.

A newspaper advertisement of a "foundation garment" recently attracted my somewhat startled attention by announcing that it would give its wearer "the only *fashionable* look, the only *possible* look . . . the ladylike look."

Good gracious, I thought to myself, *is the ideal of the lady about to be revived?*

I confess that I was puzzled as to how one such garment or another could contribute to making a girl or woman appear to be more or less of a lady. I suppose—from the description, which promises to make one "subtly" beautiful—that it is not a garment designed to emphasize, enhance or call exaggerated attention to the physical endowments associated with sex and "the sweater girl." Such garments, particularly bras, have catered to the long-current trend of making the most of the female bosom, or even of building one in if Nature has not sumptuously endowed, and the advertisers have intimated the "sexy" effect of their wares. Could it be, I ruminated, that a too obvious sexiness of appearance is about to become *unfashionable?*

Well, I don't know. What I do know is that, with the exception of certain religious sects, women, whether ladies or not, have always tried to make the most of their natural endowments, and to improve on Nature with art, though fashion is a whimsical thing, and has an extraordinary power to create and undo ideals of erotic beauty. It has made the "boyish" figure modish, designing clothes to eliminate the waist, compress the hips and flatten the bosom; it has decreed skirt lengths from knees to ankles; it has hobbled women into tight sheaths, and split these sheaths to expose glimpses of enticing legs; or it has corseted the waist to such breathlessness that no wonder Victorian ladies were perpetually swooning. From steel-bound waists it has pushed up bosoms to resemble bouquets erupting from slender vases; it has draped the ladies in Grecian folds, or surrounded them with the swirling skirts of peasants; it has topped them with mountainous hairdos, exposed their foreheads or covered them with bangs, or cut their locks to resemble the head of a medieval page, or of an Italian gamin, or of a poodle.

And by and large, the Captain's Lady and Judy O'Grady have gone along, starving themselves when the mode called for extreme thinness and fattening themselves (in happier modes) and always, always painting their faces, shadowing their eyes to make them appear larger, and reddening their mouths.

Not long ago, in Egypt, I visited some excavations around the oldest of the pyramids, from which I learned that 9000 years ago women, certainly classed in their day as "ladies," used eye shadow, mascara, rouge and lipstick. And always they have perfumed and bejeweled themselves.

Modesty of dress and deportment has, however, been associated with the greatest "ladies"; namely, royalty.

One cannot imagine either of the two living queens of England—the Queen Mother and Elizabeth II—or the queens of Holland or the Scandinavian countries dressed to call attention to their sexual attributes. Their clothes are beautiful, but conform to no exaggerations of fashion—nor do they set the standards of fashion. Their figures are natural—as natural as their exquisite manners; and they do set the standard of good manners, considerate, delicate and unrestrained. Like Caesar's wife's, their virtue is, and must be, above suspicion. Divorce and, of course, scandal are out of the question for any twentieth-century sovereign who will retain the throne.

But that was not always true.

Catherine of Russia was a great queen, but her morals were notorious. She was quite unashamed about them, too, not even paying the tribute of hypocrisy which vice so often pays to virtue; nor, among the intimates of her court, was she modest in any way. A great sovereign, she was certainly in modern terms no lady.

But what *is* a lady?

(You see to what extent one's thoughts can be led by contemplation of a simple advertisement!)

The Encyclopaedia Britannica devotes 7½ lines to define "lady" in two applications: as a title of nobility correlative of "lord," and as the correlative of "gentleman." It devotes about 2 pages to describing the male correlatives of lady, but still leaves "lady" pretty indefinite, since, as James Branch Cabell remarked in Something About Eve, "No lady is ever a gentleman"!

We are not concerned with "lady" as a title of nobility. There are no American lady-lords.

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Make it today . . . serve it tonight!

(Yield: about 11 medium glasses)

2 quarts fully ripe strawberries
1 box Sure-Jell fruit pectin*
7 cups sugar

1. Crush berries, one layer at a time, so that each berry is reduced to a pulp. Mix 4½ cups crushed strawberries and 1 box Sure-Jell in a very large saucepan. Measure sugar and set aside.

2. Put saucepan over high heat and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. Stir in sugar at once. Bring to a full rolling boil, then boil hard for 1 minute, stirring constantly.

3. Remove from heat. Stir and skim for 5 minutes. Then ladle quickly into glasses. (No paraffining necessary if used in 2 months—just cover and keep in refrigerator.)

*or if you prefer Certo liquid fruit pectin, use recipe attached to Certo bottle.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"Gentleman" is not a title, though the word (or concept) has had an interesting evolution. In its original meaning a gentleman was a man of good family, belonging, in the Latin "*gentilis*," to a distinguishable race, or gens. "Those whom their race and blood, or *at least their virtues*, make noble and known." There seems always to have been this dual association. A man of noble birth was accepted as a "gentleman," unless his behavior contradicted it. A story is attributed to James II of England, who, when a mother entreated him to "make my son a gentleman," replied, "Madam, I could make him a nobleman [by giving him a title], but God Almighty could not make him a gentleman." In short, a gentleman is created not by a king or a title, nor by birth, but by his demeanor and behavior.

In the days before there were conscript armies, a development of democracy unknown before the French Revolution, those who bore arms for their country were considered of superior social rank, their families distinguished by having a "coat of arms" to signalize the fact—a habit that made fortunes for the heralds who designed them. Shakespeare was turned by grant of a coat of arms from a "vagabond" into a "gentleman." In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries fighting was apparently the sole honorable profession for gentlemen—but Joan of Arc, who

Almost all our faults are more pardonable than the methods we think up to hide them. —LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

fought in those times, was never considered a "lady."

"Gentleman" has gone through a wide, democratic revolution. Already, in Shakespeare's day, all in the learned professions—clergy, lawyers, scholars—were considered "gentlemen." But a learned woman could not have been a lawyer, nor her desire to be one the aspiration of a lady. In 1815 the Encyclopaedia Britannica described a gentleman as anyone who without title bears a coat of arms or whose ancestors have been freemen. By 1845 all above the rank of yeomen (free farmers) could be regarded as gentlemen, and by 1856 the title was accorded all persons above the rank of "common tradesman when their manners are indicative of a certain amount of refinement and intelligence."

Until fairly recently trade was not considered an appropriate occupation for a gentleman. Buying and selling were thought inconducive to the development of culture or character. But all these considerations of professional activities or engagement, never applicable to women, have gradually faded. Position, education and unaffectedly good manners still mark the gentleman in any society, but the term also involves a superior standard of conduct, related to self-respect, honorable dealings—"his word is as good as his bond."

"The gentleman owes his acceptance as such, not to circumstances but to his behavior in them," one historian records.

We may assume, therefore, that a lady must possess sufficient education or culture to enable her to converse grammatically and in a pleasant voice above the level of idle, personal gossip; that under whatever circumstances she lives, she conducts a home with a degree of refinement; and that she conforms to a superior standard of conduct.

And yet, despite the increased equality between the sexes, the standards "becoming to a gentleman" are still not always consistent with those "becoming to a lady." What society finds acceptable in a gentleman is not equally acceptable in a gentlewoman—or lady.

For to men (who have written innumerable books, romances and poetry about woman) she still appears in a dual light. She is the eternal seductress and temptress leading men

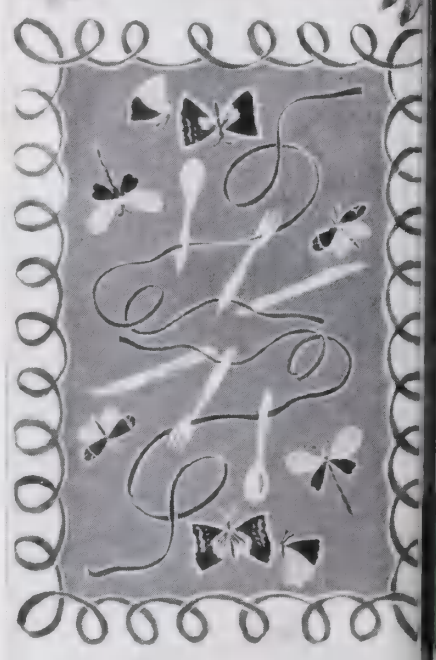
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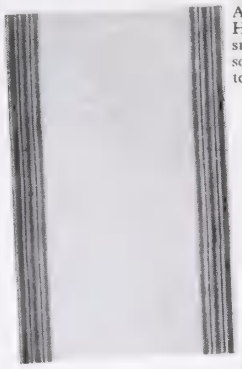
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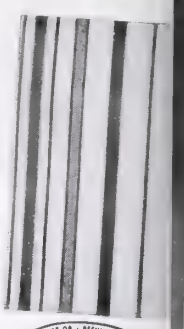




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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

to evil; the Eve who lost for Adam paradise. And she is the angel, Goethe's "eternal feminine" who "leads us ever upward."

She is considered either infinitely worse than man or infinitely better. Her influence for good or evil over man is vastly greater—or so the poets have always thought—than man's influence over her.

She need not be as brilliant, educated or even creatively as intelligent as man. But she must be *more* virtuous than man usually is, or she will ruin him and the race.

I gather this from reading what men (and some women) have written about "woman" from the ancient Greeks to the present day. And I also gather that "woman" is a subject far more mysterious, frustrating and interesting than "man."

Burton Stevenson's Home Book of Quotations, Classical and Modern, devotes 31 two-column finely printed pages to quotations of what great and lesser poets, philosophers and sages have said about Woman, and additional pages to "Maids, Virgins and Girls," but fills only 18 with what they have said about Man—including under "man" mankind as such! Far more attention has been paid to her than to Wisdom or War. And in the sum of this concentrated interest, little concern is expressed for woman as a lady. She is "the weaker sex, to piety more prone," according to William Alexander. Edmund

There is something inevitable about an idea whose hour has struck.

—GOETHE

Burke considered her "but an animal, and an animal not of the highest order." But she has also been called "a temple sacred by birth, and built of hands divine." She is pictured as utterly frivolous and mysteriously wise. She is the one creature on whom man can depend, but inconstancy is the essence of her nature. "Even to vice they are not constant," said Shakespeare of women in Cymbeline, commenting further that:

There's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers; revenge, hers.

But Milton, in Paradise Lost, called her "the last and best of all God's works," and Shakespeare himself made Portia the very embodiment of justice and mercy.

Whatever she is or isn't, the poets have tended to regard her, for better or worse, as an elemental force, far harder to tame and civilize than is man. "Women will be the last thing civilized by man," said George Meredith in Richard Feverel. She has been likened to "wars and troublesome cattle." Dryden found women "not compris'd in our laws of friendship; they are ferae naturae [in a wild state of nature]." Kipling found that "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." Created from a rib of Adam and not from his head, she is made to be commanded by men—since the head commands; but since Adam was made of dirt in the first place and she of man, she is an advanced and superior work of creation: goodness, how many words, in prose or rhyme, have been devoted to *that* theme! She is, in short, man's greatest blessing and greatest curse.

Now, one wonders how such an elemental force of nature—for good or for evil—can ever be made, or make herself, into the pale image of a lady!

After reading reams about women, I decided she'd better just be woman—a gentlewoman, if possible, with what attributes of a gentleman the viewpoints, desires, imagery, mythology and prejudices of men will permit her. She can be sure that if she is chaste, men will call her cold; if she is brilliant, men will call her "like a man"; if she is witty, they will

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

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STRONGER Yet SAFER

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ANACIN not only gives *stronger, faster* but also *safer* relief from pain. Anacin Tablets won't upset the stomach. They contain no narcotics or habit-forming ingredients. Despite their great strength, you can take Anacin Tablets as directed as often as needed without the slightest harm.

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The highest medical authorities in the nation declare that the Anacin way—a formula combining smaller quantities of a *number* of highly effective pain relievers—gives faster, more effective and safer relief than a large dose of one *single* drug. This is one of the first fundamentals of medicine taught in all schools of medicine and dentistry. Just ask your own physician or dentist if this isn't true.

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Here's a fabulous new Summer Dessert!

Cool, Cool Danish

So easy to make with creamy-light SPRY!



Step One for Flaky, Tender Piecrust:

7 tablespoons Spry
3 tablespoons boiling water
1 teaspoon milk
1¼ cups all-purpose flour (sifted once before measuring)
½ teaspoon salt

Put Spry in medium-sized bowl, add boiling water and milk. Break up shortening with fork, tilt bowl, then with cross-the-bowl strokes, whip until mixture is smooth and thick like whipped cream. Sift flour and salt onto Spry mixture. Stir with round-the-bowl strokes into a dough that clings together and "cleans" the bowl. Work dough into a smooth round, roll between 12" squares of waxed paper into a circle ⅛" thick. Fit pastry into 9" pie pan, prick, flute rim. Bake in very hot oven (450°F.) 14-19 minutes. Cool.

Spry "Water-Whip" pastry is the *easy*-to-mix, *easy*-to-roll kind! Why? Because Spry is pure all-vegetable shortening, homogenized to that just-right, easy-blending goodness. So you never fail to get the tender, flaky kind of piecrust that fairly melts in your mouth. Spry makes the difference!

Pie

Step Two for Cool Danish Pie Filling:

1 package "Junket" Danish Dessert
2 cups cold water
2 3-oz. packages cream cheese
3 tablespoons sugar, dash salt
⅛ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup heavy cream—whipped
1 cup sliced sweetened strawberries (or most any fruit—fresh, or well-drained canned or frozen)

Add package "Junket" Danish Dessert to water—boil just one minute. Then cool at room temperature until lukewarm. Meanwhile cream the cheese with wooden spoon, add sugar, salt and vanilla, and mix well. Fold whipped cream into cheese mixture and spread on bottom and sides of cooled baked pie shell. (Reserve about one-fourth for garnish.) Fold strawberries into cooled Danish Dessert and spoon into cheese-lined pie shell. Chill in refrigerator until set (3-4 hours). Garnish with border of cheese mixture.

Truly refreshing and deliciously different, "Junket" Danish Dessert makes a fabulous filling for summer pies. Try it as a pudding, too. You'll love its unique currant-raspberry flavor and sparkling ruby-red color. This wonderful new 2-step Danish Pie is an easy "hot weather" dessert. And remember, to make perfect piecrust every time, use pure, digestible Spry.

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



THE first week in June should be the best week in June for the wedding. According to the Farmer's Almanac, which predicts the weather with amazing accuracy, that week will be fair and cool with clear skies across the entire country. Only along the Eastern Seaboard will there be a touch of fog. That will be between the fourth and the seventh.

But rain or shine, Father's Day will be celebrated on June 19th. And father, we regret to say, is rated pretty low as a literary prospect. In a list of twenty books suggested as gifts for Father's Day, we note HOW TO RAISE A DOG; POPULAR MECHANICS' PICTURE HISTORY OF AMERICAN TRANSPORTATION; THE FISHERMAN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA; THE GUN COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK OF VALUES; SUNSET BARBECUE COOK BOOK. Apparently as a concession THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY is included—"entertainingly and wittily explained"; and HOLY BIBLE—"the kind that lets dad record family data."

Bob Hope says that a few years back on Father's Day his children gave him a book called HOW TO PLAY WINNING GOLF. *The next year they gave him* HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR GOLF. *The following year it was* DON'T LET BAD GOLF DISCOURAGE YOU. *Now he expects a volume entitled* HOW TO CHEAT AT GOLF.

●

Comic books in this country sell a billion copies a year, and the money expenditure is about $100,000,000. This is four times the combined annual book-purchasing budgets of all public libraries in the country, and more than is spent on textbooks for all the nation's elementary and secondary schools. (University of California survey report.)

Another survey, made by the Herald Tribune Education Department, shows that in the field of television children prefer adult shows to those designed for their own age group. They like the shows that are gay (I Love Lucy) and those that are warmhearted (Mama). Their own shows evidently aim too low. This survey has also discovered that children care more intensely about their books than about television programs. Their com-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



"If you never spent your time looking at such stuff, what did they have on television when you were my age?"

CALORIC *is one of a number of automatic Gas separate range units, made to "CP" standards. See them, find out about them, at your Gas company or Gas appliance dealer's*



Look to GAS for the smartest ranges you ever saw!

Here, in a sweep of satiny chrome, is a remarkable new kind of design . . . *separate* range units. The top burners go right into your counter, hardly take up more space than a chopping block. The fully automatic, eye-level oven can flank them or go on the other side of the room. Women who own such separate range units find a new excitement in rediscovering all the things Gas does so well. Flame-kissed broiling takes on new meaning when the meat is searing almost before your very eyes. It seems absolutely essential to have "no lingering after heat" when your range top is built into your counter. In fact, you feel a little like a very fine restaurateur—the kind who loves to put up polished metal to echo the glow of his cooking flames. For the way you live today, for the value they will add to your home tomorrow, do consider Gas separate range units now.

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GAS—the modern fuel for automatic cooking . . . refrigeration . . . water-heating . . . house-heating . . . air-conditioning . . . clothes-drying . . . incineration.

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Porcelainized Cast Iron
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Your party casserole, breakfast bacon — all foods cooked in Royal DRU-iron "oven to table" ware have delicious new flavor. That's because you boil, bake, broil — simmer, saute, fry — at lowest heat. Royal DRU-iron is *porcelainized cast iron* — burn-proof, stain-proof, chip-resistant, easy to wash. Cook in it, *serve in it*. The authentic Provincial design flatters every table setting, and the porcelain surface has the beauty of finest china.

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of its satin finish, and
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5, 6, 16, 26-Piece Settings
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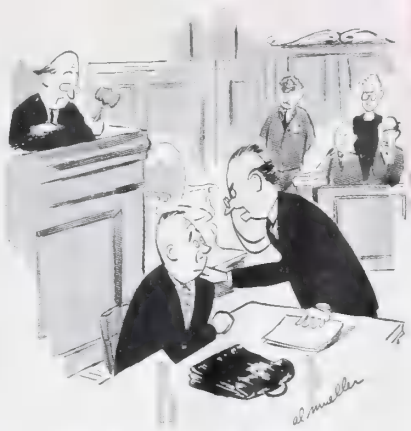
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ments on favorite books are firmer and more personal than their comments on TV. Why not compromise, these investigators suggest, and put some of the old book favorites on television?

●

If you're going to tell a lie, be careful—be careful of your feet. **A court reporter who has sat for twenty-three years immediately below and in front of the witness chair, and thus has**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Now, when I say, 'The mere thought of crime makes my client recoil'—you recoil."

seen thousands of feet, claims that the witness who is lying not only twitches his feet while he is lying, but begins twitching them when he is about to tell a lie.

●

One of the best mysteries come across in a long time is SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY, by ***Maurice Proctor***, a tight, intelligent, swift, robber-murder-police-detective story which is way above average because of the soundness of its reasoning and the unusual overtones of character.

THE TALL DARK MAN, by ***Anne Chamberlain***, is also good suspense. It is one of those increasingly popular stories of a bad little girl. The tall dark man was after Sarah May Gross for a very sound reason, and she knew it; but even as he closed in on her, she could get no help. She had told so many lies and got so many people in trouble that even when it was a matter of life or death no one, at home or in school, believed her.

●

Recording for the Blind is a remarkable life-giving organization. Its aim is to provide the blind—particularly the hundreds of young men blinded in the two last wars—with the books they need to make their way in life. The organization records educational books on disks and sends them—as they are requested—all over the country. The work is done by a small group of volunteers who are outstandingly efficient because they are a top-notch group of people to begin with, and because their hearts are in it.

The reading for these disks is also done by volunteers. Scientists in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, read texts on atomic energy after work hours. Five nights a week lawyers and teachers and other professionals in New York climb two long flights of stairs in a public library and read books in their respective fields. Housewives, actors and actresses and business people read. But not just anyone can be a reader. Volunteers must first pass a voice test—a trial recording which is judged by a com-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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feel right...
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Fruits • Vegetables • Dressings • Juices

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2 FOR "MEAT-AND-POTATO" MEN

l man-style eating in Dinty Moore Beef Stew! It's *ble-rich* in beef: to a lusty beef gravy is added still e beef, in tender succulent chunks. Then come firm e potatoes, golden carrots. Plenty of everything! It's the BIG meal in the BIG can.

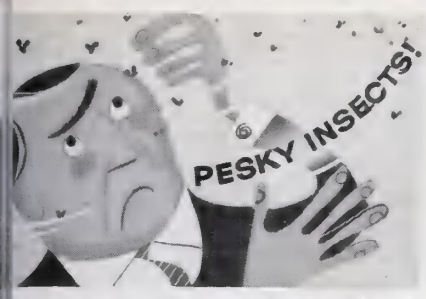
DINTY MOORE BEEF STEW.

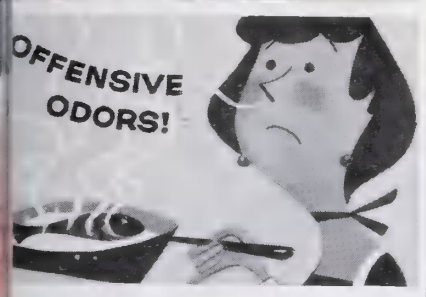
"Do it again," he'll say, on tasting Mary Kitchen Roast Beef Hash, pan-browned in a crusty "omelet". To make this superb hash, Hormel *oven-roasts* good beef to a juicy brown, blends it with potatoes, subtle seasonings. It's new. It's different!

MARY KITCHEN ROAST BEEF HASH.



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New

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Ready to Plug in

ue Light Bulb with Indented Top Does rick! You drop a Tri-Wonder insecti- or deodorant pellet on the indented Heat of the bulb evaporates pellet, g the room with a potent insect kill- r air freshening vapor. Works like a m! Pleasant to use and effective!

Sure Death to Flies, Moths, Mosqui- Gnats, Other Household Insects. No ing with swatters, sprays or buzz bs when you have a Tri-Wonder in r home. Tri-Wonder kills insects kly, automatically. One application tive up to two weeks.

Destroys Kitchen Smells, Tobacco ke and all Other Unpleasant Odors. es air in the room clean, fresh and t-smelling as a woodland breeze!

A Decorative Utility Light, too. Glows a soft, non-glare, indirect light that's ct for television viewing. Also useful night light.

COST—Model shown above only $2.95, lete with bulb, 12 insecticide and 12 de- zing pellets. Black or ivory ceramic base. ment shade in choice of beautiful colors.

At Department, Hardware, Houseware and Notions Stores

d. by Kissner Industries, Inc., Madison, Wis.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

mittee of blind persons on a basis of quality and clarity.

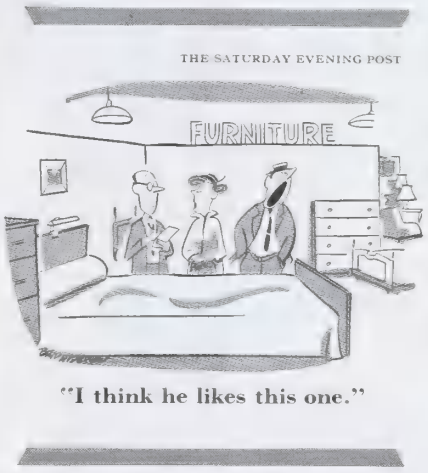
The service is free. It is supported by contributions. The books are not sold but loaned. After they have been used they are returned and sent elsewhere. Textbooks go out as fast as readers can put them, chapter by chapter, on disks. Great books, general literature, books that are in demand from everywhere, are done on tape. No records are made of books already obtainable either in Braille or on the "Talking Books" that are made available by the Library of Congress. There is no duplication.

There are now units in eight cities. At the end of November, 1954, 100,000 disks had been recorded—more than 200 books—but the number increases every day. More than 200 colleges use the service, and disks have been sent to forty-seven out of the forty-eight states. For further information write Recording for the Blind, Inc., 36 W. 44th St., New York 36.

●

HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS, by *Marguerite Yourcenar*, has been out some time. But it is a work of art and therefore dateless. Although entitled memoirs, it is fiction, based on contemporary letters and commentary.

"*Of all the joys which are slowly abandoning me*," writes Hadrian in his sixty-first year, "*sleep is one of the most precious. . . . What interests me is the specific*



"I think he likes this one."

mystery of sleep—the inevitable plunge risked each night by the naked man, solitary and unarmed, into an ocean where everything changes, the colors, the densities, and even the rhythm of breathing. . . . What reassures us about sleep is that we do come out of it, and come out of it unchanged, since some mysterious ban keeps us from bringing back with us in their true form even the remnants of our dreams. . . . I smile with some bitterness at the realization that now out of any two thoughts I devote one to my own death."

Hadrian was a thinking man—a statesman, an emperor and a connoisseur of the arts. He met each problem in his full life face on. He never became indifferent or careless. This book is the essence of a remarkable personality.

●

But if you're tired of crime and sex and juvenile delinquents, of neurotics and statesmen, you can sit back and relax with THE MISSOURI TRAVELER, by *John Burress*. It's a warm, happy book (about a boy and some decent grownups) that convinces you there's some good left in the old world after all.

●

And I mustn't forget GORDON OF KHARTOUM, the life of General Charles

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

THERE'S *NEVER* BEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!

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"Every-Which-Way" NYLON DUST MOP

with the amazing "MAGIC-ACTION" SWIVEL SOCKET

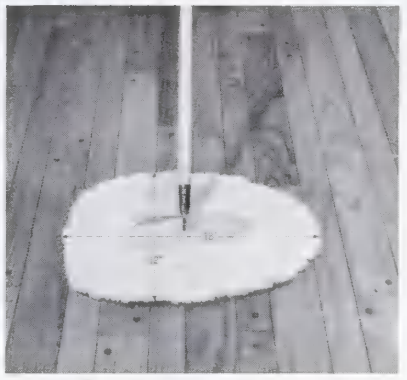
Takes the work out of dusting

Washes easily like your nylon stockings





Flick of the wrist and it goes around corners



Twist of the handle adjusts pad to dust 50% wider path

O-Cedar's sensational new "Every-Which-Way" Nylon Dust Mop adjusts to *any* position with no effort at all. It twists in and out of hard-to-dust places . . . steers around chair and table legs . . . glides under low, heavy furniture. The big 100% virgin Nylon pad creates an electrostatic action that picks up and holds more dust . . . it stays in the pad until you shake it free. Washes and dries quickly . . . remains soft and fluffy. Choice of white or blue Nylon, $3.95. In fine cotton yarn, $2.59. Ask for the mop that goes "every-which-way."

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A New O-Cedar Product Worth $1.79

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FIRST TIME AVAILABLE!

FREE Nylon Dust Mit

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Not yet on the market, this unique, easy-to-wash, long-wearing Dust Mit with all the advantages of Nylon, lets you zip through furniture dusting like magic. As proof of purchase just send a paid receipt or the plastic cover bag from any model O-Cedar Dust Mop you buy (it folds easily into an envelope) together with this coupon and 10¢ to cover mailing to: Betty Woods, O-Cedar Home Service Institute, P. O. Box 366, Park Ridge, Illinois. You'll receive your Nylon Dust Mit by return mail.

Recipes for Salads that go with Chicken...

LIKE ANY OTHER SALADS,

THEY'RE BEST DRESSED

BY Kraft

WITH FRIED CHICKEN...FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

Gradually add 1 c. *Miracle Whip* or *Kraft Mayonnaise* to one 8-ounce package Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, blending until mixture is smooth. Add 2 tbsps. confectioners' sugar, 1 c. each diced pineapple and apricots and ½ c. chopped maraschino cherries. Whip 1 c. heavy cream; fold into fruit mixture. Pour into 6 or 8 individual molds; freeze until firm. Serve on leaf lettuce garnished with maraschino cherries.



When you're choosing the salad for a chicken dinner, experts suggest that you serve one of these. A light tossed salad with hearty roast chicken. The bright flavor of tomatoes with fricassee. And when the chicken's fried, velvety frozen fruits to contrast with its crispness.

Then comes the choice of just the right *dressing* . . . and here *Kraft* lends a hand. You can choose from a whole list of favorites. There's Miracle Whip—best-liked of any dressing for salads in the whole wide world. *Three* delightful French dressings. And the finest of mayonnaise.

So pick your salad dressings from the Kraft shelf at your store. Compliments come easy with salads dressed by Kraft!

Kraft Salad Dressings are also available in Canada



Tastes different because it is different There's nothin else anywhere like Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. It's unique *type* of dressing, combining the best qualities o good old-fashioned boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise No other dressing has ever even approached the on and only Miracle Whip in popularity. Taste it an you'll see why!

Such smooth, firm-bodied mayonnaise Kraft Mayon naise is made with extra egg yolks for extra richness an firm body, and Kraft's exclusive beating process give it special smoothness. Even when you mix it with ta juices, or use it in frozen salads like the one above, stays deliciously smooth—never separates.

WITH CHICKEN FRICASSEE...TOMATO-ARTICHOKE SALAD

For each serving, peel a firm, red tomato. Cut into slanting wedges almost to the stem end. Place on leaf lettuce on a salad plate. Spread the tomato sections apart and place a canned artichoke heart in the center of the tomato. Garnish with watercress and serve with *Miracle French* or *Kraft French Dressing*. If you like a touch of onion and garlic, Miracle French is the one to choose.





Touched with onion and garlic When you want a robustly seasoned French dressing—on sea food for instance, or tossed greens—try Kraft's famous *Miracle French*. Also, compliments will come your way if you brush Miracle French Dressing over chicken before broiling.

Most popular French dressing Kraft French is far and away the most popular French dressing ever offered for sale. Not too sharp, not too bland, it has a just-right flavor that appeals to children as well as grown-ups. This thick French dressing doesn't separate. Just try it. See if you don't like it even better than your own!

WITH ROAST CHICKEN...GARDEN MEDLEY SALAD

For each serving, tear head lettuce and Bibb lettuce into bite-size pieces—enough to fill an individual salad bowl. Add sliced radishes, thinly cut celery and shredded cucumber. Toss with *Casino French Dressing*. Casino is the newest of Kraft's three French dressings, and a tremendous hit. It's a perfect base for variations like Roquefort dressing as well as to serve "as is".





A little bit sweet—a little bit garlic-y New Casino has a most intriguing flavor . . . sweet, with a tang, and a touch of garlic, too. It takes 12 different seasonings, in most precise proportions, to get this special flavor! For easy, delightful variety in your salads, it's a good idea to keep each of Kraft's 3 French Dressings on hand.

For homemade French dressing, Kraft has a very special, smooth-blending Oil that mixes superbly with other ingredients. Kraft All Purpose Oil gives best results in cooking, too.

KRAFT

Five days of new freedom



MEDS are so absorbent . . . completely protective . . . so comfortable you never know you're using them. The modern form of sanitary protection. The only tampon with the exclusive, disposable applicator that can't fall apart.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

George Gordon, by ***Lord Elton***, a fine biography of an extraordinary man, a great British hero, and a character about whom I have a story of my own.

In Khartoum there is a little park with a statue in it of Gordon sitting on a camel. Every day a certain little English boy whose father was in Civil Service in Khartoum used to go into this park with his nurse, and walk to the statue of Gordon, where he always stopped and stared up in wondering admiration. When the time came for his father to be transferred from Khartoum, the child insisted on a last visit to the park. He headed straight for the statue and gazed upon it for the long last time. Then he turned to his nurse and asked, "Who's that man on Gordon?"

●

Several fine collections of short stories have come out in the past few months. These last longer than a novel. Focusing on a moment in time, as the short story so often does, or on a single foible in personality, or a heightened dramatic incident, these stories make much better reading when taken singly. For full flavor, I'd say, read them one at a time:

THE BRIDE OF INNISFALLEN, a new collection by ***Eudora Welty***.

THE MOMENT BEFORE THE RAIN, by ***Elizabeth Enright***.

THE BLACK PRINCE, nine stories by ***Shirley Ann Grau***.

HESTER LILLY, twelve stories by ***Elizabeth Taylor***.

THE RED PETTICOAT and other stories by ***Bryan MacMahan***.

MORE STORIES, by ***Frank O'Connor***.

●

For those who refuse to call it a day at 80, an experiment in education is now being conducted at Cold Spring Harbor, New York, called the Cold Spring Project. It is a series of courses open to men and women, 60 years or more of age, college graduates, married or single. Women predominated in the first graduating class, but two thirds of the applications for the second class, when last we heard, had come from men.

Incidentally, there are three widows to every one widower in this country, according to the Census Bureau. The death rate among men is higher; also, widowers are more inclined than widows to remarry and, when they do, usually choose women five to ten years younger than themselves.

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"Which ten books would you have brought, if you'd known?"

AN EXTRAVAGANT 8-OUNCES for just $1.00

CHARBERT

"Breathless Mist"

The big beautiful bottle that usually sells for $3

So much Summer luxury . . . for such a little price! For this is the very essence of the beloved "Breathless" fragrance . . . light but lasting, so divinely cool, you'll want to use it lavishly. Limited time special . . . so order *several* bottles for yourself, for presents . . . in the frosty gift box.

FRAGRANCE COMPANIONS AT EXCITING SAVINGS.

Breathless Mist Dusting Powder, usually $2.00 now $1.00

Breathless Lotion Deodorant, $2.50 value now $1.25

Extra special! **Mist and Dusting Powder, also in Charbert's new "Consent" fragrance, each $1.00**

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DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

Palmolive Soap Can Give You A leaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

See the difference with your own eyes!





t left on face after ordinary cleansing!

our face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with ap or cold cream. You'll see that you failed to remove deep-down dirt ake-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean! Your skin *can't* oveliest with such dirt left on!

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Cotton pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean," you see, is *deep-down* clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses. Just think what this means when you use Palmolive care regularly!

RS PROVE
IVE'S
RESULTS!



Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. It lets you massage a full minute . . . lets you clean cleaner, clean deeper, *without irritation.*

Just one Palmolive facial makes an immediate difference. And, day by day, your skin will be softer to the touch, clearer and prettier. Palmolive care, you see, is removing hidden dirt that accentuates lines and pores—dirt that encourages blackheads and tiny blemishes. Your skin becomes *deep-down* clean . . . "Palmolive-clean"! And the natural loveliness of your complexion can show through at last!

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!



Today, a bright new package. And yes, there's more of nature's own Get Up and Grow with enriched Nucoa!

Now! You can see the difference *—at a glance!*



In the West, look for *this* new Nucoa package.

It's New!
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When you take your first bite of today's new enriched Nucoa, you'll know you've discovered the table spread for your family.

Yes—this modern Nucoa that comes to you in this bright new package—adds elegance to everything it touches.

You'll agree—you can't buy better for twice the price!

nucoa —so pure it's digestible even for babies

Nurses . . . a major national need

Opportunities Unlimited

By MARGARET HICKEY

When the Nursing Council of Metropolitan Philadelphia recently asked 1300 young women—first-year students in schools of nursing—why they had chosen nursing as a career, nearly everyone answered, among other reasons: "I want to help people." More than half considered it also a "secure way of earning a living."

Whatever their reasons for entering nursing, all will find great opportunities, both in terms of humanitarian service and in career attainments. Today, with hospitals and public-health facilities on the increase, more babies being born, people living longer, the need for good nurses is growing each year. The President's Commission on Higher Education has predicted the need for more than 500,000 nurses by 1960—that is, 40 per cent more than we now have.

According to the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, the number of job openings for nurses will probably be greater for years to come than for almost any other occupation traditionally undertaken by women and requiring career training. In professional nursing, there are many avenues for advancement, not only in actual practice but in supervision or teaching in hospitals, public-health and other Government agencies, including the armed services, business and industry, schools and universities. Those who wish to specialize in a particular field, such as psychiatry, communicable diseases, pediatrics or surgery, may do so with assurance that their talents will be needed.

To reach the 7,000 000 young people in our high schools at a time when they are making career decisions, the National Health Council is undertaking a new project called "Operation Health Career Horizons." A school wishing to plan a special health day, stress health at a career forum, or offer special counseling service can get helpful suggestions from materials supplied by the Council. A concise word-and-picture guidebook for teachers and vocational counselors covers 156 different occupations in health services. A leaflet for young people themselves and for their parents tells briefly pertinent facts about opportunities in nursing; a series of health-career posters will draw attention and interest to a school project.

From the National League for Nursing, 2 Park Avenue, New York 16, New York, may be obtained a list of "Schools of Professional Nursing," a chart on "Opportunities in Professional Nursing" and an illustrated brochure, "Careers in Nursing."

In many communities, the local nursing council is stimulating interest in career opportunities. The Philadelphia council, for example, plans a year-round schedule of activities. Forums will be held for students already interested in nursing. A Nursing Week will feature classroom and ward demonstrations, get-acquainted luncheons at schools of nursing, the distribution of informative literature, special television and radio programs. The Board of Education will provide scholarships (these totaled $30,000 in 1953–54) to promising students of nursing. END

College Offers Preparation

Charlotte Werner stood tense, motionless, watching the doctor. With one hand he held the purplish, newborn baby by its feet and with the other slapped the tiny bottom gently, rhythmically. A second seemed to stretch into a minute. Again, slap-slap, slap-slap. Another second. Then the infant eyes crinkled, the mouth opened wide with a loud "WAAAaaah!" Charlotte relaxed and saw that everyone else was smiling too—the doctor, assisting nurse, Charlotte's two second-year classmates from Pasadena City College and their instructor. The nurse began washing the baby. She treated his eyes with a normal saline solution of penicillin and with a soft moist washcloth wiped his head, arms and feet. Then, applying a little ink on his right foot, she recorded a tiny print—for posterity. Cooing, she wrapped him up in a large white sheet and headed for the nursery.

Charlotte, her usually composed face flushed, eyes bright, went out into the hall. Removing her green surgical mask and cap, she began writing her report on the morning's observation at Huntington Memorial Hospital, Pasadena, California. When she had finished, she added an impulsive personal note:

"Nursing to me had meant comforting, healing. But today it's more—I saw them bring new life into the world."

Listening to Charlotte describe her morning's experiences at lunch in the hospital cafeteria made beginning student Liz Warner, who had been assigned to simple patient care in the convalescent ward, more sure than ever that she had chosen the right field. It was just a year ago that Liz had walked out of a fourth-year university class because she realized she wasn't cut out for teaching. Eager for a change, she took the first unskilled job that came along— CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

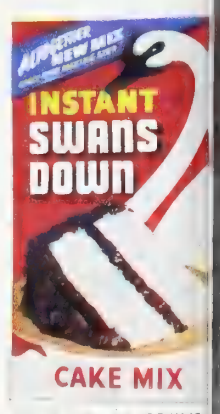
DENNIS STOCK



Preparing for bedside nursing, one of the nation's great needs, this young woman student of Pasadena City College, California, gains practical experience tending a young charge. The new two-year program stresses both physical and emotional care of the patient.

ALTOGETHER NEW

...a new way to make a cake



A product of General Foods

nstant Swans Down CAKE MIXES

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- Everything goes into the bowl all at once.
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- Only Instant Swans Down Mixes mix in just one step . . . so simple you can't go wrong.

- The only mix with famous Swans Down Cake Flour, so you know how good every cake will taste.

It's "Swansational"

What makes a party DELIGHTFUL _in a hurry?



More new-sized cubes from the

INLAND "Magic Touch"

ICE CUBE TRAY

THE "MAGIC TOUCH"—an easy flip of the "Magic Touch" lever on this brightly colored Inland Tray. That's all you do . . . and you have three full rows of sparkling ice cubes—in the new faster-cooling size, designed to fit any glass. Replace those worn out trays in your refrigerator with smart, new Inland "Magic Touch" Trays—the latest in ice cube convenience. Four gay colors: natural aluminum, gold, blue and bronze—one just right for you . . . at your dealer's.

Be sure your new refrigerator is equipped with Inland "Magic Touch" Ice Cube Trays. Ask your dealer for them.

INLAND MANUFACTURING

INLAND MANUFACTURING DIVISION
General Motors Corporation • Dayton, Ohio

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

ward aide at a Los Angeles hospital. It was there she heard about the new kind of nursing course planned at Pasadena City College.

Liz had always thought of nursing students as leading cloistered and regimented lives with long shifts of hospital duty. So the idea of studying nursing in a two-year junior-college program (tuition-free) and living at home appealed to her. Liz wanted to sign up immediately for the first class starting in September, 1953. But to earn enough for living expenses, she decided to continue working for a year. In September, 1954, after passing the scholastic-aptitude tests, she entered the second class, one of 60 chosen from 200 applicants.

These are the figures Miss Lillian Vosloh, experienced director of the Pasadena City College department of nursing, points to when, enthusiastically, she tells you that the new program already has fulfilled one of its purposes—to bring more girls into nursing. Huntington Hospital, which in September, 1953, admitted its final class of five-year traditional students (and in the future will help prepare only Pasadena City College girls), "worked hard to get 35 students," Miss Vosloh says. "But *we* got 200 applicants without half trying." And by way of emphasizing the need for more nurses, she adds, "The Southern California area is growing so fast, our health facilities can't keep up."

The idea for a two-year experimental junior-college program grew out of the feeling of many educators and medical people that nurses' training should become part of the nation's general education system—for two important reasons: one, the ancient apprentice system still practiced in nursing is not attracting sufficient numbers of students; two, because of growing costs of medical care, hospitals can no longer shift the expense of educating staff nurses to the patient's bill. Would it be possible to prepare in two years a nurse who is as good as or better than the graduate of the three-year hospital program? Pasadena City College hopes to answer this question—affirmatively.

The God to whom little boys say their prayers has a face very like their mother's.

—JAMES M. BARRIE

Planned and taught entirely by the college faculty, the Pasadena program offers two years of concentrated full-time study. (Since California law requires 36 months of preparation for registered nurses, Pasadena City College has planned a third year of combined education-work experience—with pay—for the students. Miss Vosloh hopes someday to see the law amended to provide for two-year education for nurses.) It eliminates many of the repetitive tasks usually assigned to students in a hospital program. (Miss Vosloh recalls that she worked a seven-day week during her nurse-training days in Chicago in the early thirties—mostly making beds and giving baths.) In the new program there is no hospital "service," as such—all work in the hospital is geared to the college instruction. For the students themselves, this new nursing education means more freedom, enjoyment of college life, a more rounded education, and the chance to start earning a year sooner.

MANY hospital nursing students don't get into work in the wards until after six months of classes. At Pasadena City College, first-year nursing students spend four weeks in the classroom taking temperatures, counting pulses, giving simple medications, applying dressings—taking turns acting as patients. Then—after only a month—they are assigned patient care at Huntington Hospital one morning a week from 8 to 11, another morning to the nursing classroom. The three other days are spent on campus in science, English composition and physical-education classes—plus student assemblies. From now on all their nursing classes will be coordinated with hospital assignments.

One of the most joyful experiences in nursing, as Charlotte Werner discovered, is in the obstetrics ward. There the students follo the complete maternity cycle. A you woman, her brown hair neatly brushed ba against the pillow of her hospital bed, smi as three students follow their instructor, M Anna Steffen, into her room. The patien knees are bent to relax her stomach, whi moves up and down as she breathes. (She h been practicing this, she explains.) "Yes, t is my first baby," she says in answer to M Steffen's question. "It's *so* exciting." H eyes squint as another contraction com They come now every five or six minut last about 30 seconds. To the girls she sa with a grin, "It feels like its foot is up unc my ribs."

In obstetrics class, which emphasizes t nurse's role in preventing injuries, the gi have learned that the heartbeat is the c to the condition of the unborn bal Now Charlotte adjusts the stethosco places it low on the mother's abdomen a listens. "It's faster than a normal beat," s comments, looking up at Miss Steffen. D ing the first stage of labor, the heartbeat counted about every 45 minutes. In the s ond stage the nurse must listen to the be every 15 minutes.

FOR the first three or four sessions of t 18-week course in maternal and child nu ing the girls learn by observing each st in the preparation for delivery, then wat the actual delivery (which they have seen several medical movies already), follow t postnatal care of mother and baby. Later t students will be assign to actual care—unc supervision.

After each mornin work, the girls, dressed their blue nylon unifor with crisp white taff pinafores and starch caps, gather with their structor to discuss t care they have given, h they could have improve how they would feel in the patient's pla One student's mother, a former nurse, or made the mistake of asking her daugh about her "cases." She was promptly buked: "We think of them as *patien* mother, never cases." All the "pilots," students in this new program are calle seem to have this personal feeling toward t people they care for. And in their co-or nated classroom-and-hospital work in an omy and physiology, obstetrics, pediatr and psychiatry they learn to look after t patient's *total* care needs, which include em tional as well as physical health.

Eighteen-year-old Betty Hallstrom, of t second-year class, has found through h care of a cardiac patient that health educ tion is also part of a nurse's work. Tall, so spoken, with curly red hair, Betty has a cal mature air that reassures. In physiology cla which was studying the cardiovascular sy tem, Betty learned something about her p tient's ailment, the type of treatment needed. As Betty walked into his room, ca rying an attractively arranged breakfast tra her first thought was "Why, he doesn't lo sick at all." And she soon found that her j was to convince this apparently robust m that he needed complete rest. When Betty s the tray down, the patient picked up a pie of toast and started to butter it.

"Here, let me do that for you," Betty sa gently but firmly.

"I can do it myself," the patient protest Betty smiled. "Now, if you had a brok leg, you wouldn't try to walk on it, wou you? Right now your heart needs a goo rest. It will heal only if you keep your enti body still."

The man sighed, leaned back heavily an submitted to Betty's spoon-feeding.

Betty's sister Alice is a student in Huntin ton's traditional five-year program, workin toward a Bachelor of Science degre awarded by the University of Southern Ca fornia. Unlike Betty, Alice must live at t nurses' residence, where she receives boa and room in payment for her ward service She works on a planned, rotated schedul

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

Can you name the glassware you use most often?



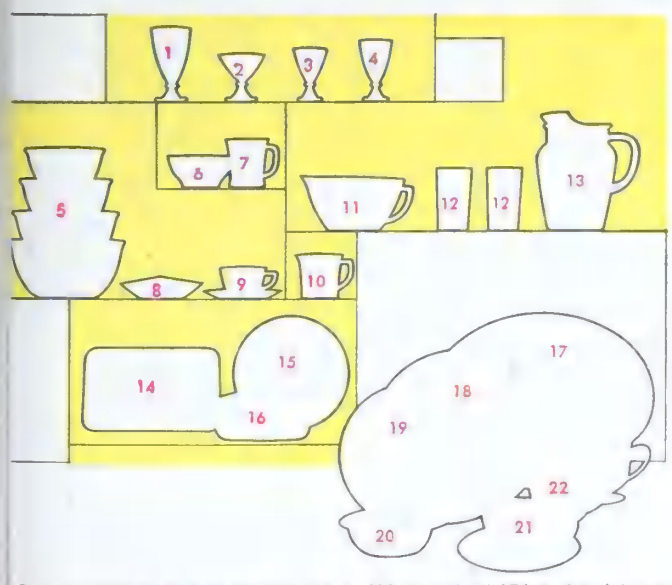
• Newest Anchorglass dinnerware – "GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY" – banded in 22 K gold!

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Anchorglass

for 50 years

the most famous name in glass!



9-oz goblet 15¢*. 2. 6 oz sherbet 15¢. 3. 3½ oz cocktail 15¢. 4. 4 oz juice or ne 15¢. 5. set of 4 mixing bowls 98¢. 6. soup or cereal 10¢. 7. 8 oz coffee mug ¢. 8. 4⅝" ash tray 10¢. 9. 8 oz cup and saucer 20¢. 10. 8 oz Fire-King meas- ing cup 25¢. 11. Fire-King batter bowl 29¢. 12. 11 oz decorated tumbler 10¢. . decorated ice lip pitcher 59¢. 14. Fire-King utility baking pan 49¢. 15. Fire-King pie plate 29¢. 16. Fire-King 1½ qt. casserole 69¢. **GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY**— . platter 59¢. 18. dinner plate 29¢. 19. soup plate 25¢. 20. dessert dish 2 for 25¢. . cup and saucer 25¢. 22. sugar and creamer 39¢.

Recognize these pieces of Anchorglass? Chances are many of them are in your own home. Recognize the low, low prices? Not a single item on this page costs more than 69¢. Yet each is the finest of its kind, designed to give you years of proud and satisfying service.

Why is it possible to get such good styling and such value at these prices? Because Anchorglass is made by the largest manufacturer of household glassware in the world— with an output of millions of pieces a day. Such volume means savings— savings Anchorglass passes on to you. Take advantage of them every time you shop for glass.

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*Prices may vary slightly in different sections of the Country.

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

Making marriage work

What can a wife do if her husband refuses to take responsibility?

Helping Him be Responsible

ANY girl likes to date a man who is good-looking, popular and "fun to be with." Certainly good looks and an attractive personality are desirable traits. Unfortunately, they have little to do with qualifications or readiness for marriage. In fact, the very traits which make a man desirable as a date may interfere with his adjustment to the role of a husband.

Consider this letter: "When Tom and I were married three years ago, I thought I was the luckiest girl in the world. He's very good-looking, a wonderful dancer, and a favorite at parties. He is always cheerful and good-tempered, and he loves me. He hasn't changed, but maybe that's the trouble.

"I want to quit my job and start a family, but we can't afford it. He sells insurance and has the ability and personality to do well if he'd really work. But he sleeps late, quits early, and sees clients mostly at lunch or on the golf course. His business expenses and personal bills take most of his earnings. He rarely lifts a hand to help me around the apartment.

"When I talk to him he always promises to do better. But nothing comes of it, and I go on working, and paying the bills.

"I haven't stopped loving him, but I'm worn out and getting discouraged. Did I marry the wrong man, or are all husbands like this? What can a wife do if her husband won't take responsibility?"

No, not all husbands are like Tom. Some young husbands assume the responsibilities of marriage naturally and easily at the outset. At the other extreme are the irresponsible playboys who expect to enjoy the privileges of marriage without altering the carefree attitudes and habits of bachelor life. A man like this is not cut out to be a good husband; the woman so unlucky (or unwise) as to marry him had best recognize that his wife will have to bear most of the load.

But most men, like Tom, are in between. They are neither burdensome parasites nor model husbands. If they are decent, reasonable, and love their wives, they want to do their share but don't yet know how. They can and will learn, with their wives' help.

Tom's personality and disposition attracted his wife in the first place. If she is realistic, she does not want to destroy them. Properly controlled, his social gifts can be a business asset and a source of pleasure. But at present, his preoccupation with social activities is interfering with his work and undermining his marriage.

His wife's goal should be to help him adapt his youthful qualities to his present status, so that he remains himself, the Tom she loves, but becomes a better husband. Here are suggestions she (or you) may find helpful:

Begin at the beginning, with small, specific tasks instead of a general request to take over the household repairs. Ask him to replace a washer in the kitchen tap, or a defective light plug. Assemble the tools, and thank him when he's finished. What he has done may not seem like much, but it is more than nothing, and a step in the right direction.

Help him get started. Some men don't intend to evade duties, but are expert at postponing. If your problem is getting the bills paid, simply assemble them in a convenient work space with pen and checkbook. Point them out, offer to help, and tell him you've postponed dinner so he can get started! And don't forget to thank him, even though it's his job.

If the real trouble is that you are living beyond your means, this is one way of making him face the facts.

Set an example. Some wives, because they are discouraged, or to "get even," gradually relax their own efforts. This is exactly the wrong approach. Continue to do your part, and do it well, without complaining or expecting thanks.

Be definite about your own plans and wishes. Tom's wife wants to quit her job, but has she set a time? It's easy to postpone "sometime," but definite agreements are harder to avoid. Quite possibly, if Tom knew his wife planned to quit work at the end of this year, he would begin to make plans accordingly.

The best time to establish the habit of co-operation is at the beginning. Entranced by her love and her new status, the bride is often too indulgent. By urging her husband to leave everything to her, she encourages an attitude she may regret—and resent—later.

Perhaps this is where Tom's wife made her mistake. She has lost valuable time, but it is not too late. She—or any wife whose husband loves her—can help him be responsible.

Ask Yourself: "Am I Close to My Children?"

Every mother loves her children and wants to guide and protect them. But her ability to do so as they grow older depends on the relationship established when they were young. Are you doing all you can to encourage your children's confidence, respect and love? Answer yes or no.

Do You:

1. **Find time to listen when they want to talk?**
2. **Show father their handiwork in their presence?**
3. **Scold or punish them *only* in privacy?**
4. **Assign them regular tasks, however small?**
5. **Answer their questions freely and frankly?**
6. **Encourage them to bring playmates home?**
7. **Arrange picnics, parties, outings for them?**
8. **Treasure their gifts (even worms!) to you?**
9. **Let them "help" you cook and clean?**
10. **Show your love and respect for their father?**
11. **Curtail privileges when accompanying obligations are neglected?**
12. **Let them share mealtime talk?**
13. **Sometimes join in their games?**
14. **Refrain from forcing them to eat?**

Regardless of the number of your "yes" answers (11 or more is a good score), can you see how this kind of relationship to your children helps them to be good husbands and wives when they marry?

Is Virtue Outmoded?

RECENTLY a bewildered wife wrote me about former neighbors of hers whose marriage of ten years ended in a scandalous divorce. She writes: "They had an ample income, a beautiful home and two lovely children. They were happy until Jim's business took him away from home for longer and longer absences. He turned to other women for companionship, though he claims they meant nothing to him. Perhaps Lou suspected what was happening; at any rate, she had an affair with another man.

"When Jim found out about it, he was crushed; though he'd done the same thing himself. He did try to patch it up, but Lou refused to give up her lover. (She hasn't married him, though.) Now they're bitter, angry and resentful, but neither will admit doing wrong.

"None of this would have happened if they'd paid attention to old-fashioned morality. Is virtue a thing of the past?"

No, virtue is not a thing of the past. There always have been, and always will be, people who disregard accepted standards of conduct. Usually they pay a penalty, whether in practical terms like loss of income or business status, or in emotional suffering. (Jim and Lou have paid both.) And usually, though they may deny it, they are troubled by a sense of embarrassment, if not actual guilt.

To be sure, in a changing world there are bound to be changes in our thinking and behavior as in anything else. Fifty years ago, it was almost unheard of for a woman to use lipstick or other make-up, let alone to smoke! Practices and habits once regarded as questionable, if not downright sinful, are now taken for granted.

But the fact remains that marriage is still an ancient and honorable institution. Most people continue to believe—as I do—that the happiest husbands and wives are those who are faithful to each other. And certainly the greatest single factor leading to infidelity is not the "temptation" of another woman or another man, not the increased freedom of today's wives, not even a different attitude toward sexual relationships. The greatest single factor leading to infidelity is the inability of husband and wife to achieve and continue a satisfying and companionable personal relationship. The husband and wife who achieve that relationship have little to fear from external influences. And they can be assured that their example is the best possible guarantee that their standards will be maintained by their children.

Do You Agree?

Do college girls forsake the standards their parents taught them?

No. One study shows that they follow most parental standards more closely than the standards of their college friends.

with Gifts of Steel



"*She's getting married!*"

Remember when they said that about you? Remember the excitement and the plans you made . . . the thoughts of a new and wonderful life *together* . . . the feeling of fulfillment knowing that your most cherished dreams had at last come true!

Or, perhaps, for lucky you, that glorious time is still to come!

Part of the thrill when you live this dream-come-true comes from the good wishes of friends and family. And usually, they are expressed most tangibly in a shower for the bride.

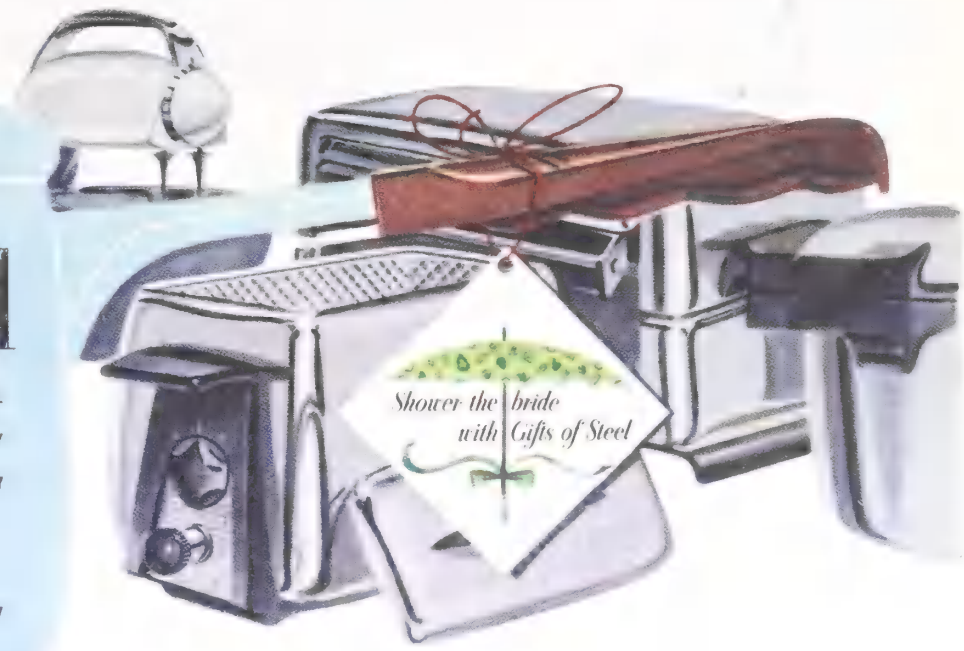
But now there is a new idea in bridal showers . . . a Steel Shower!

Shower the bride with gifts of steel! And there's something quite significant in the idea of a Steel Shower. For a steel gift is first of all enduring . . . as enduring as she wants her marriage to be. It's beautiful, too, and always useful.

Perhaps it will be a gift for her new kitchen . . . a gift of lustrous stainless steel or colorful enameled steel. It might be a lamp or hostess tables of smart, jet black steel for her living room. There are literally thousands of things to choose from . . . made by hundreds of reliable manufacturers. For steel is everywhere in the home and steel will serve her all the days of her married life.

So to carry your best wishes to the happy bride . . . at a shower, or at the wedding . . . make it a smart, lasting, useful gift . . . make it a gift of steel!

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TANA HOBAN

The Boy-Watcher's Guide

1 THE GIRL-SHY HERMIT
(Reclusus Timidus)

Distinguishing Characteristics: flies for cover at the sight of a girl and in groups is likely to develop a protective silence which serves to camouflage an inclination for deep friendships.
Natural Habitat: The other side of the street when a girl's walking down it.
Hunting Hints: Infinite patience is demanded. Win his confidence through daily smiles and occasional yes-or-no questions: "Ready for the exam, Bill?" Avoid addressing him in the presence of others—especially boys. Eventually give a party and invite him stag, not as your date. (Because a person-to-person invitation may startle him, use telephone or pen.)
Care and Feeding: Once he's won over, he can be depended upon for loyalty and devotion. (It's a rare Reclusus Timidus, however, who rushes a girl off her feet or is demonstrative in public.) If conversational difficulties persist despite a well-established friendship, be prepared to throw the conversation his way with questions about him, his family, his future, or what he likes or dislikes. If he still has trouble talking, look up at him and say, "You don't mind if we don't talk while we're dancing (or swimming or drinking malted milks!)? I'd rather concentrate on dancing (or swimming or eating)."

2 THE BOY-BUSY HERO
(Masculinus Superlus)

Distinguishing Characteristics: a brisk gait, often described as a "strut," general habits similar to those of the Reclusus Timidus—except he's likely to travel in an all-male gang.
Natural Habitat: ball park, gymnasium, the underside of a secondhand car.
Hunting Hints: Arrange to be where he is. (Although a highly sociable creature, he cannot easily be lured into female company.) Have tickets "given" to you—for a play or a concert—and ask him to go along. Learn to mimic (not talk) his language: batting averages, politics, student activities. He'll respond to a need for his help in a worthy cause (not your dating life). Be straightforward and honest with him.
Care and Feeding: Since you can't change him—not for a while anyway—change yourself. Become like a kid brother. Hang around where he is. Run errands, stand by with he-man snacks, appreciate his friends. (No criticisms or female-type interruptions when they're talking.) Be ready when he is—for a walk in the country or car washing. With time and luck and patience, a cozy little gang of two often develops.

3 THE BOOK-LOVING THINKER
(Scholaris Dedicatus)

Distinguishing Characteristics: a rare species with an unusual fluency of speech, markedly characterized by correct grammar, an absorbed expression frequently mistaken by the amateur for a disinterest in girls.
Natural Habitat: the library, the hobby shop.
Hunting Hints: Curiosity—ask him what he's up to. When he tells you (he usually will—at length), listen attentively. If you don't understand, or think he's talking in circles, get him to explain. Because he's likely to be interested in everything, let him know you're a girl with interests too—not clothes, other boys or dating.
Care and Feeding: Never try to impress him by acting as if everything he says is past history to you. If you have something concrete to say about a book or a movie, tell him, but follow with "What do you think?" Keep developing your interests, adding new ones too—because as long as you're interesting, he'll be interested.

4 SWEET-TALKING SOPHISTICATE
(Homo Semper in Amor)

Distinguishing Characteristics: low, persuasive voice, well-mannered, likely to be an excellent dancer, not above preening. Migratory.
Natural Habitat: a dark corner—usually.
Hunting Hints: Weave a mammoth net of *other boys*—and place your (attractively dressed and well-groomed) self in the center of it. If this lure attracts him, take an active interest in what he has to say, but argue with him—a little. Be feminine in your approach—appreciative—never know-it-all or know-as-much-as-he.
Care and Feeding: You can expect a rush from this one, but don't date him exclusively. He'll urge you to talk about yourself, but be a little mysterious. Always be firm with him about necking. (This boy, adored by many, may have discovered that it's sometimes easier to neck than it is to rely solely on personality and conversation.) Close scrutiny often reveals a sentimental streak in his nature. Cherish his thoughtfulness—in an obvious way!

5 THE SPOTLIGHT-HAPPY CLOWN
(Vita de Partire)

Distinguishing Characteristics: Flashy plumage (often the latest in clothing). His call—a shrill whistle—is indeed memorable.
Natural Habitat: hanging from a chandelier or on top of a human pyramid at the shore.
Hunting Hints: Equip yourself with the latest in records, fads, slang. Play up to him as long as you can take it. Then intrigue him by not laughing. If he demands to know why you're not, calmly say, "Did someone say something funny? I guess I wasn't listening." Follow this with a compliment on his dancing, or anything—as long as it isn't too obvious that you're making amends for not having laughed at him.
Care and Feeding: Because he'll cross anyone who tries to compete with him off his list—don't; even though he might not show it, he'll be hurt if you belittle him too successfully—don't. Do let him show off his talents: "Let's play charades." At a party, ask him to help you: "You're so good at talking to people. Will you see that the new boy meets everyone?"

THE BOY YOU HAVE YOUR EYE ON
(Solitarius Homo en Mundo)

He's shy one moment and a show-off the next. At a big formal dance, he's apt to seem sophisticated and aloof. Then he'll turn around and bewilder you by acting like a good "pal." Knowing what to do when these various moods strike him will make him seem less of a puzzle and, by concentrating on him, *you'll forget yourself—the first step to becoming a date-happy girl.*

No matter what his mood—or even his "type" if there really is such a thing—all boys go for the girl who:

can make people feel lovable and comfortable;
is enthusiastic about sports, parties and other people;
isn't a great beauty, but who is *attractive-looking.*

If you'd like to be that girl, collect thirty cents and write to: Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for Sub-Deb Booklets* HOW ABOUT A DATE? *(No. 2269);* HOW TO BE POPULAR *(No. 1022); and* PERSONALITY REPORT CARD *(No. 1514).*

THE SUB-DEB edited by
Ruth Imler



ABOUT CLOTHES AND CARS

You're Going to a Picnic

To the white sands of the beach or the cool, green woods!

You'll wear jaunty boyish shorts... a hooded jersey with a light cling....

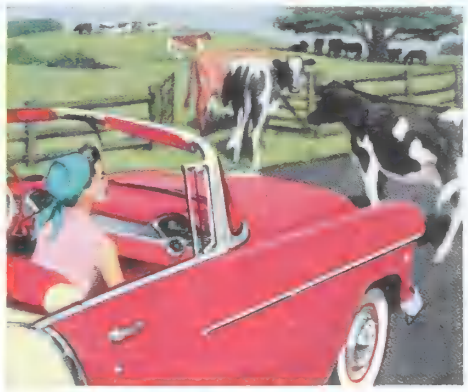
A Bel Air Convertible takes you there. *Here's why...*



A short drive or a long one, there's almost no limit to the fun you can have in this fashion-first beauty—the Motoramic Chevrolet. Its long, lean look is stealing the thunder from the high-priced cars! And it's yours in an exciting array of colors gay as a painter's palette.



Take curves with confidence. New outrigger rear springs give the car much greater stability when cornering. You'll notice a delightful difference in the way it steers, too. The new Chevrolet turns with silken ease, thanks to friction-cutting Ball-Race Steering. It drives like a dream!



Emergency . . . well taken care of by those big Chevrolet brakes! All it takes is slight pressure from your toe with the new Swing-Type Brake Pedal. Your Chevrolet stops serenely, smoothly and with its "head up"—thanks to Chevrolet's exclusive new Anti-Dive Braking Control.



You can't help feeling rich, young and carefree in a sweet ship like this. Its luxurious appointments make you feel pampered. You'd never dream it could be so practical about mileage, initial cost and resale value. Why don't you eye and try this glamour package at your Chevrolet dealer's.

The Motoramic Chevrolet

CHEVROLET

STEALING THE THUNDER FROM THE HIGH-PRICED CARS!

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan





The crisply modern NEW DAWN and graceful SPRING LILY finished mirror-bright. 5-piece place setting, $6.00.

ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U.S.A.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT...

in the whole life of this gleaming stainless steel!

NOT long ago stainless steel was called the "tableware of tomorrow," but women everywhere are eagerly making it the tableware of *today.*

International Stainless, with its perpetually polished table manners, needs no special care in normal use. It will not rust, stain, tarnish, scale or corrode. The same element that imparts color to precious rubies gives International Stainless its incredible hardness and resistance to corrosion.

The gleaming patterns have a lovely simplicity. Some are crisply modern. All have been designed and fashioned by the world's foremost *silversmiths*—master craftsmen, who bring to the making of International Stainless more than a century of fine silversmithing experience.

Each piece is modeled in heavy steel, ideally balanced and proportioned, hand-finished and polished to perfection. The hollow-handle knives have forged steel blades; the spoon bowls are deep and rounded. All this marks International Stainless the finest tableware of its kind.

A booklet called "The Story of Stainless Tableware" contains some questions and answers about today's most modern metal. If you'd like to have a copy, send 10¢ to International Stainless, 169 Colony Street, Meriden, Conn.

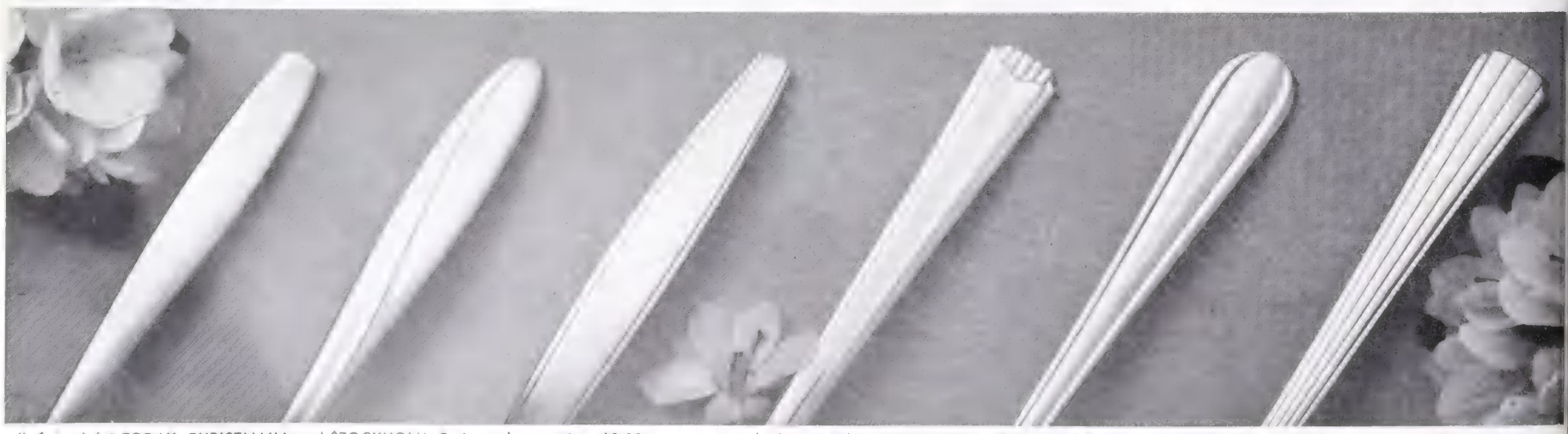
See the smart new International patterns soon. Even if you already have silver, you'll want a second set of this worksaving, timesaving stainless steel.

There is an International Stainless pattern for every taste ... a quality for every requirement.

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Mastercrafted in Steel by
The International Silver Co.



(Left to right) TODAY, CHRISTIANIA and STOCKHOLM. 5-piece place setting, $8.00.

(Left to right) MASTERPIECE, AMERICAN FASHION and LORDSHIP. 5-piece place setting, $4.00.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



Holly knows more than meets the eye—for instance, if there is a bone on top of the refrigerator or cheese in the cupboard.

Now the homespun glory of the ram-blers pours over the countryside, the impretentious Dorothy Perkins in candy pink and the red in a deep scar-let. The red is highly dramatic, but Dorothy is a girl in pink gingham. The Silver Moon is opening, too, such small single pearl-pure blossoms, and she spreads over the picket fence by the gate.

We bought the Silver Moon many years ago at a ten-cent store, in the days when we had not a penny to spare on anything other than orthopedic shoes for the children or Indian costumes for Girl Scout ritual. Now I find the Silver Moon as lovely as a rose can be, and like her the better for her simple background!

My friend Ed Shenton is fierce on the subject of roses. He feels fancy hybrids, elegant long-stemmed florist blooms are decadent. I was so surprised when he uttered this blasphemy, munching a hot clam canapé and looking quite normal at the time.

To me, any rose is a miracle, but I do cherish the country roses that grow so gladly all over our valley and take no care. They climb barn walls, spread over old stone fences, ramble along casual lattices by old gardens. In the Quiet Garden, Jill sprays and fertilizes and hoes our few elegant ones, and all the time the ordinary roses just grow. My favorite in the special category is Peace, which changes from a golden bud frosted with pink to a pale gold, then to a creamy tone as it opens.

And down by the pond blooms Mr. Clark's yellow rose, so called because a Mr. Clark dug it and brought it when he was patching the hearth. It is as sweet and prickery as first love.

I prefer romantic names such as Grey Pearl, or Dawn, or Neige Parfum, to something named Rex Anderson or President Herbert Hoover. The latter should be honored—and I am a devoted friend of Mr. Hoover, though he doesn't know it—but nevertheless it just does not seem to me those names are suited to roses.

I would like to name a few roses my-self. Nice sentimental names such as White Summer Night, Lady in Ermine for whites. Embers, I think, for a real red. Summer Sunrise for a yellow. And Young Love for that perfect pink. However, after sitting an hour thinking up names of roses, I can see it is not simple. New roses come every year, and the horticulturists are only human. So I should settle down quietly with Mrs. Miniver and Rochester and The New Yorker and stop fussing!

Of course Will Shakespeare opined that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. And that should settle that.

Now we have some hot days, New England being what it is, and that is variable. And I learn from our light-and-power company, which furnishes nothing but electricity, that if we put our candles in the refrigerator for twenty-four hours before using, they will *not* drip. I think it is rather touching that the electric company concerns itself with my candles.

For on June nights, when supper is on, we can eat by candlelight, and that does not make the little meter whirl around at all. Tall ivory candles are good to have at the table, even a humble supper tastes better in the soft wavering glow.

How strange it is, I reflect, as I scrape the wax from the milk-glass holders, that down the years mankind still needs candlelight. Is it some deep instinctive bond with our ancient past? With 25, 40, 75, 100 wattage—not to mention fluorescent lights and concealed wall units and all the rest—a dinner table is still set forth with candles. We are a very odd people, I think. We always cherish the old while we use the new part of the time.

The elegant families of the eighteenth century who sat in satins and velvets at table and ate by candlelight, for that was all there was, would be surprised to see Jill and me in our blue jeans and Dacron sweaters sitting down to eat, and lighting candles! But how lovely it is to think we do have a feeling for another time, other days, right now in the H-bomb age—and for all I know next Tuesday we shall be in an X-bomb age.

Even now, my African violets bloom as if they felt they should *show* those outdoor flowers. Evening Star is the color of moonstone, and one delicate bloom has come out. Pink Cheer is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

NEW IDEA!



Good Seasons Salad Dressing Mix!

A famous chef put his secret blend of rare herbs and spices into envelopes—named it Good Seasons Mix. You add your own vinegar and oil and get the finest salad dressing you ever tasted. You'll want to try all five mixes, each makes a half pint in seconds—Old Fashion French, California French, Old Fashion Garlic, Exotic Herbs and Bleu Cheese.



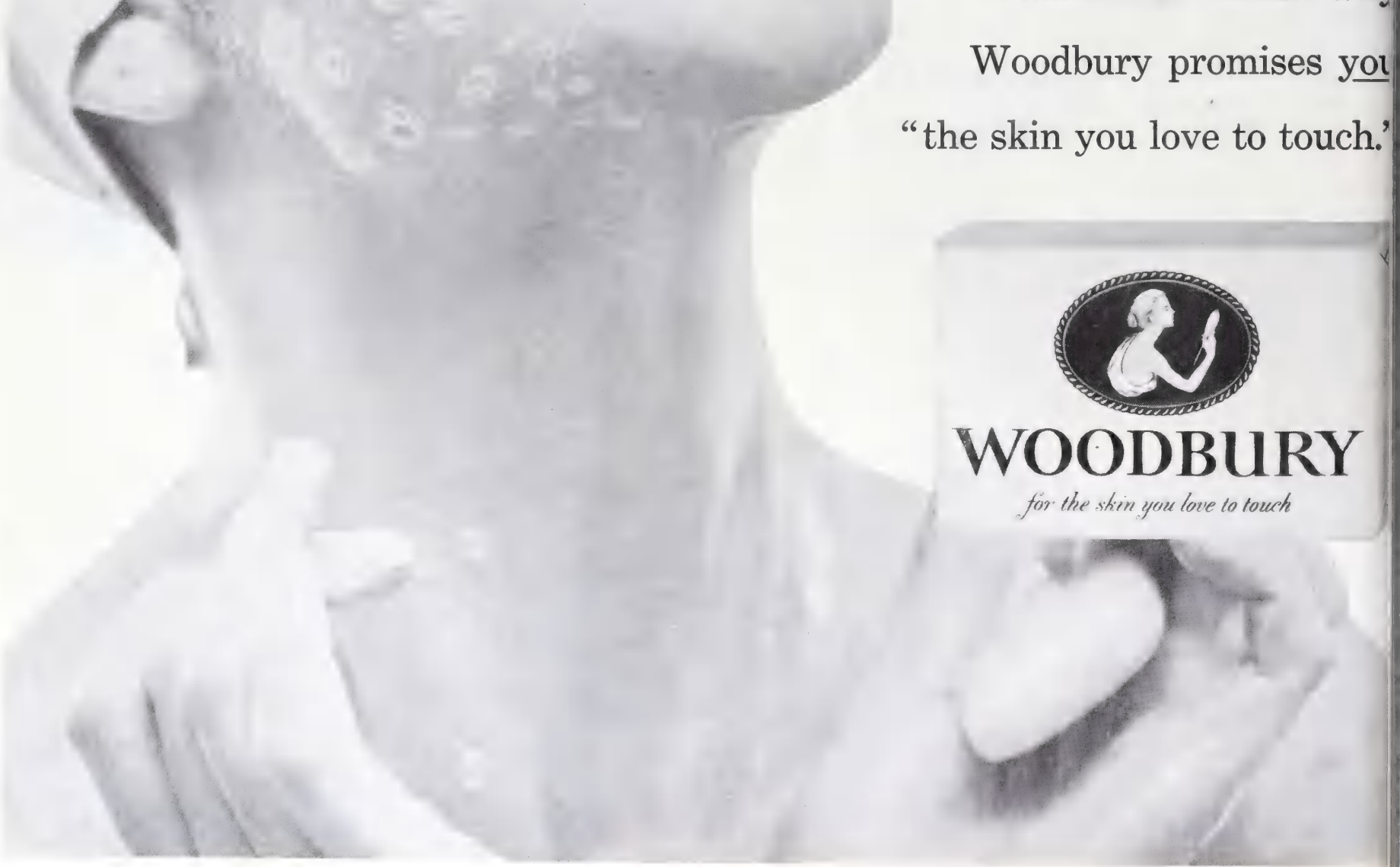
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY KIT—This Self-Measuring Bottle, 2 different Good Seasons Salad Dressing Mixes and a salad recipe booklet are waiting for you at your food store for only 39c.

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Try the soap with 7 FACE CREAM OILS.

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These oils and emollients are there, be
cause skin scientists know they help
replace natural oils. (You need these
oils for truly soft skin, but ordinary
care washes them away.) You'll
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Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In a continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers. The questions are all real, but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

"On the bus I saw a poster about e prevalence of venereal diseases and er since I've been worried."

HE patient explained, "I had no inten-)n of visiting a doctor today—I was going opping. Then I saw a poster on the is which said that thousands of people are ffering from venereal disease without even iowing it. 'Maybe that is what is the matter th *me*,' I thought, and I decided to come re right away and find out."

"Well," said the doctor, "I can give you a finite answer after making a few tests. his is one subject on which there need be guesswork."

"Is venereal disease really as prevalent as at poster said?"

"The health department is responsible for ose posters and their statistics show that out one per cent of the population is af-cted. Saying it another way, there are out one and a half million cases of ve-real disease in the country today—a tragic ct, since there need be none. But tell me, hat has led you to believe that you are suf-ring from venereal disease?"

"Because I have a discharge which has en bothering me for two or three months."

"Please do not be offended, because I ust ask this: Is it likely that you have been posed to such an infection?"

"Why, no, Doctor. But it could come)m a toilet seat, couldn't it?"

"Possibly, but very unlikely. It usually mes from intimate contact—person to rson—with one who has one or other of e diseases."

"There is more than one kind of venereal sease?"

"Yes. The two commonest are syphilis d gonorrhea, and it is possible to contract)th at the same time. Gonorrheal infection about five times more common than syphi-ic."

"Are they anything alike?"

"About as different as black is from white.)norrhea is a local inflammatory condi-)n, while syphilis is a generalized blood in-ction. Gonorrhea is an infection of the ucous membranes, and tends to follow ucous-membrane tissue as far as it can ach, which may well mean the inside of the dominal cavity. A syphilitic infection pen-rates deeper because it quickly becomes an cer with access to the blood stream. The starting place is not confined to the genital organs; it may be transmitted by kissing—a cracked lip is an ideal point of vulnerability."

"Well, I haven't had any ulcers but I do have this vaginal discharge and I've been terribly worried."

"Then let's proceed with the examination. Now, I'll ask my nurse to get you ready, and we will take specimens from the discharge to put under the microscope, as well as a small quantity of blood from one of your veins. Neither procedure will bother you much. Go with the nurse, please."

A few moments later the doctor, grumbling good-naturedly over the fact that it was the technician's afternoon off, was busying himself over a half-dozen glass slides which he was treating with medicine-dropper applications. Later he peered at the specimens, one by one, through the lenses of a powerful bifocal microscope.

At last, turning to the patient, he said, "I am satisfied that there is no gonorrheal infection present. These specimens were taken from several different areas. Gonococci are tiny, growing in pairs, and they cannot be confounded with anything else when the method of staining which I have used has been followed. No, there is no gonorrhea here."

"Then what is causing the discharge?"

"I formed an opinion about that when I saw the clinical signs that are present. We'll prove whether I was right or not in just a few minutes. All that is necessary are a few drops of warm water, to dilute the specimen. Now I will put it under the 'scope. Yes, there they are, little pear-shaped objects scuttling around counterclockwise."

"What *are* they, Doctor?"

"Trichomonads, as vigorous specimens as I have ever seen. You have a well-developed case of trichomoniasis, and that is all, in my judgment."

"Where did I get this, Doctor?"

"Probably from a toilet seat, as you suggested. Now, if you will let me take a little blood with this syringe, we will be through. I cannot give you the result of the blood-serum test for syphilis today, but when we have it, it will be decisive."

"Is it necessary to do this since you already know what is troubling me, Doctor?"

"Yes, I think it is necessary. You came here to find out if you have a venereal disease, didn't you? This will give us the answer conclusively. However, I expect the serum test to be negative. You have no history of inflammation of the mouth and throat, or

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

ctor Safford's new book, The Intimate Problems of omen, containing several chapters which have not peared in the Journal, has been published by Haw-rn Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.



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Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN June, 1905, women went bathing in black or navy twill with bloomers, skirts, long sleeves and high necks, worn with sunbonnets and often gloves, as well as stockings and shoes. The Pennsylvania Railroad began "the fastest long-distance train service in the world"—eighteen hours from New York to Chicago. Hammocks were popular indoors and out, and no piazza was complete without its palm.

The June, 1905, JOURNAL calls the forthcoming July Fourth "a day of homicide," cites the previous year's casualties from firecrackers filled with dynamite: 4449 injured persons, of whom 406 died from lockjaw.

"Parents buy the new 'gocart' rather than the old-fashioned carriage, because it's 'cunning' and 'cheaper,'" relates Editor Bok, who brands the new contraption "exceedingly dangerous, exposing the child to the wind and curvature of the spine from sitting so long."

Entertaining: "Try a floral breakfast for a church benefit, served outdoors with each table representing a different flower. Menu: strawberries and cream, lamb chops, potato chips, rolls, cucumbers, omelet and creamed potatoes and coffee."

Beauty: "A strong perfume is one of the earmarks of vulgarity. Buy the most delicate sachet possible. The odor from it should be a mere suggestion of some flower to mingle with the sweet smell of freshly laundered linen."

"Spearmint chopped fine and spread between thin slices of buttered bread makes a popular summer sandwich."

New bride: "In having oatmeal for breakfast, I always cook it two hours the afternoon before, and another half hour in the morning."

Young mother: "When your baby is eighteen months old, he can begin to have a little meat. Give him milk and cereal gruels only for the first year."

"How long should a fifteen-year-old wear her dresses?" Answer: "To the tops of her shoes."



John (Caine Mutiny) Hodiak awaits further honors from the Journal's Biffy Page.



DI PIETRO

Doctor Spock and Mrs. Spock—his laughter indicates her presence.

FROM where we sit in our part of the Workshop here the ripple of voices floating past our open door is one of those accepted sounds like waves, or leaves, or traffic far down below on Fiftieth Street. You lose all awareness of it. Until suddenly a burst of laughter breaks the familiar fluctuating hum. Once we heard a laugh we'd heard a hundred times, but never outside our door before; so we looked, and it was *Helen Hayes*, just as we thought. Then a while back, a big and brand-new laugh went by, the kind of laugh that makes you wish you'd been the one to cause it—rich, warm, and *with* you. It was the laugh that millions of mothers would like to hear. And now when we hear it every once in a while, we know that *Dr. Benjamin Spock* is in town. We even think we can tell, by a fine inflection in the sound, if his wife is with him.

Mrs. Spock—and a large audience—laughed with the doctor the other evening in Philadelphia where he spoke for the Child Study Center, when the chairman, introducing him, quoted the remark of a small boy, unimpressed at news that Dr. Spock was coming to town: "What's so wonderful about him? Where would Spock be without babies?"

Seven out of ten articles left on buses are forgotten by women—and nine out of ten of the lost items are umbrellas.

We've just been bringing ourselves up to date on our How America Lives families for 1947, only to discover that in addition to being productive in the usual ways, they've recently brought out two books. Remember ***Paul*** and ***Louise Kenyon***, of Annisquam, Massachusetts, and the ***Parkses***, of Cavecreek, Arizona? Well, last year Paul authored Driftwood Captain (Houghton Mifflin), illustrated by Louise, and just this February Bill Parks had his first novel published, The Mestizo (Macmillan), with, naturally, an Arizona setting.

Though they'd each seen the Caine Mutiny Court Martial twice before, *Mary Lea Page*, *Virginia McCone* and *Berenice Connor* paid the play a farewell visit at its final performance here, and were in *Lloyd Nolan's* dressing room later saying good-by to this old school friend of Virginia's, when *John Hodiak* burst in wiping lipstick off his cheek. "The show must have been especially good tonight," he announced. "All the women backstage have been bussing me." It was Mrs. Page, we hear, who was quickest on the trigger. "Can anyone get in on that?" she asked. "Well, from an editor of the JOURNAL," said John, "it would be an honor."

Whenever we have a special situation to size up, we like to take the right experts along; so for the fifty-second annual American Toy Fair here recently we borrowed ***Nora O'Leary's*** Wendy and Stevie, and watched them take in their stride such novelties (to us) as toy-size versions of supermarkets, filling stations, make-believe TV cameras on wheels, and baby snorkels for underwater wear in the bathtub. For a moment while we were being buttonholed to hear something we didn't know about toy-selling seasons, we let our two little experts pursue their researches by themselves; then, catching up with them, discovered that Stevie had made up his mind the best thing in the fair was a high-speed back-yard roller coaster, and Wendy had made her choice a Mickey Mouse that could walk right along beside her. . . . And if you want to know something else new for future reference: people buy just as many toys in midsummer as they do at Christmastime.

Wendy and Stevie O'Leary at the toy fair: for her, a walking Mickey Mouse; for him, a back-yard roller coaster.



DI PIETRO

Studies show that articles constructed in the home by a husband and wife working together are invariably better than those produced by either one working alone.

In a recent informal conversation between ***President Eisenhower*** and a small group of women, ***Mrs. Gould*** was greatly impressed by several remarks of the President and thinks JOURNAL readers also will be interested. In the discussion the need of finding candidates of high caliber for office was often referred to. The President said that people sometimes ask how one can tell a good prospect for office, and he replied that it's not too difficult. The question is whether the candidate is the kind of person you would be glad to have your son or your daughter, your brother or your sister marry—not from a standpoint of worldly goods, but of character.

The President remarked that if one feels that way about a person, the chances are he or she would have the makings of a good candidate.

Mr. Eisenhower continued that unless good candidates of this caliber can be found, unless the good of all the people of all the country is considered, then any political party becomes nothing but a conspiracy to seize power. He was sure that the women present wanted no part in that sort of thing, nor did he.

By LESTER ATWELL

OFF THE CITY STREETS

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

THOUGH it was three o'clock on a Friday afternoon, the town's main shopping street lay white-hot and deserted in the glare of the July sun. Ma Baggley knew, of course, where most of the folks had gone: from the railroad station she could even hear the high-school band playing a practice rendition of Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here, and everything in Ma that loved life and crowds and novelty and excitement tugged her in that direction, but she steeled herself to resist. If they didn't think she was good enough in the first place, why then she certainly wasn't going to show up there now and give them all the satisfaction of crowing over her.

Ma screwed up her big homely face, wondering what to do. Though starting on her seventies, she was still strong and hearty, an unself-conscious woman, independent and free-wheeling. With her weekend shopping finished and the rest of the afternoon ahead of her, it seemed a shame—more, a defeat—just to drive back to the farm; the wind brought the tantalizing tune once more to her ears and it proved more than Ma could bear. Climbing into her rusting 1937 car that was nosed in at the curb—"For Sale" had been painted on the side in Ma's freehand for years and years and then half crossed out with two slaps of the paintbrush—she drove off for the station.

It was a small open country station, surrounded by rolling hills and farmlands, and it fluttered that afternoon with an expectant holiday air. Though the sun still shone hotly, it did so from one remaining patch of brilliant sky; everywhere else monumental storm clouds had gathered. The flags and bunting drooped for a moment, then blew out in a different kind of wind. There was the deep growling of thunder. Heads everywhere craned heavenward where the dark clouds with flaming silver edges threatened momentarily to eclipse the sun. It was at this point that the crossing gates came down, the long-expected whistle was heard and far down the tracks appeared the train that was bearing the one hundred and twenty underprivileged children from the tenements of New York. Through an arrangement between the mayor and the Sunshine Fund, they were to be the guests of the citizens of Turnersville for two weeks. Turnersville had never tried anything like it before, but if the initial two weeks proved satisfactory, further groups of children were to arrive at intervals for the remainder of the summer.

"Hi, Ma," the stationmaster said in passing. "Come to git you a couple of city kids?"

"Just dropped by to watch the fun," Ma replied. "Didn't have nuthin' else to do." CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

Ma was appalled by the group. Thin, rickety, tough, at once fierce, ragged and pitiable—they'd give you a fright.



Nobody wanted them.

They were tough,

mean, smart.

And they

didn't <u>like</u>

the country.



"Maybe I should have fired him,

but you can't fire love

—and that's what I was battling."



THE FALLEN ANGEL

By EVAN HUNTER

HE first came in one morning while I was making out the payroll for my small circus. We were pulling up stakes, ready to roll onto the next town, and I was bent over the books, writing down what I was paying everybody, and maybe that is why I did not hear the door open. When I looked up, this long, lanky fellow was standing there, and the door was shut tight behind him.

I looked at the door, and then I looked at him. He had a thin face with a narrow mustache, and black hair on his head that was sort of wild and sticking up in spots. He had brown eyes and a funny, twisted sort of mouth, with very white teeth which he was showing me at the moment.

"Mr. Mullins?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, because that is my name. Not Moon Mullins, which a lot of the fellows jokingly call me, but Anthony Mullins. And that's my real name with no attempt to sound showmanlike; a good name, you will admit. "I am busy."

"I won't take much time," he said very softly. He walked over to the desk with a smooth sideward step, as if he were on greased ball bearings.

"No matter how much time you will take," I said, "I am still busy."

"My name is Sam Angeli," he said.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Angeli," I told him. "My name is Anthony Mullins, and I am sorry you must be running along so quickly, but ——"

"I'm a trapeze artist," he said.

"We already have three trapeze artists," I informed him, "and they are all excellent performers, and the budget does not call for another of ——"

"They are not Sam Angeli," he said, smiling and touching his chest with his thumb.

"That is true," I answered. "They are, in alphabetical order, Sue Ellen Bradley, Arthur Farnings and Edward the Great."

"But not Sam Angeli," he repeated softly.

"No," I said. "It would be difficult to call them all Sam Angeli, since they are not even related, and even if they were related it is unlikely they would all have the same name, even if they were triplets, which they are not."

"*I* am Sam Angeli," he said.

"So I have gathered. But I already have three ——"

"I'm better," he said flatly.

"I have never met a trapeze artist who was not better than every other trapeze artist in the world," I said.

"In my case it happens to be true," he said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

He offered glamour, fame — and even love.

But the price, for Sue Ellen, was much too high to pay.

They let us talk to the Russians

American students who traveled 6000 miles through the U.S.S.R. answered questions about lipsticks, movies, "workers starving in Times Square," lynchings, the new automobiles—and asked some questions of their own.



DI PIETRO

Gay Humphrey and Ted Curran at Idlewild International Airport.

Four young American students who cou both speak and understand the Russian langua wrote to Moscow for permission to visit t Soviet Union. The four—Gay Humphrey, T Curran, Jeri Lidsky and Francis Randall training for diplomatic service, were students the Russian Institute at Columbia Universit Five months later (and to their considerable su prise), they received visas. Within a week, wi the approval of the U.S. State Department, th were on their way by air. In Russia they travel 6000 miles, talking (usually with young people questioning, observing.

Miss Humphrey and Mr. Curran recent visited the JOURNAL *offices to tell what th found. The comments and opinions are, course, strictly their own. The record of the conversation with* JOURNAL *editors Laura L Brookman and Peter Briggs follows.*

QUESTION: Why do you think th Russians granted your visas?

GAY: We don't know yet why they let u in and there was never any way to find ou I think personally the reason is that the thought they would have to let som American students in if they were ever t send Soviet students here.

Q.: Did you find your Russian wa pretty good?

GAY: We could understand anythin they said and could get any of our idea across. It was amazing how well they un derstood us, because they have so little op portunity to speak with foreigners.

Q.: Did they ask you why you ha come?

TED: Oh, no. They knew immediatel that we were from the Russian Institut because one of the first questions from th young communists at the airport wa "How do you like the Institute in Ne York?"

GAY: We hadn't told them that. W never put that down. You know, we said o our applications we were just students a Columbia.

TED: Somebody had our dossiers some place.

GAY: We wanted to be tourists after w got there. The tourist agency asked u where we wanted to go. We told them ho much money we had to spend and wher we wanted to travel.

Q.: Do you know how much the tri cost, on an average, per day?

TED: Twenty-five dollars. The touris agency supplies you with a little bookle for nineteen dollars a day, which include four meals and your room and a certai amount of travel, not only in the city bu between cities. So you live on that, an then there are some extras beyond that like extra travel, theater tickets.

Q.: Did you live in hotels?

TED: First-class hotels.

GAY: Not really modern.

Q.: Now, were you permitted to go any place you wanted to go?

TED: Yes, with only one exception. We asked to go to the Baltic; but they refused And one day we started to take a short cu across Red Square and a militiaman politely stopped us. Nobody is permitted to jaywalk in the square.

GAY: We found we had much more freedom than any of our people, any of the diplomatic officials, who were more or less confined to the Moscow area; we were permitted to go into places where I don't suppose too many people were, as students and because we had cultural interests.

Q.: There was always someone with you as guide?

GAY: No.

Q.: You'd just go buy a railroad ticket and go out of town?

TED: Any citizen of the Soviet Union has a passport; in order to go from one city to another, you have to have it stamped by the police on your departure and on your arrival, and foreigners are subjected to the same regulations. But in our travel between cities and while we were in cities, we never had any guides with us.

Q.: Did you go to factories?

GAY: We didn't, because we knew that they would only take us to the best factories. It would be a guided tour. And they were really, I think, hurt that we didn't want to.

Q.: Did you get to see the Kremlin in Moscow?

GAY: Oh, yes. That was a guided tour too.

TED: When we visited Moscow University—it wasn't in session in the summertime—we were introduced to a group of typical students. They had been very carefully picked and were all well indoctrinated.

Q.: What makes you sure they were picked?

TED: Because of the conversation. For example, when we arrived at the university, we went to a table very much like this one—a nice round one—and we all sat down quietly and folded our hands while the president of the university got up and said it was very nice to have us there, and it reminded him of a speech from Lenin. Then he quoted Lenin on coexistence, and all the conversation was very much along that line.

There were several instances. When they showed us through the university, for example, we were going into their foreign-periodical room and there were magazines spread on the table.

Q.: Any American ones?

TED: Yes. There was one of those magazines with pictures of artists' models. So we said, "What a shame that you have one of our worst magazines here. Too bad you don't have our better ones." And so they all looked horrified, looked at one another, and we heard one of them saying to another one, in an undertone, "What did you put that out for? They say that that isn't one of their best ones."

Q.: Did they ask you questions?

TED: Sure. One of them came up to Jeri and said, "What's the name of your senator?" She was able to remember that. And he said, "What's the name of your congressman?" And she couldn't remember.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERI LABER





Girls wear uniforms—required by law—to school, cover them with pinafores on special occasions, as here on first day of school.

Fashionable Gorki Street, Moscow, near Central Telegraph and Post Office building, departure point for all news out of Russia.



These university students, loafing in Moscow street, seemed to disprove edict that one must work to eat.



"Foods" in display windows of shops are actually cardboard.



Father Sergi talking with Ted Curran in Zagorsk. The priest was shocked by American girls' use of lipstick.



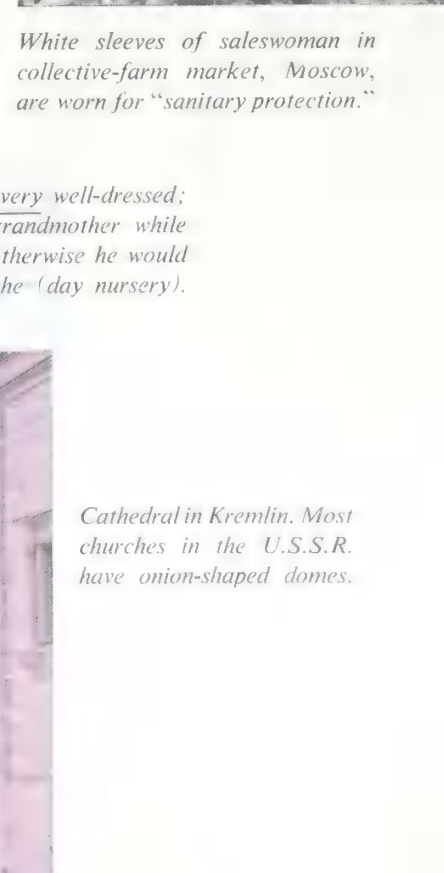
Boy in tunic is very well-dressed; he stays with grandmother while parents work—otherwise he would go to state crèche (day nursery).



Domestic pigs run loose in Kazbegi. Girl in bus window wanted news of Deanna Durbin.



Cathedral in Kremlin. Most churches in the U.S.S.R. have onion-shaped domes.



White sleeves of saleswoman in collective-farm market, Moscow, are worn for "sanitary protection."

In restoring the living room, or keeping room, as they called it, three successive openings were uncovered before the full original nine-foot-wide fireplace was finally revealed, with its smoke shelf and its fine herringbone brick fireback. The bird on the mantel is an old plover decoy.

For two hundred and thirty-one years the deep corbeled overhang of the eaves has been shading the upstairs windows from the summer sun, and the salt air from the sea has been giving the shingles their incredible color.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER; OWNED AND RESTORED BY MRS. H. EMERSON TUTTLE

The furniture of the southwest bedroom is virtually all from the island, though one of the low-post carved bedsteads is old and the other is a copy. The Japanese prints were brought to Nantucket during the China-trade days. The chair on the left-hand side of the fireplace is a fine old brace-back fanback Windsor.

Major Josiah Coffin House ON NANTUCKET

By RICHARD PRATT, Architectural Editor of the Journal

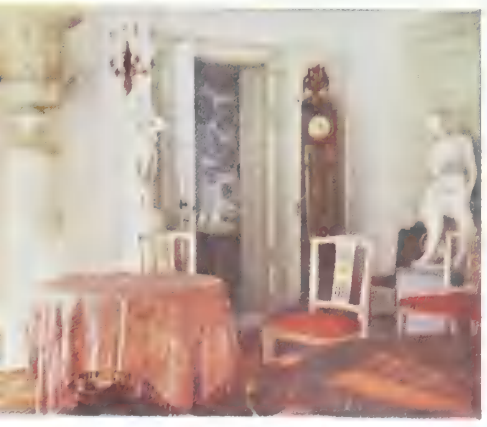
ALREADY in 1724, when Josiah Coffin built this beauty of a house, with its clustered brick chimney and corbeled overhanging eaves, the Coffins were truly old-timers on the island of Nantucket. Grandfather Tristram, as leader of the first little group of settlers in 1660, had put up the first Coffin homestead, over by Capaum pond. And in 1686, Josiah's father, Jethro, had built his house nearby on Sunset Hill, where it still stands, the oldest survival on the island, and a treat for antiquarians. Not a trace remains of Tristram's, except a marker. It may have been pried apart and sailed in sections across to the Massachusetts mainland. Who knows? That is what happened to several hundred old Nantucket houses in the early 1800's when the long-prosperous whaling industry dove into a deep depression. It was from over there that the lumber had always come for any building on Nantucket, where the moors were wonderfully picturesque pastureland but generally treeless. What may have saved Josiah's remarkable old house from sharing in this common fate—having its timbers and paneling returned to the mainland—is the fact that since 1724 it was being constantly lived in and cared for. And it goes without saying that the last occupant before the present owner bought it in 1925 was—a Coffin, Eunice Coffin Brooks. It had begun to be known as the Brooks House. As you can see, it is now being cared for with relish, esteem and understanding. With those aids, every good house, the older it grows, gets handsomer and handsomer.

Born to be

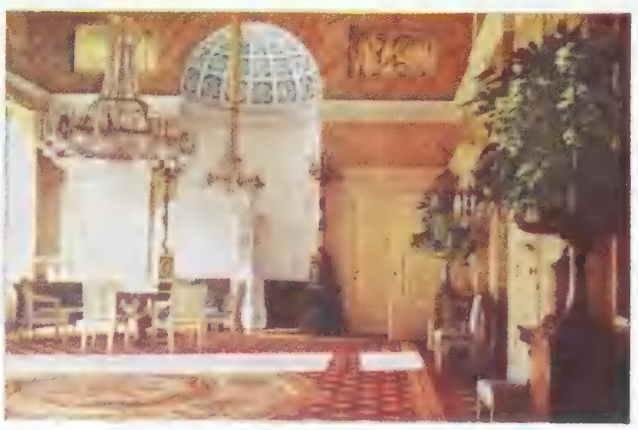


MEYBOOM

"They are hoydens, American hoydens!" Bernhard stormed as his daughters cavorted once again about Soestdijk. Irene, Pietie, Trix.

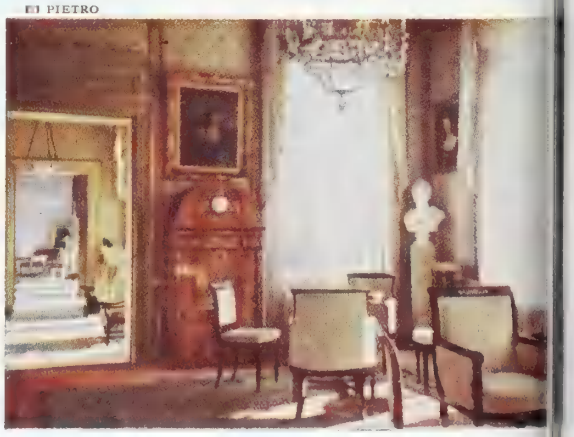


na and her family use fifteen of Soestdijk ce's eighty rooms, in the west wing. Central wing served for Wilhelmina; east wing is closed.



Pictures above and left show room where large receptions are held, such as Irene's christening. Many of tassels are missing from furniture—pulled off by baby Trix.

PIETRO



"When you forget something at Soestdijk," says Juli "you have to walk a mile for it." This is drawing room where Zussie waited for first interview.

Queen

By BETTY HOFFMAN and A. N. P.* (Netherlands News Agency)



NETHERLANDS INFORMATION SERVICE

Clutching doll and flowers, Pietie steps on Dutch soil for first time.

They had enjoyed life in America, where they were treated only as children – but now they had to learn to be princesses again.

IV ZUSSIE and the little princesses were spending the winter holidays at St. Adèle, Quebec, when Princess Juliana returned from England one cold wet day in January, 1945. From the discouraged slump of Juliana's shoulders as she walked up to the door of their hotel cottage, Zussie could guess the tragic news—there would be no further attempts to liberate Holland that winter.

Three flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girls in identical white pajamas pounced upon their mother. Margriet was just learning to talk, but Trix was bubbling on at such a rate that the princess could hear no one else. Slender Irene danced up and down wordlessly, her limpid blue eyes full of laughing secrets.

"How wonderful they looked!" Juliana told Zussie later that day. "So fresh and pretty and happy! I thanked God when I saw them."

The princess told the little group of exiles that she did not see how the Dutch could manage to survive another winter of the occupation, their fifth since the war began.

She explained that when the Battle of Arnhem began, her mother appealed to every Dutch railway worker to go on strike. In this way, the Allies hoped to cripple German troop movements in Holland. "Not one train is running in Occupied Holland," Princess Juliana told the group in Canada proudly, "and forty thousand railway workers are in hiding. Of course the terrible problem is, how will they be fed this winter? There is no flour, no potatoes, no meat, no sugar, no fats. The Germans are boasting that our people will soon be eating the leaves off the trees. Bernhard says that some Dutch homes are stripped completely bare," she went on. "Everything of value has been traded for food, and even the cupboards on the walls and the floor boards have been chopped up for firewood."

Zussie noticed that Trix had stopped playing in one corner of the room and was listening with a concerned expression.

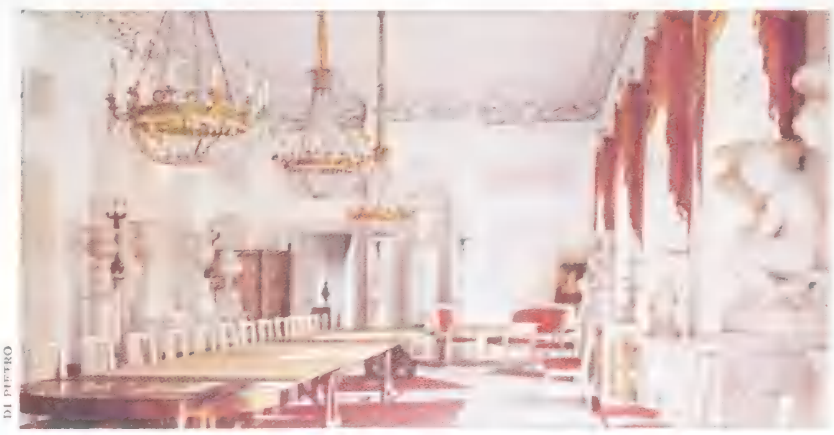
The next morning the nurse heard a great deal of thumping and scraping CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

*This series was written by Mrs. Hoffman, working in collaboration with A.N.P. (Netherlands News Agency) and with full co-operation from Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard. Mrs. Hoffman, a former JOURNAL editor, spent months in Holland (where she had free access to the palace), and in Belgium and Canada.



ROBERT CAPA-MAGNUM

Hollanders pausing by Soestdijk, in hope of glimpse of royal family. One group saw Pietie, two, who had absconded from the nursery, wandering about grounds in pink nightgown.



DI PIETRO

"Thank goodness, that's one less of those!" remarked Bernhard when a guest broke one of alabaster vases in Queen Emma's dining room. Carpet, furniture were gifts of women of the Netherlands.



NETHERLANDS PHOTO SERVICE

Accustomed to privacy in America, Trix resented Dutch interest in her every escapade. "Go away!" she told them. "Are we animals in a zoo?"

Born to be Queen



WILLEM VAN DE POLL WORLD-PRESS-FOTO

Juliana and children returned from Canada in July, 1945, were met by Bernhard out of uniform at last. Trix ringing ship's bell.

"They'll get used to it," said Bernhard. "After all, is it so bad to be stared at by people who love them—who would sacrifice their own lives for them if necessary? As long as the Dutch people want a royal family, our children's roles can never be changed. But something must be done about their manners."



PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN

"No one ever convinced an Orange," says Bernhard. "You can only get them to do what they want." Here Irene and Trix practice skiing in Switzerland.

WILLEM VAN DE POLL WORLD-PRESS-FOTO



Small princesses were required to take some of every dish, and to eat what they took. Pet Sealyham puppy, Kikki, got many a serving of foods Trix didn't like.



NETHERLANDS INFORMATION SERVICE

This photograph of Princess Juliana in satin ball gown and diamond tiara, taken soon after their marriage, is Bernhard's favorite.

ANPFO



Trix (right of bridal couple) and Irene (left) were bridesmaids for nurse Anneke Huidekoper

ANPFOTO

Pietie was a nuisance—always tagging along, declared Irene (right) and Trix, whom Pietie once bit on the thigh.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 of heavy objects on the second floor. When she went to investigate, she found the two older princesses pushing their heavy blocks and tricycles out into the hall.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked Zussie in amazement. All that was left in their playroom was their dollhouse, stripped of its furnishings.

Trix wiped her perspiring forehead with the back of a chubby hand. Irene giggled and looked at the pile of discarded toys.

"We want to know what it's like to have nothing," Trix explained.

For a week the royal princesses played in a totally bare room. Later on they naïvely collected things for Holland—boxes of old discarded toys and marbles and candies, which they intended to carry across the ocean.

Trix was now seven, with exquisite coloring and springy blond hair which refused to stay tidily in a hair ribbon. Her impish eyes held the shine of a lively intelligence. With other children, she was a natural leader, Zussie found, full of ideas and daring. In some ways this was unfortunate for Irene, eighteen months younger, who was apt to follow Trix like a docile shadow.

Irene had the frail beauty of a fairy-story princess, Zussie thought, with her delicate fine-boned features and silky blond hair. Actually, she was charged with the same kind of nervous energy which drove her father. "What shall we do now?" she demanded a dozen times an hour, her slender little feet in perpetual motion. When she smiled, it was the smile of a pixy. She gave the impression of observing a great deal more than she let on.

Margriet—or Pietie, as they all called her—showed an independence which was frequently Zussie's despair. Just two, her hair was somewhat darker in coloring than her sisters', with an almost olive complexion and extraordinarily penetrating blue eyes which slanted downward at the ends. This gave her a rather haughty air of peering down her nose. Her straight, aristocratic, Hellenic profile reminded Zussie strongly of pictures of the youthful Princess Armgard.

Her two older sisters made no bones about calling Pietie a nuisance as she CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

BLACK STAR, NEW YORK



Dutch princesses went to Boeke School, a "progressive workshop." Trix was good in sculpture, Irene in dancing—both "poor" in arithmetic, spelling.



"Ah," he said, "I see

dame Regan is now

delivering the bridal

gown. The shroud."

The Bride's



Sister

"I'll never, never learn the secret," Ginger thought—but she knew it all the time.

By ANN CHIDESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BURNS

ALMOST overnight, the Bennett house became a gypsy fair, an Arab market and a hive of activity in preparation for Caroline's wedding. The younger sister, Ginger, who was seventeen, could no longer find her place in the house—or in the family and the world itself. Who would now give her advice about clothes, how to make a soufflé and how to do a rumba? With whom would she exchange confidences and laugh in the darkness? Though she was to be the maid of honor at this wedding, she could not imagine herself in the mauve-and-white linen dress which for weeks had lain in a box in her closet, waiting. She and Caroline had planned for their weddings as long as she could remember, but then they planned to be married together, and now the magic, the wonder and the full meaning of the ceremony were somehow denied to her. She was an outsider. She had no place here or anywhere these days.

"Darling," her mother said, pressing her hand for forgiveness, "*must* you sit on the stairs like an orphan? Do something with yourself. Do!"

She was trying to finish an important paper on Jane Austen, who represented a calm, organized world far from this wedding scene. In three weeks she would graduate from high school, but no one else seemed to remember that. Besides, a graduation was small and childish compared with a wedding.

"But weddings are joyous," Caroline scolded her, coming up the stairs carrying a heap of clothes from the cleaners. "Put on a wedding face, Ginger. Have a wedding heart."

Ginger blinked at Caroline's flowery language. It sounded like a clubwoman's, she thought. Had Caroline already left all of them, even before the wedding? She followed her up to her own room, now Caroline's office and storeroom. Out there on the shaded lawn, Caroline's bridegroom tossed a tennis ball, having no more to do and nowhere to go until the wedding. He was a tall young man with doggish eyes that had begged Caroline to love him, marry him or he would surely die. But he was not Bolly Jackson, Ginger thought loyally. *There* was someone who, like herself, must feel he had no place

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

THE BEST TWO WEEKS OF THE YEAR



Summer suit for going places in beige silk pongee by William Bass. Shantung beret by Suzy, kidskin pumps by Jean Bandler. Chamois-yellow wool coat, coral cowhide bag by Roger Van S. Basic stockings are palest neutral pink. The luggage is lightweight plastic.



Cotton-mesh sheath with bateau neckline, by Lorraine Budny, with pearl-and-gold necklace by Frederic Mosell.

Destination—anywhere in the U.S.A. Vacation clothes—good travelers. A cotton-mesh sheath is the newest fashion to live in. "Permanently pleated" means your most glamorous costume is often your most practical. A beautiful white dress is just as useful as a black one, and the "golden touch" comes back in belt and sandals. Chalky blue can be as basic as beige and gray, and this year everybody will have something yellow. Travel-happy accessories: ropes of pearl and gold for day or night, a packable silk beret, a straw carryall big as a hamper, a white sweater, pumps with open insteps. • By Wilhela Cushman

Fashion Editor of the Journal



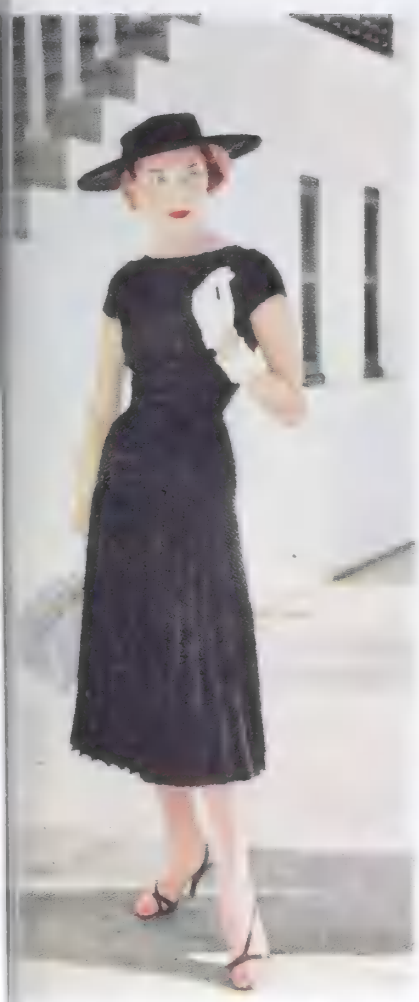
Something wool for cool days: pale gray flannel skirt by Robert P. Johns, with a white cashmere sweater-blouse.



Sheer white cotton, permanently pleated, by Greta Plattry — a dream dress for travel because it washes quickly, needs no ironing.



Pleats that stay: beautifully packable nylon chiffon dancing dress by Rappi, for any important summer night. Sandals by Margaret Clark.



ack silk Shantung overblouse dress by Larry Aldrich. Horsehair sailor, collapsible crown, by Lilly Dache.



aist casual in yellow checked gingham by R. Woelful. For mornings at a country inn, or to wear in a car.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



Striped cotton poplin for beach, by John Peck — a tunic over cotton shorts.

SO EASY TO MAKE

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*



White cotton satin embroidered in all-over pattern in pink. The dress wraps to the back, tiny sleeves hug the shoulders. Vogue V.E.T.M. Design No. 8470.*

AND SO PRETTY TO WEAR . . . any one of these dresses could be your favorite dress this summer. Best of all, six are VERY easy to make. One dress has only ONE pattern piece, another only TWO pattern pieces. We have chosen the *most* summery fabrics in the *most* flattering summer colors.



*Pink gingham looks cool and feminine. We like the longer waistline, the two-tiered skirt (can also be single). 1½ yds. white edging for trim. Vogue E.T.M. ** Design No. 8637.*



Turquoise-and-white polka-dotted linen makes this pretty coat-and-dress combination. The lining matches the dress which is trimmed with a novelty flower edging (1½ yds.). Vogue V.E.T.M. Designs: coat, Design No. 8549; dress, Design No. 8331.*

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on page 96. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn., or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

© VOGUE



What could be prettier for a summer day than a white jacquard-piqué back-wrap dress? Easy to make has only ONE piece. Turquoise edging (3¼ yds.). Vogue V.E.T.M. Design No. 8566.*



Border print, always a summer favorite, in a graduated daisy design comes in several colors. TWO-piece pattern. Vogue V.E.T.M. Design No. 8571.*

*This novelty fabric of unusual charm has strips of blue dotted swiss on white batiste matched to a dotted-swiss skirt. Blouse, Vogue E.T.M.** Design No. 8590; skirt, Vogue V.E.T.M.* Design No. 8644.*

ROGER PRIGENT



Some of the prettiest cottons are the least expensive. This pink-and-red rose design costs only 59c a yard. Surplice line bodice. Pink-and-red cummerbund. Vogue V.E.T.M. Design No. 8646.*

* "VERY EASY TO MAKE"

** "EASY TO MAKE"





"You just don't know what it means!" Sigrid repeated.

"To be married to a man and have him come home and tell you he wants somebody else— eight years younger than you— maybe better-looking ——"

UP HOME

Olaf now spent <u>every</u> night up home; but happy as she was,
Linnea could not forget Sigrid—high and dry,
with no husband, no comfort, no nothing!

By ARDYTH KENNELLY

Linnea Ecklund knew that her husband, Olaf, tried to divide his time, money and love honestly between her and his other wife, Sigrid; but she knew, too, that on the nights Olaf spent down home with Sigrid, he closed the tailor shop reluctantly, while he hurried to his nights up home with Linnea and the children as to an oasis of warmth and happiness. As the younger wife, Linnea had faced losing Olaf when polygamy was outlawed in Utah Territory, but amnesty was granted established families; so she counted her blessings and tried not to mind Sigrid's insinuation that baby Myra could not win the Most Beautiful Baby in Salt Lake City contest, with the wonderful "gold" baby buggy as its prize. The children, Bertha, Gertrude, Stellie and Rudie, were all firm in their faith in Myra, and busy Linnea had scant time for resentment. She had given refuge to homeless old Mrs. Troon. Then, as midwife, she was part of the excitement when meek little Mrs. Lilygren had her baby right smack dab in the middle of the Temple dedication. And she looked on approvingly as Mrs. Lilygren found courage to rise from her bed and order her abusive husband from the house and from her life.

Myra did not win the contest, but Olaf, knowing the children would be desolate over loss of the gold baby buggy, arranged to make the storekeeper a suit of clothes in exchange for it. (The winner had providentially taken money instead of the carriage.) And the hullabaloo up home when he showed up with it was even more satisfying than he'd hoped. He did not tell Linnea at once that Sigrid, angered by his purchase, but even more by his going up home on his regular night down home, had told him never to come back—"The door will be locked, and you ain't got the key that will open it!"

III THE day before, which was Friday, Gertrude made arrangements with mamma to have all Saturday off for a very special purpose. Gertrude helped with the meals, with dishes, with taking care of Myra, and not once did she complain, for the agreement was that she would do all mamma wanted this day, in order to have the whole day tomorrow to herself. Saturday dawned, and right after breakfast Gertrude, in a clean starched apron and her good stockings (she had begged for these), set out in great excitement.

She slipped through the fence and in between the gooseberries and red currants and hastened around the house to Mrs. Lilygren's back door, upon which she knocked excitedly. This was the day which came only twice a year, when Mrs. Lilygren would wash her hair and dry it in the warm sun! Gertrude had put in her request many weeks ago, even before Mrs. Lilygren's baby was born or the temple dedicated, and now she was invited to attend the washing.

Mrs. Lilygren looked much as usual, her hair wound around her head and piled and pinned the same as ever. She wore her old brown skirt and a buff-and-white gingham basque, tightly buttoned up the front, but the top three were left undone and she had tucked the collar in under all around, showing an inch or two of collarbone and all her slender neck, giving her a wonderfully bare and wanton look, of which she herself must have been aware, for she often put her little hands up to her throat while waiting for the boiler of water on the stove to get hot, but then, recalling her naked arms—for she had rolled her sleeves above her elbows—she as often dropped them and thrust them into her apron pockets.

Nephi was working on Miss Deatherage's steps, and Ivy had left the house for the factory, so Mrs. Lilygren was all alone with the baby, Deddy, who cozily shook her feet in the air upon a blanket on the kitchen table.

A washtub stood on the floor close to the sink, and when the water on the stove was hot enough, Mrs. Lilygren let Gertrude help her lift it down to the floor beside it. From the cupboard she brought out a bowl of something that looked like glue but was strong yellow CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

Novel Copyright, 1955, by Ardyth Kennelly Ullman.


Menu
Garden Antipasto
Chicken-and-Meat-Ball Casserole
Garlic Bread
Cream Jubilee
Cherry-and-Strawberry Sauce
Iced Coffee
(Planned for 6)
Coming

STUART-FOWLER

Out party

YOU know by this time, after reading my words of—shall I say wisdom, and thereby crib an expression older than I am and not any too applicable to me?—that I am one whose frivolity is like a sandwich. You get a couple of slices of serious advice, hints, knowledge or suggestions, well buttered with country learning. Churned in the old dasher churn of experience, this butter flavors the bread. In between the slices, there is generous savory or sweet of frivolity, so ingrained in my nature that it's all over the place, like popcorn when you lift the cover of the popper.

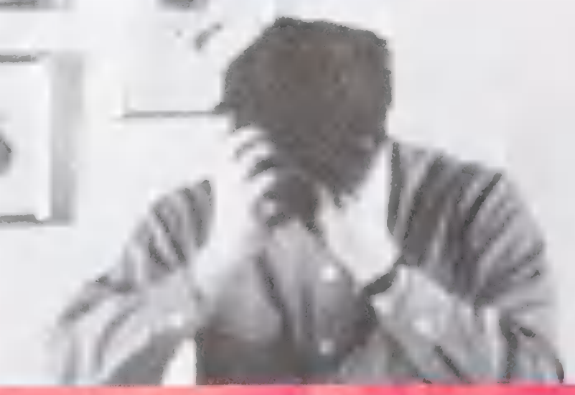
And now that "June is bustin' out all over," what better excuse for a party—an alfresco repast? We'll call it our Coming Out Party in anticipation of a long and balmy season for terrace dining.

In the spirit of the occasion we'll call our hors d'oeuvres

"*Garden Antipasto*." This platter of "antipasto" has such things as you see. Scallions, those premature onions, whose flavor gives only a foretaste of what they'll be at maturity. Cheese helps out with the celery, and you may stuff the latter with one or several of the former. That's up to you. Tomatoes, sliced; carrot twigs; radishes CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

By Ann Batchelder

Set a pretty table for your first dinner on the porch with flower-patterned silver and bright pottery. Fresh flowers tucked in with the fruit add to the gaiety of the occasion.



HE: "My wife is the only person who has ever loved me.
I wasn't smart enough to hold onto her love."

Can this marriage be saved?



JOHN LEWIS STAGE

Jealousy is a danger signal which, if ignored, leads to the wreckage of many a marriage. It is a staple item in the counseling at the American Institute of Family Relations, where more than a thousand consultations are given each month, and where more than 25,000 marriages have been put back into good running order during the past quarter of a century. The first principle in dealing with jealousy is to remove the causes; the second is "no appeasement." If a wife, for instance, continually makes unjustified concessions, she merely leads her husband to make still further demands and to believe that they are justified. Jealousy may be useful if it leads one of the partners to go to work energetically to strengthen the foundations of the marriage and build up its resources. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Maude Ross Ferguson. PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *Director.*



Dr. Paul Popenoe

Laura tells her side:

"MARK and I came to our senses almost immediately," said beautiful thirty-seven-year-old Laura, who was Andy's wife. Her face was pale and she sat tensely on the edge of her chair. "We don't belong to the easy-morals crowd. From the beginning it was obvious our infatuation could lead nowhere. An affair was out of the question, divorce was unthinkable. Too many conflicting loyalties were involved. Andy and I have been married nearly twenty years and have three wonderful children, two sons and a daughter. Mark and his wife have four small girls.

"Moreover, Mark is Andy's oldest and practically his only friend. My husband shuts himself off from most people. He and Mark were boyhood companions. They were acquainted long before Andy's father lost his fortune. When Andy took the plunge several years ago and established his own construction business—to add to the complications, I'm sure my husband's business is doing poorly—Mark signed on as his lawyer.

"The last thing Mark and I wanted was to become overly interested in each other. For a short while it seemed we simply couldn't help ourselves. We went no farther than to exchange a few kisses, lunch together in out-of-the-way places—necessarily we arranged most of our meetings for the daytime—and talk about ourselves. Please don't think I am defending myself. I know I am largely to blame for my husband's terrible suffering and our messed-up marriage. Still and all, as I have begged Andy to believe, conversation played a larger part in my friendship with Mark than love-making. Conversation and compliments and just sheer fun. There has never been much fun in Andy.

"I used to think Andy hung the moon and pinned the stars in place. When we married I was a high-school senior and he was a college sophomore, headed toward a big career in architecture. Or so the two of us believed. In those days Andy's father was a top-flight architect. He gave us a house for a wedding present, larger than the place we live in now, and we arrived there in a new convertible. I felt like a princess. The moment we crossed the threshold I lost my regal standing, but Andy kept his. It developed I was expected to do all the fetching and carrying, all the changing and adjusting.

"To please Andy and avoid dissension—I loathe quarreling—I virtually let him think my thoughts for me. He told me how to wash the dishes and I washed his way. He told me how to mop the floor and I followed his directions. No, he didn't ever get down with the scrub brush. His role was strictly to instruct and supervise.

"I can vividly recall the first time we entertained. A week of worry and hard work preceded the important dinner. Andy bought me a French cookbook. He tested and tasted halfway through the book—I cooked him a new, elaborate dish each day—before he settled the menu. He then showed me how to set a table properly, how to arrange a centerpiece, how a meal should be served. When the big evening arrived, he hired a maid to come in and assist. He warned me not to spoil the effect by letting on to our guest that the maid was a part-time helper. In fact, Andy drilled me on every single remark I was supposed to make. The guest, one of Andy's professors, turned out to be quite nice. To me the evening was successful. Andy considered it a dismal flop. He complained I was too self-conscious!

"My husband has always been fiercely critical of me and everybody else. One of the strange and painful features of our wretched trouble now," Laura said, "is that Andy apparently can't find it in his heart to jump all over Mark. Instead he gets a bleak, stricken look on his face and says Mark is a better man than he is, which breaks my heart. Up to now, whenever I expressed a liking for somebody—male or female—Andy promptly discovered a million flaws in that person. To keep the peace I learned long ago to keep quiet about my enthusiasms and my affections. But often the process made me feel cramped and crowded, almost stifled, as though I had no life or identity of my own.

"By temperament and by training I am easy-going," Laura continued. "My father brought up both my sister Ruth and me—our mother died when we were very young—to believe women should be submissive and generous-hearted and shouldn't argue. Even during our honeymoon Andy pushed me to the limit. Possibly I might have rebelled—some of his demands have been really outrageous—but I got the habit of giving in very early in our marriage. And then before we celebrated our first anniversary Andy had a crushing blow. My father-in-law got mixed up CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

SHE: "I knew I was being disloyal. If anyone
deserves to be punished, I am the one."

There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller

I'm still able to intimidate my wife mildly by calling a faucet washer a "gasket." But she's rapidly learning that though I may be able to name it, that's no proof I know how to fix it.

I look at the inscrutable faces of 1955's eighth-grade grads and wonder if any of 'em are scheming, as I was at that same tender age, to build a raft and float via our creek and two rivers to the Gulf of Mexico and become a shrimp fisherman. I never made it; became a failure instead.

When we're on the verge of a vacation trip I make lists of things that must be done ere departure. I'm baffled how, when I find 'em undone after the trip, I remain virtually unscathed.

We applauded, at the state university's graduation ceremony, extra loud for the 1955 grads who're embarking on a delayed honeymoon with a diploma and baby and new job.

On a crowded elevator in a big department store I'm elbowed into the opinion that it needs a hostess worse than any passenger plane.

I've tried stubbornly in my year-round Santa role to make a sort of minor Christmas of the twenty-fifth of each month, by giving my Dream Girl a small bizarre gift. She insists mistakenly it's only because I've some skulduggery on my conscience.

So far this spring we've eaten eight or nine meals outdoors. We'd eat outdoors oftener if our town's government weren't top-heavy with indoor men (antispray types) who like to make pets of the mosquitoes.

When we visited Nassau this spring we noticed (even more than the pictures of Princess Margaret in every shopwindow) how dignified and charming is the native colored population. Their blend of independence and courtesy reminds me of the polite Hawaiians.

"My advice to the school execs," says Betty Comfort, counting thirteen kids with fourteen bikes screaming in her driveway, "is to ask for new school buildings and higher wages for teachers in the summertime, when we parents have the brats on our hands."

After a long automobile honeymoon at the mercy of the random cooking typical along American highways, even an inexperienced bride's early attempts may taste delicious to her zany newlywed.

I've challenged my beauteous executive V.P. to draw up any list of "things to take" on our vacation which will save me from forgetting at least five items which are utterly indispensable.

Isn't it disgraceful how we parents still try to tyrannize over our brave-new-world young? Some of us even dare to ask 'em what time they got in last night!

My crusade among our alumni to buy a Cadillac for a professor ("Cads for Profs") was a mixed success. The medic grads bought a car for a medical-school prof, just as if he were a football coach; but the l.a., engineering and law grads said they couldn't afford it.

When we're traveling I'm jockeyed into buying too many fancy expensive meals at "the cutest places." This stirs up my poor-boy complex, and I long to buy five cents' worth of cheese and a nickel's worth of crackers and eat 'em under a tree as I did when I was on a surveying crew.



"It's sickening, the way he puts on that devoted-father act the minute some bird watchers show up!"

Our oracle at the big round luncheon table argues that we husbands shouldn't pay too much attention when our wives interrupt us as we try to tell a story. "Just go right on," he advises, "and tell it just as if they were listening."

I got back some shirts from a laundry wrapped inside the pertinent question, "Have you kissed your wife today?" Not bad; but they ought to ask, "Have you kissed her tenderly?"

Our youngest (suddenly aware of girls) took off thirty-five pounds in about two months while our doctor cheered. But he made a brilliant study of diets and managed to eat more delicacies and tasty dishes than I do when I'm gaining.

"What we've got to decide," said the oracle of the bridge table, "is whether to spend our money on more schools for kids or to build more old people's homes for ourselves."

My wife accuses me of ordering ham and eggs for dinner in a restaurant occasionally "just to be stubborn." Shucks, I only do it because often I prefer it to anything else on the menu. Besides, it often saves me $2 or $3 on a dinner check.

We plan our vacation trips right up to the hilt; I'm a great planner and my Dream Lady is a superplanner. Luckily, we usually come home with fully 60 per cent of our planned activity unaccomplished, including visits to kinfolk only 400 miles off our route.

Our neighborhood skeptic (the man next door) has trimmed his seven-word philosophy of life down to only five words: "No solution. Seek it lovingly." He claims it cheers him no end.

I suspect half the bachelors and spinsters and bachelor girls in town'd like to get married if somebody matched 'em up and gave 'em a push. I marvel that in our overorganized life there's no subcommittee for matchmaking.

When our fifteen-year-old was dieting so scientifically I calculate we spent more money for his daily mushrooms (low calorie) than I did each day to eat on when I left home on my first faraway job.

My Princess of Sheer Delight clings to a few rules of fairness. . . . Since I let her keep her exotic new sea shells on the mantel four months she hasn't complained if I occasionally exhibit there some of the new 6″ x 6″ ceramic tiles from my collection.

MEDITATIONS IN THE DOGHOUSE:

. . . When Junior begins to accept good-humoredly some of my foibles against which he once rebelled;

. . . Or our daughter confides tardily to her mother that the Old Man isn't as intolerably strict as she once suspected;

. . . And our youngest mutters something scathing about people who drink too much;

. . . If my wife tells me sternly that I've worked hard enough today and must relax now . . .

Then I wink my farther eye and congratulate myself on fooling half the world half the time.



"The millions of readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *are directly responsible." In 1906 Washington gave credit to this magazine and its readers for passage of two important Federal bills—the pure-food bill and the bill for preservation of Niagara Falls. . . . Said the editor, "A more popular bridal pair than Mr. Henry Hutt has pictured is likely to be hard to find." Mr. Hutt was a successful illustrator at age 14.*

LINE A DAY

By Ann Batchelder

1 There'll be days this summer when you'll be convinced it's too hot to cook. There always are. So when one comes along, try this: Drain off all the oil from 2 cans tuna, and turn out into a skillet. Sauté tuna for 3–4 minutes, sprinkle with ¾ teaspoon garlic salt and 1½ teaspoons paprika, then add 1½ cups thick commercial sour cream. Heat gently just till it is warmed through. Serve over rice, with a salad.

2 Remember those ready-to-bake packaged cinnamon rolls I told you about—or didn't I? Anyway, you're missing a breakfast treat if you haven't met up with them. Put a spoonful of apricot jam on each one before baking and you've really got a triumph.

3 Better be prepared for some parties when your beauty queen gets home from college. A different punch will be needed. Dissolve 1 package cherry-flavored soft-drink powder in 3¼ quarts water. Stir in 1 cup sugar, one 6-ounce can frozen lemonade concentrate, thawed, one 6-ounce can frozen orange juice, thawed, and one 20-ounce can pineapple juice. Chill. Read on.

4 Just before serving, whip or mash 4 bananas and beat into the mixture. Add 1 large bottle (28 ounces) ginger ale. Serve with slices of banana, orange or strawberries. Makes 1½ gallons.

5 When the children troop in for sandwiches at noon, try this one sometime. Spread toast slices with canned applesauce. Top with slices of American cheese. Cut strips of bacon in half and arrange over cheese. Grill.

6 Orange sticks are easy-to-produce teatime bites. Better make plenty. They go like crazy. Make rich biscuit dough, using orange juice for liquid. Add a few drops of orange extract. Roll thin, cut into narrow strips, sprinkle with a good liberal sprinkle of grated orange peel and sugar. Bake.

7 Pretty as a June day is this garnish for a fruit cocktail, fruit salad or a dish of ice cream. Dip dark sweet cherries into lightly beaten egg white, then roll in sugar. Allow to chill and dry for half an hour. I almost forgot—leave the stems on the cherries.

8 Mashed potatoes, once known as mashed and wearing no glamour, are now called "whipped" and wearing as many trimmings as a country belle in an Easter parade. It is well, whatever you do, to add, with the other seasonings, a little basil and a very small pinch of rosemary. These two are especially effective in stuffed baked potatoes. Or you might try this: add a light seasoning of one teaspoon of tarragon wine vinegar, beaten in when the hot milk has all been used.

9 Shall I remind you that pickles go *in*—as well as *with*—many foods? In a meat loaf, for instance, diced pickles add a nice zest. And in place of the customary slice of lemon, try floating a paper-thin slice of dill pickle on black-bean soup. You'll like.

10 One more way with condensed tomato soup. Add milk instead of water and enough grated sharp cheese to flavor.

11 A short while ago at a party, I ate some lovely things I hadn't seen before. Such as minced lobster with mushrooms in Russian dressing for stuffing inside celery stalks and Belgian endive.

12 And here's another thought for celery, as found on an hors-d'oeuvre tray: cut stalks into short, bite-size pieces, and fill with avocado, which has been mashed, seasoned to taste with salt, and tiny pickled onions which have been chopped fine.

13 If you haven't eaten baked ham spread with a certain wonderful mustard, over which a generous layer of orange marmalade is imposed before baking, I'll guarantee you will, many times, once you have tried it.

14 Buy a two-roe can of shad roe. Cut it into little squares. Season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Dip in crumbs, egg beaten with a tablespoon of milk, then again in cracker crumbs, and fry in deep hot fat. Drain. Serve hot as an hors d'oeuvre, stuck on fancy toothpicks.

15 Here is a baked rice favorite of mine for buffet suppers when I'm serving a ham—and I often am these summer weekends. Cook 1½ cups raw rice. Sauté 1 green pepper and 1 onion (both chopped) in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add to rice with 1 cup chopped parsley, 2 cups milk, 3 beaten eggs, 2 cups grated sharp American cheese, 1½ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Mix and bake in a casserole in moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour. You can get it ready for the oven in the A.M.—bake it at night.

16 *Chapter 1*: A delicate and desirable main dish for the luncheon planned for the Wednesday bridge foursome, or for your mother-in-law and her best friend, is prepared this way: Blanch and take off the skin from ¼ cup almonds and chop them. Brown in butter—about ¼ cup—using first just enough for browning, adding the rest last. When almonds are golden brown, take the frying pan from the heat. Add ¼ cup lemon juice, then the rest of the butter. Keep it hot over hot water.

17 *Chapter 2:* Having made the sauce, poach 4 large fillets of sole in milk. Drain well and arrange on a hot platter. Pour the sauce over the fillets. Serve with a tossed green salad and little orange baking-powder biscuits.

18 Zucchini fans, come closer. Shred, on your coarse grater, 2 pounds zucchini and cook in a little salted water 5 minutes. Drain very thoroughly. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and 1 cup thick commercial sour cream. Warm gently. Season it with salt and paprika.

19 Of course you know that this is *his* day—Father's Day. I'd give him a steak, thick and beautiful, broiled as rare as he likes, and spread with parsley butter and a squeeze of lemon juice. It does something for a steak. Apple pie or chocolate layer cake for dessert. With cake and pastry mixes, what could be easier? Dad will cheer, and so will you.

20 *From the "Share a News Story" file:* For those whose taste goes to carrots, maybe you haven't run across those baby carrots "unbelievably tiny and of an indescribably wonderful flavor." This is the description of an indisputably experienced chef and gourmet.

21 Believe it or not, in a can not noticeably large you may find from 110 to 125 perfect, perfectly packed little carrots. For the hors-d'oeuvre tray, marinated in French dressing, glazed as a garnish, or added to a salad, can you imagine a more exotic choice? When you find them, put a few cans on that emergency shelf and spring some surprises. I wanted you to know. If your market does not stock, we'll tell you where to order.

22 *Canto I:* Came across a best-yet filling for little tart shells. Place ¼ pound butter or margarine in top of double boiler and let melt. Add ⅔ cup sugar and mix well. Then add 6 well-beaten eggs and mix well.

23 *Canto II:* Stir in one 6-ounce can frozen concentrate for lemonade and cook the mixture over hot water, stirring constantly, until it thickens and is smooth and glossy. Good cake filling too. Keeps for weeks in the refrigerator.

24 What better way to start a dinner in June than with a chilled soup? This one is perfection, but has no name. You name it. Cook slowly about 10 minutes ⅓ cup sliced green onions or scallions in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add 2¾ cups condensed chicken consommé and 2 cups drained cooked large dry Limas. Boil 10 minutes. Cool slightly. Force through a strainer or blend in an electric blender. Stir in 1 cup light cream and ¼ teaspoon salt. Chill. Sprinkle each serving with chopped chives.

25 Fresh pears will be along soon. Peel, halve and core as many as you need and poach till tender in a sirup of sugar and water, flavored with vanilla. Chill. Serve topped with ice cream and, if you like, caramel sauce.

26 If you've been reading along on a hunt for something different for the appetizer tray, stop right here. Cream two 3-ounce packages cream cheese until light. Add 1 tablespoon cream, 1 tablespoon anchovy paste, ½ teaspoon paprika and 1 teaspoon grated onion and continue creaming until blended. Stir in one 3-ounce can chopped mushrooms, drained. Chill. A dip for chips.

27 *From an old cookbook:* "When pickling time is here, better keep the children out of the kitchen. They will filch cucumbers and green tomatoes, not remembering that that way stomach-ache and even colic lie." Let's all keep out and play safe.

28 New version—water chestnuts wrapped with bacon and broiled are fine party starters, but a Minneapolis friend said to marinate the water chestnuts first in a half-and-half mixture of soy sauce and maple sirup. I couldn't believe my ears until I tried them. Superb!

29 *Another tempting titbit:* Poppy-seed snacks. Cut slices of bread into 2″ rounds. Brush evenly with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with poppy seeds (about ¼ teaspoon on each round). Broil for 2 or 3 minutes until lightly toasted. Serve hot.

30 Well, the month of brides and roses dawns soft and sunny. June has much to answer for, but we'll hope for the best. Ever your ANNIE.





Everybody's making exciting *new* soups from *two* soups—it's the newest in soup cookery! Here's one great favorite: 1 can of Green Pea plus 1 can of Vegetable Soup, combined with 1½ cans of water . . . sparked with a dash of curry. It's a satisfying, full-bodied soup—15 delicious garden vegetables teamed a new way with a smooth purée of green pea.

Surprise and delight your family—

new soups from two soups

Campbell's Soup Mates





Lots of folks are talking about this one: 1 can of Tomato plus one can of Cream of Mushroom blended with 1½ cans of milk. It's the famous Campbell Tomato flavor, accented with just-right seasoning and creamery butter . . . complemented by the sweet goodness of tender mushrooms in cream! Mmmm, good!





Good cooks are passing this recipe along: 1 can of Scotch Broth plus one can of Vegetable Soup—made with 1½ cans of water. It's a hearty soup, a thick soup. It's a meal in a bowl—tender bites of mutton, 15 kinds of vegetables in a savory mutton broth. Serve it when the family's worked up a *special* appetite! They'll enjoy every spoonful.





For everybody who likes chicken, here is a super Soup Mate: 1 can of Cream of Chicken plus 1 can of Cream of Mushroom, combined with 1½ cans of water. Mmmm . . . the wonderful flavor of these two fine soups combined — tender pieces of mushroom and chicken, in a double creamy soup. It's a delicious blending you'll like!

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*In a recent survey against the leading cream and spray deodorants, 7 out of 10 prefer BAN.

UP HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

soap melted, and set that down on the floor too. Then she pumped a big tin pail full of cold water and added that to the assortment on the floor. Lastly, she brought out a pair of clean and neatly folded but very thin and worn towels, and took a tin saucepan with a long handle down off a nail behind the pantry door.

Gertrude watched her with bright eyes.

"You could maybe pour over," Mrs. Lilygren said in her timid way. "Dip the hot water up in the pan and pour it over when it comes time for rensing."

"Oh, my," Gertrude said happily. "I'd love to. I won't get it down your neck or nothing." She hardly knew whether to look or look away, for at this moment Mrs. Lilygren began to take the big bone hairpins out of her hair and it seemed the most private and intimate business in the world.

First it began to come undone from the top, shook and sprung loose, while the hairpins were placed neatly one by one on the drainboard, then it began to come undone and spring and shake loose from the right side, and then spring and shake loose from the left side and then from the back—the thick stream of hair flowing and rippling down endlessly.

"I—never—knew—it—would—be—like—that," Gertrude breathed softly. Like a sightseer viewing Niagara for the first time, she stood spellbound watching this lady's cataracts and falls. "Why—it—hangs—nearly—to—your—shoetops."

Mrs. Lilygren arched an arm over her head and gathered all her rick of hair from the shoulder and neck and dragged it over one side where it hung like a matador's cape. Her small plain face was lit up brightly with what was a stranger to it—pride. She did not look pale now, but pink as a girl, and her eyes glistened. Like a girl, she dropped to her knees before the empty washtub, bent her head and lifted and arranged her hair within it, filling it, and reached for the tin saucepan. Deftly she filled it with water from the boiler at her side, poured it over, while Gertrude stared with awe-struck eyes.

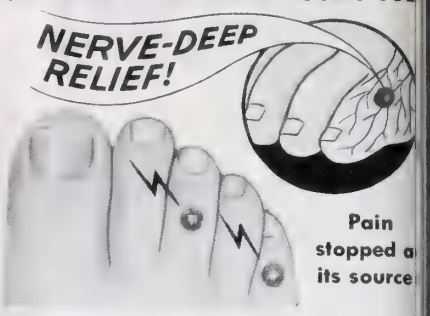
THE sun came throu'h the peach trees just here and here Mrs. Lilygren, with Gertrude beside her, sat on the back steps, with her lap full of drying hair, while Gertrude waved a strand of it like a fan.

"—— so they are going to be here for supper Monday night," Mrs. Lilygren was saying, "and Monday night will be the first meal I cook for them."

She was talking of her boarders-to-be, the two young men who sang in the Swedish Choir, Mr. Dahlquist and Mr. Ankerstrand. It is natural to mention frequently what we anticipate with fear and dread—as a visit to the dentist for the removal of an abscessed tooth or a call to borrow money from an old skinflint or a first appearance as secretary and treasurer—and Mrs. Lilygren, who feared these boarders and the first meal she would put before them more than all these put together, had scarcely had them out of her mind the past week. Over and over she saw herself greeting them, her heart pounding like a trip hammer. Over and over she respectfully showed them the room they were to share (Ivy's, for now Ivy would sleep with her and the baby), hoping they would not mind that such a little strip of carpet adorned the scrubbed floor or see how the mattress sagged under her only bedspread or note the many mendings in the spotless curtains. Her best things she had placed in this room, conscientiously, as she pointed out to Gertrude, who was allowed to take a peek at it, to "make it worth the money," about which she seemed to feel very guilty though it was but a small sum. When her boarders had been in and out of their room, she would respectfully beg them to sit in the parlor. Then she would rush to the kitchen to stir, taste and begin to dish up. Over and over she saw this scene happen from beginning to end, felt how her heart would stop dead if she or Ivy forgot something on the table—perhaps the water, or the salt shaker, or the dish of jam, or the bread-and-butter pickles.

"Are they old?" Gertrude inquired.

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"Oh, my, no," Mrs. Lilygren said. "They're not old. They're only boys about twenty-one or twenty-two."

Gertrude took another strand of hair and swung it like a tassel round and round. "Brigham Young," she said. "I wonder which one of his wives had the prettiest hair? Did any of them have hair as long as yours?" She had long been interested in the domestic life of this most famous man.

Mrs. Lilygren moved a little forward into the sun. "I don't think so," she said, "but then of course I never seen any of them with their hair down."

"You seen them, though, didn't you?"

"Everybody did," Mrs. Lilygren said, "but I had a better chance than most. When I was about fifteen mamma used to help out with the sewing in the Bee Hive House and the Lion House, and she'd take me along to run in pastings and one thing and another."

"What did they look like?" Gertrude asked.

"Well, by that time it seemed like several was getting to be quite old ladies, with their hair white or turning white. But mamma and my aunt remembered them from earlier days. I remember once her and my aunt got talking about whether Brigham had more of a inclination for blondes or for brunettes."

Gertrude clasped her hands around her knees and asked with great interest, "Which *did* he have?"

"They started counting up," Mrs. Lilygren said. "There was Lucy Decker—she was a brunette, with brown eyes; and Clara Decker, that looked just about like her; and Lucy Bigelow—she was a brunette, only she had blue eyes, which I always think looks very pretty, dark hair and blue eyes. And Martha Bowker. Then Eliza Burgess and Susan Snively—she was the homeliest of all—which made six ——"

"Brunettes," Gertrude said, counting on her fingers.

"On the other hand, Harriet Cook had blond hair," Mrs. Lilygren went on, "and so did Twiss ——"

"That makes two," Gertrude said, beginning to count again. "Twiss is a funny name."

"Ain't it?" Mrs. Lilygren said. "Then there was Ellen Rockwood—she was a blonde—and Margaret Alley, and Margaret Pierce, and so was Emmeline Free. She was the prettiest of all."

"—— six ——"

"And Zina Huntington, and Amelia Folsom."

"—— seven—eight." Gertrude hung onto the middle finger of her right hand where she had stopped short.

Mrs. Lilygren wrinkled her forehead. "That was all the blondes," she said, "that I know of." She considered. "Now, Mary Ann Angell and Harriet Barney—I'm sure mamma said they had brown hair. Let's see, how many brunettes did we count up?"

"Six."

"There was several more," she said. "Jemima Angell, for one."

"Seven," Gertrude said, touching the index finger of her right hand.

"Mrs. Hamptom—I can't for the life of me think of her first name—and Eliza R. Snow. She was the one that wrote so pretty—hymns, O Ye Mountains High, and different verses and like that ——"

"Nine."

"—— and the one that always set on Brigham Young's right hand at mealtimes, with Twiss always on the left. Then, let me see. There was Amelia Partridge—she had beautiful black hair. I forgot Mrs. August Cobb ——"

"Eleven."

"—— and Clara Chase. She was a nice woman."

"Black hair?"

Mrs. Lilygren nodded.

"Well, that makes twelve, then."

Mrs. Lilygren stood up and let her hair ripple down while Gertrude admired it. "I may of forgot some—or added on one or two—but I'm just going according to mamma, and my aunt," she said.

"Eight blondes," Gertrude recited. "Two with brown hair. And twelve brunettes."

"That's all I can think of. . . . My, there used to seem like an awful lot, going in and out through the rooms. A good many of them was turning by that time—their hair, I mean, gray—but of course Amelia wasn't. She was young—she was only thirty-nine when Brigham died, which would only make her fifty-six now—and Emmeline Free was supposed to be still quite beautiful, though nobody ever seemed to catch more than a glimpse of her after ——" Mrs. Lilygren paused in something like embarrassment.

"After what?"

"Well, she used to be the favorite, you know."

"Whose favorite?" Gertrude asked.

"Why, Brother Brigham's, you know. Before Amelia Folsom came into the picture. My, she did dress, Amelia. Lace and velvet and those hats of hers, and sprinkled on scent. And dressy shoes," Mrs. Lilygren remembered. "Emmeline Free hardly ever stuck her head out the door after that. Of course he bought her that nice house on upper Main Street, and she moved there with her kids—but he built the Gardo House for Amelia, although she never lived in it. Emmeline died of a broken heart," she added, "or so the story went."

"She was one of the blondes?"

"They both was, her and Amelia."

"Let's see," Gertrude said, tallying up again. "There was eight blondes, and twelve brunettes, but we might just as well put the two that had brown hair in with them, so that makes eight to fourteen. Brigham Young liked brunettes the best, it looks like." Giving her own light locks a toss, she felt a twinge of jealousy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75





"No, it isn't CANCER . . ."

PEOPLE are beginning to realize that most fear of cancer is needless worry. For example, the American Cancer Society reports that at a typical cancer clinic, where large numbers of people are examined, *only about one out of every 125 is found to have cancer.*

Because of medical advances, the spirit of hopelessness that once surrounded cancer has been replaced by rising optimism. This is based in part on the increased number of lives now being saved.

In several types of cancer, cure rates are encouraging. Especially striking has been recent progress against certain cancers in women. A high proportion of cases is now successfully treated and the death rate from these cancers has been reduced nearly 30 percent since 1940.

What are the developments that hold great promise for the future? For one thing, there are the advances achieved in both diagnosis and treatment. Cancer of certain internal organs, for example, can now be detected by searching under the microscope for cancerous cells that have been cast off into body fluids. This yields clues to so-called "silent cancers," or those which have not caused noticeable symptoms. It is in this stage that the disease is often curable.

The great hope of cancer research today is that drugs will be found to cure both localized and widely spread cancer. Already there are chemicals which can slow down . . . and even stop for awhile . . . the growth of some types of cancer cells.

While the sweeping search of science goes on against cancer, everyone . . . especially those who are middle-aged and older

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

. . . should take these two wise safeguards against this disease:

1. Learn the seven danger signals listed here that give early warning of the possibility of cancer. Remember, however, that these signals are not sure signs of the disease.

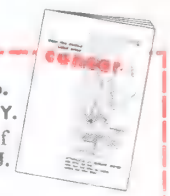
2. Have periodic medical examinations. These are especially important because nearly 50 percent of all cancers occur in body sites that can be readily examined by the doctor. Should any condition be discovered that is either cancerous or suspected to be pre-cancerous, do not waste time trying methods of treatment not recommended by your physician. Only surgery and radiation offer hope of cure or control.

Cancer still ranks second to heart disease as a cause of death—but cancer is *not* hopeless. Even with today's weapons, we are . . . according to the American Cancer Society . . . saving the lives of 70,000 people each year from cancer.

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The Light refreshment

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

"It looks like he did," Mrs. Lilygren said. "That was the conclusion mamma and my aunt come to that time, I remember."

"But his two favorites had blond hair."

"Yes, they did, come to think of it."

"That seems funny." The faint twinge turned to faint satisfaction.

"I remember one time ——" Mrs. Lilygren said. "You're welcome to pick yourself a handful of gooseberries if you want. They're not so sour now."

"No, thanks," Gertrude declined politely. "What was you starting to tell?"

"Well, it seems silly to repeat it, but while we're on the subject, and you don't need to mention it to anybody particularly ——"

"Oh, I won't."

"Well, one time mamma was sewing in the Lion House, in a big room down in the basement, and she had me with her. It was along in September. I guess it was for conference they was getting ready, or they had some big visitors coming or something. Anyway, the argument started over these buttons—there was ten of them, I remember, brown, silver rim around the edge with kind of like a cameo effect in the middle. It was Susan Snively that started sewing them on her dress. She didn't even have the buttonholes made—I remember noticing and thinking how funny that was. Well, sir, in comes Lucy Bigelow, smiling and pleasant, and goes over and looks at the skirt mamma is seaming up. All of a sudden she looks up and sees these buttons Susan Snively is sewing on as fast as she can sew. She steps across to her and says, 'Sister Susan! What do you think you're doing anyway?' She says it soft but she's very mad and everybody stops whatever they're saying or listening to.

"I see Susan Snively's face get red and she's glaring at Lucy Bigelow. 'I am sewing on my buttons,' she says.

"'*My* buttons, you mean!' Lucy Bigelow says. 'You snip them right off and give them back to me!' Lucy says. She begins digging in the workbasket beside Susan and gets four or five of them in her hand.

"'You put them buttons back in that basket!' says Susan, and she makes a grab at Lucy's hand.

"The first thing you know the buttons is rolling all over the floor, and down goes Susan on all fours after the buttons while Lucy picks up the dress and a scissors and snip, snip, snip, off comes the buttons.

"Right that minute Zina come in—I think it was Zina, anyway one of the older ones, that acted like she had authority—and 'Sisters!' she says. 'What in the world is this?' Well, sir, they both started to tell her at once. Mamma and me sewed right along for all we was worth, like nothing had happened ——"

"And who got the buttons?" Gertrude asked.

"You know what Zina did?"

"No, what?"

SHE held her hand out, and first Lucy dropped her buttons in it and then Susan dropped her buttons in, and down the buttons went into Zina's apron pocket, and then she took Susan's left arm and Lucy's right arm and she marched them right out of there. Not mean, but firm."

"Where to?"

"*I* think—and mamma always thought—to Brigham's office! And *he* decided who was to have the buttons."

"Lucy, I bet!"

"No, Susan. Susan Snively."

"But maybe they wasn't hers!"

"They wasn't. I would bet my life on it. She was sewing 'em on too fast—without her buttonholes made, remember."

"Then why did Brother Brigham give 'em to her?"

Mrs. Lilygren considered. "Well, Susan Snively was the homeliest one of all the wives. Brigham was said never to pay her a particle of attention from one year's end to the other—and most of the time she was out on that farm of his cooking and working—so maybe he felt kind of guilty, and thought that by giving her her way with the buttons, he could kind of make up for other things—at least, that was how mamma figured it out, considering what happened then."

"What happened then?"

"WHY, they'd been gone maybe fifteen or twenty minutes and all of a sudden the door flies open and who should come in but Susan Snively just as mad-looking as a wet hen, and she comes over to her chair and she slams these buttons into her sewing basket. She's got 'em, you see! Then she folds up the dress she's been working on and she slams that in the basket, too, and out she goes, and to her own room, to bawl in, I guess, for she looked mightily like it."

"But she got the buttons!" Gertrude said, puzzled. "Wasn't that what she wanted?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Lilygren said. "She was the loser someway in the proposition even though she got the buttons, I never exactly understood how. A little while later, Lucy Bigelow come in looking as pleased as Punch—and she went right past Susan Snively's workbasket without taking no interest in it whatsoever. She was humming Return to Me, O Prophet Dear, and you never would of knew nothing happened."

"But wasn't they Lucy's buttons to start with?"

"Mamma was always convinced of it."

"And Lucy wasn't mad?"

"She certainly didn't seem to be. Not after she had seen Brigham and come back."

Gertrude caught her lower lip between her teeth and fingered her ear lobe. "She must of got something else," she decided, "to make up for it. So that she didn't care one way or the other. Better buttons or something."

"She must of," Mrs. Lilygren agreed, "but what it was, I don't know. A funny thing," she said, "Susan never did sew those brown buttons to her dress, she used some others ——"

"Are you Mrs. Lilygren?" said a soft but manly voice and a young man stepped around the corner of the house, his hat in his hand. "I knocked at the front door but couldn't seem to raise anybody."

Mrs. Lilygren stood stock-still, her face going as white as paper. "Excuse me," she said, and Gertrude knew she was ready to drop dead with embarrassment. She could not even lift a weak hand to cover the inch or two of her collarbone that showed.

"She just washed it," Gertrude said, making the explanation for the poor lady's sake. Now Mrs. Lilygren had her two hands caught in her hair where they rustled like a couple of birds in a porch vine, and she grew still whiter.

"My, you have beautiful hair," the young man blurted out, his face oddly red. He was staring at Mrs. Lilygren and so Gertrude, sitting on the bottom step, stared for an instant, too, at Mrs. Lilygren's girlish form, her little shoes, her dainty neck spotted now with pink like a dragon lily, her white face beginning to spot with pink, her innocent light-hued terrified eyes.

"Don't . . . mind," the young man said, coming a step closer. "Are you Mrs. Lilygren?" he asked. There was a Swedish flavor to his words, something Swedish about the pauses between them.

She nodded and pressed her trembling lips together

FROM THE GARDEN

By CHRISTIE LUND COLES

I shall go in and eat now,
  Sun still warm upon my head,
And I shall have me white milk,
  And whiter-than-clouds white bread;

And I shall have a golden peach,
  Picked from the bough where it has hung,
Its fuzz upon my lip, its juice
  Wine of summer upon my tongue.



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Looking at his face and the expression in his eyes, Gertrude had the strange feeling that the young man wanted to put his arms around Mrs. Lilygren, right where she stood, all dressed in her hair so that you could hardly see anything else. But could that be?

"You have beautiful hair," he said. "My."

"Sit—down," Mrs. Lilygren whispered. "I'll go in—for just a minute—if you'll excuse me." But she could not seem to move away and only stood there miserably, swallowing, while he stood stock-still and kept having that expression. "Who—are you?" Mrs. Lilygren begged.

"I'm Gustave Dahlquist." He was a tall, slender man with golden hair and rich bright cheeks like a girl's. He had a shabby suit on, but his shirt was very white and his shoes were blacked. "I'm your new boarder."

"You were supposed to come on Monday," Gertrude accused him, while Mrs. Lilygren slowly collapsed within her hair upon the step and sat there.

"I know," he said. "But I came to inquire about the washing—if I can expect to get my washing done."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Lilygren whispered.

"You scared the life out of her," Gertrude scolded. "And she was scared enough already, thinking of you and the other one coming on Monday."

At her words he looked so stricken that she had to smile a little, to soften them. "Why, say," he said, "Mrs. Lilygren! You're not scared of *me*, are you?" He squatted down in front of the steps.

"Of course she is," Gertrude said. "And of the other one too."

Mrs. Lilygren nodded, her eyes filling with tears.

"Of old Ankerstrand?" He threw back his head and laughed. "Why, you met Ankerstrand, Mrs. Lilygren! He's the one that came and made the arrangements. Why, didn't you notice how bashful he is?"

She shook her head and the tears spilled out and down her cheeks.

The young man got his handkerchief out to wipe them, but he had too far to reach, so he got up and sat down beside paralyzed Mrs. Lilygren and put his arm around her and dried them there. "What's she scared of *us* for?" he asked Gertrude. "Me and old Ankerstrand?"

"Well," Gertrude said, "she's never had boarders before, and she's scared maybe you won't think the bed's good enough and she's afraid maybe she won't cook good enough—and she worries about the money, if it's too much, and all like that."

"Why, Mrs. Lilygren," the young man said, drying her eyes and patting her shoulder with a gentle hand, "why, *you've* got nothing to worry about!"

"My hair," she wept. "The way I look—hanging down ——"

"I tell you what," he said. "Me and this little girl here, we'll shut our eyes and sit here, and you go in and pin it up, and then you tell us when you're ready, and we'll look ——" He shut his eyes tight and Gertrude did likewise.

MRS. LILYGREN, reprieved, was gone in an instant.

They did not speak while the bees buzzed and the wind walked through the rosebushes, and in a very little while Mrs. Lilygren stood at the back door and called them to open their eyes and come in.

Gertrude and Mr. Dahlquist climbed the steps to the back door that Mrs. Lilygren held open—the same Mrs. Lilygren as always, with her hair wound, piled, mounded and twisted up, but not the same Mrs. Lilygren, either, for somehow, someway, beauty that came so seldom and stayed so short a while had decided to pay a little longer visit. Its place of honor was her face.

"Sit down," she said, and they each took a chair.

"Thank you," said Mr. Dahlquist. He gazed at her as though she had not done up her hair at all, and he seemed not a bit like a stranger.

"I won't stay long," Ingeborg said, sitting down to the table, "if it's Olaf's night home."

There isn't a parallel of latitude but thinks it would have been the equator if it had had its rights.

—MARK TWAIN

She had come from her regular Friday cleanin at Mrs. Ryding's and stopped at Linnea's. I was dark and cool in the kitchen, with th blinds pulled down tight, the back door ope against the screen and only enough fire in th Home Comfort range to keep the teakettl humming.

"Every night's his night now," Linnea sai soberly, taking a seat across from her. "Eve since the middle of June."

"That's right, I forgot," Ingeborg said "Ain't that surprising of Sigrid? Not to let hi go down home no more? I thought sure she' get over it by now."

"I CAN'T understand it," Linnea said. "He went down four or five times, and tried to e plain, and he's wrote her a letter."

"Oh, well, it ain't no skin off Olaf's nose. H always loved you better anyway," Ingebor said. "He always was tickled to death to com up home here to you."

"You're right," Mrs. Troon put in wise from her rocking chair.

"It was too bad all around," Linnea said, little frown on her forehead. "I wouldn't had it happen for the world." She glanced the gold baby buggy in the corner. "And he Myra has pretty near outgrew it already. I ca imagine how silly it looks to Sigrid. I can p myself in her place."

"It's no skin off your nose," Ingeborg sai "If she wants to turn Olaf over to you, wh what do you care?"

"But she don't want to Linnea said. "Not reall She's awful fond of Olaf you can't help yourse when you're around hi you just can't help yourse Why, Hattie was sayi her mother hadn't stepp her foot out the door all these weeks—pretty ne three months—and do have no callers; and every time Hattie loo at her mother, tears is rolling down h cheeks. That ain't right. It worries Olaf and worries me."

"Well, why is she so stubborn then? Y didn't work on him to buy the baby bugg Why don't she just let bygones be bygone Some fine morning she's going to wake up a find out that Olaf ain't going to try to make with her no more!"

"He's very well contented here," Mrs. Tro said. "That, I can see. Why, half the time h all out of breath when he comes in that do there, like he couldn't get home fast enoug And at supper, the laughing and talking—a whatever Linnea dishes up is tasty, althoug myself haven't got much appetite ——"

"First thing you know Olaf ain't going to to make up no more," Ingeborg repeated, "a *then* where'll she be? Cutting off her nose spite her face."

"She can't seem to help herself," Linn said. "She's got started and she can't sto

"Let her stew in her own juice, I say," In borg said. "She must be turned in the head something, to act like that. Speaking of turn in the head, I don't know what has got i Mrs. Ryding lately. I told you how upset was after the news come out about Cle Showacy."

"Cleora Showacy?" Mrs. Troon asked. kind of lose track once in a while. Who's sh

"You know, Mrs. Troon," Linnea sa "Ingeborg was telling us a couple of weeks a Cleora Showacy was Mrs. Ryding's hired g That is, she come in Tuesdays and Fridays j to do nothing but Mrs. Ryding's washing a ironing that she used enough clean things fo family of six, remember. Nice little girl about sixteen, light brown hair, widow mother. Lives down in the Third Ward."

"She's going to have a baby," Ingeborg in disdainfully. "Instead of behaving herse

"When you get as old as I am," Mrs. Tro said, "them things don't seem like a drop in bucket no more, someway—a poor little away in over her head. Except to feel sorry her and wish she wasn't, for her own sake. A even then—I've knowed such a baby grow and get to be somebody, and buy his moth house and give her money, and she didn't n to work no more, and everything was rosy, you see, you can't tell. Now I remember,"

id, "you mentioning her. What was you arting to say?"

"I was just saying how upset Mrs. Ryding as after the news come out—and after Cleora howacy didn't come back to wash and iron. hat was three weeks ago and she was already arting to show, although I never thought thing about it till after. Anyway, you'd of ought the whole burden of the world had fell n Mrs. Ryding with that washing and ironing hers. I offered to do it but she had in mind couldn't suit her—you never seen such a par-cular woman—and I guess she thought I ouldn't work as cheap as Cleora, which I ouldn't. Anyway, she got one poor woman d tried her out, and then another, but they ouldn't do. So today she had somebody else, d she *may* turn out all right, although I don't ow. Mrs. Ryding had her bawling a time or o on account of a little scorch. That Mrs. yding! You know what she done today?"

"No, what?" Linnea asked.

"I declare I think she's practically bug-ouse," Ingeborg said. "The first thing—you ow how particular she is about her hair? ell, when I come to work this morning, here e was with it flowing down her back—and e kept it that way all day. It was still flow-g when I left! And half dressed ——"

"Half dressed?" Linnea asked in amaze-ent.

"Half dressed!" Ingeborg repeated. "Her orning sack open all the way down the ont, and running around in her stocking et, right over the bare floor of the kitchen d everywhere."

"Did she act peculiar otherwise?" Linnea quired. "That sure don't sound like Mrs. yding, that's always so particular."

"I've mentioned several times she's been ting funny," Ingeborg said. "Like putting r silver tea set under her bed when she takes nap, and hiding her kitchen knives till she n't even find 'em herself, and borrowing gar from the neighbors when she's got a hole sackful. And then, she's so nervous—nest, I'm beginning to feel sorry for poor r. Ryding."

"Beginning to!" Linnea said, laughing.

"No, but really. She's worse now, for some ason. This trouble about Cleora Showacy aving and having to get somebody new for e washing and ironing—I don't know why, t it has seemed to upset her something rrible."

"The poor Birdseys," Linnea said in an ide to Mrs. Troon, "him being the bishop of e ward and all, and Vaude being their only n. I guess it just about broke them up, to find t he's been sparking Cleora and they didn't ow a thing about it, let alone the pass it all d come to, until Cleora's mother, Mrs. owacy, showed up at their house crying like r heart would break and saying Vaude's got marry the poor child. Which you remember y Lilygren come over and told us," she said.

"Why don't he, then? If he's responsible?" rs. Troon asked.

WELL, for one thing," Ingeborg explained, e's supposed to expect a call to go on a mis-n; and besides, he's sweet on one of the nnon girls down in the Tenth Ward and has en for a long time, and her father has that gh-up job at the bank, and the Birdseys don't ure Cleora Showacy's such a catch, with at widowed mother, and especially now," e said. "And then, men don't marry that nd."

"Pooh," said Linnea. "If they're in love, ey do. It's just when they're stringing them ong."

"Anyway, Bishop Birdsey flatly refused to Vaude marry Cleora," Ingeborg went on. t's true, I guess—different ones seen 'em to-ther at the park and one place and another, Vaude couldn't deny he sparked Cleora all ght, but Bishop Birdsey's stubborn, and once makes up his mind he'll never give in, from hat I hear."

"Maybe Vaude will marry her anyway," nnea said, "father or no father."

"He won't," Ingeborg said. "From what I ar, he's dropped Cleora like a hot potato and n't been near. *He* don't care what happens her!"

"Ingeborg," Linnea said, "in some ways u're just as mean as you can be, for some-body that's always so good otherwise. I don't understand it."

"You know how I feel about men, Linnea," Ingeborg said. "I wouldn't give you two cents for a royal king on a golden throne. And there ain't nothing that I look down on more than dumbheaded women that makes fools of theirselves. Anybody that would make a fool of theirself over a *man* ought to suffer, I always say."

"Ingeborg, Ingeborg," Linnea said sadly. "A good, kind, broad-minded woman like you, that works so hard and does so much and there ain't no better friend anywhere. And here you act like you got a mind about half a inch wide, and talk so mean. Why, that can't be *Ingeborg*. No, it can't, and I won't believe it."

The bitter look on Ingeborg's homely face began to wane into contrition. "Cleora's all right," she said grudgingly. "Mrs. Ryding worked her like a horse and I guess the other ladies she worked for did too—and she ain't very big—never impudent, not to me and never to no one, always a nice word and always smiling. That Vaude Birdsey ought to be took out somewhere and stood up against a wall and shot. And horsewhipped to boot." She paused and cleared her throat. "Anyway, to get back to Mrs. Ryding. I never thought she could get worse, but she's even jealouser than ever of that poor man of hers. He leaves in the morning, and what does Mrs. Ryding do? Why, she hides behind the dining-room curtains and peeks out through a crack—not so's he can see her, mind you—and watches him while he hitches up and drives away. And she watches for him the same way at noon, when he comes home and when he leaves, and the same way at night. It gives me the creeps when I happen to see her. She's always got to be watching him ——"

"It's a mystery to me how she lets him go down to the store by himself, if she acts like that," Linnea said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79



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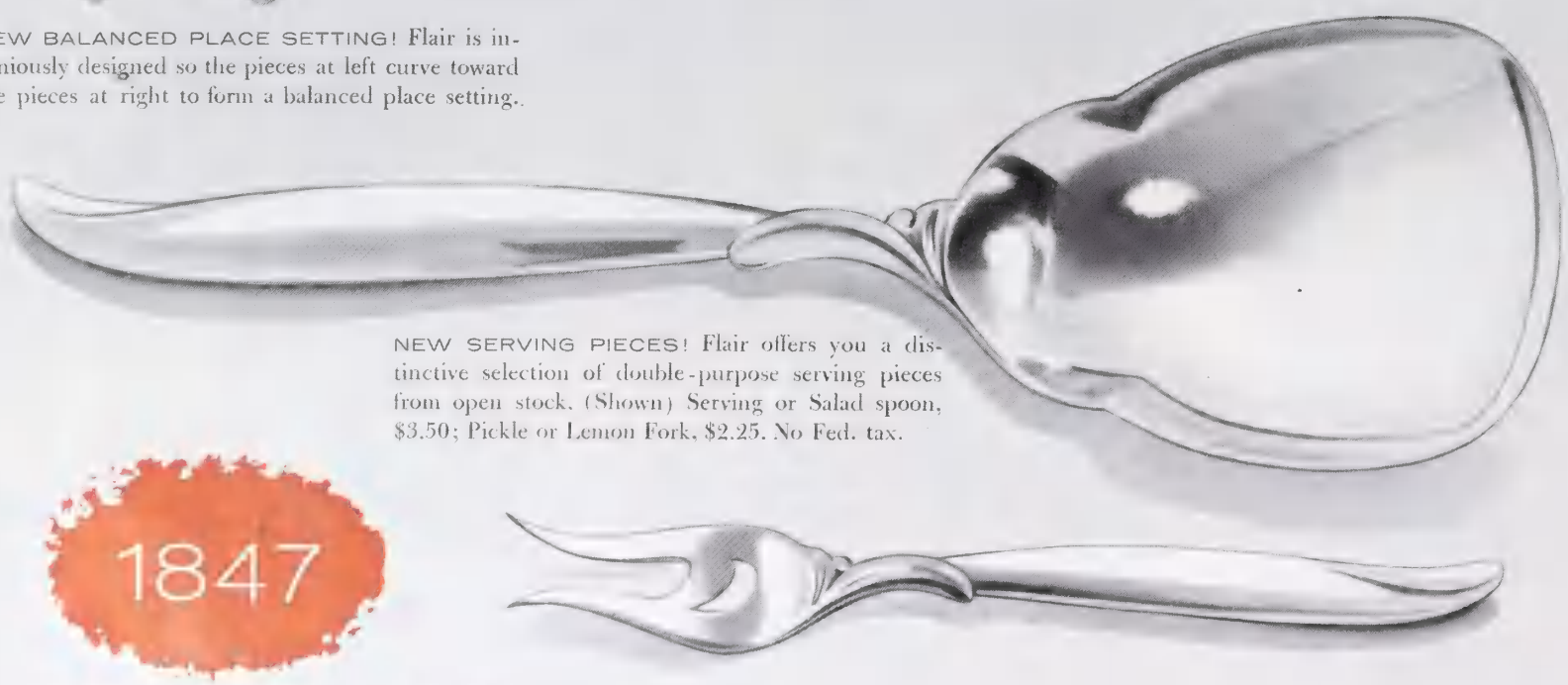
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

"He took a nap on the sofa," Ingeborg said, and I declare if she didn't just stand there and ook down at him the whole time. I seen her hen I come down the hall with my bucket to ash the front windows and I seen her when I me back. When he woke up, I guess she beat so he didn't know. I wonder if she does that ay at night. It's bad enough in the daytime, pecially if she's going to take a notion to run ound in her stocking feet and leave her hair and her morning sack unbuttoned ——"

"That *is* a new development," Linnea said ith concern. "When you consider Mrs. Ryd- g. So particular with her clothes and the use ——"

"Oh, she's still particular," Ingeborg said. Made me scrub down the back steps three nes, and out the walk, and I was so riled up I uld of soused the soapsuds all over her. If she eps on the way she's heading ——" She oke off. "How's Mrs. Lilygren?" she asked ddenly. "Still tickled to death with her arders? How long's it been now?"

"Going on three months," Linnea said, a eased look on her face. "And if that didn't rn out to be wonderful. From what she says d Ivy says, them boarders is just a *pleasure*. hy, the house ain't the same," she said de- htedly. "It's so full of life and they're always ughing and having a good time. Both of the ys play mandolins—they've only got the e, though, between n—and they're ching Nephi, and nkerstrand's a inter and he's done rs. Lilygren's kitchen odwork, and pa- red her parlor ——"

"Loafers?" Inge- rg asked.

"Loafers! Of course t!" Linnea said. ahlquist works for lassmaker and An- rstrand's always got b. They work every . I tell you," she d, "Mrs. Lilygren er did herself more a favor in all her rn days than to ve that baby in the temple, so that her sband got mad and run off and she divorced n."

"Is he still living in back of the carpenter op?" Ingeborg asked.

"Lilygren? The last I heard. Getting meaner d onrier and more miserly by the day, I ss."

"I suppose the next thing Mrs. Lilygren will e a notion to fall in love with one of them ng birds," Ingeborg said sourly.

"Oh, no!" Linnea laughed. "Why, she's ty years old, and Ankerstrand ain't but nty-one and Dahlquist twenty-two. But I uldn't be surprised but what Ivy might set cap for one of 'em. She seems to be quite en with Dahlquist. She don't skin her hair k so tight now, and she's cut some bangs, d her mother made her a very pretty tan ss, piped in white."

"You don't say."

"MRS. LILYGREN looks different, too," Mrs. on said unexpectedly. "It turns out she's a y pretty woman." She began to rock again, y slowly.

"That's true," Linnea said. "Now that I ne to think of it, that's true. She'll come ning over of a morning, maybe to get a ipt or something—she don't always want cook the same things, so's Mr. Dahlquist d Mr. Ankerstrand'll get tired—or she'll ne just to visit a minute, though she don't much chance since she's so busy. And 's really turned out pretty. I never thought t, but she really has, like you say," she said, ning to Mrs. Troon.

"I suppose she's gone to work and cut bangs . Wears her best clothes ——" Ingeborg l.

"No, she didn't cut bangs," Linnea said, d she's hardly got enough best clothes to in your eye. She dresses just the same as al- s, in them old skirts and waists that I k she's wore for years, but always a clean apron on, starched so it would stand alone. I don't know what it is ——"

"Her color," Mrs. Troon volunteered.

"Yes, her color, and then she's filled out, and then her eyes look so bright now." Linnea did not mention that Mrs. Lilygren had appeared with a rose off the bush by the steps, thrust girlishly into a coil of her hair.

"I suppose she'll take a notion to fall in love with one of them young whippersnappers, next," Ingeborg repeated. "That will take her down a notch."

"Oh, no, she won't," Linnea said, "but Ivy might. I've got a notion that Ivy ain't got far to go to be very soft on Mr. Dahlquist, and no wonder. He's one of the nicest young fellows you ever seen."

WHEN Ingeborg had gone, Linnea hastened to peel the onions and dice the potatoes for salad. They were going to have that rare treat, a Dutch lunch, tonight—salad, wilted lettuce and sliced boloney—because of the very hot weather. "I guess the kids will be along home pretty soon now," she said, "Stellie and Rudie from playing at the Parmalees'; and Gertrude from taking care of the Walkers' baby over on Almond Street. My, it's been quiet all afternoon."

Myra, down for a late nap in the bedroom and only now waking, set up a cheerful hubbub to announce her waking. Linnea ran to get her and came out with the husky baby, clad only in a diaper, in her arms.

"I'll change her," she said, "and then I'll nurse her. That way, she'll be good while we eat supper."

Mrs. Troon said, "You know something? It would be nice for you if Olaf *always* come home every night like he's been doing the last two months. I never seen a happier bunch than you and the kids, and him, too, when he's up here."

"I got to try to do something about . . . her. About Sigrid," Linnea said. "But what, I don't know." She glanced at the golden buggy in the corner. "I wouldn't of had it happen for the world."

"I wonder how polygamy would be," Mrs. Troon said, "the other way around. One wife and two husbands."

Linnea broke out with a laugh, and Myra laughed, too, and all three of them laughed together.

"I'm getting spoiled," Linnea said, "having Olaf home every night. Him going to the Swedish Choir tonight for the practice, seems just awful. I miss him already." She smiled to show she was joking.

"Give 'em a inch and they'll take a mile," Mrs. Troon said. "Women will, won't they?"

"Ain't that the truth?" Linnea looked serious. She leaned over and turned the lamp in the center of the clean plaid tablecloth down a little so that the circle of its light did not reach her and she could sit in shadow.

"Human nature," Mrs. Troon said. "Something better comes along, and what was good enough before ain't good enough no more. So there's very little rest in life for anybody. That reminds me," she said, "I got as far as making my hope chest and getting ready to marry Ed Troon, didn't I?"

"With your story, you mean," Linnea said. "That's right. You was always going to tell me the rest of it."

"I told you how I was working for the widow woman Mrs. Dotterer that had the one son Leonard? And how at the time my Cousin Cora and me busted up over Ed Troon?"

Linnea nodded. "You got as far as getting ready for your wedding."

"I married him all right," Mrs. Troon said. "And my folks come up from Fairbury, Jefferson County, and I was wearing the India muslin and the lace veil, just like I wanted. I was sixteen years old and he was twenty and

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they said we made a very nice-looking couple ——"

"Which I'll bet you did too," Linnea said.

"—— and then we went home to the little house he built. There was only two rooms, but I tell you that was the best little house you ever seen, with plenty of kitchen shelves and oh, I don't know what all. 'In my Father's house,'" she quoted softly, "'are many mansions' . . . but when I get *there*, Linnea, and I got my choice, I don't want no mansion, I want just such a little house as Ed built, with the same things I had then in it. In fact," she said, "I want *two* such little houses, one on one street and one a couple of blocks away."

"In *heaven?*" Linnea asked in surprise. "Two houses?"

"Yes, sir, I got good use for two such little houses, and what will God care, whether I choose to have them or a big expensive mansion? What difference will it make to Him?"

"None, I guess," Linnea said.

"Where was I?" Mrs. Troon said. "Oh, yes. Well, sir, Ed Troon was a man such as women dream of—big, and broad-shouldered, and husky and handsome, good-natured, a hard worker, didn't drink a drop except maybe a schooner of beer in summer—the kind of man a woman can twine around and cling to like mistletoe to the oak and be as helpless as she wants, for he can stand up against anything. Even I, little kid that I was, understood what I had in him, and every day that went by I loved him better, till it seemed there wasn't no room to love him more. Well, sir, I told you how he was a blacksmith and done a little rassling on the side and how he took such pride in hefting things. I don't know why, but anything big and heavy he'd come across, nothing would do but he had to give it a lift and never was satisfied till he got it up off the ground, a big bale of hay or a half-grown calf or anything, up it would have to go—and then he'd be satisfied and walk away smiling, mopping the sweat off his face.

"Well, we'd been married a year—the happiest year a woman ever spent—and it was June, June tenth, and Aunt Ebba's family, and us—except Cora, who never forgive us—all went on a picnic, and where we went to was a big old churchyard out toward the edge of town, where nobody used the church no more and it was half fell down. We spread out our dinner in among the trees, and right off to the left was the graveyard with the tombstones showing here and there through the wild rosebushes and the blackberry vines. I can still remember how pretty it was, how we tore right into the dinner till we was all as full as ticks.

"After a while Ed come over and got hold of my hand and give it a tug and we went for a little stroll in among the headstones, reading what they said on 'em, and Stacey was with us—my Cousin Stacey. Pretty soon Stacey stops still before a great big enormous gravestone and says, 'Look here! It's loose!'

"'What's loose?' we say, coming up to him.

"'Why, this here stone,' he says. 'It's clear off its base and kind of twisted around. Maybe a earthquake done it or something.'

"'I'll straighten it,' says Ed. He gets up against it and gives it a heave and it don't hardly budge. 'Say, this is *heavy*,' he says, and he gets that look in his eyes that he gets when he's going to heft something.

"'You leave that alone,' I says, 'it's too heavy, don't start fooling with that gravestone,' but he turns his head and smiles at me, while he's rolling up his sleeves, and he says, 'You wouldn't want no weakling, would you?' And before I can say boo he's crouched down and dug his hands in under the edges and up the thing comes inch by inch, and I holler, 'Put it down, Ed! Put it down!' while the veins stand out on his forehead and his face gets purple and I think he's going to split the clothes off his back, and all of a sudden down it rolls—I don't see how he kept from under it—and Ed is lying on the ground, right flat on the ground, and his face is whiter than any blued linen.

"It takes me a minute to realize something terrible has happened, and I scream to Stacey to go for Aunt Ebba, and I get down on my knees beside him. He looks at me the most surprised in the world and he says, 'I busted something. I can't move my legs.' I start in to bawl, but then I stop because it won't do no good, and I say, 'Oh, Ed, Ed, does it hurt you?' and he says, 'I can't feel nothing. I can't feel nothing at all.'"

Mrs. Troon let out her breath and drew a deeper one. "Well, we got him home," she said, "and that was the worst night a body ever spent. The doctor come and said Ed had broke his back and would never walk around again. All he could do was lay in his bed, all the rest of his life. Ed," she said, to make it clear, "Ed Troon. And a week later, while I was out buying the supper, he got out of bed someway and dragged himself, and got his gun—and when I come home—I found him—and here was this note—saying 'You got to understand.'" She did not weep but she put her hand up to her mouth, and down again, and took a corner of her apron and began to twist it.

"WHAT people has got to go through," Linnea whispered, and she looked down at her own hands folded on the table. "And nobody knows who's been through what. How easy we'd ought to step everywhere—not knowing."

"And that's how I come to go back to the Dotterers," Mrs. Troon said. "I rented out the house for five dollars a month and stored the wedding presents at Aunt Ebba's—and back I went to the Dotterers. Mrs. Dotterer was just the same as ever, or maybe a little bit worse, and the same work was to be done—'Rhoda, do this,' and 'Rhoda, do that'—and I got tireder than I ever had before. But the tireder I was, the better I liked it, for then I couldn't think or remember, but I must of remembered anyway, when I didn't know it, for I'd wake up and my pillow'd be wet, and if my heart wasn't broke in two it was so badly bent it ached like toothache so I thought I had heart failure and was going to die."

She paused. "Well, sir, the son, Leonard Dotterer, was still less able to call his soul his own. From the time he got up till he went to bed, that mother of his was on his trail. When he'd want to get off by himself, she'd always say how the time was coming when he wouldn't have no mother and *then* think how he was going to regret the hours he didn't spend with her. 'Your mother is your best friend,' she'd say. 'When your mother's dead, your best friend in life will be gone,' she'd say, 'and you'll find it out.'

"He was twenty-one then, and still pale and skinnier—and I thought to myself, 'She's just smothering him to death. God help him,' thought. And what do you know? God did! All of a sudden, one morning—that was about a year after I come back to work there—the whole thing fell down around their ears. They lost everything and was as poor as crows. Mrs. Dotterer got a letter and she give a scream and fainted dead away, and when I run into the dining room, here was Leonard standing over her with a glass of water but afraid to throw it on her. I gets down and starts rubbing her hands while I asks what happened.

"Leonard says, 'We've lost our money and have got to give up the house and everything.' He set the water down on the table and knelt across from me. I looked right at him and for the first time he looked right at me and he kind of colored up, for some reason. 'I don't know what we'll do,' he says.

"'Now's your chance to be a man,' I says 'and show what you're made of, and get out in the world, and get a job.' I talks fast for I know Mrs. Dotterer won't lay in a faint long if she can help it. 'And get acquainted with folks and get you a girl, too, and get married and—be a man.'

"'I'm not strong,' he says.

"'Strong!' I says. 'You'd be strong enough you'd get a little gumption for once in your life, and get out from under your mother where you're squashed flatter than a pancake and never get a breath of air or a ray of light from one year's end to the other.'

"'I'm not such a no-account as you think,' he says. 'I can take ahold if I have to.'

"'Now's your chance to prove it,' I says. I had a few more things to get off my chest to him, but right that minute his mother started batting her eyelids and moans and sits bolt up right.

"'What happened?' she says.

"Well," Mrs. Troon went on, "there was no fooling about that letter. They really had lost everything and they rented some rooms in a rooming house. I got me a job with a German family that had three kids that was meaner than Satan, and worked hard, and saved my money, and four years later I moved back in my own little house and after that I got a job at a corset maker's. Things went along and one day—it was January and the snow was shoveled on either side of the sidewalks as high as the top of your head—I was walking down the street towards home and I heard somebody calling me.

"'Rhoda,' somebody was calling so I looks around and here comes a man running up to me. 'Rhoda,' he says, 'how are you?'

"'It's Leonard Dotterer!' I says, not able to believe my eyes, for he's the poorest excuse of a man you ever want to see. His clothes is in rags and he's dirty and he's holding an old battered hat in his hands and he ain't shaved or combed his hair in I don't know how long. 'What happened to you?' I says, and I back into a doorway and he backs in too. 'Did your mother die?' She *must* of died, I thought, and he didn't have the backbone to stand on his own two feet without her.

"'No,' he says, 'mother is still alive.'

"'She *is*?' I say. I'm so surprised, I'm flabbergasted. We're pretty close to home, so I ask him to come along with me, not wanting to be mean, and ask him in. Well, I make tea and toast and he thaws out by the fire, for he's half froze, and while we're eating he tells me what happened."

"What did?" Linnea asked.

Mrs. Troon considered while she rocked back and forth, and then she stopped rocking. "Mrs. Dotterer raised her boy to be a certain way for a certain kind of life," she said. "She hand-raised him for herself—a pet lamb tied to a rope, to keep her company and keep her entertained. *But*," she went on, "when her life was a different proposition all of a sudden, then she wanted this same pet lamb of hers to stand up on his hind legs and take a man's job and support her.

"But it was too late. . . . The way the twig is bent, that's the way the tree grows, as the saying is. She sent him out to work, but what could he do? He hadn't no trade and he couldn't hold no job, for he figured he was sickly the way she taught him—no job at all, even the lowest. Well, the poorer and hungrier she got, the madder she got at him, like it was all his fault, and never considered that twenty-four hours a day for all those long years she had drummed and drilled and drilled and drummed, to make him just what he was, nothing but a pet with a rope around his neck. Finally it come to it that the old lady *herself* had to go out and work, or she'd of starved to death; and she put up with Leonard for a year or two, but to have to come home and cook for him and wash his clothes and iron his shirts was too much for her after a long day's work—so—what happened? Out went Leonard on his ear!"

"Leonard went out on his ear?" Linnea asked in amazement.

"YES, for she was a selfish woman from beginning to end or she wouldn't of done like she done with him. Out went Leonard to sink or swim as best he could. Where could he go? He took his violin and pawned it and then he started wandering around, working here and there when he could and finally asking people for stuff to eat at their back doors. He was a regular tramp," Mrs. Troon said. She paused and considered.

"Two months later I married him," she said. "Aunt Ebba and her family thought I was clear out of my mind. It was nearly six years after Ed died, and then I up and married Leonard Dotterer, that was as different from Ed Troon as night from day! They couldn't understand it. They never did understand it, and I lived with Leonard Dotterer for fourteen years."

"I don't understand it either," Linnea said softly.

"YOU know a woman's got two sides, don't you?" Mrs. Troon asked. "Most women, that is? Either they want to be as weak as a cat and cling to a man and let him bear the brunt and be the boss, or they want to be as strong as a ox and have the complete say-so and boss the job theirselves. At least, *I* had them two sides, I found out. If I couldn't cling, why, then I wanted to be clung to, and if I couldn't have the strongest and best, why, then I'd have the weakest and worst. But he wasn't the worst, I shouldn't ought to say that. I got him cleaned up, and got a suit of clothes for him, and he looked nice, only always delicate and pale. I got him a violin and he started to give a few lessons. He never made enough to keep us and I always had to work, but it was nice to have him around the house and I never got lonesome no more and didn't dread to eat my supper with Ed's chair empty opposite me. Time went by, and I got used to Leonard and he got to be a great comfort to me."

"How about his mother?" Linnea asked interestedly.

"His mother," Mrs. Troon said. "We went to see her, of course. But when she saw that he had married me, that used to work for her and take her orders, why, she was mad enough to bite a nail in two. So she let it be known that the less she would have to do with us, the better. And three or four years later she died, and we went to her funeral, and in fact we paid for it, or rather I did. But as I was saying, I got used to him. He had lots of nice little ways and he'd always bend over backwards to try to please me—brought the wood in and kept the fire going—and saw I had the best chair and the warmest place, and he could talk very entertaining. We lived together fourteen years, and then one night he started with this chill—though it was hot summer—and I got him to bed, and then he started with this fever, and four days later he looked up at me and says, 'Don't turn me away,' he says and his eyes looked like they're begging for something but I don't know what, and in a little while he's dead."

"Poor man," Linnea said.

"You can't imagine how I missed him," Mrs. Troon said. "It surprised me. When he was alive and sitting across from me, many and many a time I'd wish he was gone and Ed was back, but when he died I shed so many tears, and I'd wish him back, and wouldn't think of Ed at all. But then I'd think of Ed again, and wish for him. So that's the way it's been," she said, "for going on forty years. First I've wished for the one, and then for the other. I do it yet." She began to rock and then stopped. "I had this broach made," she said, fingering it, "out of a lock of each of their hair. Ten years went by. And then Aunt Ebba was alone and I went to live with her. And what do you think? Aunt Ebba had got in with some Mormon missionaries from Salt Lake City, preaching the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and had give up going to the Baptist church and here she was head over heels in Mormonism. Well, I started to read some of the books and tracts the missionaries had left, so's I'd know how to argue with her, and I went to some of the meetings. There was some powerful good speaking among them missionaries, and the singing was fine."

Linnea smiled across at her.

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"A very sad thought for me," Mrs. Troon said, smiling back, "was what it says in the Bible about marriage—that there'll be no giving or being given in marriage, in heaven. That always was a sad thought, and I wished it wasn't true, because if there was anything I wanted to do in heaven, it was to be Ed Troon's wife, just the same as always. And I got converted just for that one reason—because them missionaries pointed out that in *their* church I could be married to Ed for all eternity, just like here on earth. Sealing, they called it. It give me a new lease on life," Mrs. Troon said, "that promise, that I could still be married in heaven. I been working on it ever since."

"Working—how?" Linnea asked.

"Now it gets complicated," Mrs. Troon said.

"What does?"

"Why, the whole thing." The old lady looked carefully to see that the door to the bedroom was not ajar and that no one was listening. "What I'm going to tell you now is the biggest secret you ever heard in your life, and I rely on you not to tell, because if they found out what I've done, everything will be spoiled."

Linnea looked solemn. "Why, I won't mention a single word," she said, "about any of this. But what in the world could you of done that's so serious as all that?"

"I asked questions," Mrs. Troon said, "and I got the whole proposition explained to me, and one night, laying in my bed and thinking, I decided to join the church. Then the first thing I would do, I decided, would be to get myself sealed to Ed for all eternity, and in heaven we would have just such a little house as we had on earth and take up right where we left off. But then, all of a sudden, here was Leonard—I could see his blue eyes looking at me so gentle and kind. 'Don't turn me away,' he says when he was dying, and I could see that begging look for I didn't know what, and I promised. I started to get a lump in my throat, and my heart started to ache, for here I was planning to spend all eternity with Ed Troon, and what was I doing but turning poor Leonard away, to wander all alone forever, without me nowheres? I set up straight in my bed, and what popped into my mind then but polygamy—one man with more than one wife; there was a lot of talk in them days about polygamy—'What's sauce for the gander can be sauce for other people,' I says, and right then and there I laid my plans. I would go through the ceremony of marrying Ed Troon for all eternity, *but* I would also go through the ceremony of marrying Leonard Dotterer, too, for all eternity. I would have 'em both!"

"They don't allow that, do they?" Linnea asked curiously. "I don't blame you a bit and I'd want to do the exact same thing if I was in your shoes, but ain't it just for men? I mean, it's just *men* that can have more than one wife on earth, so ain't it the same thing in heaven?"

"It is," Mrs. Troon said. "I kind of hinted to one of the missionaries, and you never seen anybody so put out in your life. 'That is never done,' he says, and he goes into a long rigamarole about how it can't possibly be done, and all the while he talks I get more and more determined, and I say to myself, 'It *can* be done, and I'm going to be sealed both to Ed Troon and Leonard Dotterer through all eternity, or bust!'"

"Good for you," Linnea said. Her eyes were beaming. "Only how in the world could you do it?"

"EASY," Mrs. Troon said. Again she looked at the bedroom door and into the dark corners of the room where the lamplight did not reach. "First I joined the church as Mrs. Leonard Dotterer and I come out to Salt Lake—Aunt Ebba was coming with me, but the girls wouldn't let her, and later on she lost interest and took up with the Seven Day Adventists—and I followed all the rules, and got myself sealed to Leonard Dotterer for all eternity. That was half the job," she said. "Then I dropped out of the picture. I pretended I went back East—but I didn't. Instead I went up to Logan and settled down there. I took back my old name of Mrs. Ed Troon which I have kept ever since. And as Mrs. Ed Troon, I joined the church all over again and followed all the rules, and pretty soon I got myself sealed to Ed Troon for all eternity! There's no way they could catch me. I'm down on the records under the two different names, and I've got two husbands—sealed to 'em forever—and there ain't a thing can be done about it!" she finished triumphantly. "Although sometimes I get to feeling kind of guilty over it, when I think how I used the poor innocent church, that don't know what's been put over on it, and then I get this heavy feeling in my chest, which is probably why I ain't been feeling so good the last few years. But I don't care. I done what I wanted, and now I'll have Ed Troon, but at the same time I won't be going back on Leonard Dotterer. I'll have the two of 'em, God bless both their hearts, forever."

LINNEA put her hand to her forehead and rubbed it, blinking.

"You won't tell nobody?" Mrs. Troon begged. "For they might put the kibosh on it. Tear up the records or something."

"Never," Linnea promised. "Not if they cut out my tongue—but what a idea, how wonderful, when you think of it. There's just one thing, Mrs. Troon ——"

"What's that?" the old lady said. She had unpinned her brooch and was looking at it.

"Why, Ed Troon will be waiting in the—in the little house for you to come, and Leonard Dotterer—he'll be waiting, too—and when you get there how are you going to explain that you got to divide eternity between 'em?"

"Oh, I'll explain," Mrs. Troon said placidly and put the brooch in her apron pocket. "I've got it all planned out."

She did not say, the night before, to Olaf or to anyone, that this afternoon she was going down to Sigrid's, but Linnea knew that she could not put it off any longer. Something had to be done. It was September now and since the middle of June, when she cast her husband off, Sigrid had stubbornly refused to see him. If she had been happy in the meanwhile, there was nothing Linnea would have liked better, but the news of the breakdown of the beautiful and haughty woman, her grief and tears, her loneliness and isolation was too much for her. It weighed on the younger woman's conscience like a stone.

She put her best black silk on and pinned her hat on firmly. "I got to go down there," she said to Mrs. Troon, "and straighten things out, if I can. I just ain't got the heart to let her go on suffering."

"Let sleeping dogs lie," Mrs. Troon said. "After all, if she wants to act like that, whose fault is it?"

"It's mine," Linnea said sadly, "and Olaf's. Between us, we've just about killed her, it looks like. Hattie says she's been crying now for three solid months. I can't stand it no longer."

"She wouldn't come to *you*, you can bet, under the very same circumstances."

"Maybe she would," Linnea said. "Anyway, I got to go."

It was a long way in the warm September sun, and Linnea wished, as she walked along under the shade of her black cotton umbrella, that someone was with her to bear her company. Gunilla, maybe, and at the thought of her sister, whom she had not seen since conference, she began to feel the homesickness of her girlhood, when she left home for the first time and went to work. She sighed and walked more slowly. *I'd rather be shot than be going down there. But I got to go. Maybe she won't let me in*, she thought, her face brightening—*and if she won't, why, then I've done all I could and I can go home and my conscience won't hurt no more.* She quickened her pace. *Maybe she won't let me in . . . and who can blame me? I tried.*

She heard a patter of quick light footsteps behind her and Miss Deatherage passed in a cologne-scented hurry, calling back over her fur-draped shoulder, "I'm late for my music lesson!" with a flashing smile. Linnea watched her disappear around the corner. She smiled. Miss Deatherage must be a year or two older than herself (women know those things) and yet here she was hopping, skipping and jumping along like a young girl. And how awfully pretty she was. Glad to get her mind off her-

f, Linnea was pleased to think about Miss eatherage as she strolled along. She sure was xious to get to that music lesson, like it was matter of life and death! She must love usic. *Let's see, who was that Professor Arthur ince anyway?* It seemed like somebody said came from back east. Linnea saw him rform once, on Pioneer Day out at Lagoon. *at was two years ago and he wasn't only out twenty-three then—which would make him enty-five now. My, he must have started ung, mustn't he?* There was something out a man playing a piano—all those trills d ripples and his hands flying up so high in air and coming down again and landing the right spot—that made a woman feel nd of weak-kneed inside around the heart. other Downsdee, with all his mining stocks d everything and his three elderly wives, d possibly better look sharp, or the first ng Brother Downsdee knew —— But ss Deatherage wouldn't go to the opposite reme (from seventy-two to twenty-five) and l in love with Professor Arthur Prince, uld she, for goodness' sake? Brother wnsdee must be pretty far gone on Miss atherage, to pay her rent and do all he was ng, long gray beard or not, and how would like it if —— *My, what a life that must be. t a chick nor a child, and a man you wasn't rried to supporting you, and—music lessons.* Two blocks from Sigrid's she began to ask Lord wordlessly to use His influence and it so Sigrid wouldn't let her in, but it came her what she was asking and she was amed, her face coloring up. So she changed content of the prayer quickly: *Let her and get together for once in our lives—keep us n being mean and jealous—let us get to- her;* but far beneath, like indelible writing can't erase, the first plea stayed valid: *it so she won't let me in.*

She opened the gate and went up the walk. w long had it been since she visited here? s was "down home" where Olaf had lived those years. He came out of this house and vn this walk one evening and went to choir ctice—the Swedish Choir—and met there, cape with the little stand-up collar, in a rry-red dress, herself, and fell in love. Out his very same small brick house with the en blinds and the look of rigorous Nor- ian housekeeping about it, months later, came and went up to the Endowment use and married herself, Linnea Amelia lin. Sigrid must have cried then, although gave her consent for the sake of religion because it would add to her glory in ven. This was the front door Olaf had shut ind him that hot night last June when he went (on a night that belonged to Sigrid) up to the shop and got the foolish gold baby buggy and wheeled it up to Myra. This was the walk, these were the steps, this was the porch floor that creaked as you took five steps across it. This was the door. . . . She put her hand up to knock and swallowed, the roof of her mouth suddenly dry. *Fix it so she won't let me in. (Don't listen to me, God, I don't mean it. I want to do what's right.)*

She knocked and in a moment the knob turned, the door swung open, Sigrid stood there.

Sigrid said, "Come in."

It was as warm outside as a pie an hour from the oven. Here in the parlor it was ice-cold, and very dark, for the blinds were pulled down nearly to the bottom of the window, greenish dark, and Linnea had the strange feeling that she was meeting Sigrid in a cave somewhere far down under the ocean. But in a moment she could see better, see what a nice parlor it was. *What's she got to complain of?* she thought with sudden anger. *Sigrid's got a better parlor than I have. She's even got a organ! Olaf never mentioned that she had a organ, and here I've been wanting one so long so one of the kids could learn to play.*

"Sit down," Sigrid said, and Linnea sat down on the chair she pointed out to her, while Sigrid sat down, too, on the very edge of her chair. "I suppose you've come for some reason. What is it?" Suddenly she put her hand to her heart and Linnea knew the thought had come to her: *Maybe something has happened to him and she's come to tell me.*

"It ain't . . . that," Linnea wanted to say, but didn't. Sigrid looked almost the same as always, a surprising thing. Linnea had imagined the beautiful face red-spotted, swollen and pale. But Sigrid looked much as always—well corseted, her figure as slender and elegant as ever, her frock clean and becoming, her hair neatly combed. It took the younger woman aback and for an instant she was at a loss for words. She opened her mouth and closed it.

"Nothing has happened to him?" Sigrid's hand began again to creep upward to her heart.

Linnea shook her head.

"Then what did you come for? You must of come for some reason."

"I did," Linnea said, and she was glad for the lack of light in the room. "I come—because of the baby buggy that Olaf traded a suit of clothes for, for Myra. You see, she could never of won the contest, but the kids—they had their heart set on it so—and Olaf—he wanted to surprise us all—and ——"

"I know all that," Sigrid said coldly.



"He's going to look the image of George— If something isn't done about it."



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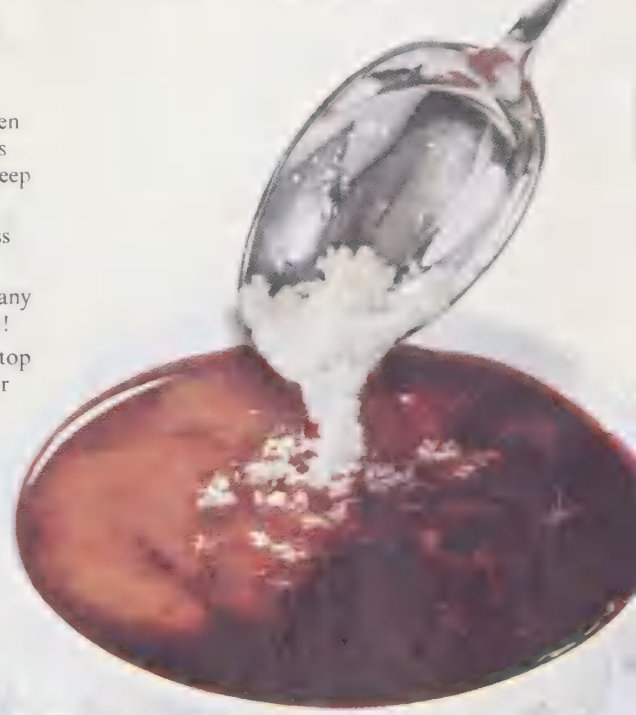
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EASY RECIPE

Peach Gold Sundae

Beautiful cling peaches look showy, taste particularly delightful in this unusual dessert! Simply drain canned cling peach slices. Alternate them in serving glasses with vanilla ice cream, butterscotch or caramel syrup and corn flakes or any similar crisp flake cereal.

These are golden, gorgeous, summer-sweet peaches! Lazily sun-ripened. Altogether delicious. Thrifty, too! Better keep several cans handy! Cling Peach Advisory Board



Linnea began to feel extremely warm in spite of the chilly room, and only now she realized that she had never laid down her purse or umbrella but that she had them both, and was trying to dispose of the latter, which would not stand beside her chair but wanted to fall down. Suddenly she let it and the long handle grazed the table leg. She let it lie, not knowing what else to do. "And Olaf feels so . . . sorry," she said, "as you know he must, and I've been just heartsick too." She cast a beseeching look at Sigrid. "I know he wants to make up for everything, and have you forgive him ——"

"He sent that organ down," Sigrid said, pointing at it, "about three weeks ago."

Linnea looked at it and back at Sigrid. "And so I thought if I'd come down here and explain ——"

"I should think," Sigrid said, "I should think this would be just what you've wanted all these years, to have Olaf all to yourself, and have me left high and dry with no husband, no comfort, no nothing. So why don't you leave things the way they are? They're what you've worked toward and schemed for and wanted all these years. I've give up Olaf. Ain't that enough?"

"It would be," Linnea said slowly, "if you was happy about it, if this was what you wanted. But it ain't. If you was happy, you wouldn't do like Hattie says you been doing these past three months—shutting yourself up here, not seeing nobody, suffering and crying ——"

"Suffering! Crying!" Sigrid laughed, a terrible sound that stopped almost as soon as it began. "You don't know what the words mean!"

Now, for the first time, Linnea saw that you didn't have to see the damage for it to be there. Eyes didn't have to be swollen with weeping, a face didn't have to be ruined like a picture slashed. Her heart constricted with regret.

"You don't know what the words mean!" Sigrid repeated. "Neither do you know what it means to be married to a man and have him come home and tell you he wants somebody else! After you've been married seven years, and here he comes home as big as life and tells you he wants somebody eight years younger than you—maybe better-looking ——"

"But I wasn't," Linnea whispered. "I never was."

SIGRID laughed again. "No, you wasn't," she said. "But after that, you was always there, always between us, and the years went by—and we'd have had plenty—plenty to get along on—but no—you had them kids, one after the other ——"

"I've earned," Linnea said, "I've always earned. Don't think he was our entire support, because he never was. And he bought you this house. He never bought a house for me. You got to be fair about that."

"Fair!" Sigrid said. "All that coal you burn up and always feeding somebody—and a dime don't mean nothing to you ——"

"How do you know a dime don't mean nothing to me?" This came out softly, for Linnea had a sudden vision of herself and Rudie in Roylance's Royal Elite Ice Cream Parlor, eating ice cream.

"And no end to it," Sigrid said, "never no end to it. And him so crazy about them kids. It's been sixteen years—and it'll be twenty and twenty-five, and thirty—and then—last June comes along—a night comes along last June—and it's *my* night, mind you, it ain't yours, not by standing on your head and doing cart wheels all around the world could it be called yours—it's *my* night—and supper's over and the dishes done and what happens? Olaf stands up in front of me as bold as brass and he says—he says ——" She broke down then. She put her hands up to her face, gulping and howling.

"HE says he wants to take a gold baby buggy up to Myra," Linnea said resolutely, for the words had to be spoken, "that she didn't win in the contest—that he traded a suit of clothes for." She half rose and then sat down again. Sigrid wouldn't want to be touched, patted on the back, embraced like a neighbor in distress.

"In these times," Sigrid said through her wrists, her body racked with sobs, "with times so hard like they are—and no savings—and me getting older—and that cloth cost *money*. He paid for it! It cost money—and me going without, saving and scrimping to make ends meet. For a idiotic gold baby buggy!"

"Listen, Sigrid," Linnea said, "can't you be lenient with a man? Can't you forgive somebody when they're sorry, when they send you a orgar to try to make up when they write you a letter ——"

Sigrid looked up, her face rigid, the tears glittering in her eyes. "He told you that," she said accusingly. "He tells you everything."

"He never told me about the organ," Linnea said. "He don't tell me everything, not by any means."

"He does! He thinks the sun rises and sets—he's a fool over—and you—you know very well—all these years you been working and scheming ——"

Linnea got up from her chair. "I come here to say how sorry I am about all that's happened," she said. "I come to ask you to take Olaf back, because worries and frets when he don't know how you're making out. I come—for your own sake, for mine too. But I didn't come here to have a wrangle. I didn't invent the church," she said. "I didn't invent polygamy. You and Olaf was converts but I was born into it, just like I was born Swedish. These is the circumstances we're *in*. Nobody's life is just exactly what they want. Can't we just do as good as we can—and—shake hands?" She put her hand out timidly, and when it was not taken dropped it to her side.

Sigrid arose now, too, and stood facing her. "I suppose he knows you come down here," she said. "I suppose you told him how you was coming down here and talk sweet—so he'll think you was wonderful and not a selfish body in your body and always thinking of somebody else's welfare?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

The West will prove more vulnerable than any other society if it abandons the pursuit of visions and ideals, for more than any other community, it is the product, not of geographical and racial forces, but of the molding power of the human spirit. . . . Racially the United States is a melting pot of every nation under the sun. Only by force of an idea—the "proposition" that men are created equal and possess inalienable rights—has it risen to be the most powerful community in the history of man. Both European society and its extension into the New World have been sustained by a unique faith in man, in his freedom, in his responsibility, in the laws which should safeguard him, in the rights that are his, and in the duties by which he earns those rights. So accustomed are we to this view of man that we do not realize the audacity which was needed to bring it into being. At a time when humanity was subject to every physical calamity, when perpetual labor was needed to wring a livelihood from the soil, when the fatalities of tempest and sickness, and the general recalcitrance of matter lay heavily upon man's spirit, and when the world, unpenetrated by rational discovery, was a vast unknown—in such a time, the Greek and Jewish forebears of our own civilization made their tremendous acts of faith in man and his destiny. They declared him to be the crown of the universe. They saw nature as a field open to his reason and his dominion. The Greeks affirmed his power to build a rational order. The Jews proclaimed him a co-worker in the coming reign of righteousness.

—BARBARA WARD:
Faith and Freedom
(W. W. Norton and Company, Inc.)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

"I never said a word to him," Linnea said, anger welling, while she tried to remember what Jesus said that time, whatever it was.

"All your friends—that you're supposed to have so many and everybody thinks the sun rises and sets in you—I suppose you told all them you was coming?"

"I never spread it around. It wasn't nothing to spread around." *I won't get mad and pick up my umbrella and bang her one over the head, but all I wish, I wish Jesus had got acquainted with her once, that's all I wish, because I bet He'd of changed His tune, because if there's anybody onrier than her, I'd like to know who it is, that's what I'd like to know, unless it's maybe—me,* she accused herself, *because I could pick up my umbrella and bang her one over the head. (God, You straighten me out and help me, please.)*

"Then you'd go home," Sigrid taunted, the tears drying on her cheeks, "and Olaf would come up tonight, and you'd say—maybe in front of the kids—'Well, I went down there to Sigrid,' you'd say, 'and I done all I could,'" she mocked her guest wickedly, "'but I just couldn't do a thing with her, she was so stubborn and mean.' And then he'd praise you ——"

Linnea looked at her.

"—— and think you was so good to come down here to me and try to patch things up—because he knows you're crazy about him and want him all to yourself. You've always wanted him all to yourself. But you're going to get fooled this time," Sigrid said. "Because I'm going to take him back! You coming here today proves just how much you *don't* want me to take him back, but I'm not going to give you the satisfaction. I'm going to fool you. He's coming *here*. What do you think of your fine scheme now?"

"Shall I tell him?" Linnea said, her hands and feet beginning to feel oddly numb. "I can just as well stop in at the shop."

"No," Sigrid said, "if that ain't too much to ask. I'll send Hattie up. She's coming home pretty soon and I'll send her."

Linnea stooped down and picked up her umbrella, and hung her purse on her arm. "Well, I'll be going now," she said.

She did not pause anywhere but walked straight home, and only afterward did it come to her that she had not seen anything or anybody. She was all to herself in the world, for some reason, driven within, all her doors and windows shut tight. She who was never at home but going outward always, as the light of a lamp and the heat of a fire are never at home but going outward, was home now, huddled within her walls. She did not think of Sigrid, of Olaf, of the children, of anyone. She had one big whining worry on her mind.

She kept putting her fingers to her throat, trying to feel this thing that had come as she started down Sigrid's steps and heard Sigrid shut the door behind her. One minute there was not a sign of it and the next minute there it was. A goiter. A life-endangering goiter. It must have been growing there for months—maybe years—and she never had the slightest idea until right now. It pressed against her windpipe, so that she could hardly breathe or swallow. She kept trying to feel it with her fingers, walking along, not looking to right or left. They were the most dangerous kind—the inward ones.

She walked faster, her heart thudding and a sickish feeling in the pit of her stomach. She would go to the doctor tomorrow. But doctors cost money and what would she use for that? Nevertheless, she would go—unless she died right here and now in the street, unless she died tonight in her bed, all alone, Olaf not there, Olaf down to Sigrid's.

AGAIN she attempted to feel the goiter, but it only pressed deeper and deeper inside and did not stick out at all. It came to her that it had been quite a while since she shut her eyes, so she shut them and opened them, and discovered they felt like she had been through a sandstorm, hot and dry, dry as a bone, all the moisture dried up. She would ask the doctor about that, too—"Another thing, doctor, I've always had such good eyes and now here all of a sudden here I've got these granulated eyelids!"—if she lived long enough to get home, get supper, go to bed, get up tomorrow and go to a doctor. Doctor Fondoble, that's who she would go to.

She turned onto Quince Street and came past Mrs. Ryding's and the Parmalees' and the Lilygrens'—and in front of her own house there stood an old brown horse, round as a dumpling, and an old farm wagon, not unloaded yet except of the children (their voices came from the back yard like robins lit in the trees), and there was the dear blue granite-iron kettle full of brown eggs and the clothes-basket high-piled and covered with the folded old spotless tablecloth and the bushel of red tomatoes, the last of the season, and the earliest yellow apples. . . . She opened the gate, suddenly weak, and went up the walk unsteadily.

"Gunilla," she bawled like a calf, hardly able to see where she was going, and Gunilla came running around the house. "Gunilla!" she bawled again when she saw her, a watery vision, much as one pearl diver under the waves must look to another.

YEARS after, Gunilla would mention that reunion and say how they both cried like a couple of loons although they had been apart only since last conference, not six months. Linnea crying that hard for joy at the surprise of her sister's unheralded visit got *her* started, she used to say. And you should have seen them after that!

Next day, Doctor Fondoble did not have a case come in, of inward goiter complicated by granulated eyelids.

A little leaning on a downy heart, a laying down of the load, some pity of self and of the species (a bigger dose of one than of the other), stanch coffee between hot tears, a laugh or two and another pair of shoes, a good and bountiful supper, and certain maladies will fly like birds.

The man came right after breakfast with the note folded six times and tied with a string, like a parcel. "Mrs. Showacy says to deliver this to Mrs. Ecklund," he said, not removing his hat, for the snow was blowing across the porch in heavy wet flakes the size of half dollars.

"Come in," Linnea said, opening the back door wider, "and warm yourself by the fire while I get ready."

"Oh, I ain't got no wagon," the man said. "I walked. And I guess you'll have to do the same. The streetcars ain't running."

Linnea had untied the note, smoothed it out and was reading it. *We need you*, Mrs. Showacy had written, *bad.* "I guess you're their neighbor," she said, looking up.

"Yes," he said. "Me and my wife. The girl was took this morning." He cleared his throat in something like embarrassment. "You'll go won't you? She's —— It's a doggone shame ain't it?"

"I'll go," Linnea said, "of course."

The house she turned back to, in spite of the disorder left in the wake of yesterday's celebration, for the day before was Christmas and Ingeborg and her family had come in time for breakfast and stayed till midnight, looked warm and inviting, the kitchen, for all the stack of dishes, too pleasant to want to leave in a hurry. She sighed, began to get herself ready and pack the small satchel she always carried.

It's a real long ways, Linnea thought as she pushed open the gate and started down Quince Street. She had left the gleam of lamplight behind her, though it was not half past eight in the morning. But no light showing anywhere in the Rydings' residence, it surprised her when, having turned the corner on her way up to Center Street, who should come behind her but Mr. Ryding in his smart buggy driving his team of horses.

"Whoa," he called out, and pulled up to a stop. "You want to take a chance on a ride Mrs. Ecklund?" he asked. "I'm on my way to the store."

"I didn't see no light in your windows as I come past, Mr. Ryding," Linnea said, climbing up into the seat beside him, "so I thought you folks was sleeping off the big day yesterday."

"It wasn't so big," Mr. Ryding said. "You'd about your business, I see." He looked down

UNTIL YOU CAME

By BARBARA SHOOK CONKLIN

Small, as vulnerable as a bird,
Is love's first voice, the first faint rumor,
The quiver of wings, the first shy murmur
Of the beautiful song: Only you heard.

Slight, so easily quenched is the flame,
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t the small satchel. "Somebody's going to be retty happy before this day's over, huh?"

"Not so happy, I'm afraid," Linnea said. It's the girl that worked for your wife, Mr. Ryding. Poor Cleora Showacy."

Mr. Ryding shook the reins. "So her time as come. I don't know when anything has truck me as more of a pity. But you—you robably feel like my wife does."

"I don't believe I do," Linnea said. "Unless he feels very blamed sorry."

"She—— I sometimes wonder why women ——" Mr. Ryding began, and stopped. He looked at the horses' heads bobbing in the loud of their breath. "Mrs. Ecklund," he aid, "do you know anything to cure . . . ervousness? I've been meaning to ask someody but I just don't know who to go to. 'hoebe won't go to a doctor. She don't think he's sick!"

"There's different kinds of nervousness," innea said. "A lot of different kinds wear heirselves out in time, I guess. Nervousness, mean, usually it will wear itself out."

"You know my wife," Mr. Ryding said.

"Not very well," Linnea said politely. "She on't mix so much with the neighborhood. We ll think she is very stylish and—and ——" he could not find the word she wanted, so ave up.

"She's changed," the man said, reaching round in his back pocket for his handkerhief, only to return it in a moment unused. The last year or so, I don't know what's got nto her. She's changed—every way. She used o take such pride with her house, but now ere two or three weeks ago she fired that Irs. Jensen. She used to help with the heavy eaning ——"

"I know," Linnea said. "Ingeborg Jensen a friend of mine."

"—— so she's gone—and nobody could suit er with the ironing after Cleora left. She was ery upset over Cleora's trouble, for some eason, although she doesn't sympathize, so it n't that she's upset that way—I don't know hat it is. The laundry don't get done, but iles up and piles up, and part of it's dampened own and mildewed. I tried to get it all toether in a big bundle and take it down to the undry. But do you think she'd let me? No, ree. She threw it all in the parlor and locked e door, and that's where it is this minute."

"Goodness," Linnea said, turning concerned es upon him. She had heard many tales of Irs. Ryding's aberrations in the past few onths, but it seemed more kindly to pretend norance.

BEFORE, everything had to look just so, and ow it's like a—a sty," he said. "I've sent for er mother, but she's an old lady past seventy nd she don't want to make the trip till spring. thought maybe she could straighten her out. he worst is the way she don't sleep. *That* is omething terrible, you can take my word on ." He headed the horses up Second South State Street. "Something terrible," he reeated. "Don't sleep a wink, not a wink. I'll ink maybe she's settled down and I'll doze f, and then maybe I'll happen to wake up, pen my eyes, and here she'll be"—he shived—"roaming around, like a damn ghost, you'll pardon my French, Mrs. Ecklund. A mn ghost, here, there and everywhere in the ark, packing something in her arms—I don't now why—a vase, or a dish, or even her pe with the fur neckpiece, all night long. say to her, 'Phoebe, what are you roaming round for? What are you ——'"

Linnea repressed a shudder, feeling very old. "That ain't normal," she said. "Your ore, Mr. Ryding. There's your store, and I'll t off here. I certainly thank you for the ride."

He did not pull on the reins, but slackened em. "I might as well take you on a little rther," he said. "Where do they live anyway? he Showacys?"

"Down in the Third Ward. On Seventh outh between Second and Third East. But my, never in the world expected ——"

"You see there's nobody on the streets," Ir. Ryding said, "or hardly anybody. There on't be much business today. I can easy are the time, and—and—you deal with omen, Mrs. Ecklund. Maybe you can think something. I'm glad we met up this morng. She won't go to a doctor."

"Bring a doctor to her, then, why don't you?"

"She'd do away with herself! You never heard anything like her when she gets started. I want a doctor, she says, so I can hire him to poison her, and if that's what I want, why, she'll save us the trouble and kill herself beforehand." He said this softly, and did not turn his shamed face Linnea's way.

"Poison her!"

"Of all, that's the worst, I guess," he said. "The terrible suspicioning. It's about got me to the end of my rope."

"The poor, tormented thing," Linnea said in horror. "She's got to be took in hand someway. I'll tell you what, Mr. Ryding. When I get done with this case ——"

"What could you do?" the man said miserably. "Nothing. What can anybody do? I don't know what's to become of us."

"That there's the number," Linnea said, pointing. She cast him a sympathetic glance. "That house there, on the right. Mr. Ryding, don't you lose heart. Don't you do it. But—how can you help it?" She got out, he handed her the satchel and she stood a moment looking up at him. "How can you help it?" she repeated.

"I can't," he said. "I'm at the end of my rope."

Linnea gathered up her skirts with one hand and made as if to start off, but paused. "There's just one thing about a bad situation," she said. "I've noticed, and you have, too, I guess. *You* can't do nothing, *nobody* can't do nothing, but the situation itself, *it* can do something. It don't never stand still in one place. It either gets better, or it gets worse and worse and worse, and then something busts and it's over, bingo, just like that. Nothing stands still, Mr. Ryding, nothing. Bad situations no more than anything else!"

She was to recall her words next Fast Day.

(To Be Continued)



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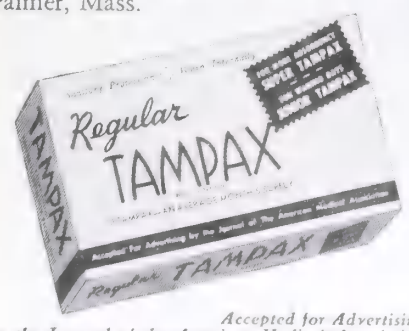
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THE BRIDE'S SISTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

to go. No wonder he was acting crazy. He was making a terrible spectacle of himself, the discarded suitor who until now had seemed above all misfortune, a lucky, brotherly fellow with a good heart. Well, Caroline had made a poor choice!

"Don't have a big wedding. It's too much," Caroline said, looking down on Jock, tossing the tennis ball. She bit her lip in delight at the very sight of him. "The main theme gets lost. The idea, I mean."

"You'd have died without this wedding," Ginger said.

"Well, I *am* dreadful." Caroline laughed. She studied the spot on her gray skirt. "My favorite skirt, and they didn't get the stain out."

"That's off Bolly's car," Ginger said.

Caroline looked at her sharply, surprised. Then she said, as though she saw into Ginger's heart with these sudden, new powers she had acquired lately, "But you'll go away someday, Ginger. It's just that I am going first."

Ginger said nothing. Why was she so mean to Caroline? She could not understand herself. If only someone could tell her who she was now that she was no longer the younger sister but the bride's sister. What was required of her, then? It was settled for Caroline. Her place was beside Jock, and she belonged to the wedding itself and not to her sister, her family or this house. As the bride, Caroline knew a special, marvelous, womanly secret that had removed her from all of them and the past. Who would guess this was the girl who had, not so long ago, bawled out her eyes because she considered herself a failure as a woman? "I've got no appeal. A woman without appeal has no future!" Caroline had wailed, her face beet-red. Who would think that less than a year ago Caroline had been blindly, madly and horribly in love with Bolly Jackson? She referred to him, casually, as though he were a beloved bachelor uncle or a shaggy, faithful Airedale in need of an occasional pat. Everyone in town talked about how cruel Caroline was. Was love so trivial and easy it could be thrown aside ruthlessly like an old skirt with a grease stain, no longer good enough to wear?

"But I can't help it," Caroline said gently. "It's the right thing to do."

"We promised we'd do it together. We *said* we'd be married at the same time," Ginger protested, saying what had been in her heart all these weeks.

"I know. But I—I'd be afraid Jock would find someone else, Ginger. Can't you forgive me? A little?"

"Oh, I'll survive," she said.

"Look." Caroline sat on the edge of the bed. "Don't be sore about Bolly. Don't spoil things. Of course I'll always love Bolly in a way because he was my first love, but it would have been wrong." She assumed a very bright, maternal manner. "Do you think you could do something for me? I mean, I'll never ask another favor. Honest."

"Yes, you will," she said miserably.

"Someone's *got* to talk sense to Bolly. People are saying dreadful things. Jock's the stranger in town, and you know how loyal everyone is to Bolly. They don't *mean* to be so cruel. But now Bolly's turned into a hermit, sitting up there in the attic and peering down on all of us through a spyglass. Yes, he does! He knows everything that goes on here."

GINGER listened, staring down at the bridegroom who, in his tennis whites, looked like a figure in an old garden scene. By her choosing of him, Caroline had made Jock seem taller, older and wiser. There was nothing Caroline could not do these days! *I'll never, never learn the secret!* Ginger thought, but even as she listened to Caroline's calm voice, which seemed to come from far away where Caroline was half trapped in a dream of her own making, something clicked inside herself. A part of herself seemed to swell into an enormous wave, a rising wish or tide, and then fell into place absolutely right. This place was different from the one she had occupied for years—quieter, more wonderful and somehow quite thrilling. She had a sweet-and-salty taste in her mouth. She felt light, poised as though at a given sign she would execute a perfect swan dive. She was taking command in this house from her sister, whose time was over here. Perhaps this would be the very last good talk they might have in this house. In some way Caroline was shrewdly telling her a thousand things—and good-by.

"Are you sorry about Bolly, Carol?" she asked softly.

"Heavens, no! It's just that I want everyone concerned with my wedding to be very happy too."

"Is Bolly drinking?" That was what happened in books and movies, though she could not imagine him like that. She had been so concerned about her own place at the wedding, she had forgotten him. It was not fair that Bolly should be unhappy too!

"Worse. He waits. Wherever I go, there he is. Yesterday, mother and I came out of the dressmaker's, and there he was all messy and unshaven in his old car. It spoils things—for Jock too."

"But Bolly would never, never permit anyone to destroy him!"

"Well, I feel like an ax murderess with his blood on my hands," Caroline said quite seriously.

Ginger felt like laughing. Was Caroline trying to hold on to Bolly in some way? Was she

The man who tries to work for the good, believing in its eventual victory, while he may suffer setback and even disaster, will never know defeat. The only deadly sin I know is cynicism.
—HENRY L. STIMSON

unwilling to give up her admirer? "Nobody ruins Bolly Jackson," she said sternly, surprised at herself.

"What do you know about him? He gave you a box of orange creams once, and a corsage that time we went to the club for mother's birthday. But love is terrible, Ginger. Marvelous too. You don't seem to understand how people get when they are rejected. If Jock rejected me, I should die. And what about Auntie Bliss—you know, with all the cats? And old Judge Pembroke—that's because someone threw him over."

"Oh!" Ginger was stunned. Where had she been all these years not to have known such things? It was time she absorbed some of Caroline's knowledge before it was too late.

"Go and see him," Caroline said, her eyes very narrow. She seemed to know exactly what ought to be done. "Explain things to him."

"It's your affair," she said stiffly. For some reason, she wanted to hurt Caroline the way Caroline had hurt Bolly. It was all scrambled in her head—as though she, too, had become an outcast from the wedding, along with Bolly. "Did Bolly refuse to usher?" she asked.

"No, but who knows what he may do? Set fire to the church. Jock's worried because they were school friends, and now Bolly waits around corners as though he wants to fight. Can you imagine Jock at his own wedding with a black eye or maybe a broken arm? And Bolly spies on us. I have nightmares he's reading curses over our marriage, and we'll have no luck."

"Ah, Carol, Bolly wouldn't do that!"

"Go and see him," Caroline insisted.

"But what can I say?"

"It'll come to you," Caroline said with confidence.

But whenever she had tried to entertain him in the past, while he was waiting for Caroline, she had been dull and awkward. If he looked at her, he did not see her, for he had been blind and deaf to anyone but Caroline. Besides, no one had ever required her to do anything so important, so diplomatic. That was always Caroline's work. Now it would be like facing a stranger. All her talk with him had been in the correct pattern such as college men employed to make friends and allies of kid sisters. True, he had given her the ornate box of orange creams, but only as an uncle might give to the child of the house. The corsage had been a lucky moment in which he had understood her need to be as wise, beautiful and poised as Caroline, two years older than she. She still had the dusty bits of that corsage hidden in her jewel box.

"I wouldn't know where to find him," she said.

"Sulking somewhere with everyone to see! Making a foolish spectacle of himself. Under bushes. Around corners. Or up in his attic study with a spyglass trained on us. It's too horrible for words!"

"BOLLY JACKSON never sulked a day in his whole life!" she said hotly. She turned, a tall, slender girl in faded jeans and a worn plaid shirt, going down the stairs and into the shady street in a quiet fury that Bolly would permit everyone in town to talk about him like this, that he would make such a plea for mercy and pity. Her anger was such that she had no doubts of the success of her mission. Somehow she must convince him that he was as she remembered him. Her steps did not falter until she reached Bolly's house, six blocks away, a white Victorian edifice with lots of gingerbread and a widow's walk from the sailing days when the town had been a seaport. Bolly's mother, whom everyone called Gertie, a little brown gardening woman, looked up at her as she stood uncertainly with one hand on the gate. What was she to do now that she was here?

"Ah, Caroline," Gertie Jackson said warmly. "I've been hoping you'd come."

"It's me, Ginger—not Caroline, Gertie," she explained meekly. Bolly's mother had a reputation for vagueness, though the important things were never confusing to her.

"I know, I know." She stood erect, kneading the small of her back. "How are things at your house?"

"The wedding, nothing more. I—where's Bolly, Gertie?"

"Up in his daddy's study in the attic with that spyglass. He knows when anyone sneezes over at your house. It's wicked. A disgrace to me and to his daddy's memory." Her fierce little black eyes snapped. "I'm mortally ashamed of him. As though the world wasn't full of women who can love him. A young man must not let himself go like this."

"Yes," she agreed. Was nothing going to be as it had been before the wedding? The specter of old Judge Pembroke, an eccentric who lived on the outskirts of town in a house full of ticking clocks, overwhelmed her. Someone must save Bolly from a similar fate.

The sharp, intelligent eyes met hers. "Men are soft, Ginger, unless we women do for them. There he is sulking and acting the mad fool, taking the limelight off the bride herself. Only women should go feeble over lost loves. In a man, it's a weakness." She patted Ginger's arm. "Go up and talk to him." She hesitated. "No doubt Caroline's upset?"

"Well," Ginger admitted, "she says she's got his blood on her hands."

"Killed my boy? Never, I say—never in a million years." She gave Ginger a little push, and Ginger went silently into the house that was always cool, smelling of herbs and flowers, winter or summer. There was no sound anywhere. She climbed the back stairs to the top floor where Bolly's father had made a kind of attic study to which he, a professor of natural sciences, might retreat whenever he chose. The door was open. Bolly lay on a curved horsehair sofa. He had a lean, well-disciplined body and a lean, stern kind of face, and he had never looked at anyone but Caroline. He wore a pair of torn tennis shorts and a black turtle-neck sweater, suggesting to Ginger that he was already in mortal peril of joining the town's little company of eccentrics and lost souls. He lay as still as stone, though she imagined she could see his heart beating under the sweater. He held a telescope

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



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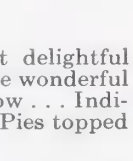
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To Make the Fruit Filling: Blend ½ cup sugar with ⅛ tsp. salt and ¼ cup flour or quick-cooking granular tapioca. Mix with 4 cups blackberries or black raspberries. Place in 6 (¾ cup) baking dishes. Dot each with 1 tsp. butter.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

to his right eye, his right elbow braced on a pile of lawbooks. Now and then he scratched his left foot on the edge of the window. The room was bare and orderly, and the light at this hour softened everything. She stared, fascinated. It was here in this very room that Bolly had studied for his law examinations last winter. It was here he had written sonnets to Caroline and thrown them away. Gertie had told her so. "A lot of very bad, stinking poetry has gone down the drain with Caroline, Ginger," his mother had told her. The older woman had singled her out at teas and parties, talking to her as though Bolly was *their* problem. "Yes, my boy has talent. He'll make a good lawyer someday, once he's learned something, and Caroline will teach him. She'll whip him into shape for another woman—a wiser one, eh?"

GINGER's heart stood still at the sight of him like this, here in this room where he had come to hide his hurt. At the same time, something of the wedding, a strain of music or a murmur of beautiful words, seemed to be just a little beyond her reach but still closer to her than any of the preparations that had been rocking the house these past weeks.

"I hear you," he said in a flat, dead voice. "Go away."

She waited.

"Women are bad for me. They bring me no luck. Ah, I see Madame Regan is now delivering the bridal gown. The shroud. The *pièce de résistance*."

She was silent.

"Well, then," he said wearily, flipping his hand at her, "if you must, come in. Sit down. Gloat if you like."

"Thanks." He was going to get no pity from her. She sat at his desk, leaning on her elbows. When her father had a low mood, her mother merely listened to him until he had talked himself out, and then she said, "Shall we have a nice cup of coffee now, dear?" and that worked. It was the first time she understood this scene she had observed so many times. She would do the same, now.

"And what is her message? Does she ask for a cup of my blood? My bones in a bag? My very flesh?"

Ginger bit her lip, silent and angry. Where was the Bolly she had once known, before whose splendor she had been awkward and blushing? Was nothing ever again to be as grand, as perfect as before Caroline's wedding?

"Isn't it enough she's ruined my life?" he said roughly.

What could she say? Let him spend his anger even as she wished to spend her own.

"Or does she want her love letters back?"

He swung around to face her. She saw, then, the shadow of pain across his eyes. None of his mockery could hide that. She recognized it because it was hers too. He saw it there in her eyes. She sat unmoving under his calm study like a schoolgirl with her feet together and on the floor, her elbows against the desk and her chin in her hand.

"Well?"

"She never mentioned any letters, Bolly," she said softly.

"*La belle dame sans merci*," he sighed. He put his hand on his stomach. "I'm getting an ulcer."

She frowned. She could not endure such talk from him. It was unworthy of Bolly Jackson.

"Maybe it's a liver condition," he mused. He studied his bare feet sadly.

"Nonsense. Your mother says everyone in your family has good stomachs."

"Is that so?" he said angrily. This anger, she knew, belonged to one who like herself had no place at the wedding. Perhaps he had imagined this wedding many times, and now that he was not the bridegroom he felt he was an outsider at the ceremony. "I'll have you know, Miss Ginger Bennett, I've endured these pains for ages. At night they gnaw at my insides—like termites!"

"Nuts," she said, scorning her own pain as well. She tried not to smile.

He studied her as though for the first time, and she suffered this, meeting his eyes with an air of poise and remoteness. He ought to be ashamed for hiding up here and spying. Caroline, the wedding, no one else had anything to do with the way she felt at this moment. It was altogether separate from the wedding. She stared at the heap of lawbooks, the chewed fountain pen and then back at the curious, puzzled young man who found her so interesting.

"What is it, kid?" he asked kindly. "You got no place to go these days either?"

She nodded, tears stinging her eyes.

"Left in the cold, hey?" He pursed his mouth thoughtfully. He rose, walking back and forth and slapping his stomach to a rumba beat, a habit he had acquired in his solitude. He started to pick up the telescope and then, flushing, he changed his mind. "Why did you come if you haven't brought a message from her?"

"Caroline asked me to talk sense to you. You're spoiling her wedding."

"I see." He rubbed the back of his neck. "That's the reason you came?"

"No." She felt brave and capable. "I came because everyone is talking. You're making a public pest of yourself."

"Let them talk!" But his voice sounded hollow and uncertain.

"And if you cared for Caroline, you'd *want* her to be happy. You'd accept this wedding."

"You women have no hearts."

"Oh, Bolly," she said, impatient. She passed him and went slowly down the stairs. In a moment he called to her that he would take her home, but she did not wait for him. When she reached the garden, he met her at the gate. There was no sign of his mother. They walked down the musky, darkening streets where he had walked so many times with Caroline, hand in hand, and where she, Ginger, had walked alone or with friends but never with Bolly like this beside her.

He began to talk, then, as though he knew she was on his side and that she understood too. "I keep remembering our plans and all the promises we made, Ginger. I mean, I'm ashamed for acting like this and really rather bored with it. But there's something in this situation I don't grasp—like destiny, maybe. And then I think of the wedding, and I wonder if I shall manage well. I don't want people shaking their heads over me as though I'm the corpse at the wedding. Poor old Bolly Jackson, dead and about to be buried instead of married."

"Oh, I know," she nodded. She walked a little closer to him. She found that it was easy to do.

He paused near the corner street lamp. "How old are you now, Ginger?"

"Seventeen. I'll graduate in three weeks Bolly."

He considered this news thoughtfully. The walked in step and silently until they reache her house, the edge of the garden where las year he and Caroline used to stand for hour at a time, and she had watched them from he bedroom window wondering what they sai and did together. Now they could see Carolin and Jock on the screened porch, a single bluis blur of white sitting on the glider and listenin to the summer music on the radio.

"I was thinking," he said carefully, "w could be a pair at the wedding—if you like. mean, sort of look after each other?"

"Yes," she said quickly. It was only the that she could imagine the wedding and her self in the mauve dress. Love—so long dreame of and longed for—took on an immediate fac and presence for her. Yet she was afraid, too for there was Caroline, lovelier and wiser an knowing her womanly secret, sitting withi the sound of Bolly's voice. She felt a curious sharp pain like a sword across her heart. Wa Caroline, the bride and sister, an enemy a well?"

"Hello, you two!" Caroline called.

Ginger waited. He put his hand on he shoulder. "We'll go up and see them," h said and kept his hand there. When they cam into the soft light from the living-room win dows, Caroline looked at them with a lon look, turning reluctantly away from her bride groom's loving, radiant eyes. Still, Ginger wa not sure. Would the very sight of Carolin tantalize him into acting like an eccentric boy Was Caroline going to try to keep a spell ove him, even now? She was afraid to hope.

"Know something?" Bolly said. "We'v all forgotten about Ginger's graduation Carol."

Ginger did not hear what they said then for Caroline made a secret, funny face just a both of them used to make together at a cir cus, or a play or a movie when they wer moved to particular pleasure and could no find the right words to tell each other. Caro line was telling her that she had known a along what Ginger herself had only ha known. Caroline had sent her to Bolly Caroline had betrayed no one, after all. Ho wise of her! Now, at last, she could think o Caroline's leaving, content to let her go. An now, with Bolly sitting beside her in th flowery darkness, acting like himself again it seemed she could not wait for the wedding She had what Caroline called a wedding fac and a wedding heart and had found her plac in the ceremony.

END



"I'd like to call my husband—he still thinks it was the lobster I ate."



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Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers

Traveling with children—how to do it, and stay well and happy in the process

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



Dr. Spock says: "The hardest but the most important rule of all with children on a long trip is to stop for the night by 4 P.M."

AMONG the good letters I've received from many of you is a wonderfully practical one from Helen Thomas Irwin, a distinguished musician, all about traveling with a small child. You'll enjoy reading it as she wrote it:

"My husband is a musician. I am, too, but retired from 'active duty' to work at being a mother. We have traveled with our boy since he was seven weeks old until now, when we are temporarily settled in Chicago and he is five and a half years old.

"We were nervous parents, the baby having arrived late in our lives, and we being used to *quite* another type of life and hours. I had a choice to make. I could remain in New York with the baby and let my husband travel alone, or I could gather up my wee son and go too. I chose the latter. Naturally, as a woman musician, I had traveled a great deal, and I knew how to do it and how to stay well and happy in the process. But, you know, traveling with a harp is one thing. It is *quite* another with a child. I had much to learn 'the hard way,' of course, but so far we have succeeded and are all intact, very adaptable people, and all well.

"So many people now travel with children. Any airport, any train station is full of mothers and wee ones who would not have dared risk it a few years ago. On many trips I have seen fantastic things happen which could have been prevented with a little advice. For instance, mothers making a forty-eight-hour trip with two bottles in their kit. Both get broken—and the baby has to starve. This has happened so often that I know of a dining-car steward who can't stand it any longer and now carries a nipple which will fit over a pop bottle. (He figures he can have the chef make that sterile, and he cannot stand any more babies crying with hunger and a frantic mother trying to push scrambled eggs down a child who has never had solid food.)

"No matter how hot it is when you board a train or plane, a sweater and a pair of long pants will be handy. It can get cold as ice in the air conditioning. You carry drinking water, which is bottled spring water, available at any drugstore (almost), and in each city you buy that same water. A child cannot adjust to constantly changing water. Loose bowels and illness result. (Even 'old troupers' of adults buy bottled water and don't keep changing.) You carry enough nursing bottles that if an accident happens, you have a spare or two. You also carry a small jar of prune juice, or prune mash; travel often brings constipation to the child who has never been away. Prunes will produce a normal movement. Laxatives won't.

"You also always carry food. Fruit, crackers, sandwiches or something that you could feed a child if the diner is full, or if you are on a plane that doesn't serve lunch, even though it is lunchtime for the children. (Planes don't figure the time it takes to get to the airport, and how hungry a little child can get.) A vacuum bottle of milk, hard-boiled eggs, bananas and cheese (if the child does not have a tendency to constipation) are easy to carry, and often make the difference between a good trip and a miserable one. Very often, planes do not have any milk on board, but they do not object to your carrying a bag of food.

"On a long trip, a new little toy, hidden away, can be a wonderful surprise when the child begins to get tired and restless. Or a new storybook. (Better, really, to have a picture book, since it is often hard to read to a child on a plane because of noise.) A new pencil and a tiny pad of paper will keep a little child of under five happy quite a long time.

"The most important thing to carry is a box of salted crackers. They can do wonders for a stomach that is beginning to get airsick or trainsick. It is an old remedy for pregnant women, and it certainly works for children. Ah, the salted crackers that I've passed around in these five years. Take a large box of cleansing tissues.

"One of the greatest boons to the traveling mother is the plastic tablecloth, large size, purchased at any dime store. You buy the thin, transparent kind, which takes little space. It is best to have two. One goes over the mattress of the hotel bed (or the bed of the relatives you are visiting) in the case of the child still small enough to wet the bed. This piece of plastic can also be handed to the Pullman porter to protect the mattress on the berth of the train. (He doesn't care for wet mattresses, either, and *there* is a man to have on 'your side' and *keep* on your side throughout any trip.) The thin, plastic tablecloth is much easier to carry than the old rubber pad.

"The other tablecloth is laid over the carpet whenever the child plays in the living room (or any other room, for that matter). It is especially valuable in the case of water colors or crayon work, or clay. It keeps him clean (from what may well be a filthy carpet) and keeps the carpet from spots which may anger a hotel manager. It is cheap to buy—priceless as a 'nerve-rester' for mothers.

"We always go to apartment hotels, and I suppose most people traveling with children do that too. It is better to clean a kitchen or kitchenette than have your child get sick in a strange restaurant or refuse to eat in the midst of such excitement. In these apartment hotels, for a secret reason known *only* to managers of hotels, the space underneath the table and chairs for eating purposes is *carpeted*. That's where you use the second piece of plastic tablecloth *again*. You put it under his chair. Thus any spilled egg is neatly disposed of by merely washing off the plastic.

"A lot of hotel managers are allergic to small children. I don't know that I can blame them. Therefore, when a mother makes a hotel reservation, she must state that she is bringing a child or children. It is better to be refused admittance beforehand than to reach your destination in the middle of the night, only to be presented with a small sign saying 'No dogs or children allowed.'

"As for the 'food sack' which simply *must* be carried these days on any kind of trip (I use an inexpensive bag used by many people for carrying bowling balls), I forgot to tell you that I also add a small supply of lollipops. I am *not* a believer in candy for children, but on trips I always have a supply of lollipops. They take a long time to eat . . . and are frequently 'just the thing' not only for *your* child, but for the children of fellow passengers. Naturally you ask a mother's permission. Heaven knows, it is a terrible experience to make a long trip with somebody's child crying most of the way.

"The last thing I have to suggest applies only to mothers who must do extensive traveling with children. I bought a very small suitcase for Dean to carry himself. There are round cardboard ones in the dime store which cost a dollar, and better ones, the size of a small lunch box, in drugstores. This suitcase he packed himself before every trip. The contents changed as he grew older. When we began, at the age of 2½, with the suitcase, it was full of animal crackers, a package of raisins, 'fuff-fuffs' (bits of yarn he held while sucking his thumb and going to sleep) and a lollipop. As he has grown older, he fills the case with small cars, strings of beads, old keys, small containers of pennies, small memo pads, pencils and crayons. He packs this bag (it measures about 8″x6″) himself, and he is in charge of it. It is placed under his seat, and when he gets tired of looking out the window, he can open his 'private suitcase' and play with the things. This is a good idea for mothers who have a lot of trips to make. The child, beginning at about 2½, knows better than you do what he'd like to play with on the trip. Only the suitcase has to be kept small enough that he can carry it.

"Oh—one more *important* thing! When you get to a new place, hotel or otherwise, even if it is late, let the child explore it completely! They are like cats in this respect! If you put them right to bed before they get a chance to look the place over, they wake up in the night and decide to see it! We learned *this* the hard way! Sometimes we thought Dean was too tired to be allowed to explore the new apartment hotel. He went right to sleep, and we did, too, since my husband faced the training of a whole new orchestra the following day. But those times that we did not allow Dean to explore the new place, he woke up at about 1:30 A.M. and decided to see where he was. Nothing could get him to sleep again until he had seen every inch of it. We *learned* to let him do the exploring before we put him to bed."

This letter covers so much of the ground about traveling with a small child that I need only to fill in with a few points about babies. The biggest problem is formula. If you'll be traveling only one day you can prepare the bottles as usual, chill them in the refrigerator, then put them in the sterilizing pail and pack it full of chunks and pieces of ice. Wrap the sides and bottom of the pail and line the inside of the cover with ten layers of newspaper, which is a good insulator. If you have a picnic icebox or ice bucket, you can pack the bottles in ice in that.

If you are going on a train that has a diner and don't want to carry a large iced pail, put the sterilized formula into a sterilized quart bottle and ask the porter to put it in the refrigerator in the diner. At each feeding pour the required amount into the nursing bottle. Afterward, wash the bottle and nipple thoroughly with hot water, soap and bottle brush and it will be reasonably clean for the next feeding.

For a trip of only a few hours, one or two nursing bottles of formula, well chilled, can be wrapped individually in ten layers of newspaper, without ice.

For a trip of more than one day I think it is easiest, for a baby on an evaporated-milk formula, to make up each bottle separately just before feeding. You carry as many small five-ounce cans of evaporated milk as there will be feedings, and as many quart- or pint-sized bottles of bottled spring water as you will need for mixing. As Mrs. Irwin says, these can be

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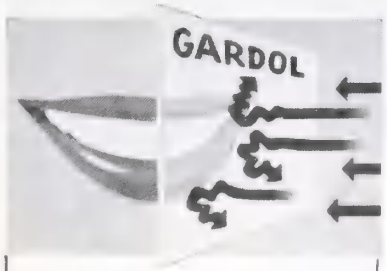
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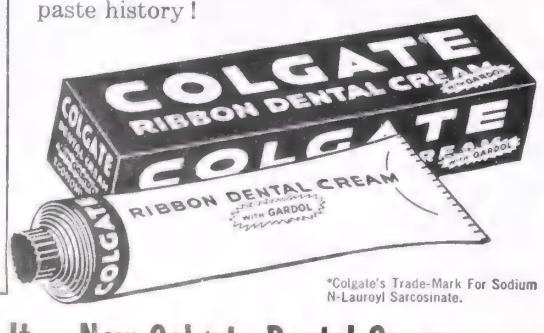
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

bought at most drugstores, and they are capped. Of course you can carry your own tap water from home if you will boil it, put it in sterilized bottles (for instance, large soda-water bottles which can be corked or have screw-on caps). Neither the cans of milk nor the bottles of water have to be kept cold.

At each feeding pour the proper amount of water into the nursing bottle, add the sugar and dissolve, then add the evaporated milk from a freshly opened can. Your doctor can tell you the proportions for each bottle. For instance, if the usual total formula is evaporated milk, 13 ounces; water, 17 ounces; and corn sirup, 3 tablespoonfuls, divided into five bottles, then each bottle would be made with water, 3½ ounces; corn sirup, 2 teaspoonfuls; evaporated milk, 2½ ounces (throw away the rest of the can of milk). After the feeding, wash the bottle and nipple thoroughly with hot water, soap and brush, and it can be used again.

If the baby is on solid foods, bring the baby-size cans of the ones he likes best and don't try to duplicate everything that he regularly gets at home. Traveling reduces the appetites of many babies. Don't urge.

If you can afford it on a train get a compartment. It's a great help when a baby becomes fretful.

Disposable diapers are most practical.

Avoid buying for children, when traveling, such foods as custards, milk puddings, cakes and pastries with soft fillings, creamy salad dressings on salads and sandwiches, cold meats, cold fish, cold eggs and egg salad. (Hard-boiled eggs are safe in the shell.) These are the foods which most often cause food poisoning when improperly refrigerated or handled. Better stick to freshly cooked foods, milk in individual containers, bread with butter, peanut butter or jelly, crackers and cookies.

Automobile travel brings up special difficulties and special opportunities. In most families the biggest problem is the restlessness of young children, which usually goes on to fretfulness. Another problem for some children is less-than-normal appetite at mealtime, partly caused by the distractions of strange eating places and sometimes also by a slight degree of carsickness. Usually the best answer is fairly frequent stops—for a little exercise and play, for toileting and for a snack of food. The snack doesn't have to be at a restaurant or drink stand—it can come from the trunk compartment of the car: a few crackers or a simple sandwich, a drink of milk or fruit juice from a vacuum bottle or a picnic icebox, perhaps a piece of fruit.

The most important quality in the stopping place is that it have some space where the children can run around without having to be warned every minute: a field or grove away from the road a bit; a park with children's play equipment in a town; a filling station in the country. To put the last point the other way: stopping at a filling station where there is no space for children to run is time and opportunity lost.

For small children, who like things always to be the same, it may be worth while to carry along their own toilet seat or a potty they have got used to at home.

Arranging the passengers in the car can be important. Most parents prefer to be together in the front seat and let the small fry have the back. However, persistent squabbling between the kids can often be stopped only by separating them and separating the parents. Whereve the small fry are, they usually can't abide sitting for long and they must have some space to move around in. To be sure, there is more danger of their being hurt on a sudden stop if they are standing up (especially standing up on the seats), but if you watch families in cars you'll see that nine out of ten parents have given in to letting them stand. You can put the back of the front seat. The floor space of the rear seat of a sedan is fairly safe for standing; the seat then becomes a play table. The two-door station wagon with a narrower seat between the driver's seat and the full width back seat provides a fairly safe U-shaped passage that small children love to roam in.

A four-door sedan can be equipped with an accessory that allows the rear doors to be unlocked only with a key.

A crawling baby can be free to roam or fall asleep if the leg space in back can be built up level with the rear seat by means of baggage or boxes, board and padding.

The hardest but often the most important rule of all, on a long trip, is to stop for the night by 4 P.M.—when it is still fairly easy to find a motel or hotel room, before the children are frantic with restlessness and fatigue, and while there is still time for them to play around and get used to the place before supper. You can save some of the time that would be lost, by early starts in the morning.

The reason, of course, that such a stop-for-the night rule, which works so well for children, is hard for adults is that they (especially men) take pride in covering distance and they can suppress their hunger and fatigue for long periods. It's often impossible for a mother to get a father who has the bit in his teeth to stop by arguing on the road. The stopping-hour rule had better be settled by mutual agreement and solemn promise before the trip is ever begun. Men can be relatively reasonable in a theoretical discussion, but they hate to be curbed in the middle of an ambitious project.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—Ed.

TO SOW WILD OATS

Saxons planted oats as early as the tenth century. But the grain quickly reverted to the wild state when neglected, a common occurrence in the chaotic and warlike age. Seed from wild oats produced thick blades, but light heads. After a man had gone to the trouble of making a crop of it, he seldom found it worth harvesting.

It was foolish and wasteful to sow such seed, but old folks couldn't tell a youngster this. If a youth wished to try a crop of wild oats, he might as well learn by experience. Evidently a good many striplings did sow wild oats, for the expression passed into figurative use to indicate indulgence in any youthful folly.

—W. B. GARRISON

BORN TO BE QUEEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

tagged along behind them through the big stone house. When the toddler became sufficiently exasperating, they would shut her out of the playroom.

Once when the older girls had spent hours dressing their dozens of dolls for a mock wedding, Pietie sneaked into the playroom and stripped the costumes off every member of the wedding.

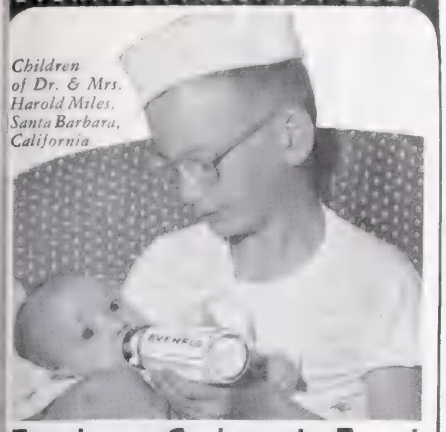
"Who took my lipstick?" the nurse demanded of the three girls one day. Since arriving in Canada, she had begun wearing some color on her lips. One really felt conspicuous without it.

"I did," Trix admitted promptly with a winning smile.

Who could resist such a charmer?

Juliana was enchanted by the great personal freedom her children were able to enjoy in Canada. "Trix of Orange" the oldest princess scrawled in bold shaky letters on her school papers. Her friends accepted her rather strange name as matter-of-factly as they did Detective Welbergen, who followed Trix and Irene as they walked to public school and back. They roller-skated with the other children on the block, and learned New World games, songs, slang.

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And, except for official occasions, Princess Juliana could lead the life of millions of other women throughout the world. It was the quiet, lonely, unspectacular life of a wife of a soldier in action. No curious crowds gathered as she slipped in and out the garden gate—often on foot, as she had never learned to drive. No press bulbs flashed as she went marketing with a basket over her arm, or gave blood, or worked with other wives of servicemen at the Red Cross.

The princess expected to find conditions in Holland greatly changed when they returned—especially after the probable change in relations with the Dutch colonies in the Far East, for three hundred years the brightest jewel in Holland's crown. "The colonial conception is done with," Queen Wilhelmina had announced in 1942 in promising these colonies their independence. Princess Juliana foresaw customs and manners based upon wealth and prestige changing as life became bereft of luxury, far simpler, more austere. Hardship would serve to draw the people closer together.

As a member of the nobility herself, Zussie was not at all sure about this. She saw many difficult problems of adjustment ahead for the princess-turned-housewife and her three Canadian-raised Dutch daughters.

In January of that terrible Hunger Winter of 1945 they learned that Amsterdam and Rotterdam and The Hague had become ghost cities. Nothing moved on their deserted streets but wooden-wheeled bicycles and the green-and-gray German-army lorries on their nightly man hunts. Every able-bodied Dutch man and boy had gone into hiding to escape forced labor.

When the Dutch began to scavenge the countryside for tulip bulbs to eat, the Swiss and Swedish Red Cross volunteered to send shiploads of food to the tiny North Sea kingdom, but the Nazis refused to accept their offer until every Dutch railway striker returned to his job.

Often that winter Zussie wondered if she would have the courage to hide a refugee from the Nazis, knowing that discovery would mean death or torture for herself and all her family.

BUT as the weeks and months of that agonizing winter crawled by, both strikers and their starving families held firm. Grass sprang up in station platforms and rails rusted as the paralyzing strike continued. Not one in forty thousand Dutchmen failed his absent queen.

Finally, realizing that none of the strikers could be bribed into betraying his country, the Nazis allowed the Red Cross ships to unload and every starving Dutch family received one loaf of real bread and half a pound of margarine.

Then once again the German conquerors were racing in panic toward their Siegfried Line as they had on Crazy Tuesday in September when the Dutch danced in the streets awaiting their Allied liberators who never came. Eight months after that heartbreaking day, in the early part of May, 1945, all German troops in Europe surrendered.

Soon Juliana returned to Holland for the liberation ceremonies. But it was not until July that Zussie received word to start packing the children's things. Among the belongings which Trix insisted upon taking back to Soestdijk was the toy locomotive which never reached the small Dutch boy for whom it was intended.

Martine Roell and her daughter Renée traveled with them, although the attractive widow was soon to marry a member of the Canadian diplomatic corps. Even the flint-eyed Mr. Sesink had found romance among the strangers and was taking home a young Canadian bride.

New York harbor was filled with fog the hot July day they walked up the long gangplank of the former luxury liner Queen Mary. As the troopship passed the Statue of Liberty, all the hot and weary Dutch exiles could see of it was a hand stretched aloft as if to wave good-by. Princess Juliana watched until it faded back into the mist and fog. Many, many times afterward Zussie heard her mention this symbol of American generosity and love.

After a short stay in England, the Princess and her daughters and Zussie returned to Holland in two planes, since it was Prince Bern-

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hard's conviction after flying many bomber missions that the royal family should never all travel together in the same plane.

Prince Bernhard was waiting for his family at an airfield near Apeldoorn where he had his military headquarters. The German-born prince had since September, 1944, become the head of all Dutch resistance groups and Dutch armed forces who had gathered from all corners of the world.

Juliana, trim and sun-tanned, stepped from the first plane, holding Margriet. She was caught hard in her husband's embrace, the children hugging his knees and begging for kisses. From Juliana's tearful expression, Zussie knew that for her at last the fearful ordeal was over, her people free, by some miracle her *gezin* untouched by disaster, even her reckless Bernhard.

Trix's first glimpse of the country which she might someday rule but which she could not then even remember was the island of Walcheren in Zeeland.

The countryside near the Dutch coast still lay under water, the result of the smashing of dikes and dunes by Allied bombers to wash away heavy German fortifications. Above the salt waves Zussie could barely make out some red-tiled roofs and the wooden arms of windmills. Debris and wreckage floated everywhere.

"I thought mommy said that Holland a ways looked neat and tidy!" Trix remark accusingly to Zussie.

As quietly and secretly as they had le Holland five years before, the royal family sp from the airport to Soestdijk. Trix bounc up and down on the car seat with excitemer chewing gum. Several times Zussie noticed t prince regarding his eldest daughter thoug fully, but he said nothing.

A tremendous lump arose in the nurs throat as she saw once again the long wh outline of Soestdijk Palace, peaceful, sere and unchanged, its square stone sides dappl with sunshine drifting through the giant co per beeches.

As their car turned through the black gat the standard of the princess and prince co bining the rose of Lippe and the rampant li of the House of Orange-Nassau fluttered the top of the flagpole on the roof. The fam was home again.

Juliana looked agitated as she walked the long west-wing steps. The staff, weari khaki army shirts and trousers, greeted the with tears in their eyes.

"Are the servants going to war?" T asked Zussie naïvely.

"Hush, darling!" whispered the nurse. "Th have nothing else to wear!"



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OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 62 AND 63

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Vogue Design No. 8331. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 10 to 18, 28 to 36. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 8549. "Very Easy to Make" coat; 10 to 20, 28 to 38. 75c.

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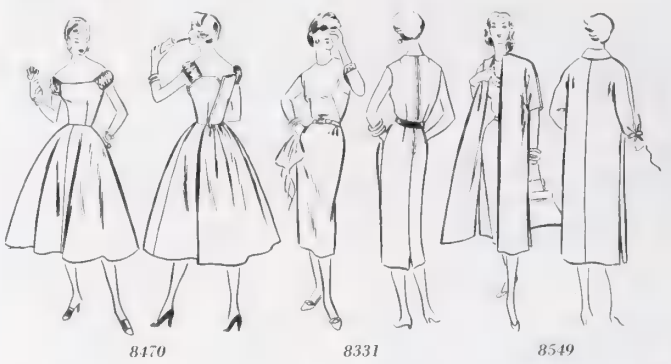
Vogue Design No. 8566. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece wrapped-back dress; 10 to 18, 28 to 36. 60c.

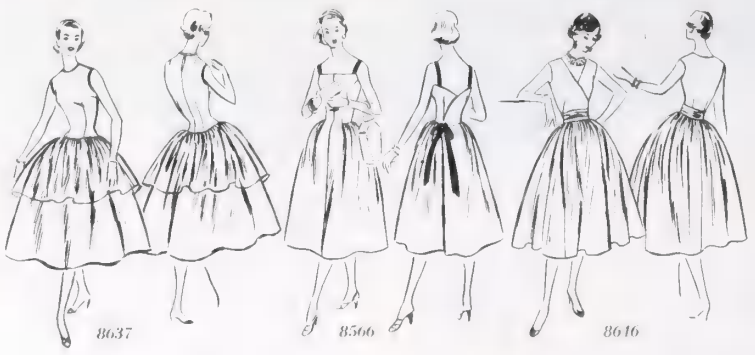
Vogue Design No. 8646. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress and cummerbund; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.

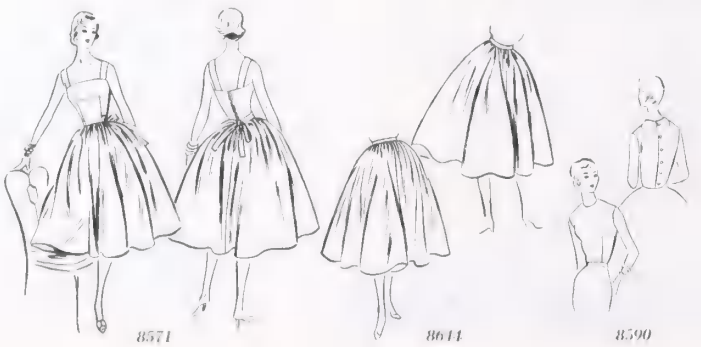
Vogue Design No. 8571. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 10 to 18, 28 to 36. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 8644. "Very Easy to Make" skirt, 24 to 30 waist measure. 50c.

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Mothers!

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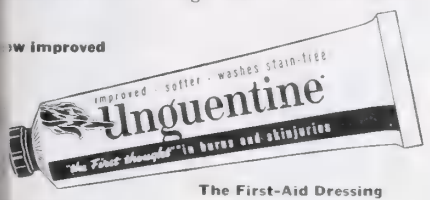


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One of the staff cleared his throat and began to make a speech. He welcomed them home and apologized that there was not a stick of furniture left in the library or dining room—the Germans had stolen it all. The enemy had also slashed the draperies from their rods with razor blades and carted them off in *Wehrmacht* trucks. For some unknown reason, the Nazis left all Queen Anna's Russian treasures, but took all of the furniture from both the prince's and the princess' sitting rooms. Otherwise, everything was intact.

William Roell had done his job well. He had saved every bit of the royal china, the silver and all the palace heirlooms, both large and small.

"Only he is not here to cheer," remarked Juliana sadly.

In the last few weeks of the war the palace was full of parachutists, the staff told them. The servants had managed to clean up the litter of broken bottles and trash in the royal bedrooms, but soap was still very scarce in Holland. They had not been able to remove all the black boot marks.

That evening the royal family gathered in the curtainless dining room for their first meal at home. The Dutch Antilles tapestry with its bright jewel colors once again glowed from the wall. Sitting on mustard velvet chairs, borrowed from the Yellow Room, the family was served by beaming footmen in battle dress.

It was not a relaxing meal. The prince scolded Pietie when she banged on the table with a spoon to get attention. Irene was *not* to sit with one foot curled under her. Trix must *not* talk with her mouth full.

The girls did not care much for the fillet of sole and boiled dried peas. For dessert they had stewed apricots.

"Why can't we have steak and ice cream?" wailed Trix.

"The German soldiers stole most of the animals in Holland during the war, and planes killed a lot, and now many of our farms have been flooded so the farmers can't grow anything," Juliana explained kindly and gently. "Each of us will have only one egg a week for quite some time, and very little meat or cream."

After dinner, the children showed their father the two black spaniel puppies they had brought from Canada.

"Can we keep them in our bedrooms?" Trix begged. "Can they sleep there?"

"Of course," grandly acquiesced their father.

"Now you must feed your dogs every morning before breakfast," he told his daughters, "and be sure to take them outdoors for airing every few hours. Housebreaking them will be your responsibility."

THE next day Trix forgot to take hers outdoors in the afternoon and he soiled a bedroom carpet. Her father took away her candy-ration book for a week.

A few days after the family's return to Soestdijk, Irene celebrated her sixth birthday.

"The poor child hasn't a single friend," lamented her mother. "They're all in Canada."

Finally the princess telephoned a local school principal and told him that she would like to invite to the palace every school child in the three neighboring villages from grades one to six.

"But Your Royal Highness," Zussie could hear him gasp over the telephone, "that would make about six hundred children!"

"Fine!" replied Juliana. "We'll be expecting them."

ZUSSIE was certain that lights burned late that night as mothers mended and patched odd rags of clothing to outfit their children for such a party. Shoes, however (which only a few months before had cost $160 a pair on the black market) were still unobtainable. Some children managed to come in wooden platforms held on by strings. Others came in cardboard slippers. Many arrived barefoot.

At first some of the guests huddled together timidly on the spacious green lawns behind the palace. Soon, however, their teachers organized some games. To Zussie, the children had a gaunt and somewhat dazed look. In between games, they blissfully gulped down glass after glass of sweet lemonade, the only refreshment the palace chef was able to provide for the party.

Juliana moved quietly about the lawns, her gentle face glowing. The eldest princess was ecstatic at the sight of so many playmates. She ran from one group to another while the birthday child Irene tagged shyly behind.

At the end of the afternoon, Trix appeared suddenly at Zussie's side.

"Have you noticed," she asked in tones of dismay, "the way their feet look?"

Zussie nodded.

"I've looked at all of them," Trix continued, "and Irene and Pietie and I are the only ones wearing regular shoes." She gazed down at her white calf pumps with leather bows. "The *only* ones. And those who came barefoot, do you suppose that last winter they had no shoes to wear in the snow and ice?"

The nurse nodded again. "I'm afraid so, Trix."

"Please!" begged the seven-year-old princess. "Let me go barefoot too. I feel so *ashamed* to have shoes!"

Trix never complained about their rather monotonous diet again. When the cold weather came, she accepted without question the frigid cold of her bathroom and dressing room. She and Irene dressed by a wood fire in their big front bedroom, as there was no fuel yet to heat the palace. Juliana even gave orders to the electrician to disconnect the one small lift to save power. It was quite a change for the princesses, Zussie felt, from a house with central heat to a damp stone palace with miles of icy stairs and corridors.

The sports-loving prince soon had another surprise in store for his daughters. In the royal stables across the highway from Soestdijk two ponies joined the prince's great Thoroughbred jumpers in their handsome black-and-gold stalls.

"Everything comes easily to Irene, doesn't it?" the prince remarked to Zussie one day as they stood watching the two older princesses perform in the riding ring which was laid out behind the palace. The pretty six-year-old waved gaily as she trotted past on her small white mare. Trix bounced along behind on a second horse, her round face creased in deep concentration.

"WHO WEARS THE WORLD AS A GARMENT"

By DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON

Who is the Wizard of the World, who takes
The scattered threads which crawling creatures spin
And combs them and untangles them and makes
One filament where many strands had been;

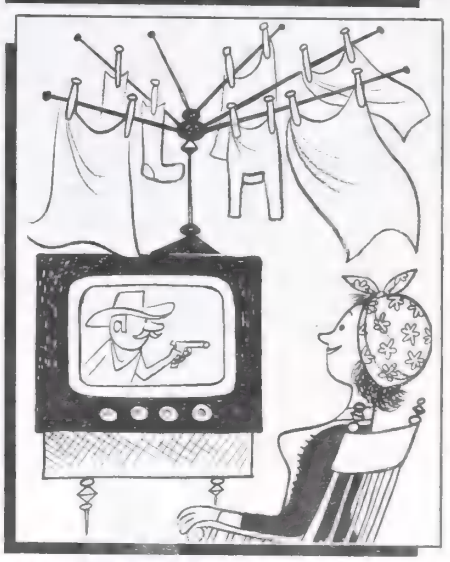
And weaves it to a cloth so flashing fine
No earthly eye might look on it and see,
And shapes the cloth into the flowing line
Of a garment fit for His Eternity?

Who is the Wizard? Where does he abide,
Transforming labor into love's delight?
I cook the soup; I scour the kettle bright.
The food, the shine, within his thread are tied.
At dawn I sense him striding in on light.
At dusk I feel him weaving at my side.









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"Irene probably has more natural co-ordination than Trix," went on her father. "But she doesn't try very hard. Trix always wants to do her very best.

"You understand, Zussie," the prince went on, flicking his riding crop against one highly burnished boot, "the girls are not to be made to feel that they *have* to learn any sport. The only exception is swimming. Remember when Trix tried to jump that hurdle last week?"

Zussie certainly did. Trix had sailed right over the mare's head and landed on her skull. She might easily have broken her neck.

"I told Trix she never has to jump again if she doesn't want to," went on the prince, who had taken many prizes in this class in international horse shows, Zussie knew. "When I was a boy in Germany I once dived into a shallow part of our lake and stuck my head into mud up to my neck." He grimaced at the recollection. "My tutor insisted that I make another shallower dive at once. I did, but to this day I have an obsession about diving. All pleasure in it was ruined for me."

As they were talking, Trix suddenly reined in and, turning her pony's head toward the three-foot hurdle, dug her heels into the horse's side. Before the prince could utter a word to stop her, she was hurtling toward the barrier. Zussie held her breath as the animal soared into the air, Trix hanging on to the saddle with a look of sheer determination. Then she was over safely.

"Good girl!" cried the prince. "A beautiful try!"

Trix threw her father a look of pure adoration.

"She's got guts, that one, Zussie," the prince remarked out of the corner of his mouth, his face flushed with pride.

But before the day was through, Trix's impetuosity had plunged her into hot water again.

She was walking with her nurse down the long robin's-egg-blue corridor when a young man appeared following one of the palace footmen.

"Hey!" yelled Trix, to get the stranger's attention. "How long can you chew gum?"

The young man glanced up, startled. When he saw who was addressing him, his jaw sagged quite comically with surprise.

"I keep mine in a saucer by my bed at night," Trix prattled on gaily. "That way I can make it last two days."

Without waiting to hear the stranger's comment, Zussie hurried the oldest princess out of sight into the playroom.

"After all," the nurse heard Juliana explain at dinner that evening to her husband, "Trix couldn't know it was a newspaper reporter."

"BUT she is much too casual about such things," replied the prince, gazing sternly at Trix. "For instance, it is quite intolerable the way she—and her sisters," he added, including them all in his reproving glance—"burst into my study at all hours without knocking. Also, Trix and Irene call everyone around the palace 'thou,' even the servants."

(In Holland, "thee" and "thy" are used only in the *gezin,* or family circle; and as a matter of fact, there are many Dutch children who do not even address their mothers and fathers in such a manner. They use the more formal "you.")

"Also," he added, glowering at Trix, "yesterday I heard you address my secretary as Cees."

Trix looked baffled. "But I've talked to him at least three times, daddy. Why can't I call him by his first name?"

"Because he happens to be much older than you. Because this is not Canada," pronounced her father.

Three subdued little princesses with heads bowed primly over their plates waited for the footmen to bring around the dessert. Each princess must help herself to every dish the footmen brought around, whether she liked it or not. And whatever she put on her plate, she must finish. Trix had become very adept at helping herself to infinitesimal portions of things she didn't like, such as spinach or rhubarb.

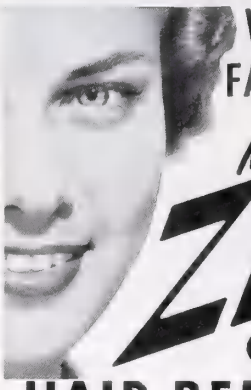
That evening the chef had prepared a strawberry pudding. Trix cut herself a large portion. After the first mouthful Zussie saw her hesi-

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tate. Then, as her father glanced her way, she hastily finished the rest. But just before bedtime she ran down to the kitchens, and sticking out her tongue at the white-hatted chef, she cried, "You can't fool me! There was rhubarb in that dessert!"

The girls were so eager to win their fastidious father's praise that they actually competed to obey all his rules and regulations, Zussie found. But being princesses with a public which expected them always to appear gracious and charming was something else again.

Once a week the princesses went to Utrecht to have the braces tightened on their teeth. It was only a five-minute job for the dentist, but somehow, out of nowhere, hordes of people would collect about the black limousine with its official crest. Zussie would find the sidewalk so jammed that she could hardly get the girls back to the car.

"Go away!" Trix once yelled at the stolid lines of staring people. "Why must you look at us like this? Are we animals in a zoo?" Irene only looked frightened, but Trix continued to shout remarks and make faces at her shocked audience until the chauffeur with great difficulty pulled away from the crowded curb.

It was not long before Zussie heard from her friends and family that Princess Beatrix must have a most disagreeable disposition. In vain she tried to explain that the Dutch princess had never been stared at in Canada, that she was not used to causing a sensation wherever she went. The rumor still continued that Trix was a cat.

Even little Pietie was bewildered by all the sudden attention. For many Sundays after the royal family returned to Soestdijk, passers-by would sing the Dutch national anthem. This sixteenth-century ballad, which Queen Wilhelmina once remarked was the only tune in the world she could recognize, tells of the despair of Prince William the Silent when driven from Holland by the Spanish Inquisitors. In the song Prince William promises throughout innumerable verses "*De Tyranny verdrijven*" (to drive tyranny away). Zussie could never understand why this ballad should have such a hold on the hearts of the Dutch people. But now that the last Nazi had been routed, the Third Reich destroyed, she had to admit that the song did seem appropriate. Sunday after Sunday the passing crowds sang it exuberantly.

One Sunday afternoon after the singing had been going on for some hours, Zussie received a phone call from the palace guards which sent her flying down the west-wing steps. Two-year-old Pietie in a pink nightgown had wandered down the whole length of the front lawn to investigate the noise which kept interrupting her nap. Zussie took her gratefully from the grinning guard and hurried her inside, a new chorus of Prince William's strident woes swelling at their heels.

Both Zussie and Juliana tried to explain to the girls that the Dutch people were only trying to show their affection for their royal family, so keenly missed during their five-year ordeal.

Zussie was particularly touched by the incident of the linden tree. On the day of Beatrix's birth in 1938, a small linden tree was flown to Holland from the town of Orange in Southern France as a present to the new princess. It was planted in the Leidsche Square in Amsterdam and thereafter known as the Beatrix Tree.

Early in 1941, a Nazi soldier, watched by silent Dutchmen, hacked down the sapling with his bayonet, then tore it out by the roots.

Zussie felt sure that this particular German soldier was one of untold numbers who felt a quick push from behind while walking along Amsterdam's unfenced canals. These canals which wind through the seventeenth-century city are very black at night, and cold, and a good six feet deep. Their steep stone sides are slippery and afford no grip for desperate fingers.

Shortly after the little tree was mutilated and left to die, one of the directors of the city parks happened to walk by. He picked up the stump of the tree and, wrapping it carefully in his coat, carried it home. There, planted in his back-yard garden and carefully tended, it lived and grew.

On her first trip to Amsterdam after the liberation, Zussie observed that the Beatrix Tree, now more than seven years old and straight and strong, was back where it belonged.

But Trix was too young to comprehend her place in the hearts of the Dutch people. One afternoon at teatime she strode into her mother's study and threw down her riding crop in disgust.

"Darn it all, mommy! Every time we ride about the place those people out there yell, 'Hello, princess! Hello, princess!' Don't they know we're not old enough to be called princess? That we're just Trix and Irene?"

A few days after this incident, Princess Juliana broadcast an appeal to her people. "Please treat my daughters as children, not as extraordinary beings," she urged her listeners. "Their characters will develop more harmoniously and they will be happier for it. I remember so well how miserable I used to feel as a girl when I saw crowds waiting to look at me . . . stare at me. I craved to be just an ordinary girl."

The prince, however, took a somewhat different point of view.

"They are not ordinary girls, Jula, and never will be," he remarked mildly. "They'll just have to get used to always being in the public spotlight. After all, is it so bad to be stared at? By people who love them, heart and soul? Who would sacrifice their own lives for them, if necessary?"

"That may be so," answered Juliana, "but it's very hard for a seven-year-old to understand."

"She'll get used to it," repeated the prince. "But I do feel we should do something to improve her manners."

"Oh, well," shrugged the princess. "Manners can be learned by anyone—they are superficial and unimportant—but qualities of the heart like hers cannot."

She rose, terminating the conversation. "Now I must read to Pietie as I promised," she told him. Picking up a copy of Winnie the Pooh from the table, she walked from the room.

The prince gazed after his wife with an expression of deep tenderness mixed with exasperation.



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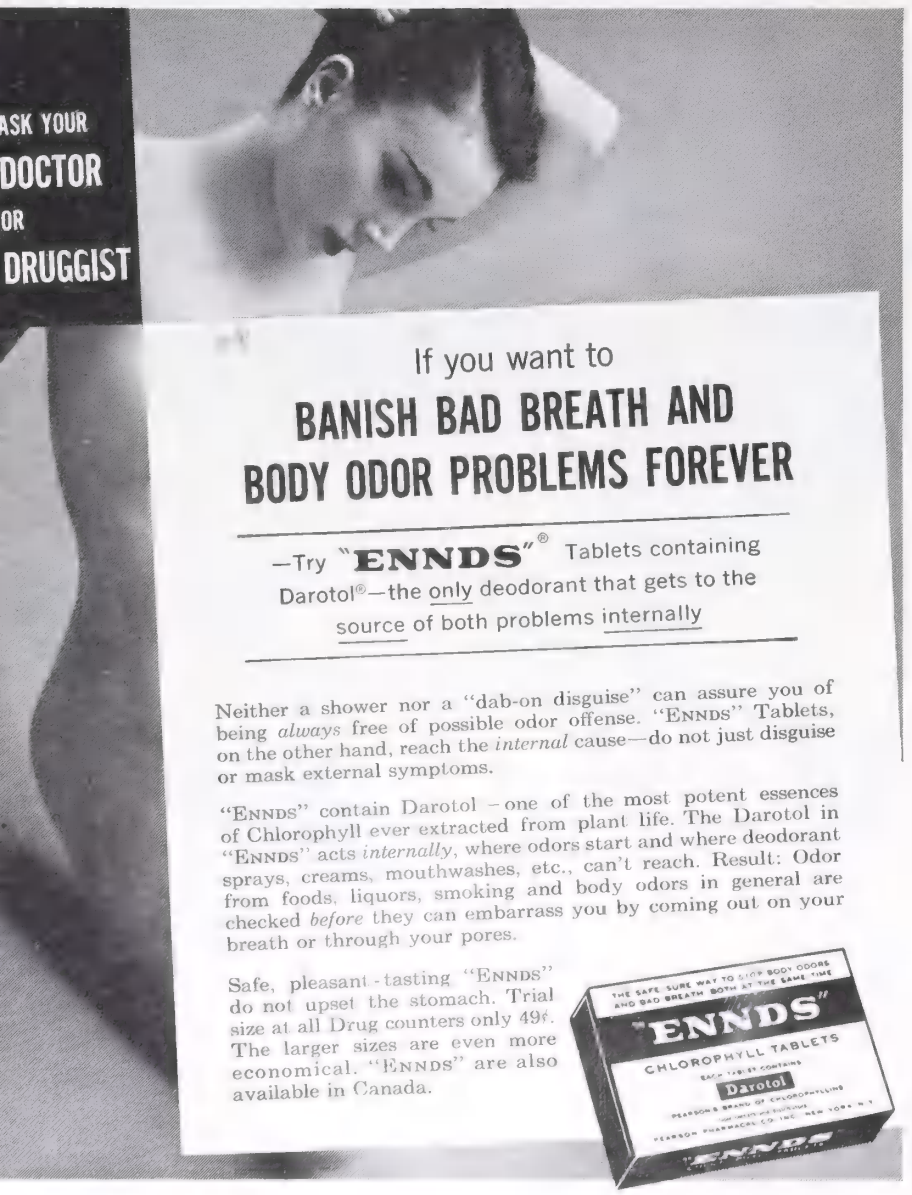
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"No one ever convinced an Orange," he remarked with a small laugh. "You can only get them to do what *they* think best." He added in a milder tone, "Oh, well, she'll come around.

"By the way," he remarked lightly, with one of his unpredictable changes of mood, "how do you like Jan Roell?"

Zussie could feel the color mounting in her cheeks. "Very nice," she murmured noncommittally.

"I understand you're seeing a good deal of him."

The prince moved back to his desk and began fiddling with his medals and honorary police badges, arranged with military precision on his desk blotter. Behind him, Eisenhower, Field Marshal Montgomery, Tedder and a dozen other military commanders stared at him from the wall. Close by his desk in heavy silver frames were autographed photographs of Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Roosevelt's was inscribed: "To Bernhard, whom I call my friend."

"Jan adm ires you greatly," the prince went on teasingl . "Martine told him what a heroine you were under fire."

He picked up and scrutinized a new photograph of Trix and Irene on their ponies, then smilingly put it back. Then he glanced at a colored photograph of a laughing, carefree Juliana in an *haut monde* satin ball gown and orchids and diamond tiara. It was the most glamorous picture Zussie had ever seen of the Dutch crown princess.

Zussie could not read the expression in his blue eyes behind the round white-gold spectacles.

The war has left its mark on him, she thought. *He seems older, more serious, more tolerant. But*, she thought, *he has not lost his sense of humor*. Behind him was a small wooden board on which a white slogan painted in English read:

"Why be disagreeable, when with a little more effort you could be a real STINKER?"

Now the prince was grinning again. He picked up some small object from his desk and, walking over to Zussie, presented it to her with a gallant bow.

"Jan Roell is a fine fellow," he observed. "But in affairs of the heart it's well to be prepared."

Zussie burst out laughing as she took from His Royal Highness a small tube of glue. "Really, Bernhard, I have no intention of breaking my heart over Jan Roell. We're just good friends."

She did not meet the prince's keen eyes as she uttered this outright fib. She was in truth dismayingly in love with the virile, homely-faced brother of the war victim, William Roell. Once she had thought that she wanted a husband and children more than anything else in the world. Now that she was faced with the prospect of leaving Soestdijk forever, she felt suddenly unsure.

How could she desert the princesses at such a time, when everything was so new and strange and difficult for them? Could she leave Juliana, who had already lost Martine?

Just in case, she thought. As she left the room, she slipped the little tube of glue into her pocket.

One afternoon in August a few weeks later the princess told Zussie that the headmaster of a coeducational private school was coming to tea. "His name is Kees Boeke and he married a Quaker, one of the English Cadburys," she said. "You must have heard of his Bilthoven School."

Zussie certainly had. It was known as one of the most progressive in Holland. But she had heard more about its headmaster, Kees Boeke. He had been variously described to her as an anarchist, an idealist, and "one of those crazy saints who set the world on fire." He had been in and out of jail several times, she knew.

Mr. Boeke turned out to be a tall, fair Dutchman in a shabby gray suit. He had an infinitely gentle manner and dreamy blue eyes which seemed to be looking at another world. Throughout the interview he addressed Her Royal Highness as Madam.

When Princess Juliana inquired about the beginnings of his school, he explained that he had been trained to be a civil engineer, not a schoolmaster. During the First World War in England he had been deported for exhorting the ammunition workers at Birmingham to love the Germans.

"For quite a while," he explained gently, "I was an anarchist. All governments were based upon force and therefore bad, I decided. So when the English deported me back to Holland, I stopped paying taxes to this government and removed my children from state-supported schools. I also gave up all the privileges of citizenship—such as voting, and mailing and receiving letters, and sending telegrams, and riding on trains." He gave a little laugh. "As I remember, I was also careful not to walk on sidewalks, which were paid for by taxes. Then my wife and I came to another decision. She had quite a considerable fortune inherited from the Cadbury chocolate works. We gave it all to the chocolate workers. We decided to live without money."

PIANO LESSON

By **MARY G. G. BURNS**

Miss Maude came every summer Monday,
Treading to music slowly played
In three-four time. She carried a music roll,
A lace handkerchief and a blue sunshade.

The swish of her silk petticoat
Was like wind in the cottonwood leaves;
Measures slipped from her finger tips
Gently as raindrops off the eaves.

"Awakening Lion," "Maiden's Prayer,"
Morrison's "Meditations";
"Bright Star of Heaven" (broken chords),
"Mockingbird, with Variations."

"Play with Expression, child," she pled—
"Deep in the forest a wild beast is roaring . . .
Think how you'd feel, your lover dead . . .
A single star in the darkness is soaring."

But the parlor walls were safe and cool—
My hands were puzzled on the keys;
Beyond the windows June was coaxing,
Dolls waited under the locust trees.

If you would come again, Miss Maude,
On any Monday, to hear me play,
The pieces would all seem primer-easy—
You'd smile: "The lesson was perfect today."

Zussie was so startled she dropped a stitch n the sweater she was knitting for Pietie. But uliana merely murmured, "How did you ver manage, Mr. Boeke?"

The schoolmaster smiled dreamily. "It was he miracle of the loaves and fishes, *mevrouw*. For twelve years my wife and I and our eight children never touched a piece of money. Of ourse our friends helped.

"I remember the day I decided to start eaching my children in our bare living room. Most of the furniture had been removed by he tax collectors. The children sat on the loor, each with a fresh white notebook and pencil. We had no money for textbooks, so taught them their three R's from memory. But soon I was prosecuted for not having the proper teaching credentials."

When this difficulty was overcome, friends nd neighbors interested in having Mr. Boeke each their children raised enough money to uild a small schoolhouse. "It had no chimeys because they cost too much," the educaor serenely reminisced. "In the wintertime I aught in an overcoat and the children sat at heir desks in mittens and scarves. But the mportant thing was the spirit of love in that ttle school."

He went on to explain that he called his chool a workshop, or model community. After classes, masters and pupils worked side y side at manual tasks. "We try to stress the worth of every individual. Nothing is forced. Each child progresses at the rate best suited to im. And we never give grades. So often, we nd, marks mean heartbreak in childhood. We neasure progress in a different way—by the naturity of a child's emotions, in the way he earns to replace aggression with love, as well s by his mental growth."

At the end of the interview, Mr. Boeke told rincess Juliana that he was not at all eager o instruct royalty. Their presence might ruin he simple and unpretentious nature of his chool. He could guarantee that the teachers nd students would treat Trix and Irene exctly like all the other workers, but he could ot control mobs of photographers or sightseers. Also, he feared for the princesses' peronal safety.

Juliana assured him that the press would not e allowed anywhere near the school, and she elt sure that the public would co-operate in eaving the princesses alone. As for security neasures, Mr. Sesink would probably arrange or detectives to accompany the girls every ay, but they would remain unobtrusively utside the school building.

Mr. Boeke shook his head dubiously. "But he Germans wrecked my school!" he said. My faculty was sent to forced-labor camps. t present we are using one of our teachers' omes. We have no supplies and no funds. Alas"—he smiled at them—"I was forced to ive up my futile struggle against the use of noney. It simply wasn't practical."

Zussie suppressed a smile. Not practical, ndeed. With eight children!

"I'm sure that can all be arranged," uliana was saying decisively. Before Mr. oeke left, he consented to accept the prinesses.

THAT night as the adults sipped their coffee Juliana's study after dinner, the princess old her husband about the Boeke School, the ost progressive of its kind in Holland. She aid she felt that such a school would ease the djustment of the princesses to life in Holland.

The prince said little, but Zussie had the eling that he was not entirely convinced.

Princess Armgard, who was visiting them or the first time in almost six years, looked urprised when she heard that Trix and Irene ould be expected to help keep the Boeke chool clean by scrubbing floors and washing indows but tactfully remained silent.

The German princess, looking pitifully thin nd ill and haggard from her war experiences, ill retained her humorous perspective on life.

"You remember that flagpole the Nazis gave e after your last visit to Reckenwalde?" she uddenly asked her son. "When the Russians ad almost reached our home last spring, I alled one of my most trusted tenants. 'Do you e those two flagpoles?' I told him. 'When the ussians arrive, I want you to do something r me. From the first flagpole I want hung the local burgomaster, and from the other, the local chief of the Gestapo.'"

Her eyes, so like her son's, crinkled humorously. "And do you know what he said?" she went on. "'We can take care of the burgomaster, Your Highness, but I'm afraid the Gestapo chief has already been spoken for by the next village.'"

Bernhard joined in his mother's laughter. Then he asked, "How did you ever get that last letter to me during the war? The handwriting on the envelope was not yours."

"No," she replied, "I gave it to a friend who was going to try to get through the German lines to the Allied zone. I asked her to address it to you in England if she succeeded.

"IN the letter I told Bernhard that I was back in the scenes of my childhood," she told the two women. "I knew that he would know I meant Westphalia. Then I wrote, 'One of my greatest pleasures is listening to the beautiful concerts on the radio, especially Saturday and Sunday nights.'"

"That *was* a puzzler," grinned Bernhard, shaking his head. "I knew that you never cared for serious music, and especially loathed concerts. However, I knew that many messages to the underground in Occupied Europe were played over the BBC musical programs."

"I always listened to them," the German princess recalled, "even if I didn't know what they meant. 'The roses are in full bloom tonight'—I remember hearing that often."

"Yes," interrupted her son, "and 'the eagle has lost one of his feathers.' That meant somebody important to our side had escaped from the Nazis to England."

"After sending Bernhard that last letter," Armgard continued, "I sat by my radio every night, enduring those frightful concerts. When we could hear the sounds of the Allied guns in Westphalia, the British announcer said, 'The pasha is aware of your message.'"

Tears welled into her eyes as she looked over at her handsome son. "'Pasha' was the name our Chinese amah gave to Bernhard."

Zussie could remember Bernhard's joy when the Americans found his mother's hiding place in Westphalia and General Eisenhower reported she was alive and well, and so was Aschwin.

"How do you think the pasha looks?" Juliana asked her mother-in-law with a twinkle.

Bernhard had recently grown an extremely weedy-looking mustache. He did it, he had told them, to see which of his friends had the courage to tell him how awful it looked.

Princess Armgard rose brilliantly to the gambit. "Why, if Bernhard feels that he *has* to grow a mustache, then I feel it looks perfectly splendid on him!"

Zussie often heard the prince repeat his mother's supremely tactful remark. He kept the mustache until he had trapped as many so-called friends as he cared to, then, to the family's great relief, he shaved it off.

In the middle of September, Trix and Irene went off to school wearing identical blue wool sweaters and skirts and each carrying a red lunch pail with slices of bread and butter and an apple. When at two o'clock the chauffeur brought them and their two detectives home, Trix reported that they had taken English lessons sitting cross-legged on their teacher's bed.

It was several weeks before they were able to move out of the teacher's home into Boeke's former schoolhouse. That fall the story was widely circulated that Trix had thrown a wet mop across a classroom, protesting that cleaning floors was no job for a princess.

Zussie felt that this story, which contained not a grain of truth, reflected the reaction of the average Dutchman to the news that the Princesses of Orange were attending such a radical school. It was reported that the headmaster called Princess Juliana "*mevrouw*" like any ordinary Dutch housewife, who in turn addressed him as "Mr. Boeke," but the princesses called their headmaster *Kees!*

In spite of her own qualms about the educational methods of Mr. Boeke, Zussie had to admit that from the very first day both Trix and Irene adored the Boeke School. They not only pitched into the chores wholeheartedly, but frequently did more than their share.

It was not known, for instance, that when the wife of one of the teachers became ill, several girls volunteered to do her housework after school and Trix was one of them. Zussie was sure it was not pleasant work. The house was small and overcrowded, babies cried and needed attention to their diapers and noses, and the kitchen sink was generally piled high with unwashed dishes.

The volunteers soon lost their enthusiasm for the job and one by one stopped going. But Trix continued faithfully for weeks and did not relinquish her responsibility until a nurse was finally secured for the bedridden mother.

One afternoon Trix told Zussie that two of the teachers' bicycles had been stolen. Trix had noticed that their teachers carried home at night in tin pails the food which the children practiced cooking at school. Trix knew that the spinach was usually gritty and the pudding full of lumps. She wondered how teachers could eat such food. Zussie told her that they probably could not afford supper any other way.

The next day Trix appeared at school with a cardboard box and passed it among the students with a plea for contributions. Although money was exceedingly scarce in Holland at that time, she collected enough to pay

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for two new bicycles. "One of the teachers cried," she told Zussie afterward. "She said she never could have bought one herself. She said that a new bicycle would take almost two months' salary."

A little later she added, regarding her own two-wheeler and Irene's old tricycle outside the palace playroom, "We're rich, aren't we?"

"Yes," said Zussie, "you are."

Trix thought about it awhile. "Well," she finally concluded with a grin, "I can't say I'm sorry."

The two girls became very fond of their idealistic headmaster. However, they did not always follow his kindly example. One day while Trix was crawling on the classroom floor collecting pieces of paper for the wastebasket she discovered a slip of paper on which was written, "Trix and Benny are fools." She recognized the handwriting of a fellow worker. This, she decided, called for revenge.

She quickly organized a small band, captured the culprit, and tied him to a tree near the playground. The group then began to pile sticks and branches against his feet. He quickly promised never to call Trix and Benny names again.

"Weren't you scared?" she gloated afterward. "Weren't you frightened to death that we would burn you?"

The boy snickered. "Not at all. But I *was* afraid that you would tell the queen and she might put me in jail."

Trix snorted. "The very idea! As if granny didn't have her hands full already, without bothering about you."

The two princesses loved to act in plays, and whenever they performed, Juliana and often Bernhard would be sitting in the audience of proud parents. By this time the former anarchist Mr. Boeke owned a state-supported school with an auditorium, science laboratories, kitchens and laundries where both boys and girls learned to cook and wash clothes, studios for drawing and sculpturing, a ceramic furnace for firing pottery, and a spacious gymnasium. Behind the school was a huge garden where every kind of vegetable and fruit was cultivated by the children, as well as many kinds of flowers.

Both Trix and Irene loved the creative activities, but both had difficulties with their arithmetic. Zussie felt it was extremely unfortunate that Juliana and Bernhard happened to remark in Trix's presence that they had never been good at figuring. From that moment neither princess tried very hard.

"Do you think it's true that mathematical geniuses have a special lump on their skulls?" the teacher once asked Irene's class.

"Yes," replied Irene promptly. "And I have a hole."

Another skill which the princesses could not, or would not, master was needlework. Trying to knit or embroider or sew simply bored them stiff. It was much too slow. But with a piece of paper and a pencil Trix could sketch happily for hours. Everyone recognized her talent for drawing, but it was her teacher at the Boeke School who discovered that her greater talent lay in sculpturing. It was at the Boeke School, too, that slender and graceful Irene conceived her great passion for dancing.

HOWEVER, Zussie continued to have her doubts about this highly progressive school. She knew that both Trix and Irene were bright, lively and energetic children, but simply because they were interested in everything and everybody, it was impossible to get them to concentrate on something for any length of time. They tended to flit from one activity to another at top speed

The system at Boeke School, where a child proceeds at his own rate of speed without coercion from above, requires a good deal of self-discipline. Some children are born with it, Mr. Boeke explained, some acquire it, and some never do. Sitting at their desks, faced with a page of arithmetic sums which they could finish today, tomorrow or next week, Trix and Irene were easily distracted, Zussie felt sure.

The second weakness of the school, in Zussie's opinion, was that, without coercion, children must be inspired to study, and that inspiration was not always forthcoming from the hastily recruited faculty.

The girls tended to develop in a somewhat lopsided way. Irene, who very much enjoyed grubbing around the big vegetable garden at school, learned a great deal about the life and habits of the Colorado potato beetle, but she could not multiply six by seven. Trix did some marvelous sculpturing, but her spelling remained atrocious.

Finally summer vacation arrived, and the royal family moved outdoors. Afternoons the girls relaxed by the huge swimming pool with their mother and nurse and riding and swimming and tennis instructors.

One such afternoon Zussie learned that Juliana was expecting another baby.

Oh, dear, thought the nurse with a sinking feeling, *I must tell her. I must give her time to find somebody else.*

And so she told her that she was marrying Jan Roell.

"Of course I won't leave until you find another nurse," she promised.

Juliana shook her head. "As if we could ever replace you, Zussie."

Trix couldn't understand it at all. "But Zussie, *we're* your family!" she told her. "What do you need a man for?"

Even Zussie's promise that the three girls could be bridesmaids failed to dispel their gloom.

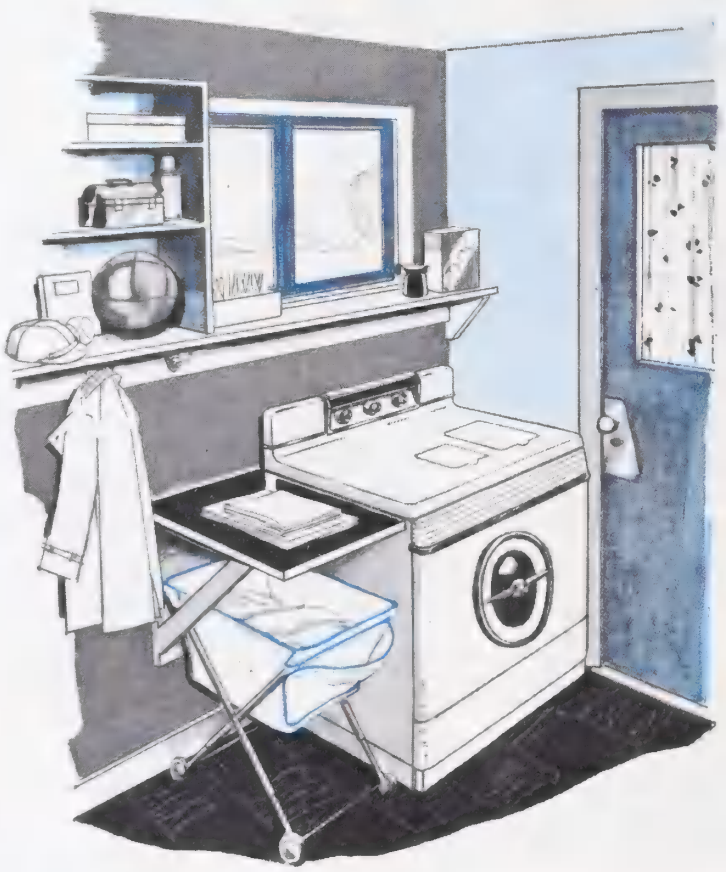
Juliana promised to start interviewing candidates immediately so that Zussie could set a definite wedding day.

However, her efforts became more and more halfhearted until finally, reluctantly, with many misgivings and severe twinges of conscience, Zussie gave in to her fiancé's urgings and told the royal family she would like to leave in October.

When September came and went and still no nurse had been found, she considered canceling all her wedding plans.

Finally, one Saturday night at the beginning of October Juliana remarked, "I think we've found the one, Zussie. She's Dutch, but we

A new look at Laundry



The home laundry these da can be housed upstairs or down wherever it fits family needs.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

ONCE we carted clothes to wherever the laundry was. Today the laundry meets the clothes more than halfway. Modern washers with clean water piped in and soiled water piped out are no longer hazards to surrounding floors or furnishings.

These laundries can be installed wherever plumbing and venting connections can be made. It all depends on where you work most happily. (If certain items must be line-dried, pick your work spot handy to an outside door.) A washer will need hot and cold water, a drain and an electric outlet. For driers, the heat may be supplied by gas or electricity, and the fastest-drying electric models need heavy-duty wiring such as that for an electric range. Some driers need ducts to the outside to carry off steam and drying heat, while others condense moisture and it flows down the drain. With the plumbing in mind, choose the work spot best for you!

IN FIRST-FLOOR SERVICE ENTRANCE, *this laundry is close to the kitchen for easy plumbing and convenient use. Where space is short, the single 36"-wide appliance that washes and dries clothes is space-saving. Start a load while brewing breakfast coffee, and it's dried by the time the beds are made. The unit shown here uses gas for drying, and excess heat is vented at the rear. In most places mud rooms like this need heat in winter to protect pipes.*

Families who rent, or who can't arrange permanent plumbing connections in their home, will welcome new portable automatic washers that can be wheeled up to a sink or tub at clothes-cleaning time.

A word about laundry tubs. Once such tubs all had sloping fronts—a relic of the old washboard days. New laundry sinks are neat and rectangular, some made of strong yet lightweight plastic and glass fiber, many offering storage cabinets underneath. Laundry sinks are needed with automatic washers that reuse the soapy water, and they serve, too, for hand-washing woolens and delicate fabrics. In some locations the extra sink relieves congestion in the kitchen, as it can also be used for arranging flowers, scrubbing vegetables and doing other tasks.

In two-story houses, a laundry center on the bedroom floor can save extra trips downstairs with soiled clothes and upstairs with the same ones cleaned. Some people we know make use of big old-fashioned bathrooms by installing laundry centers there where plumbing connections are nearby. In new houses, water and drain pipes can be planned to serve a second-floor bath and laundry such as the wall section on the next page. Remember that any second-floor laundry needs a drier—else handling wet clothes would be a problem. Other happy combinations on first or second floor are laundries teamed with sewing, hobby or guest rooms, or combined with kitchens if kept out of the food-preparation center.

On a shelf near the washer ought to go soap, detergent, measures for doling them out, bluing, bleach, stain removers, starch, and in hard-water areas water softeners or conditioners. Also important in getting good results—reliable hot water.

ad to fetch her all the way from Texas! She's een taking care of some American children. 'ou'll see her at dinner tonight."

Cocktails were served that evening in the rince's downstairs study with its very mascune *décor* of sand and beige. Juliana was knitng some blue bootees by the copper-hooded replace. The thirty-seven-year-old Dutch rown princess looked radiant in the fifth ıonth of her pregnancy, her fair skin firm as girl's, her dark blond hair still untouched by ray.

Bernhard was talking rapidly into the telehone when the nurse knocked and entered. It ɔunded like a business discussion, which the prince seemed to be conducting in several languages, including French, Spanish, and American slang.

The prince had been for several years inspector general of the Dutch army, navy and air force—a highly responsible job, Zussie had been told, by no means bestowed automatically on members of royalty. He had also been elected to several boards of directors of Dutch firms, including the Dutch Royal Airlines. His friends had begun referring to him in private by his initials, "P. B.," the way Americans referred to their business tycoons.

"*À bientôt*," the prince was saying now. "O.K.! *Adiós!*" and he hung up.

There was a discreet knock at the door and at Bernhard's peremptory "Come in!" the door swung open and a tall, dark, gangling girl in a white nurse's uniform stood there.

"Why, *hello*, Anneke!" exclaimed Zussie, recognizing an old school chum.

"Sophia!" cried the new nurse.

"How do you do, Miss Huidekoper," said the prince, striding over briskly and shaking her hand.

Princess Juliana studied the newcomer's face as her husband completed the introductions.

"Oh," she remarked finally, "you must be the sister of that nice officer we met on the Sumatra going to Canada!"

The nurse beamed. "I didn't expect you to remember, Your Royal Highness. That was six years ago."

"My wife never forgets a name or a face," put in the prince smoothly, pulling out a beige leather club chair for the nurse to sit down.

"And how is your brother? And the Sumatra?" asked Zussie.

"My brother spent most of the war in a Japanese concentration camp," Miss Huidekoper explained. "The Sumatra fought in the war in the Pacific but was finally sunk, I believe."

"She lies in the English Channel off Normandy," put in Bernhard. "And what would you like to drink, Miss Huidekoper?"

"Sherry, thank you, Your Royal Highness," replied the new nurse primly.

"Not an American old-fashioned?" asked the prince. "Didn't you learn to drink them in Houston? I can make you a very good one."

"No, thank you," she refused, laughing. Her old schoolmate had a very warm and relaxed kind of laugh, Zussie was glad to notice.

"Were you surprised to get our letter?" Juliana wanted to know. "A member of our staff recommended you highly."

"Very surprised," replied the nurse. "The American family I was working for had paid my passage from Holland so I didn't feel as though I could leave them after only two months. But the moment your letter came they said, 'If Princess Juliana wants you, of course you must go.'"

Zussie recalled the day the square white letter with its engraved crown in one corner changed the whole course and direction of her life. Indeed, she probably would not be marrying her engineer Jan Roell if she had not hurried to Soestdijk on her bicycle on that wet and raw March evening, now more than eight years ago.

Miss Huidekoper was saying, "I also read in the States that a new baby was expected in the Dutch royal family. I think that's what finally decided me. I can't resist new babies."

Juliana smiled. "Yes," she replied happily, "I'm expecting in February. Come, I'll show you the children before they go to sleep. Trix has a small fever—nothing at all serious. Trix was my bungle cloth," Zussie could hear the princess explaining as she took the new nurse's arm and they went out the door together.

Zussie stared after them, wondering how it was possible to feel so happy, and at the same time so very wretched.

The prince, leaning against the fireplace mantel with its collection of miniature porcelain elephants and dogs, and its many photographs of airplanes, looked at her expectantly.

"I think she will do very nicely," she told the prince. Her voice sounded stiff and insincere to her ears. Forcing some warmth into her words, she added, "She'll do fine."

The prince grinned at her. "Never mind, Zussie," he said sympathetically. "Soon you'll be having a parcel of kids of your own."

Two days later Anneke Huidekoper moved into Zussie's room and Zussie was driven out the big palace gates. Not for the last time, however. When Juliana heard that Zussie was inquiring about hotels in which to hold her wedding reception, she phoned her and said, "Why not at Soestdijk? There's plenty of room here!"

Trix and Irene were both bridesmaids, wearing dresses of blue voile which they wore on many subsequent occasions. They also had new gray squirrel jackets of which they were terribly proud. Pietie was the flower girl. Afterward a wedding luncheon for fifty-two guests was held in the Waterloo Room at Soestdijk Palace where Zussie had so often played with her young royal charges.

Her wedding present from Bernhard and Juliana was a radio which she still has in her living room. Queen Wilhelmina presented her with a brooch.

After their honeymoon, the newlywed Roells moved into a red brick villa surrounded by quiet fields and woods close to a small country village. It was part of the Roell family estates, where Jan and William and their parents had lived before the war.

It was not long before Pietie and the new governess came to call.

Centers

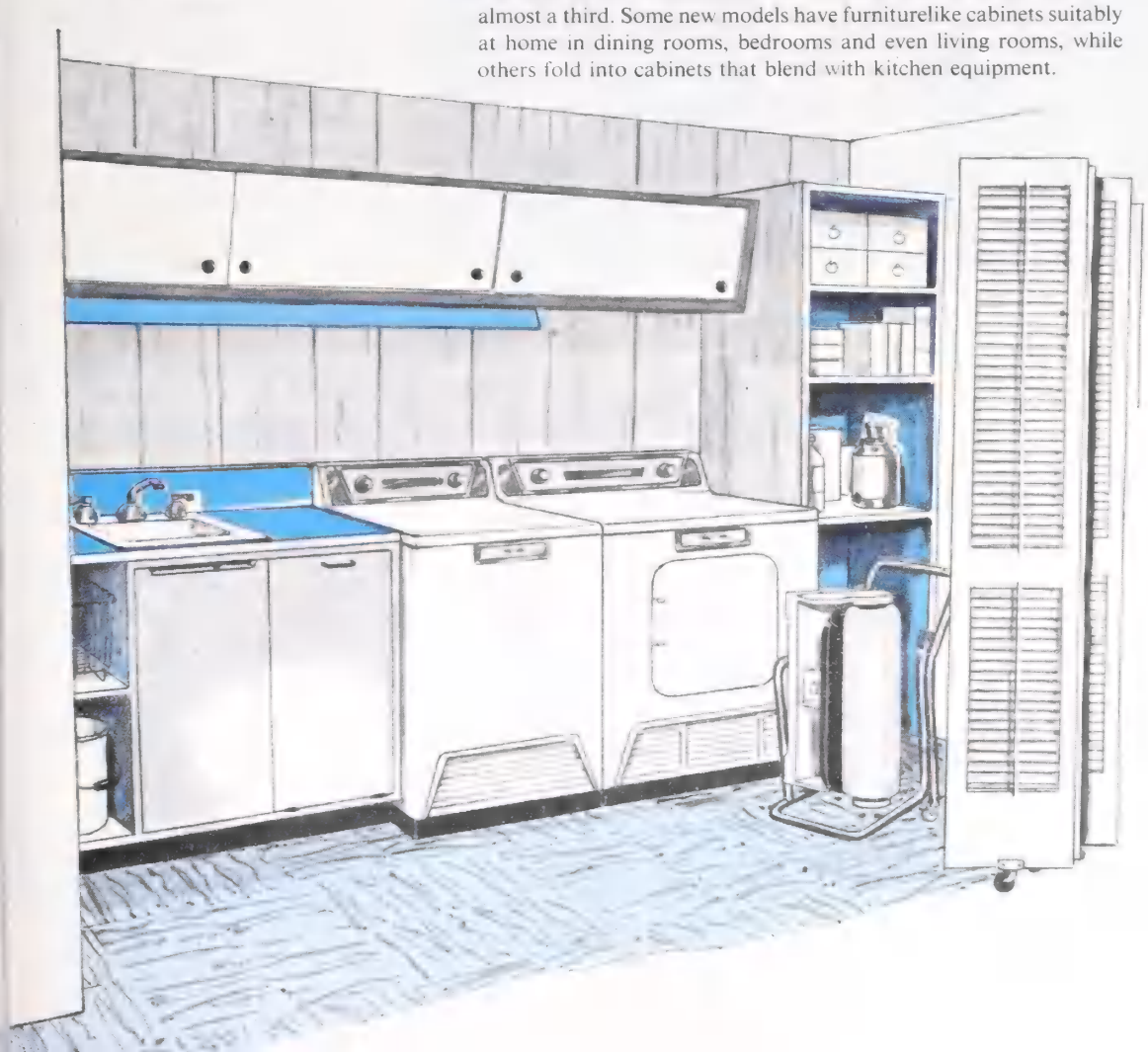
RICHARDSON



IN SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY laundry is close to bed- and bathrooms where a large share of soiled clothes collects. The combination washer-dryer here is 30″ wide and comes in five colors ranging from soft pink to deep wood-tone brown. The arrangement, including the appliance built in at no-stoop height plus ventilated hamper and storage for linen and laundry supplies, takes about 4′ of wall space. A new use for generous-sized linen closets in old homes—if plumbing can be arranged. The unit uses electric heat for drying, and moisture and lint go down the drain.

IN BASEMENT, *laundry at end of playroom hides behind shutters between washdays. With washer, dryer and ironer nearby, clothes go from hamper to linen closet in shortest time. Using separate machines, a second load washes while a first is drying, and by taking clothes from the dryer when damp-for-ironing, no sprinkling is needed. The washer and dryer together are 55″ wide; the small portable ironer, folded for storage, occupies a 15″ x 17″ floor space.*

No need for ironing to be tied to the washing-drying center. Comfort and convenience decide a place to work. Today's ironing load is lighter because many dryer-dried things don't need an iron if removed while slightly damp and folded smooth, and some new fabrics dry wrinkle-free. Even so, there is still ironing to be done. Needed will be an ironing table and iron, a basket or cart for moist clothes, racks or a table for finished work. Ironers can cut work time almost a third. Some new models have furniturelike cabinets suitably at home in dining rooms, bedrooms and even living rooms, while others fold into cabinets that blend with kitchen equipment.



"Oh, goody!" cried Pietie, looking around as they entered Zussie's home. "A house! Come on," she said, tugging at Zussie's skirts, "let's call up Mr. Sesink and mommy and Martine and all be together and cozy again like we were in Canada!"

"Heavens, Pietie!" laughed Zussie, hugging and kissing the smallest princess. "I didn't think you remembered all that!"

"Do you have any cookies?" When Zussie nodded, the smallest princess ran out to the kitchen to find the cook.

The two women sipped their tea, gazing out the big living-room window at the snow-covered garden.

"I don't know how to tell the family," Anneke admitted finally, "but I've just got engaged."

"But you have only been at Soestdijk two months!" exclaimed Zussie.

"I know," admitted the nurse. "It happened very suddenly. Dick—he's my fiancé—saw my picture in the papers when the palace announced that I was taking your place as the children's nurse. Dick remembered that he knew my brother in a Jap concentration camp. He decided to look me up." She giggled. "Dick says it's terribly hard, courting a girl in a palace—all those guards and locked gates and detectives. I have so little time off—you know what it's like, Sophia, with three children to look after."

"Yes, go on."

"Dick comes to see me in the evening in the library," Anneke told her. "Usually one of the footmen brings us a tray of drinks or coffee. Last night I was surprised to see that the tray was already set up on the buffet. Right in the middle of it was a big platter of hot fried onions. I had to laugh. The prince knows I adore them. I guess he was trying to discourage our romance."

"Perhaps he was," smiled Zussie, thinking of a small tube of glue. "I'm sure he hates the idea of losing such an excellent nurse so soon."

"By the way," remarked her former schoolmate, gazing out the window, "do you remember when mummie had the German measles? I mean Princess Juliana. She asked me to call her and Bernhard by their first names, but somehow I just couldn't. It's different with you, but I call them mummie and pappie, like the children. Do you remember when she was sick?"

"Why, yes," replied Zussie. "It was last summer. She was only sick for a day—it was nothing."

"Do you remember how far along she was in her pregnancy?" persisted Miss Huidekoper, looking at her with serious eyes.

Zussie calculated back. "Why, very early I'd say. In her first or second month. Why do you ask? Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, no," responded the nurse hastily, getting to her feet. "Well, I really must run along. You've no idea how busy we are opening presents for the coming baby. Mummie isn't going to keep one—they're all to be given away to babies who arrive the same day as hers."

"How is Juliana feeling?" asked Zussie uneasily.

"Oh, extremely well. She's the type to have a dozen children."

"And the prince?"

"He's walking around with bronchitis and a fever. There's no stopping him! He refuses to go to bed."

Several weeks later, Juliana phoned. "Could you and Jan come to dinner tonight?" she asked. "The children are putting on a play for us in the new movie room."

"But isn't your baby due this week?" inquired Zussie.

"Any day now," replied the princess. "Doctor de Groot has moved into the palace with us. But who knows? Trix was two weeks late, remember?"

"Very well, we'll be there," promised Zussie.

It was a bitterly cold February evening, but the frigid temperature and harsh wind had not discouraged a large crowd from collecting by the palace gates, eager to be the first to learn the news. For weeks the people had speculated endlessly on the possibility of this fourth child's being a boy. The last Dutch heir apparent had been born in 1843.

"This is probably our last chance in this generation," Zussie's gardener had informed her solemnly. "I just know it's a boy!" he added.

As the Roell car paused by the sentry box at the front palace gates, Zussie could see dozens of newspaper reporters playing cards and drinking in the brightly lighted inn across the street. Sixty of them had been there for two weeks, Miss Huidekoper had told her, waiting to flash the announcement across the news wires of the world.

The west-wing library had been refurnished as a gift of the youth of Holland. Juliana had personally approved each piece of furniture so that the room looked very much the way it did before the war, with comfortable upholstered pieces in beige and a soft green which matched the handsome jade-and-gold clock and vases.

By the door was a small table with a pile of opened brown-paper packages which Zussie imagined were baby presents sent to the palace which Juliana intended to give away. On top of them was a plump little baby pillow with a note attached to it in Juliana's firm round handwriting.

"Anneke," it said, "please see that this pillow is made *much* smaller. Otherwise some poor child might *suffocate* in it."

Trix came running up to Zussie and kissed her, then curtsied and shook her husband's hand.

"Hi, Jan!" she greeted him. Then, "I'm going to have a baby brother," she told her former nurse. "Real soon!"

"Now, Trix," laughed her mother, "don't get your hopes up! A new little sister would be just as nice."

"It would *not*," protested Trix. "We've already got Pietie."

The third little princess came running into the library in a white *mousseline de soie* dress intricately tucked and pleated. Her face was flushed with excitement and her eyes sparkled



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"See my new dress!" she called to Zussie, twirling around on her toes so that a dozen bracelets on her plump arms jingled merrily.

"Oh, Pietie," moaned her mother, "that's about the fifth dress you've worn today. And how many times have I told you that you may wear *one* bracelet at a time and *one* necklace? Now please run along and take all the rest of that jewelry *right off!*"

Pietie scowled, then, climbing into an amphibious vehicle equipped with foot paddles—a present from the Dutch marines on her fourth birthday—she charged out the door.

After supper the group trooped down to the basement movie room which could seat about seventy-five people comfortably. It also contained a small stage where Zussie had often watched the princesses give their performances. Usually, they charged admission—"No less than a dime, please"—which they gave to the Red Cross.

Apparently this evening's show was free. Trix announced that it was called The Stairs and indicated that an important event which had recently taken place on the west-wing doorstep would be faithfully re-enacted.

In the first scene, the three princesses seemed to be watching something out the window. They giggled and pointed and jumped up and down. Next Trix made an appearance wearing rouge and lipstick and a fur coat which Zussie recognized as Anneke's. "Good night, Dick!" she murmured lovingly to Irene, who was dressed in a topcoat and long trousers, her blond locks pushed up under the top hat.

From Anneke Huidekoper's scarlet countenance it was easy to guess that the performance was a complete surprise to her. She covered her face with her hands as though she found the kissing scene excruciatingly prolonged. But Zussie felt even sorrier for her during the last act. This showed the three princesses telling all the servants what they had witnessed from their bedroom windows.

Juliana laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. Bernhard, too, joined in the fun, but he looked tired and drawn, Zussie thought. His solicitous glance strayed often to his wife.

When Zussie and her husband left the palace at eleven, the waiting crowds were still here, moving their arms and feet to keep warm. She was glad they did not know what she knew, what Doctor de Groot had intimated to her shocked ears during dinner.

I hope it's not a boy! she thought. When Irene was born, and Pietie, she had hoped for a boy. Now she thought, *Trix must be queen!*

In the morning she awoke to the sound of cannon fire booming across the frozen fields and canals. Juliana's child had been born that night! Hardly daring to breathe, Zussie sat rigidly on the edge of her bed, and began to count.

Next month: Juliana becomes queen—"Are you going to reign a bit, mommie?" asked Pietie.

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

THE higher the income, the more apt there is to be parsley on the plate.

Domestic relations: the ones you feed in the kitchen.

Small sister, watching brother with girl friend: "They're hugging hands, mommie."

When a man boasts, it is an indication that he holds his listener in higher esteem than he does himself.

Two young boys overheard:
"Your hands are clean!"
"Yeah."
"Help your mom with the dishes?"
"Nah."
"The clothes?"
"Naah!"
"You mean you just *washed* them!"

A good family circle is best maintained by permitting members occasionally to take to their corners.

The ABC's of a bride: Always Be Calm.

A too-independent woman can take away the instinctive gallantry which makes a man want to protect, provide for and pamper the "weaker" sex.

A career woman works for a man; a housewife, because of a man.

Ah, yes, there *are* men who think a housewife's work can get done and stay done; and strange to say, they are usually married.

No married man or woman should try to make his future catch up with his mate's past.

A sign appearing in the window of an elderly gentleman's house has captured the heart of his neighborhood: "Dogs clipped, $2.00. Or if you can't afford it and it is for the benefit of the dog, will do it for nothing."

The one time a person should not live up to his fullest capacity is when he is on a diet.

Persons who have gone through several years of marriage should recognize the inevitability of sometimes quarreling, but never before their children.

Progressive education for girls: the shortest distance between finger painting and painting fingers.

If a child telephones a parent to wish him a happy birthday and reverses the charge, the parent must gather his crumbs of comfort where he can; at least he didn't have to put in the call.

"The way to forget your worries," says our favorite cleaning woman, "is to write them in a letter and mail it to yourself. When you get the letter back, in a few days, you'll be surprised that most of those troubles are just little ones, because by that time you are probably working on an entirely new batch."

At twenty, when a man turns to look at a woman she knows why, but a decade or two later she glances in the next store window to see if something is showing.

Our local bachelor says, "The straighter the seams in her nylons, the more apt a girl is to be single."

"I never quite get rid of the feeling when dressing the daughters up to look their best that I'm working against myself."

Parenthood: when you can use the experience you haven't had.
Grandparenthood: when you can't use the experience you've had.

No man knows his true character until he has run out of gas, purchased something on the installment plan, and raised an adolescent.



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How to make new, oven-fresh

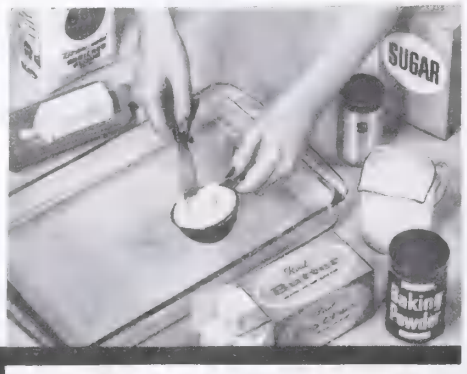
Butter Dips

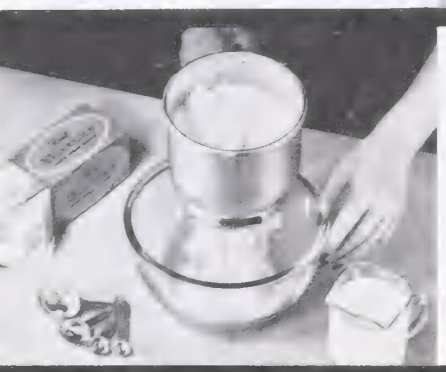
Crispy Hot Breads . . . dipped and baked in real butter!

⅓ cup BUTTER (for pan)
3½ tsps. baking powder 2¼ cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour 1½ tsps. salt
1 tbsp. sugar 1 cup milk

You can't beat the real thing—real butter

1. Butter the pan—Heat oven to 450° F. (hot oven). Measure ⅓ cup of soft butter and spoon it into oblong pan, either metal or glass, 13 x 9½ x 2 inches. Place pan in oven just until the butter is melted. Remove from oven immediately when butter is melted.



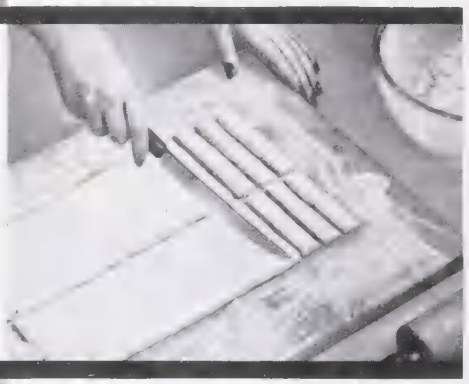


You taste the difference even more on hot foods

2. Sift the dry ingredients—First sift 2¼ cups flour. Then sift flour again with 1 tablespoon sugar, 3½ teaspoons baking powder, 1½ teaspoons salt. Next add gradually 1 cup milk. Stir mixture slowly *with fork until dough just clings together (about 30 strokes).*

Butter is churned from 100% real cream

3. Roll and cut—Turn out on well floured *board. Roll over to coat with flour. Knead lightly about 10 times. Roll out ½" thick into rectangle, 12" x 8". With floured knife, cut dough in half lengthwise. Then cut each half crosswise into 16 strips (32 strips in all).*





Your family deserves real butter

4. Dip in butter—Pick up cut strips in both hands and dip each strip on both sides in melted butter. Next lay them close together *in two rows in the same pan in which butter is melted. Bake at 450° F. 15 to 20 minutes until golden brown. Makes 32.* Variations: *Add ½ cup grated cheese to dry ingredients, or ¼ cup minced chives or parsley.*

Foods made with real butter belong on your family table





This message is paid for by dairy farmers across the Nation as part of their program to show you how you can live better with foods made from milk

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Watch Disneyland on ABC-TV, Bob Crosby on CBS-TV

COMING OUT PARTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

to bite your tongue even if they *are* made to resemble slightly the innocent rosebuds and brazenly bite some more, pretending they have thorns. Cucumbers, wilted or crisp as the sheet of foolscap Uncle Dudley's last will was written on, and hard-cooked eggs (cook them twenty minutes if you want them perfect) with herb dressing. Have anything else you can think of. How can you go wrong?

EGGS WITH HERB DRESSING

Shell 6 hard-cooked eggs. Cut into halves lengthwise and place them in a shallow dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix ½ cup salad oil with 3 tablespoons vinegar. Season with ½ teaspoon basil, ½ teaspoon tarragon, ½ teaspoon *orégano*, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and ¼ teaspoon Tabasco. Mix well and pour over the eggs. Marinate in the refrigerator for half an hour. Remove from marinade and garnish each egg half with a rolled anchovy with a caper in the center.

One hot dish. For years I've been told that one hot dish should appear at every meal. I haven't always faithfully followed or minded that admonition, but I'm doing it now and making it hot, savory and hearty, that the guests may go back to their dancing and cards or kibitzing with that wonderful, satisfied feeling that follows only a good meal. The chief dish here is a casserole of chicken and meat balls; and by the way, it's one of those dishes that are made to order to grace that brand-new chafing dish the boys gave you on your birthday. Give it a mind someday. And here's the receipt:

CHICKEN-AND-MEAT-BALL CASSEROLE

Have a 3-to-3½-pound ready-to-cook-weight frying chicken cut up. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Dust with a mixture of 3 tablespoons flour and 1 teaspoon paprika. In a large skillet brown the chicken well in ¼ cup shortening.

Take out the chicken and add ½ pound mushrooms, peeled and sliced, and 1 medium onion, sliced. Cook slowly until lightly browned. Then mix in any flour that is left with the fat that is in the pan.

Add chicken to onion and mushrooms in the frying pan, add ¾ cup water, cover and simmer slowly for 15 minutes. Add tiny meat balls made from a mixture of ½ pound ground beef, 1 slice bread soaked in water and squeezed, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, and a pinch each of thyme and marjoram. Makes about 25 meat balls. They should be very small urchins compared with their big brothers. Continue cooking 30 minutes longer or until chicken is tender. Then break up 1 package partially thawed frozen peas and add to chicken and meat balls. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and cook until peas are just tender, about 5 minutes. Be sure the chicken is *very* tender. Double or more this receipt according to the hungry guests.

An old sweet song. "In the Day of Jubilee"—an old song and one I sang lustily in the old days. In the Deep South every camp meeting resounded with its soul-stirring words and music. And it was there I learned it. And although most of the words are forgotten, every time I see a receipt—and there seem to be a lot—with that name at the top, I think back and hear again those sweet Negro voices praising the Lord in the only way they knew, in song and "testimony" for Jordan's wondrous crossing. In the Day of Jubilee.

So here again is one of those dessert receipts we've named as we've done before; and whether you've heard or remember or not that old sweet song, you'll remember this.

CREAM JUBILEE

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in 3 tablespoons cold water. Mix 1¼ cups milk, ¼ cup sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt and heat in the double boiler. Separate 2 eggs and beat yolks lightly. Stir hot milk into the egg yolks. Cook and stir over hot water until slightly thickened. Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool until the mixture is slightly thickened. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Gradually beat in ¼ cup sugar. Whip 1 cup heavy cream until stiff. Fold the meringue and the whipped cream into the cooled custard. Turn into a 5-cup mold or into individual molds. Chill until firm. Serve with cherry-and-strawberry sauce. Garnish with ⅓ cup toasted blanched almond halves, disposed in a pattern on top. This reminds me. But never mind. At the moment time's awasting and things are bodacious enough as it is.

Cherry-and-Strawberry Sauce: Pit 3 cups dark sweet cherries. Mix in a saucepan with 1¼ cups water, ½ cup sugar, 5 teaspoons lemon juice, a 2" strip of lemon peel, a pinch of salt and 3 or 4 drops red food coloring. Add 2 tablespoons cornstarch mixed with 3 tablespoons cold water to make a smooth paste. Stir it into the above mixture. Cook and stir until clear and thickened, then continue cooking and stirring 10 minutes more. Cool thoroughly. Then add ½ pint fresh strawberries, sliced. The frozen ones are all right. If you use canned black sweet cherries for the sauce, drain sirup from a 1-pound-13-ounce can, add a 2" strip lemon peel and 1½ tablespoons lemon juice. Mix 1½ tablespoons cornstarch with 2 tablespoons water and stir into cherry sirup. Cook and stir until clear and thickened; continue cooking and stirring 10 minutes more. Add cherries. Cool thoroughly. Then add ½ pint fresh strawberries, sliced, if desired.

June, they say, is the month of roses—also weddings. Well, I grew roses for years, and mine bloomed all summer. As for weddings, June will have a hard time keeping ahead of September and October.

Yours,
ANNIE THE ICONOCLAST

SILHOUETTE

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

I was called at dusk
To a mountain shack,
Where the light was by candle
And the flame shrank back

When I opened the door;
And there wasn't any greeting.
Or slow, memoried smile
To mark this meeting.

The room's thinnest shadow
Sought release, tossed and turned,
When the draft bit in deeper,
And the candle coughed and burned.

The stars took to drowning
In rain that hadn't fallen;
The wind rose to answer
The thunder's rough calling;

And I sat in a chair
With my gray pride gone,
And the night grew colder,
And the night went on.

•

The clouds broke open
And the dark world sighed,
And my lover kissed me
Before he died.

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

valiantly setting out a trio of buds. I decided oday, while watering them, that African vio- ets, like love, know no season.

In June the dog shows are out of doors. Now we take Hollyberry and hope she will not scent some lush pheasant just as she is doing the long down. She is always so eager, and she scents everything from a bone on the tip- op of the refrigerator to a bit of cheese locked n the cupboard by the range.

The only thing Holly cannot understand is why a great Dane looms so large. When she sees one, she wilts. I suspect we would feel the same if we saw the men from Mars in the back yard, metallic and iridescent and secure. (I assume Mars has no bombs, but has every- hing else.)

Jill has been cooking madly with the electric frying pan, just to see how much she could cook in it. She reports that with this one item, plus a coffee maker, you could live hand- omely. If my daughter were now in college, nstead of teaching at one, I should endow her with an electric frying pan, for it seems every- hing from omelets to beef Stroganoff can be done in one. For next Christmas we have listed electric frying pans for all three of the children. Equally good in a one-room apart- ment or for an Army medic and wife, or for the making of creamed things for the grand- child.

"Summertime an' the living is easy," goes one of George Gershwin's songs. It is so. Days are warm and the sun is a golden ball tossed in the deep sea of the sky. Evenings are cool enough for a fire, in case we want to sit and read or do a jigsaw puzzle. Mornings are a deep pinky pearl, and all the dogs begin yelling for their breakfasts very early as the light is so high.

It is definitely, for us country dwellers, a working month, what with the garden and the lawn and every dog needing a bath, and always the windows need washing. When we relax, we can always freeze peas.

But the world is so beautiful that nothing seems hard, everything is soft and gentle. And even if we go nine miles for new curtain rods and find out they gave us the wrong hooks for them, we take it calmly. We just drive back and exchange them.

I am minded of how ladies were supposed to behave not so long ago. They could make fire- place fans out of paper, or make wax flowers or paint water colors, and they could supervise the servants as they boiled a leg of mutton. They could never interfere with their hus- bands' real life in the world, and they were al- ways to be meek and unassuming.

Sometimes I wonder what our egg woman would say if I told her this, as she whips in at dusk with two dozen new-laid eggs. She is young and pretty, her children are all in school now, she works all day in the business and rides around half the evening delivering eggs. She looks a thoroughly happy woman, I may say. No paper fans for her.

I think the new idea of a marriage being a working partnership is a fine and sound one, and in our valley it works out. The grocery is a family proposition with the charming young wife checking out as the husband weighs the onions. They have fun working together, one has only to look at them to know.

And I am sure our overburdened wonderful doctor would just give up without his sweet, gentle and gay wife who acts as office nurse, balances the books, talks with patients over the phone, gives all the prescribed injections, and skids over icy roads all winter doing er- rands for a family of four children. They both work from twelve to twenty hours a day, but before they finally turn in they have good hot cocoa or coffee by the fire and let the tensions of the day ease. I just could not imagine Mrs. G. preferring to do needlepoint or play a "stringed instrument" while Alex went a solitary way!

We read so much about what is wrong with marriage—but I think the truth is that the happy marriages never make the headlines.

June nights are really the color of chalced- ony. The quality of the moonlight is so cool and pure, and against it the little supper lights flash out all along the curving country roads. I like to think how all things come home at eventide: birds with the day's flying over, chil- dren with the shouting and roller skating done, country cats snug in the sweet hay in the barns, farm dogs dozing on the back steps. Hens cluck drowsily in George's chicken house, and the cows are stiller than field mice.

The jet planes roar over us in the daytime; now I like to consider that beyond the jet planes there is the moon, rising over the apple trees in the old accustomed silence and glory.

These are times of terrible stress; nobody knows our destination, as a country, as a peo- ple. It is good, I think, to pin one's faith on the moon, who has been around a long, long time, and may well shine as silver on our children's children!

How sweet the roses smell on a warm June night!

OFF THE CITY STREETS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

Not for anything would she admit to a greater interest or to the fact that she still smarted from the remembered slight. A month before, Ma had come forward among the very first with an offer to house, feed and care for two of the city children, and the mayor had thought it best to tell her that she was too old.

"Don't feel too old to take in a couple of wavers for two weeks," Ma had replied, sit- ting across from him. "Raised seven kids of my own with no trouble to nobody ——"

The young mayor was forty-two years old, and Ma had known him, she thought, since he was in diapers. Of course she knew his father a lot better. The old mayor's path and Ma's had crossed often and there had been violent clashes between them, particularly during pro- hibition, when the Baggleys operated a still out behind their barn. From the present emptiness of her life, Ma frequently looked back to those stimulating times as a golden age in Baggley family history.

"I know that, Ma," the young mayor said, "and it's mighty good of you to offer. I guess you could use the money as well as the next one too." Ma give a start. She did not know the Sunshine Fund was contributing toward the support of the children, and his inference that it was the desire for money which had prompted her offer sent the color up into her face. "You see, what we're looking for, Ma, is people with youngsters around the same age as these New York kids: seven to fourteen. That's one of the rules the people from the fund laid down. It's so the kids won't get lonesome. I'm all hipped on this idea. It'll get these kids off the streets for a while, give them some fresh air, teach 'em a little how a farm is run, and it ought to do our own kids good to meet them. Might sharpen them up a little. And I'm proud of our folks. Doc Bradshaw's taking four, the Havenses are taking two, my wife and I are down for six—and with our own three I don't know where we're all going to fit, but that's how it's been going. We're practically filled up." It was the brush-off for Ma and she knew it. She sat rubbing her hand across the bat- tered frame of her handbag. "Yep, I'd say you better let this go by, Ma," the young mayor told her. "It'd be too much for you. Time you started taking things easy. It's not that you wouldn't do a swell job of it."

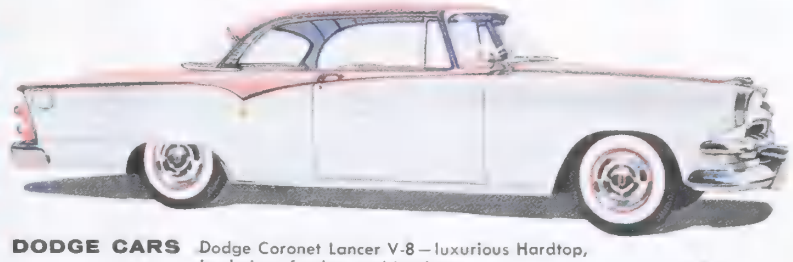
But Ma knew what he and the town thought of her and of her farm, fallen into disuse over the years. When she went out and down the hall past the waiting applicants, there were grins and titters, and for one of the few times in her life Ma felt rejected and old and tired. With only a grandniece now at the farm—and nothing particularly cheerful about *her*—it would have been nice to have a few boys racing around the place again, raising a little Cain. . . .

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As the train, clanging and hissing, ground to a halt, the high-school band struck up East Side, West Side; the townspeople cheered and waved, and with a crash of thunder the first big raindrops fell. Down onto the platform swarmed one hundred and twenty excited boys and girls and the station was immediately loud with their shouts and calls and exclamations. There were bobbing heads, dazzled eyes, wide grins, tears, eagerness, bewilderment, bubble gum, pigtails, rucksacks, comic books, toy pistols, a pair of leg braces, missing teeth, dolls, a black eye, blue jeans, sneakers. The high, excited din of their city voices fell strangely on Ma's ears. Accustomed to underprivileged children—the mother of seven—she was nonetheless appalled by many in the group. Thin, rickety, tough, at once fierce, ragged and pitiable, they'd give you a fright, Ma thought, turning away, struck to the heart. Harried supervisors had accompanied the children and they bore lists of names and referee whistles. There was a hasty counting off as the children were lined up in twos and crowded in under the shed to avoid getting wet.

The train pulled out and the mayor climbed up on the platform: "—— among friends, because that's what we all are here. We're going to do everything in our power to give you the best two weeks you've ever had ——" The rain, turning into a downpour, cut short his address. "Folks—folks, that's right. I think if you'll all crowd in under the shed, we'll get started right away. These kids know we're glad to have them, so let's go." There was a crush forward around Ma and her car. The mayor himself remained out on the open platform, calling off the names while the shoulders of his suit turned dark with rain. "Hadley! Mr. and Mrs. Hadley! Will you take Michael Espisito and John Cotter? . . . Kids, as your names are called, will you step over to this side and meet your folks? And will the supervisors see to it that the right kids —— All right. Mr. and Mrs. Craver. Oh, just Mrs. Craver's here. Well, you get Florence Beebe and Diane Edwards. O.K.? And folks, as soon as you get the kids, if you'll move right on out to make room here? Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, I have you down for Joseph Barron and Edgar Stevens. O.K." He looked up. "What's the trouble here? What's their names? Florence Beebe and Diane Edwards? They go with Mrs. Craver. Well, she *was* here with her two girls —— They what? Just gone to bring the car up closer? O.K., then. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller ——"

The afternoon turned steadily darker and the rain beat down in loud sheets. There were crowding and confusion as people sorted out the children, looking from one identification tag to another. Ma saw her townsfolk overcome initial shock and dismay in some cases, smile bravely, grab hold of the children and scoot out across the rain with them. The vehicles began to pull away in all directions as if there had been a rout. The mayor's wife, who was putting up the supervisors until the night train came through, ducked out with them and the six children she was adopting.

In the end, the mayor, hoarse, baffled, soaking wet, was left with several children and no foster parents to claim them. Ned and Sally Peters had not put in an appearance to call for their two boys; and Mrs. Craver had not called back for Florence Beebe and Diane Edwards. Near Ma, four boys sprawled disgustedly on the baggage truck. Ready to move on, Ma felt sorry for them, abandoned, unwanted, yet she could understand the foster parents' losing heart at first glance: a tougher-looking quartet she had never beheld.

Her eyes took in the two girls, Florence Beebe and Diane Edwards. One, about ten or eleven years old, was stout, eyeglassed and timid, in a clean blue dress that was too short and childish for her. She appeared close to tears, flinching each time one of the boys on the truck struck her bare legs with a wad of paper or a pebble exploded from a strong rubber band twisted around his fingers. The other girl—"Diane Edwards" was printed on her identification tag—was perhaps a year older, thin and slattern and narrow-eyed, with a wise, sallow face and a painted mouth. She smacked her gum swiftly and loudly, and one foot in a dirty white semi-high-heeled shoe maintained a restless tapping. Her hands were rammed into the pockets of an open, sagging gray sweater.

"MAYOR"—the stationmaster came out, starting to lock up for the night—"I got Allen Craver on the phone an' he says his wife was took sick here all of a sudden; an' he don't think he can do nuthin' about takin' in the two girls they promised. I tried the Twitchells but they don't answer. May Frame tells me Miz Twitchell *was* home 'cause she put through a call for her over to Stewart Falls just a little while ago but she ain't answerin' now."

"Well, I can't take these kids over to my place," the mayor said in a low voice. "We're bulging as it is. What am I going to do?"

Bulge a little more, Ma thought, enjoying the last laugh as she climbed into her car. It had been, in all, a fairly interesting afternoon, but she was glad to call it quits: it was rapidly growing colder and in the dampness she could feel twinges of arthritis in her joints. She switched on the ignition and after a bronchial whirring, the engine turned over. Ma was content now to go home; she looked forward to a leisurely, relaxed weekend.

"Ma! Hey, Ma!" The mayor came running over and poked his head in the window. "How's about doing me a big favor? I have these supervisors up at my house and I'd hate for them to hear about this mix-up. It looks bad for the whole town. How's about taking these kids to your place for a couple of hours till I can straighten things out a little? They can't wait here alone, and I got to get on back."

"*Me* take them?" Ma grinned, savoring her triumph. "No siree, not me. I'm 'too old,' Harry. You better ask someone else. I'm afraid they'd be too much for me, remember?"

"Ma, what can I do with them?" the mayor asked. "Come on, be a sport. Just help me out of this fix till the supervisors get out of here. At the very latest I'll have them off your hands in the morning."

"In the morning! Why, I couldn't put up all them kids! I don't have beds enough or ——"

"Put them anyplace. You had seven kids. You know how to manage ——"

MA looked past him through the rain at the children. They were aware of what was being discussed; the four boys had risen to their feet, waiting to come forward but afraid of a further rebuff. Ma felt herself suddenly on trial as a human being. The longer she looked, the less tough they seemed; individually, she thought, they weren't so bad. And the two girls had picked up their belongings. . . . A semicircle of steady, waiting young eyes met Ma's.

"Well, as long as it's just for a few —— Oh, all right, I'll—I'll take 'em. Come on!" she called. "Come on, hop in!" And as she was wondering where she was going to put all six, the mayor, by a feat of legerdemain, produced two more, two little colored boys eight or nine years old who had been sitting off by themselves on the other side of the station. He piled them in the front seat beside the two girls. *It was the grin*, Ma said to herself. *The grin on them two little dark faces. I couldn't say no.*

"Ma, thanks a million." The mayor slammed the car door. "I'll repay whatever it costs ——"

"Forget it. There won't be no cost just for one meal. Couldn't very well leave you out in the rain, could I?"

"No," they said. "Gee, thanks, lady." . . . "Thanks a lot."

The car with its eight underprivileged children and their possessions started off for Ma's farm four miles outside Turnersville.

"Well, what do you think of the country?" Ma asked when they had gone a little way.

"I guess the country's all right ——" The answers were uncertain. "I never been in the country before ——" Gratitude was a fleeting thing to some of the boys in the back seat. If Ma felt she had been left with the scrapings of the barrel, they felt they had struck rock bottom too. "We hit the jack pot all right," Ma presently heard. "We git the lousiest car of all." . . . "Where we goin'?" . . . "Shaddap!" . . . "Hey, git your feet offa me!" Someone hit one of the little Negroes a loud slap on the head. The beanie the other was wearing, covered with celluloid buttons, was flicked off and tossed out the side window. The two little boys said nothing. "Hey, there's a cow! T'ree, four, five cows! In the rain!" . . . "Hey"—the question was addressed to Ma, crowded at the wheel—"hey, how's about lettin' us go home? We don't like it here." . . . "Hey, lady, the rain's comin' in the roof."

In the early-evening downpour, Ma grimly swung in between the sagging white fence posts that were half obliterated by high weeds. The car jounced in the ruts of the wagon path, scraped under the low branches of an apple tree and came to a halt just inside the crowded cobwebby barn. "Now, all out. Get your stuff and scoot down there and in that side door. Some of you big boys, give me a hand here with these heavy packages." Her arms loaded down with provisions, she plowed after them through the soaking, mosquito-infested grass.

The farmhouse was small, crooked, low and weather-beaten. Two attached sheds were in an advanced state of collapse; shingles were missing here and there; a shutter hung askew and one windowpane had been patched with cardboard some twenty years ago. The New York children were all crowded on the tiny side porch, waiting to be admitted.

"Say, what's all this? Who are you anyway?" Ma's grandniece was demanding, refusing to unlock the screen door. In the dimness she stood before them, pretty, careless-looking in her sleeveless house dress, her

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blond hair twisted tight to her scalp with metal curlers.

"It's company," Ma said, squeezing in between her guests. "Let me in." Ellie unlocked the door and fell back as the children raced past her into the small unlighted dining room.

"Well, who —— You gone out of your mind?" Ellie cried. "What's the big idea?"

"Tell you soon as I ketch my breath." Ma turned to the children. "Just—just find a place for yourselves and sit down, and then . . . well, we'll see what we'll do." She drew Ellie into the lighted kitchen and partly closed the door. "Listen, I had to!" she said, unpinning her damp jacket. "These are some of the kids from New York an' no one else would take them. It's only for tonight. Harry Bannister's going to pick them up first thing in the morning."

"You mean they're going to *sleep* here? All that raft of kids? Where?"

"Well, now, I—well, never mind about that. Just see what you can do about hustling them up something to eat. I thought I'd make a pan of saleratus biscuits if you'd ——"

"I'm not getting supper for any bunch of kids. I'm going to East Milton to the dance and I got to get ready." Ellie's voice could clearly be heard in the suddenly quiet dining room. She turned a rebellious back, picked up an iron from the wood stove, tested it with a wet finger, unrolled her dampened pink cotton dress and spread it on the ironing board.

"You're as bad as the rest of them," said Ma. "How would you like it if you was landed in a strange place an' no one took you in?"

"If it was here," Ellie retorted with feeling, "I'd be lucky!"

"You'd think it was my fault you can't go flyin' off to the city. I'm not holding you back, Lord knows." Ma had watched all her children leave, but it just seemed something went wrong every time Ellie had a little money put aside. Last year after working all summer at Barg's soda fountain, Ellie came down with a bad throat; and before they knew it, Doc Bradshaw had her tonsils out and handed her a bill for seventy-five dollars, wiping out the last penny of her savings.

Injured silence held in the kitchen. Ellie boned and Ma sliced off wedges of salt pork, put potatoes on to boil and began to make her saleratus biscuits. It had been many years since Ma had done any cooking on a large scale and the task of getting a meal together for such a number presented sudden doubts as to her continued ability. Had she put in too much baking soda? Too much milk? And how many potatoes would they eat?

She left her work to go to the dining-room door and snap on the light. "Any of you big boys here handy about milkin' a cow?"

A CIRCLE of surprised, even shocked, young eyes met hers. Some of the boys had been sitting apathetically about the table, their rucksacks and belongings piled before them. The thin older girl sat apart chewing her gum and swinging her foot nervously; the other girl stood close by her, looking frightened. None of them knew the first thing about milking.

"Where—where's the other two?" Ma asked. "Them two little darky boys?"

After a silence, the thin girl said, "Outside."

"Outside? Where?"

"Ask them." With a toss of her head, she indicated the boys.

Mystified, Ma went to the screen door to look and she saw the two little boys sitting on the tiny wet open porch only a few feet away. "Say, you'll get all wet there," she exclaimed. "Come in out of there." The two boys hopped off the railing, then stood waiting, and Ma saw that the door had been locked. "Who bothered to lock the door?" she asked, mildly surprised at their city habits; part way through the sentence she was aware of missing the point, of sounding old and foolish to them. The suspicion crossed her mind that the two little boys had been banished because of their color, yet as they stepped into the room their polite faces were blank of expression and the other faces, all save that of the older girl, were reassuring, seemingly unstudied, innocent: they were just the faces of children.

What is meant by a "knowledge of the world" is simply an acquaintance with the infirmities of men.
—DICKENS

BEFORE they ate, Ma told them where the privy was, out in back—the city children were shocked at this—and showed them the black iron sink and the kitchen pump. One or two tried the noisy pump for novelty's sake but none felt like washing and that was perfectly all right with Ma. After giving each a plate, Ma took up her stance at the stove. "Now as each of you come past, I'll give you your vittles and you can take 'em inside to eat. This kitchen's too upset to sit —— Ladies first, there—and no shoving! You'll find plenty of sirup and buttermilk in on the table." It was scorching hot at the stove and the desire for a can of beer had for some time been gaining on Ma, but before the children she felt it wouldn't look just right. Swallowing past her cottony dryness, she went on shoveling out the potatoes, the pork, the suspiciously heavy biscuits.

While she was standing up, eating her own supper from a small cleared space at the kitchen table, Ellie came down the back stairs in her pink dress and her high-heeled white shoes. Her light hair was brushed out and shining and she was wearing the enamel flower earrings and necklace she had sent away for. She was a right pretty girl, Ma thought with family pride; it was a shame she had to go and spoil it with that sullen disposition. People sort of looked down on Ellie because she was old Ma Baggley's grandniece.

"I'll be drowned going over there in that jeep of his," Ellie said as if speaking to herself.

Real huffy tonight, Ma thought. She walked to the doorway of the dining room and stood smiling in at the children eating at the round table. The two silent little colored boys had their plates on the floor in the corner near the harmonium. Kept from the table by the others? That was the impression Ma caught, but the situation was too complex for her to settle in one evening. *Let someone else worry about it*, she told herself. *I'm glad I'm not saddled with them for more than one night. It's true what Harry Bannister said: they would be too much for me. I'd sort of forgot what kids can be like.*

At a rap at the back screen door she turned around and Frank Manning came in swinging a dripping Army poncho from his shoulders. He had come across the fields from his own place in back, evidently on foot, for his shoes were muddy, his sun-tan pants were wet up past the knees and a white T shirt was plastered to his back. His black hair was wet and tangled and his jaw unshaven.

"What's the matter?" Ellie shot him a swift glance. "Why aren't you ready?"

"We can't go," he said. "I'm sorry, but my check didn't come and ——"

"Oh, I might have known!" she stormed. "Every time you ask me to go anyplace you're always 'sorry,' we can't go, you haven't got any money!"

"Well, I am sorry, Ellie. I been trying all over to borrow a couple of bucks."

"Don't talk to me! From now on, don't even come around!"

He stood before her, big and physically strong, yet powerless.

"Frank," said Ma, "maybe I could let you have four or five dollars this time ——"

"Never mind!" Ellie shouted. "Don't bother! I wouldn't go with him!" In tears she ran up the stairs and slammed the door.

Frank, irresolute, turned to leave.

"Frank, sit down. Here," Ma said. "Don't pay her no heed. She don't mean half the things she says. What happened, anyway?"

He sat down and put his head in his hands. "The VA held up my disability check. That last one must have been the end. I guess now I'm all better," he said bitterly.

Hobbling a little with arthritis, Ma went over to the sink. "Well, you are, aren't you?"

"Yeah. Far as that goes, I been all right for the past couple of months. It's just—I don't know. I don't blame Ellie. I'm all ——"

"Well, didn't you finish the job for the Cotters? Fixin' their roof?"

"He didn't like the way I was doing it, so I quit. And then I had a run-in with that cheap skate Diffenderfer. He came over to tell me he won't need me the next two weeks—this is after I even came down on my price for helping him get in his crop of bush peas. And that's real blood money, working for him. I wasn't looking forward to it, but that's out too."

"Oh, Frank!" Looking down at him, dejected and angry, Ma was assailed by the memory of his return from Korea on crutches, his leg in a heavy cast, a hero then, smiling and spruce and confident, with everyone autographing the cast and promising to help him out. Well, Ma thought, people had tried; it was Frank himself who had failed, had changed. The mayor had put him in two good easy jobs, both of which Frank had quit through "war nerves." That's what folks called it, but the mayor had grown disgusted and felt Frank should have pulled himself together by now. What the mayor originally had in mind for Frank was the job as football coach and athletic director of the high school. The injury to Frank's leg had kept him out of this during the past school term, and in the meanwhile the two stopgap jobs had been offered. Charity, Frank called it, and after throwing the last job away only two months



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ago in an argument, he had been living alone on his little farm behind Ma's, doing occasional odd jobs and existing on his disability pension.

"And along with all this," Frank said, "Ellie tells me she's got about sixty-five bucks put away and when she gets twenty more, she'll take off. And that'll be all I'll need: if she goes." A sound from the dining room made Ma realize how silent her guests had been. "Who's inside?" Frank lifted his head.

"Some of the Sunshine Fund kids from New York. Harry Bannister asked me to take them in for the night." Ma went to the door. "You can bring your dirty dishes out."

Frank watched them file past his tipped-back chair, and after a moment he asked, "All you kids from New York? How—how's the Music Hall? And the Paramount? That was down near Times Square, wasn't it?"

"Sure. You been there?"

"I used to go there on furlough during the other war, hang around Times Square ——"

Ma, scraping the plates, volunteered the information that Frank had been wounded in both wars and had been awarded two Purple Hearts, three Bronze Stars and the Silver Star twice. This, though slightly exaggerated, caused the boys to look upon Frank with growing respect. "What'd you get the stars for?" Robbie, the oldest of the boys, asked, lighting a cigarette, and at first Frank glossed over the account, but as more questions came, he began to describe the incidents in greater detail. The rain drummed on the kitchen roof and behind the young listeners their shadows loomed up on the pine walls. Frank sat smoking nervously, talking and talking, finding a rapt, respectful audience, the sort he had had when he first came home from Korea.

In a momentary silence, Diane, the thin, old-looking girl, informed them that Florence's father had been killed in the other war; he had been an officer. Florence shrank at finding herself the center of interest, and in a high whisper answered Ma's questions. Yes, her father had been an Army officer. She lived with an aunt now. Her mother was away in a hospital sick. Diane coughed professionally and patted her flat chest. "TB," she explained.

At ten-thirty, after placing pans and basins through the house to catch the rain, Ma put her charges to bed. Most of them protested that they wanted to stay up to talk to Frank, but he, as if realizing how immature was his only remaining audience, grew uncommunicative. The two girls were brought upstairs to the spare bedroom between Ma's and Ellie's, and the boys were bedded down on the floor of the dining room and of the little farm parlor that was opened for the first time in more than six months. The old patchwork quilts that Ma dug out, some made by her grandmother, smelled musty, were worn and not very clean. *Won't hurt them for one night*, Ma told herself; *by tomorrow they'll be in their rightful place with everything nice and clean around them.*

By the time she returned to the kitchen, Ellie had come down in her old work dress, and was standing with her back turned, looking out at the rain. There was silence between Frank and Ellie, but her mere presence, Ma thought, was hopeful. Vastly tired, Ma eased herself into her rocking chair, worked her feet out of her shoes, at last opened a can of beer and passed another one on to Frank.

"Well, you know," Ma said after the first wonderful draught, "I went down there and offered, but I'm just as glad now that things worked out the way they done. I can see how I'd never be able to tussle with a pair of kids like those for the next two weeks. It's got sort of beyond me, that kind of work."

Frank said, "These kids somehow—they remind me of the ones, the orphans you'd see left knocking around in the rubble through Europe and Korea. I used to see them standing there, deserted or lost, little tiny kids, and there was never anything you could do because usually you'd be going up into the line. And I know the sight of them would—it'd tear the heart right out of me. And it's funny, it was the only thing that would. I wish right now I was only fixed so I could take the whole bunch of boys over to my place and give them a good time for their first two weeks in the country."

Ma rubbed her nose. "It's a funny world, all right. Here's these kids bein' bundled out of the city to give them a breath of fresh air, and here's Ellie breakin' her neck trying to get *to* the city. Maybe every summer we'll see you comin' back here for two weeks, Ellie, lookin' real peaked, to get built up a little ——"

"That'll be the day," Ellie said, her back still turned. "Once I get my heels out of here, no one will ever see a sign of me again."

"Yes; well, I heard people talk before," said Ma, a great believer in the fact that things somehow took care of themselves; with a sigh of content she punctured another can of beer.

The rain continued all through the next morning. After a breakfast of scrambled eggs and heavy buckwheat cakes, Ma directed the children to pack up their belongings and be ready when the mayor called to transport them to their foster homes. They hung about the little dining room, staring disconsolately out the two streaming small-paned windows. The slow hours dragged past. The boys fell to squabbling and fighting, and Ma, stepping over some of them, made her way to the telephone. She found the mayor's office closed, and when she called his house, there seemed some difficulty in getting him to come to the telephone.

"Hello, Ma," he said at last guardedly. "Look. Let me call you back in an hour," and before Ma could reply, he hung up on her.

That was at eleven. Another hour passed and there was no call, and by the minute the pent-up city children grew more restive and troublesome. "Whatta dump they bring us to. I'd rather be home. I bet he never calls for us." . . . "If they were goin' to take us away, why didn't they bring us to someplace good like Coney Island?" They began seizing and throwing one another's rucksacks about. A long pane of glass in the china closet was broken, someone was hurt and a fist fight ensued with two of the contestants—Robbie, the oldest boy, and a smaller boy named Whitey—punching each other and rolling around on the floor. This time on the telephone Ma was more direct with the mayor.

"Now see here," she said, still panting from her exertions to separate the two fighters, "either you come right out here for these divils or I'll pile 'em in the car an' deliver them over to your place lock, stock and barrel."

"Ma," he pleaded in a hoarse whisper, "I'm doing everything I can to find a place for them. Just give me another couple of hours. These supervisors—I didn't know it, but they're staying over the weekend, making another spot check of the places where the kids are allocated, and I don't want them to know about this because it might ruin it as far as taking any further batches of kids through the summer. I've been on the phone with Ned Peters and I got him to the point where he and his wife are willing to take in the two kids they were originally down for. If you want to do me a favor, you could drive them over there now. And if you'd call up the Twitchells and ask them ——"

"I won't ask them! I'll just bring the flaming kids over an' drop them off, and if they don't want them, then it's up to them to do something about it; I tell you I'm just about fed up!" Laboriously, on a paper bag, she copied down the names and the families who were to receive them. "All right, now, you're goin'," Ma said, turning away from the telephone.

"We goin' home? They gonna let us go back?"

Ned and Sally Peters had had a son, Teddy, fifteen years old, who had drowned the summer before, swimming at the foot of the Elephant's Toes, that high semicircle of smooth gray boulders up in the mountains behind Ma's farm. The Peterses had devoted their whole lives to Teddy, and after the tragedy people said *she* had changed more than he. It was a distinct surprise when she came forward and said she and Ned would be willing to take in two of the city boys for two weeks. Ma had heard that Teddy's room had been opened, his new bicycle taken down from the barn wall. But when the names were read out yesterday at the station, there was no sign of Ned or Sally.

The Peterses' house, set on a slight hill, shaded by a stand of maples, had acquired a blind, unlived-in air. Ma turned her chugging car up the wide silent driveway. When she sounded her horn Ned Peters came to the side door and stood looking unsmilingly out at Ma and the city youngsters.

"Howdy, Ned! Brought you your two kids!" Ma called encouragingly.

"See you a minute, Ma?" he asked. With misgivings Ma got out of the car and climbed the slight rise to the neat side porch. "I don't know what-all we're going to do about this," Ned Peters said, "but Sally's pretty well cut up. I just been talkin' to Harry Bannister ——"

"Well, maybe when Sally gets a look —— When she gets used to it, I *know* she'll be better. Suppos'n' I bring 'em in to her. Wait a minute now and I'll see which ones you get. I don't rightly know one from the other."

Ned Peters stepped inside the house to prepare his wife, and when Ma went down to the car and called the names off her list, she was shocked to see the two little colored boys climb out with their belongings.

"Now this is your place," she said, starting up the path with them. "You want to thank them nicely an' behave yourselves while you're

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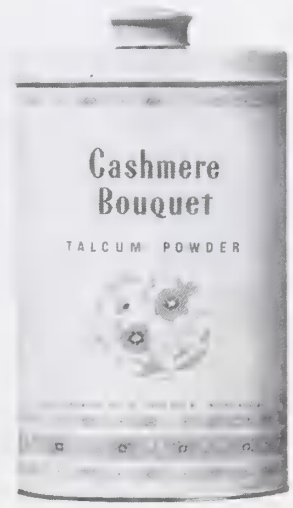


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

here, because they're nice quiet people." She looked down at the two kinky little heads. "Guess I don't have to tell you that, though, do I? 'Cause you're the best behaved of the lot. And you're goin' to be much better off here, away from all those bigger boys pesterin' you." Ma did not know what the Peterses would think of the fact that the boys were colored, but hoping for the best, she opened the door and shooed the two suddenly shy little figures ahead of her into the neat, empty kitchen.

Ned Peters returned and Ma saw the start he gave at the sight of the two boys. Sally, pale and shaking, trying to smile in welcome, came out of the dining room.

"Sally," said Ma in greeting, "I brung you two nice well-behaved little boys. This one's Wilbur, an' this one here's name's Arthur."

Sally looked up at Ma for a split second, shocked, then she looked back down again at the boys and tried to force the smile to her lips. The two little boys with trustful, solemn eyes wore the beginnings of smiles, waiting for the first sign of welcome.

"H-hello." Sally put forward a thin hand. Ma could see that she was trying her very best. "I'm happy to ——" She was shaking visibly. "I'm very ——" Suddenly, shockingly, she burst into tears. "Take them away. I can't! I can't!"

"Sally!" said Ned sharply.

"No!" Sally cried. "No! *No!* I don't *want* them!" She turned with a wrench and got herself out of the kitchen. Ma was struck dumb. Ned followed his wife inside. The kitchen seemed to echo with that refusal: *No! No! I don't want them!* Inside, Sally Peters could be heard crying, speaking incoherently through her tears.

"You—you boys wait right here," Ma said. She shut the swinging door behind her and stepped into the spare airless dining room where Sally was sitting on the edge of a chair, covering her face, rocking back and forth. Ned Peters stood helpless above her.

"It isn't that they're colored boys," Sally was protesting. "I wouldn't care what they are. They're not my Teddy!"

"Do you the world of good if you could take 'em, Sally," said Ma, bending over her. "It'd take your mind off yourself ——"

"I know, but I can't. It's too soon ——"

Ned Peters said, "When she said no, she couldn't yestiddy, everybody should have left her alone. You better go on, Ma. She'll be better soon's she quiets down a little."

THE two little boys were standing motionless as stone. Not even their heads had moved. Only their eyes, frightened now, lifted to Ma to see what was going to happen next.

"Come on outside with me a minute," Ma said, her heart turning over with pity. "I want to sort of explain something to both of you." In the shade at the foot of the steps Ma bent down and tried to explain to Wilbur and Arthur that Mr. and Mrs. Peters had lost a son last summer through drowning and that it was that fact and only that fact—"nuthin' else, I want you to remember that"—that prevented them from taking in the two boys. "It would have been the same for any little boys that came here, do you understand?"

Her heart was again flooded with pity when she looked down at the two little faces gazing straight ahead at the strange green unwelcoming countryside. For neither of the little boys believed what she was telling them.

Heavyhearted, she led them back to the car and opened the door. "The lady's sick in the house there," she explained to the others. "Found she's not up to takin' in any two little boys, so we'll—we'll have to find another place for them. A better place." The two little colored boys climbed in without saying a word.

The Cravers, after five years, were still considered new in Turnersville. Mr. Craver was president of the furniture factory over in Stewart Falls, and Mrs. Craver had instituted in Turnersville the Garden Society, the Music Appreciation Society and the Arts and Crafts Club. Ma's acquaintance with this cultured and talented family was somewhat limited. During the first year of the Cravers' residency Mrs. Craver stopped Ma on High Street, graciously introduced herself, explained that her electric washing machine was out of order and asked if Ma would be interested in doing a day's washing for her. "Go wash your own dirty clothes!" Ma had replied, affronted. A week later, driving home in the dusk, Ma almost missed her turn at Craver's corner, and made it only by smashing through the Cravers' new white picket fence, bringing down with it two recently planted birch trees. Ma, rather unsteady and befuddled, had generously offered to pay for all the damages, but the bill had staggered her and a long-drawn-out lawsuit had followed. The Cravers in the end had won only a moral victory, for Ma had never felt able to pay off on the verdict. It was with hesitancy that Ma now brought the same offending car to a halt before their house.

"Now this is where you two girls get out," Ma said. "There's two very nice little girls in the house so you won't feel at all lonesome."

In deference to the white gate, neat brick path and its edging of ruffled petunias, Ma made a pass at scooping up some of her white hair and reshifting a few hairpins. With Florence Beebe and Diane Edwards and their possessions, she went up the front steps, and though there was a bell to ring, Ma could not resist trying the polished brass knocker on the bright green door. Abbie Ford, remote and unfamiliar in a maid's gray uniform and white apron, opened the door politely and Ma and the girls stepped in on a hooked rug that had as its motif a large Newfoundland dog surrounded by a wreath of roses.

Good manners require a great deal of time, as does a wise treatment of children. —EMERSON

"Who is it, Abbie?" Mrs. Craver's cool voice came floating from somewhere.

"I—it's me, Miz Craver." Ma found herself walking into a large pantry where Mrs. Craver was arranging flowers at a copper sink; her two daughters, Penny and Barbara, in starched pinafores, were beside her, one holding the flowers in a flat wicker basket.

"Mrs. . . . Baggley, isn't it?"

Ignoring the icy tone, Ma said, "Yes. I—brung them two little girls you ordered. I kept them overnight over at my place and the mayor asked me to drop them off ——"

"You what? You brought —— But I don't understand!" Color rushed up into Mrs. Craver's face. "There's been some mistake. Why, Mr. Craver explained the entire situation. We're not—we can't—the mayor had no *right* to send you here! He knew perfectly well we were not going to accept those children. You'll have to take them away!"

Ma's heart plunged. "Where'll I take them?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Mrs. Baggley, but he is *not* going to force them in on me!"

Concern for the welfare of the two New York girls vied in Ma's bosom with the pleasurable prospect of a good rip-roaring fight with Mrs. Craver. *I could wipe the floor up with her*, Ma thought, but sternly repressing herself, she said, "You have a nice big place here. An' you have help. Why don't you give it a try? Give 'em a chance? Other people are taking these kids in ——"

"Other people may do as they wish." But Mrs. Craver had begun to tremble.

"An' you asked for them," Ma reminded her.

"Mrs. Baggley, I realize there'll be a lot of talk and criticism about this and I'd like my position to be perfectly clear. This was never my idea. It was Mr. Craver's and I opposed it from the start. It's not that I don't feel for these children. I do! Like any mother, I feel very sorry for them, and while I believe they should be taken out of the city, I think there should be camps for them or places —— I've always been most careful in the selection of playmates for Penny and Barbara, most careful, and yesterday I took them with me and went down to the station hoping I could be convinced —— But when I *saw*—when I saw the two girls I was expected to bring in to Penny and Barbara! One I'm convinced was badly retarded, but it was the other—the

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other one! Why, I'd no more expose my daughters to a girl like that ——"

"I hear what you're sayin'! I'm not deaf!" At the sound of Diane's tinny voice, Mrs. Craver and Ma both wheeled about in dismay to find the glittery-eyed, embittered girl in the doorway. "Listen," Diane said from between her teeth, "don't do me any favors. If I knew this was your house, I wouldn't have come here—I wouldn't stay with you not if you gave me a million dollars! You don't think I'm good enough for your kids—I'm *too* good! I saw them makin' fun of us yesterday! I'm not dumb! I didn't come here to be laughed at!"

"You sneered at my girls!" Mrs. Craver cried hotly. "I saw you!"

"Because they sneered first! They're lucky I didn't spit in their eye and drown them!"

"Get out of my house! All of you!"

Diane shrilled, "You go to hell, you lousy old windbag! I wouldn't stay in your stinkin' house!"

Ma quickly bundled the stiff, resisting figure of Diane along the hall where Florence Beebe was standing, trembling and terrified. "Come on, come on, Florence, we'll go someplace else." Ma was more afraid of the scene's effect upon this child, for Diane seemed able to fight back. "Don't you worry; we'll find someplace nice for you. I'll see to it."

Coming down the path Ma experienced the same scalding sense of apology she felt when she led little Arthur and Wilbur back to the car under the gaze of their companions.

"They got the bum's rush too," the boys were saying. "You can't blame 'em; I wouldn't take them two in neither."

Angry tears spilled down Diane's thin face, but rigid, fierce in her sagging sweater and semi-high heels, she walked down to the car, pulled open the front door and slung her lumpy brown-paper package of clothes inside. "All I want to do is go *home!*" she announced harshly. "I'm sick of this country! You can have it. It stinks. An' everyone in it."

Out at the Diffenderfers' there was a welcome of an entirely different sort. Lil Diffenderfer saw them coming around the back of the house and her loud chuckling laughter could be heard as she started up to greet them. "These our boys?" she cried, opening the screen door with a bang. "Well, how *are* you, boys? Sure glad to see you! My, ain't they thin though! Certain'y have to feed 'em up, won't we? You got good appetites? Ma, d'you hear whut happened to us?" Lil was a big, loud, laughing young woman, joggling inside her pink-checked gingham dress. "Me and Willy got all mixed up on our dates ——" The mere memory sent her into such paroxysms of laughter that her eyes swam. "Haha ha ha, we was over to Thompkins Falls yestiddy to collect a debt, an' we didn't land home here till ten o'clock last night an plumb clean forgot till Harry Bannister give us a ring."

THE kitchen smelled of fresh gingerbread. Its bare windows looked out on flat green fields stretching far away in the sunlight. Ma saw Willy Diffenderfer starting for the house. The three Diffenderfer boys, aged eight to twelve, farther out in the field, had turned to look at the city children, but they worked on without leaving their places.

Willy Diffenderfer was fat but strong, and he had a big, good-natured, moon face. The two of them, Ma thought, were the noisiest couple in Turnersville, always shouting and laughing. And yet, underneath, Willy was shrewd. "These our boys?" he asked, coming into the kitchen, sweating, shooting them a smiling glance as he went to the sink to draw a glass of water. "I thought they wuz gonna be big strappin' fellers to help me around the farm!" He roared with laughter. "Well, li'l ones good for hoein' and weedin', an' pullin' up bush peas, we got plenty of that!" Noisily he gulped down the water. "Yes siree, we'll put blisters on 'em palms." There was another laugh in which Lil Diffenderfer uneasily joined. "What's yer names, sonny?"

"Well, now, this one," said Ma, indicating a hard-faced tow-haired boy ten or eleven years old, "this one's named Billy Purvis, but they call him mostly Whitey on account of his color hair. And this other one here's named Allie Watson."



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"Come on, boys, step right out here an' lemme see how strong you are, see what kind of muscles you city boys have."

Whitey stepped out into the center of the kitchen, but Allie flushed and hung back; and when he finally did join his companion, Ma saw for the first time that he had a slight malformation, a withering and stiffening, it seemed, of one arm and hand. He was a thin-necked boy with distended nostrils and eyes wide and shy. He tried to stand up shoulder to shoulder to the sturdier Whitey. Willy Diffenderfer, his broad back to Ma, made his inspection.

"WHAT's the matter here?" he wanted to know. "What's this you got? Somethin' wrong with this hand?"

"Yes, sir." Allie's voice was choked.

"Whut happened to yuh?"

"Polio. When I was little."

It was as if a transparent cloud had suddenly chilled the kitchen.

"Think you can do any work with that hand?" Willy asked. "Think you can lift up that there bucket of slops?"

Ma sensed it was torture for Allie to have his infirmity singled out like this and, on the point of interfering, she watched the boy try to lift the heavy pail with his withered arm. His whole body shuddered with the effort. The pail was raised a little from the floor and almost at once it fell back heavily again. Allie disengaged his hand and stood awaiting the verdict.

"H'm-m. . . . Well now, listen, sonny, suppose you go outside for a little minute an' lemme an' Ma talk things over here. Yeah, you better take all your stuff along with you. . . . No, you other, you, Whitey—you stay here."

Allie, his face flaming, left the kitchen in silence and the screen door closed after him.

"Now what'd you want to do that for?" Ma turned on Willy in wrath.

"Ma"—Willy's face had regained its good-humored smile—"how's about you givin' me one of them big husky boys you got out there instead? I'll keep li'l' Whitey here on condition you give me one of the big ones."

"No! I don't see how you can be so stinkin' mean to a little boy ——"

"Shucks, that boy wouldn't be no good on a farm." Willy was all smiles. "Now Whitey here—he looks like he was gonna be a real good worker. I can tell, me an' Whitey'll git along just fine. Yes, sir, he's gonna help us git in that big crop of bush peas for market ——"

"Oh, so that's it!" The light finally broke upon Ma. "First you were gonna hire Frank Manning to come down an' help you, only you'd have to pay him, so now you think you'll get it out of these city kids for nuthin'! Even get paid by the fund for havin' them do your work! That's no work for city kids, squattin' down pickin' bush peas all day long, haulin' heavy baskets way across the fields. They didn't come here to work for anyone in the first place! Whitey, pick up your things; I wouldn't leave you here five minutes."

She left, seething, talking to herself, thinking belatedly of all the wonderfully crushing things she could have said to Willy Diffenderfer had she only thought of them in time. A vast burning disgust built up in her as she drove along into Turnersville to the Twitchells' house. Her temper was short and all the fire she might have expended on her first three calls was in readiness as she climbed out of her car. She was on the best street in town. The two biggest boys, Robbie and Mac, stepped out, rather pleased with their luck.

"Not a bad-lookin' dump at all," said the tall, handsome, dark-haired Robbie, a cigarette hanging from his smiling lip. The admitted leader of the group, well grown for his age, he reminded Ma of a young moving-picture actor. He wore a checked shirt, sleeves rolled high, and tight blue jeans. "You can see from the roof they ain't got a television, but they got a two-car garage back there ——"

"Throw that cigarette away!" Ma said. "And both you boys wait here; I'll go in first." As she stepped onto the shady porch, Miss Ellison called over from the adjacent porch:

"Miz Baggley, you lookin' for the Twitchells? M-m. Miz Twitchell's mother fell and broke her leg and Miz Twitchell had to go over and take care of her. Don't think she'll be back for at least another two weeks."

Toward sundown, in angry disgust, Ma came chugging up the driveway to her farm with the whole group intact, all equally dirty, hot, tired and disillusioned. She had made one final stop at the mayor's house, but there, instead of discharging the unwanted New York children, she was informed by the housekeeper that the mayor, his wife, the supervisors and all the children had gone off in the station wagon to visit the various sights of interest around the countryside.

Climbing out of Ma's car in the barn, Robbie stretched his cramped legs, spat and said, "How about callin' up that jerk of a mayor an' seein' if he's back yet? Maybe he'll get us out of here before we have to spend another night. I'd like to git home. If you ask me, this country stuff is stric'ly for the birds."

"Won't do no good to call him up now, though I'll try," Ma said. "There's no train out of here now till late tomorrow afternoon."

A mingled groan went up at this, and as they moved across the trash-strewn yard Ma found herself helpless with pity for them. She longed for a way to comfort them after the cruel disappointments of the afternoon.

THE NIGHT WIND

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

The birds still sing that sang to you,
And daisies star the lawn
The same this year as a year ago . . .
As though you were not gone.

Nothing has noticed . . . or no more
Than the wind that seems to weep
Night long. I hear it hour on hour,
Waiting for dawn or sleep.

"Gee, I'm hungry, I'm starved!" a young voice was complaining. "Do you guys know we didn't even have no lunch today?"

I suppose Ellie'll have a fit at me bringin' them all back here again, Ma thought, *but what else could I do with the poor things? If only I had something in the house especially tasty to give them for supper, to make it like a party, so they'd at least have one thing nice before they go back on the train tomorrow.* . . . She walked into a silent, empty kitchen and picked up a note which informed her that her grandniece had gone into town with Ed Stone, the Bartleys' hired man, and wouldn't be back till late. This news came as such an unwelcome surprise—it meant preparing another dinner unaided—that Ma was forced to sit down suddenly for a minute or two to catch her breath. *It's too much to ask anyone my age*, she said to herself; then, throwing off that mood as weak and self-pitying, struggling uphill against her weariness, she asked, *Now let's see, what did I use to make a meal of in the old days? What do I have in the house? I know, there's potatoes eggs, flour, bacon, maybe some macaroni . . . and beer*, a voice suggested. *Nice cold beer, lots of it. Go ahead, Ma, relax. The kids can wait and it'll do you good; it'll put you in a good mood.* . . . Setting that thought aside, she got painfully to her feet and started to prepare the dinner.

The boys had drifted outside and Ma could hear them pegging stones and fallen apples at the tree trunks and at the indignant hens running for their lives across the yard. Then one of the troop thought he saw a snake in the tall grass and that brought the lot of them racing for the safety of the dining room, where they lounged about, squabbling and discussing the advantages of the city over the country. They found little in favor of the country.

"And how about you?" Ma asked Diane who, clattering about the kitchen in her too large run-over shoes, had started to help her with the dinner. "Will you feel disappointed goin' home after bein' here only one day?"

"Me? I don't know. It don't matter to me much where I am. I was never in the country before and I think it's kind of spooky. And I was just thinkin', see, like if I was home tonight, I'd probably go baby-sitting over in Stuyvesant Town, so I'd have a television all to myself, and I'd make three or four dollars maybe—and if I didn't do that, I'd go to the movies. That's what I really love."

Several times while Ma was at the stove she heard a peculiar mewing sound, almost as if one of the kittens were behind the stove, but it wasn't until she happened to close the pantry door that she saw stout little eyeglassed Florence Beebe pressed in there against the wall, her mouth open and her shoulders shaking with the effort not to cry aloud.

"Why—wh-why, what's the matter?" Ma asked in astonishment.

"I—I wouldn't be able to get in! My—my aunt's away on her vacation—there won't be anyone home! I won't know where to go!"

"Well there, there now. Don't cry like that." Ma sat down in the rocking chair and drew the large child onto her lap. "No one would send you home, not unless they knew for sure your aunt'd be there waitin' for you. Were you worryin' about that all this time?" Ma felt the child's head nod against her breast. "Well don't you worry no more. You just sit here now a little till you get all quieted down. Diane, like a good girl, take a peek at them potatoes an' see they don't burn."

A few minutes later Frank Manning knocked on the kitchen door and came in to see if Ellie felt like going for a ride after supper. Ma, rocking the tearful but quieter Florence, nodded toward Ellie's note and when Frank had read it, scowling, she said, "Don't pay no attention to that. She don't care two pins for Ed Stone; she told me so only the other day." Ma proceeded to give Frank a full and scathing account of her visits that afternoon.

"With the kind of people live around here, had an idea you were going to run into something like that," he remarked bitterly. "It burns me up to see kids treated that way. Grownups I don't mind so much, they can take it; but ever since I was in Italy and then again in Korea it was always the kids ——"

"Yes. Well, to be fair, I must say what happened today in parts was an accident like." Ma set Florence Beebe down and went over to the stove again. Frank, she thought, had a way of running down everyone in town, good or bad, and she said, "You couldn't really blame the Twitchells for leavin' for Stewart Falls, and I know myself how bad Sally Peters feels after losin' her boy; but when I think of that Willy Diffenderfer an' the Craver beauty, it does make my blood boil! You know I hate to see kids used bad, too, an' I never had to go to Italy or Korea to find that out."

A RECKLESS idea had begun to take form in Ma's mind, but she set it temporarily aside. *I'll give it a couple of hours to simmer.* She reminded herself of her old age and her arthritis and the case of beer she had waiting until tomorrow afternoon when she would have the house to herself once again. The boys returned to the kitchen to talk to Frank and it pained Ma to note that they quickly borrowed from him a certain hangdog attitude, an air of being rejected that she had always despised in anyone.

"Yeah, it's a pretty rotten deal," they commiserated with Frank. "They git us here an' then they use us lousy."

Ma spoke up. "Well now, I wouldn't want any of you goin' home tomorrow feelin' *all* the folks around here is mean and nasty, because that's not true. Some, most when you come right down to it, are pretty darned good; you can see that by the way they took in all those other boys an' girls—a hundred and some odd of them. It was just an accident that something happened to go wrong in your case."

But they preferred being like Frank, bitter and abused and out of step. "Aah, it's always like this ——"

"No, it's *not* always like this!" Ma was stung to reply. "An' to prove it to you, I have a sur-

ise." Before she could debate the issue any rther within herself, she said, "Instead of you in' home on the train tomorrow, how would u like to stay here with me and spend your cation here? I'd be pleased as Punch to have u, each an' every one, an' I'll do my best to e you have a real good time while you're th me. Now! What d'you say to that?"

Instead of an enthusiastic chorus of reonse, Ma's offer was met with uncomfortle silence, then: "I'd rather go home."

"Well of course if you don't *want* to ——" a, having made her offer honestly, now felt a ise of relief settling down on her, but Frank anning suddenly spoke up.

"No, look, all of you," he urged, "why don't u try it here for a few days—say a week. If u ask me, it's mighty kind and generous of a to make the offer, and for my part—well, -if you'd like, I'd be more than willing to lp out all I can while you're here." He redned and Ma saw that it was not easy for him make the offer. He was proud and touchy d fearful of a rebuff; and in a dim way Ma alized he was suffering from a deeper sense the same rejection that was afflicting the unnted children. What he was asking of them s a chance to realize the old dream of helpg the wartime orphans; he wanted, too, to on being a hero still in someone's eyes. "I'd me over and get up a program for you; I'd en supervise it every day. I wouldn't be any od at thinking up things for the two girls, t when I was overseas I used to plan how neday I'd like to open a camp for boys, a od one, and teach them things about huntg maybe, and firing a rifle, and living out in woods. Or if it wasn't going to be that, then was going to be a gym. I got a lot of stuff, a of equipment over at my place. Suppose I to get hold of some tents and mattresses—I s thinking if we put you fellows out in tents that little bank above the creek, you could me indoors to sleep if it rained; and we uld build an outdoor fireplace, maybe do me of the cooking down there ——"

The idea caught on at once. The boys were for starting immediately.

"No, wait," Frank said. "It'll take a day or before I could lay my hands on the shelter lves and stuff we'd need, and first we'd have straighten the whole thing out with the ayor. Probably if he hears I'm in on the deal, 'll scotch the whole thing."

There's that self-pity again in Frank, Ma ought, *an' I don't like to see it getting ahold him*. "Well anyway," she said, "suppose we sleep on it tonight, and tomorrow we'll get ld of Harry Bannister. The worst he can say no, an' we'll all have the satisfaction of owing we tried. We all done our best and at's all you can ask of anyone."

In the morning, after a long I-wash-mynds-of-the-whole-thing lecture from Ellie, a began to ask herself if she hadn't been too pulsive. *It's not two little boys like I first ured on*, she reminded herself; *it's six, some them mighty big and hard to handle, and it's o girls besides. I don't know that I can honly manage that many.* And as Ellie pointed t, one of them might get sick—you never ew what was going to happen. Nor was Ma ceived about the city children. Among themves they could be as unfeeling and cruel as me of the people in Turnersville had been tord them, and almost all of them, it seemed, re mean at times to the two little Negroes.

UNAWARE of her hesitancy, the boys, acting if all the arrangements for their stay had en completed, had climbed up into the barn t and found the old ice-cream freezer, ange with rust, and dirty sacks of rock salt, a sketball hoop, some fishing lines and a box hooks and flies, a Saratoga trunk full of thes and papers, the rickety doll carriage ss had used, two rusted rifles, ice skates, oken chairs—all were spread out among the sting cans and debris in the yard.

Ma came out and was trying to persuade em to put everything back when Whitey ld her that since this was Sunday he would ve to go to Mass. Diane remembered then at she, too, should attend, and little Arthur nounced he had promised his mother and s daddy that he would go to church service en in the country. Startled, Ma said of course she'd drive the churchgoers into town, whereupon the rest of her charges all decided to go along, too, for the ride. It was four minutes to ten right then. There was no time for them to wash, to put on clean clothes, even to comb their hair. Just as they were, they rushed for the dilapidated car. Ma put her large foot all the way down on the gas pedal and the car responded bravely with its best forty-six to forty-seven miles an hour.

At the first intersection they met up with Frank Manning coming down the side road in his jeep, and he called over to tell them he was on his way in to try to borrow the shelter halves from the proprietor of the Army and Navy store. Since it was late and the two churches were at opposite ends of the town, Frank offered to take Whitey and Diane and drop them off and pick them up again when the service was over. The two oldest boys, the handsome Robbie and the slack-chinned light-haired Mac also switched over to be with Frank and take their first ride in a jeep.

Breathless from hurrying, Ma with Florence Beebe holding her hand, with Allie and the two little colored boys ahead of her, tiptoed down the gleaming center aisle of the First Presbyterian Church, looking for an empty pew. This happened, unfortunately, to be much nearer the front than the back. Worse, the service had already commenced and with every moment it became increasingly apparent to Ma that compared with the rest of the townsfolk and their children, all turned out in fresh summer clothing, the Baggley delegation, herself included, presented a deplorably unkempt appearance. Self-consciousness, however, was not long-lasting with Ma. There were too many things for her to observe and listen to. Mr. Lundbeck in his address welcomed all the new children and praised the families that had so generously opened their hearts and their homes to them. He developed this topic with such eloquence that even Ma, a temporary



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and unofficial foster parent, could not help feeling pleased and generous and uplifted. It was twenty years or more since Ma had been to church and she found herself enjoying this sight of her neighbors at prayer. She liked the organ, the smell of fresh starched cotton, the roses on the altar, the gleam of brass, the tall stained windows open to the summer sky. Real nice, Ma thought, real pretty. After the sermon there was a hymn Ma remembered from her youth and she joined in the singing good and loud; she enjoyed that, too, but then when the collection was taken up, her pew could contribute not one penny; and after the service was over, filing out into the brilliant sunshine and down the steps onto the churchyard path, Ma again felt conspicuous and queerly ashamed with her uncared-for children around her.

SHE drew to one side of the churchyard path. "Here now, we'll wait here for Diane and the others to show up," she said, but soon all about her were people shaking hands and visiting back and forth, talking about the New York children in their midst.

"Morning, Mr. Craver!" Ma heard behind her. "Morning, Mrs. Craver! Morning, Penny, Barbara! Where are your two city children, Mrs. Craver?"

"Why, I wasn't feeling well—probably I've been doing too much—and Mr. Craver thought it would be too much of a strain."

Mrs. Craver discovered Ma's nearness and with haste she moved her husband, her children and herself over to the other side of the path. From the group of women who presently surrounded her there was trained on Ma a barrage of disapproving glances, audible little clickings of the tongue and scandalized whispers, which carried clearly across the path. Ma's color went up and she eyed them briefly and balefully. It was on the tip of her tongue to say, *You're all pretty good at criticizin' but not a one of you'd take these kids in and give them as much as one square meal*—still, she had to admit their comments on her appearance were deserved. How could she explain that church attendance had been a last-minute thought, that they had left in too great a hurry for her to comb her hair and change her dress, much less put on her corset?

There's only one pretty child in the world, and every mother has it.
—CHESHIRE PROVERB

Ma caught sight of Frank Manning coming with the remainder of her brood: Diane in her dirty white runover shoes and drooping gray cardigan sweater, the two oldest boys and little Whitey all with dirty faces. Frank himself was a disreputable sight for a Sunday morning, unshaven and tousle-haired, in dirty sun-tan pants and a soiled T shirt.

Before they could reach her, the mayor came over. He extended his hand and smiled. "Ma, I can't thank you enough for the way you've helped me out," he told her. "I've been trying like h—like mad to get someone to take these extra kids in and I've pretty well given up on it. I'll have them all off your hands early this afternoon. I'm going to send them back with the supervisors. Maybe they can come out here again with some later group. It's rotten for them, but what are you going to do?"

The children were listening, and Ma felt a nudge on one side and a tug at her skirt on the other, and there was that circle of young eyes fixed directly on her, reminding her of her promise to let them stay. "Well," she said, "Harry, since we all got to know each other better, I—well, I invited 'em all to stay the whole two weeks at my place; an' they all said they'd sure be glad to. Frank here is willin' to help me with the boys." Frank and the mayor had been eying each other in an unfriendly manner. "And Ellie's helpin' me too," Ma added untruthfully. "Ellie's home now cleanin' the place all up and cookin' a good big dinner. We think ever'thing's goin' to work out real fine ——"

"Oh no, Ma. No. No. It'd never do. As a matter of fact—well, I'm positive the supervisors would never O.K. it because for one thing, you see, these kids are supposed to come here to get into an entirely different atmosphere, I mean different from the slums they come out of, and—well, I mean ——"

Eying Mrs. Craver, Ma said in a carrying voice, since it was obvious the nearby people were all listening in on the conversation, "Well, some people around here won't take the kids in! They got nice atmosphere, whatever you call it, but that don't mean nuthin' if you're not treated right in it! Now I don't have to tell you I know as much as anyone else about raisin' kids, an' I'm willin' to stake my oath I'll do as good a job of it as anyone here in Turnersville givin' these kids here the best two weeks they ever had."

But it was Frank mentioning the arrangements he had made to borrow the tents for the boys, as well as his plans for a gymnasium in the barn and the outdoor fireplace, that really caught the mayor's attention.

"In a way, you see, it'll be like a camp, just as if the kids came to a camp with a counselor and everything," Frank explained earnestly. He caught the mayor's quizzical glance; his words stumbled and he said, "I know you haven't got such a high opinion of me, but I'm—I'm pretty sure I can do a lot with these kids. It's what I always wanted to do, and I sure wish you'd let me give it a try."

"Frank, under any other circumstances, I'd be glad to! I've given you every chance I could think of. I'd like to see you try one thing and stick to it to the end without getting sore and quitting. Come on over here a little." They moved away from the children and Harry Bannister lowered his voice. "You see, I have to vouch for the reliability of all the people who take these kids in—and I wouldn't want to jeopardize the whole project by you walking out on the deal, or by Ma —— All right, there's no use kidding ourselves. This is no time for polite words. We all know Ma likes to go off on a bender now and then ——"

"Harry, on my honor." Unobtrusively Ma held up her right hand, hoping Mrs. Craver wasn't watching. Her face was serious. "If I say something, I do it. I won't touch a drop. Not one single drop until the whole vacation is over and they're all out of my place."

"Wish you'd let me try it," was all Frank could bring himself to say, but looking at him, dogged, growing red in the face, Ma knew the effort it was costing his pride to ask. The mayor was watching him too.

"Well, suppose we leave it like this. You and Ma here try it for a week and see how you make out. Personally somehow I don't think it'll work, but I'd like to be proven wrong. You go ahead and show me."

WHEN Ma landed home, before tents or anything else went up, she demanded each boy go down to the creek, take along the bar of yellow soap and have a thorough scrub. "An' I'm goin' to examine each one, ears and all, so you might as well do a good job of it. I want you to turn in all your dirty clothes too; I'll boil 'em and wash 'em out first thing tomorrow morning." To Frank, she said, "You can go along an' see they do it."

Frank grinned and said, "Don't let all this power go to your head, Ma. And let's get one thing straight right off the bat: while I'm here I'm boss of the boys; you have the girls to deal with. In this case, though, I think you're right and I'll go along with what you say."

As the boys moved off, Robbie, the oldest, hung back, half smiling, half defiant, objecting that no one around the place bothered with washing up and that was one of the main things he liked about it.

"Well, there's goin' to be a big change then," Ma replied. "No one's insisting on anyone bein' all dolled up all the time, but they'll all clean up at least once a day, that's for sure."

"You too?" little Whitey was moved to ask, and immediately his face flamed.

Ruffled, Ma replied firmly, "Yes, me too," and as she withdrew into the house it struck Ma that it probably was high time.

From the kitchen doorway she paused to look out at Frank delivering a lecture to Robbie, who still had not given in.

"You'll have all the freedom you can use," Ma heard Frank's voice saying sharply in the distance. "But you can't run anything without system and order. And someone's got to be at the head of it. I won't be giving orders all the time; I won't even be here all the time, but when I say 'Do something,' you do it without handing me a big song and dance about not liking to take orders. I'll never tell you to do anything unreasonable. Now get down there to the creek, and you be first on this bar of soap. Here, catch."

Robbie caught the bar of soap, but even so, he still balked, hoping to lead an insurrection. The others, however, had all ranged themselves on Frank's side and Robbie, reluctant though smiling, finally gave in.

The three tents proved an inspiration. Put up Monday morning in the shade above the creek, they were just within sight and calling distance of the house, yet far enough away to impart an air of privacy and masculine independence. Robbie and Mac occupied the first tent, Whitey and Allie the second, little Arthur and Wilbur the third. Under Frank's direction the boys cut down the weeds and tall grass all about their tents; they set to work building a large outdoor fireplace nearby. They used a rusting wheelbarrow to cart the field stones and Ma heard their voices shouting and arguing, but the work kept the six of them busy most of the day, and that evening when Ma looked out her back door she saw the clear steady glow of their first fire.

Thereafter their day began with a straightening of the tents, an airing of the quilts and a trip down to the creek to wash. They lined up then under Robbie's leadership and came into the kitchen for their breakfast, sometimes eating it there, sometimes going to all the inconvenience of carrying it down to their tents. In such matters, Ma never interfered. Immediately after breakfast came an hour of chores, a grudging, unpopular hour during which they chopped wood for Ma and Ellie, cut down the grass and weeds around the house, raked the yard; then the six moved quickly and inexpertly through Ma's little truck garden, weeding between the rows of corn, potatoes, beans and tomatoes, bitter to one another, yelling and arguing, cursing sometimes, in constant nervous fear of attacks by snakes, bees, wasps, cows and bulls.

FRANK, cooling off somewhat in his anger toward his neighbors—surprised, Ma felt, by the friendly co-operation he met at every hand in borrowing equipment for the boys—went back and finished repairing Cotter's roof. He was paid for it, and when he stopped by afterward with his ladders to do some work he had long promised on Ma's roof, he found he had six willing helpers. The house resounded to sudden activity, to singing, hammering and shouting as the boys, stripped to the waist, climbed up and down the slanting roof, prying off rotten shingles, climbing in and out the upper windows. Part way through the third morning, they started to tire of it and decided to go off exploring. "No, sir," said Frank around a mouthful of nails. "I told you it wasn't fun; you wanted to do it anyway. Now you got to finish out the morning. You two big guys get to work with the paintbrushes; the rest start cleaning up all that busted shingle down there." Through their combined efforts the place did not turn beautiful—it was poor-looking and homely and would always be so—but after four days, the fallen-in sheds were repaired, a shutter was straightened for the first time in twenty-seven years, and with a new coat of brown stain, a freshly painted white door and white blinds, a neat yard about it, the Baggley farmhouse showed more care than the oldest inhabitant in Turnersville could recall.

"Ma, I drove past here twice by mistake," the mayor said when he pulled up to the side door. "I thought it was your friend Mrs. Craver's place, it's fixed up so fancy."

"Go on with you," Ma said. She leaned on the door of his station wagon. "It does look pretty good though, don't it?"

The mayor explained he had stopped by to pay her the allotment for each of her eight children and to see how she was progressing.

"Say, I'll be so rich I won't know what to do with myself! An' we're making out fine! While you're here, have you got time to come down an' see the boys? They're down in the creek; Frank's goin' to teach them how to swim. Nervous as a bunch of hens."

As Ma and the mayor approached, they could hear through the trees and bushes Frank's voice raised above the splashing and cries of the beginning swimmers.

"That's right! Keep it up! Keep kicking there—keep your legs straight and beat 'em up and down. . . . What's the matter with you?"

"I don't *wanna* learn how to swim." It was Robbie's voice. "The water gits up my nose!"

"There's no water getting up your nose—you won't even put your face near it! Look at Arthur and Allie—they're not afraid to put their faces in. Come on, try it again. I won't let anything happen to you. It's the only way you're ever going to learn."

Ma and the mayor came out onto the little rustic bridge. Frank, in swimming trunks, was standing in the flowing sunlit water which came only slightly below his waist. Robbie, shivering and wet and miserable, was sitting on a flat rock on the opposite bank, hugging his knees; his skin, save for his arms and face, city-pale in the sunlight. Three of the other boys were hanging onto a log, laughing, kicking their feet up and down, while Allie and little Arthur, near Frank, were bending over and dipping their faces into the water.

"Hey! I held my face in till I counted up to ten!" Allie cried proudly, lifting his dripping countenance.

Frank, a little sheepish, hopped up onto the bank and shook hands with Harry Bannister.

"Having a little trouble with your swimmers, Frank?"

"No, it's just getting them used to it. I thought kids everywhere knew how to swim, but only two of these can do the dog paddle and that's only for a couple of strokes. The big kid over there doesn't even want to learn."

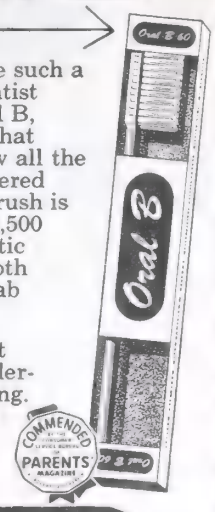


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"What's the matter with him?"

"A little afraid of the water."

"What are you going to do with him?" the mayor asked.

"Oh—try to coax him into it by degrees. Show him nothing can happen to him here. I have one kid with a bad arm; I'm showing him how to swim on his good side. He's doing all right with it too. . . . Come on, Robbie," he called. "Get down there with the others and practice putting your face in. Wait, I'll come over. I'll be right beside you."

"That Robbie," Ma explained as Frank waded back down the creek. "Frank made him like the leader over the others when he's not here with them or when they're out roamin' around in the woods, and in return for watchin' them good an' takin' good care of them, Frank's showin' him how to drive my car. Just up an' down the driveway an' all round in back of the house; an' you never saw any kid so crazy about anything in all your born days. He'll do anything for Frank—for that matter, they all think Frank's just about the greatest thing that ever lived."

The mayor stood watching the lesson progress, a smile on his face. "They're a great gang. It makes me wish I was back around that age myself—but I'm not and I have to be off. See you again, Ma."

"Now see?" Ma said to Ellie that evening. "That's what Frank likes to do, work around boys."

"Boy Scout leader," Ellie said derisively, snapping beans, but Ma caught her often at the window looking out to where Frank, neat in appearance, more military in bearing, his dark hair damply combed, was showing the boys some turns on the parallel bars.

"He seems to know just what boys that age'll like to do. An' did you notice, he takes special pains with that Allie, that one with the arm. He has him throwin' the ball in that basketball hoop real good."

"One-hand push shot," said Ellie without seeming interest.

"Yes, well, whatever it is, it gives him an interest. Frank, that is. I was gettin' real worried about him the way he was goin'."

"If I was him," said Diane, "I wouldn't trust that Robbie so much. He's a real mean louse. He's always browbeating the kids in our neighborhood. They're all afraid of him."

"Why, he seems to be behavin' himself real good now," said Ma.

"M-m, that's because you're old," said Diane with her unsparing honesty. "You don't see what's goin' on."

Ma, however, had brought up her own children on the assumption that the less one saw, the less there was to bother about. She didn't expect boys to be perfect, and unless there were unmistakable signs of trouble, she'd never go searching for it. At present the city boys seemed to be behaving especially well. They were eager and quick to do favors for her and Ellie because Frank had promised them, as a reward for good behavior, to take them on a two- or three-day hike next week up into the mountains beyond the Elephant's Toes, training them as combat scouts.

Ma's own life during their two-week stay was easier and more entertaining than she had expected. True, it was something of a continuous strain for her to remain on the wagon, to keep herself and the farmhouse respectably neat and clean, to hold back on her oaths and colorful language, but the two city girls were helpful; and so that they wouldn't all come down with ptomaine, as she ungraciously put it, on the third day Ellie volunteered to relieve Ma of all the cooking. In turn, little Arthur and Wilbur took over some of Ellie's chores unbidden. Polite, gentle, soft-spoken, they were around the house a little more than the older boys. They liked to watch the chipmunks, the rabbits and the various kinds of birds. They enjoyed standing in the yard with Ellie, scattering the corn to the chickens, and in time they assumed full responsibility for the job. They discovered all the nests and every morning they collected the eggs and proudly brought them in to Ma. She still laughed when she thought of them the first few days happily bringing in with the real eggs the large china eggs set out to encourage the hens. The greatest surprise of all was little Arthur learning to milk the cow. He watched Ellie a few days, then overcame his initial fear, took his first lesson and then milking, too, became part of his daily routine. Coming into the kitchen, he always permitted Wilbur to help carry the pail. Ma understood it was their way of trying to repay Ellie and herself for taking them in.

Florence Beebe continued to be a source of some concern to Ma. Originally from a more refined background than any of the others, she was unsure of herself, easily confused, and almost tongue-tied with shyness. If no one disturbed her, she sat daydreaming by the hour. Ma showed her how to knit, and then, worried that the child sat indoors so much, she brought her out and taught her the difference between the flowers and the weeds in the bedraggled borders around the house. Florence became absorbed and she weeded and watered with an old teapot through the long afternoons. She felt so sorry for the uprooted drooping weeds that she transplanted them into a sort of convalescent bed beside the barn, and it disturbed Ma one day to come upon her whispering and apologizing to the plants as if they were human beings. She carried saucers of milk out to the kittens in the barn and knelt over them, loving them and kissing them, making clover wreaths to hang about their necks, telling them stories and singing them to sleep.



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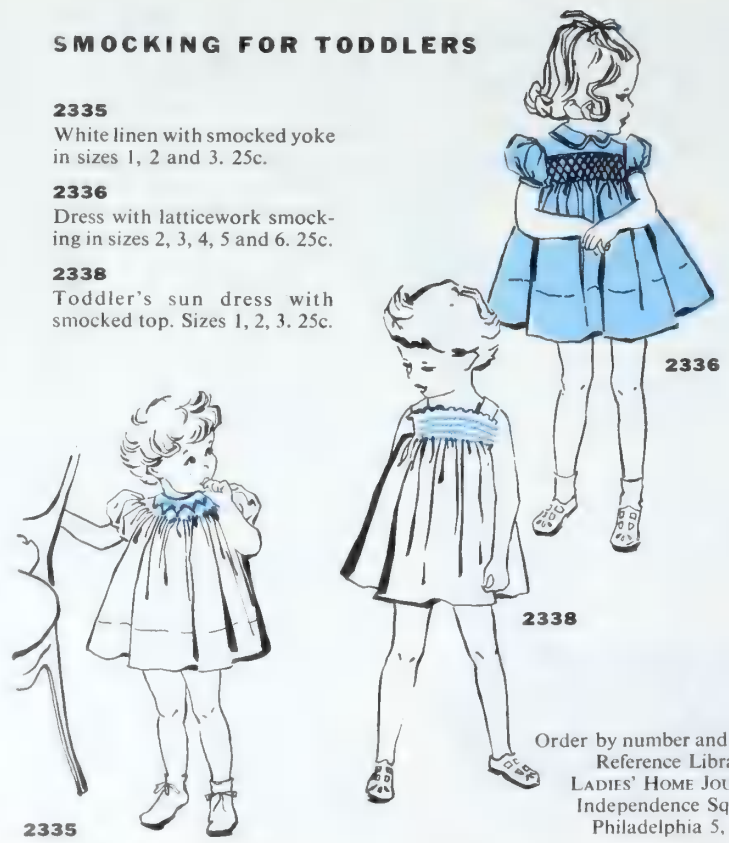
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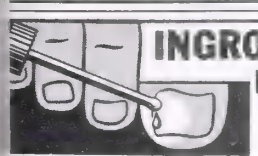
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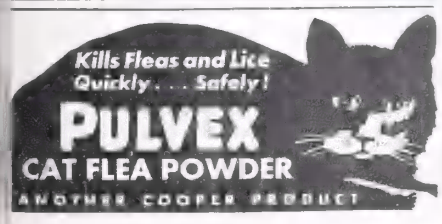
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"Here's what happened," Diane explained. "Florence's mother came from a very rich family in California. They were really millionaires and they were furious at Florence's mother for marrying this officer ——" Ma had begun to suspect that the truth and Diane's love of moving pictures, her knowledge of plot and situation, often merged in the stories she told. "Then he went away and was killed. Florence was only a baby at the time, but her mother said she'd never go back to her family. Well, she invested what money she had in some kind of a business, but it failed and then the mother got TB from worrying. She spent thousands of dollars away in private hospitals trying to get better an' finally she had to go to a free one. She was supposed to come out last spring, but she's still there. An' see, this isn't really Florence's aunt she tells you about. It's just a foster mother; the city pays her each week to take care of Florence while her mother's away, an' while she's all right—she's not mean or anything—she has other kids of her own, an' you know how it is, they come first ——"

Disillusioned and romantic by turns, round-shouldered, not very clean, Diane ignored the country just as she ignored most of the things the authorities believed would be of benefit to the city children: early hours, sunlight, exercise in the open air and good nourishing food; milk, for instance, "soured" on her stomach and she never drank it. At home, she told Ma, she lived mostly on sweet buns and coffee with lots of condensed milk in it. Even in the middle of the day when the kitchen grew baking-hot and sleepy she kept on her dirty sagging gray cardigan.

"Diane," Ma said, "don't you want to take that sweater off you?"

"No, no, it's all right," Diane said impatiently, returning to her discussion with Ellie of the latest romantic entanglements of the stars of Hollywood. With Diane, it was all first names: Ava, Frank, Lana, Lex, Joan, Ginger, Rory. . . . By now Ma's and Ellie's horizons had widened through a hearsay acquaintance with most of the families in Diane's tenement as well as several in Stuyvesant Town, where Diane went to baby-sit. Diane's own family was not without its interesting characters. Her father, she told them, had disappeared when she was six years old. It was not known whether he was the victim of amnesia and might even now be the wealthy mayor of a large city in the West with another wife and family of children—a theory Diane, oddly enough, seemed to favor—or whether he had been murdered and thrown into the river during a dock strike. Diane's mother worked as a waitress, had a variety of admirers—"Drips," said Diane with a scornful embarrassed smile—and scarcely a night went by, if Diane could be believed, that some one of them did not take her mother out dancing. "See, I'm always there; I fix her up, tell her what to wear, I see that she looks good. Like I give her manicures, I give her permanents —— *Listen*!" She sat up and her eyes brightened. "Ellie! You want me to give you a permanent? Ma too? Yes! Let me! Listen, listen, where I live, everyone's always after me to give them a permanent, I do it so good."

THE following day, a stifling Saturday, Diane turned the kitchen into a beauty parlor and administered a home permanent to Florence, to Ellie and to Ma. "Now this neutralizer—I have to use it twice—always stinks," Diane warned, sopping at the three heads of tightly rolled hair, "but it's worth it when you see how swell you're all going to look." Seemingly she had no interest in beautifying herself: her own tan hair remained lank and oily. A good saleswoman, however, she kept extolling the virtues of her permanent waves, their naturalness, soft silkiness and durability; but the final effect, hours and hours later, was not exactly as she had predicted. Ellie had been smart enough to have only the ends of her hair done, but stout eyeglassed Florence Beebe emerged with ringlets so high and tight that she looked as if she were being slowly frightened to death, while Ma's vigorous white hair was a mass of tiny mechanical dry kinks from the scalp out; yet once past the initial shock at the unfamiliarity of her visage staring back at her from the hand mirror, Ma was vastly pleased with the only beauty treatment in her life.

She would have been just as pleased with the entire vacation if it weren't for one odd unpleasant note. So far she had not mentioned it to anyone, but unwillingly, inescapably she had come to the conclusion that someone—one of the boys—was light-fingered.

Almost from the start Ma had begun to miss things about the house, things of no particular value; still, it was unsettling. The first thing to disappear was a sterling-silver napkin ring that had turned up black and discolored in a carton of odds and ends in the barn loft. Ma had polished part of it to bring out the initial and she set it on the kitchen window sill just above the sink, intending to show it to Ellie, and before Ellie could return from hanging up the wash, it was gone. Several of the boys—just which ones Ma could not remember—had been roughhousing at the sink only a few minutes before, filling their canteens. A day or so later, Ellie complained of losing a small gold watchcase, belonging to her mother, that had always been in her top bureau drawer. A souvenir paperweight of the Chicago World's Fair was next missing from its accustomed place on the parlor whatnot. *And Lord knows what else is walking out of the house*, Ma thought. Always, it seemed,

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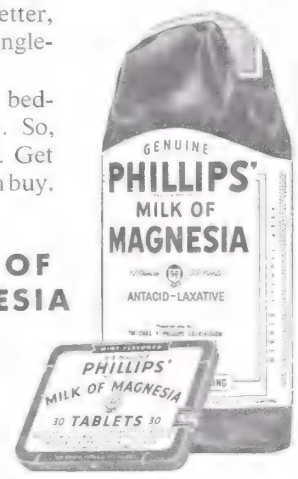
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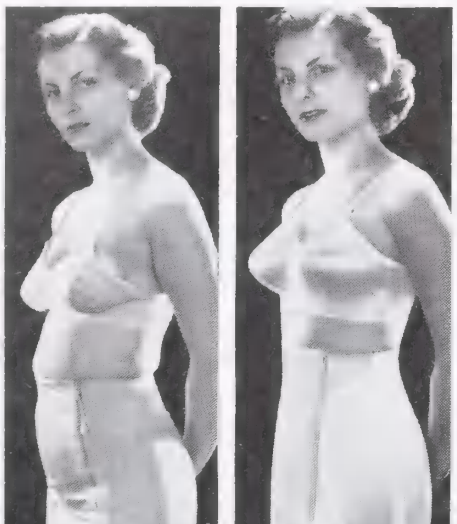
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the farmhouse would be crowded; the boys would all be in, walking through the rooms, going upstairs and down, and a few minutes after they left, the article would be gone. *Of course*, Ma thought, *you don't like to say anything*. The things weren't worth raising a fuss about and maybe by accident someone broke the glass paperweight and then threw the broken parts away—kids would do that any time. And maybe Ellie lost that old watchcase long ago—but how about the silver napkin ring?

On Tuesday morning of their second week, the boys all came down to the house to fill their canteens and say good-by to Ma and Ellie. Frank Manning was with them and they were all loaded down with heavy packs and rucksacks in readiness for their two-day hike up into the mountains.

"Say, are you sure you'll be able to climb with all that heavy equipment on you?" On occasions Ma knew what to say to boys. "You'll have to be pretty strong boys to do that."

"We are!" . . . "Don't you worry about us, Ma!" . . . "You bet we'll be able to climb!" . . . "Ma, look, we got the most, Robbie an' me, cause we're the biggest. We got all the stuff that weighs a lot, us an' Frank. The kids, they don't have hardly nuthin'."

"Well, I don't know, you all look like pack horses to me. An' d'you know, it's goin' to be real lonesome here without you. Who am I going to get to go and collect all the eggs for me every day? An' who's goin' to do the milkin'? I tell you, I'm sure goin' to miss my two best helpers here."

The two dark little faces flashed into wide smiles of delight.

Ma walked down as far as the creek and watched them cross over it on the rickety little footbridge to Frank's property. They turned to wave to her, then disappeared up the path between the wild-cherry trees.

The first evening of the boys' absence, Ma, Ellie and the two girls had an early picnic supper outdoors, and then as a favor to Diane they drove over to Stewart Falls to see a Marilyn Monroe picture she had missed at home. Before dinner the next night, while Ma was wondering what time Frank and the boys were going to return, the mayor telephoned to warn her that he must bring two of the supervisors from the Sunshine Fund out to the farm the following morning to see how the eight children were faring.

"And Ma, see if you can't have everything all shipshape around there," he told her. "It means a lot. We're supposed to drop in unexpected, but I thought in your case I'd better give you the tip-off. We'll stop by around eleven. O.K.?"

"You needn't worry; everything'll be all right. Everything'll —— Wait, I think that's the boys. They been off on a hike."

Still not wholly convinced, the mayor was saying, "Listen, Ma, as I start to get near your place, I'll toot my horn as much as I can to let you know we're coming."

"All right, Harry, I'll remember. I'm goin' to ring off now. The boys are all back. They're just comin' in now."

THEY crowded around Ma, healthy-looking, deeply sunburned, enthusiastic. "—— an' we saw a big eagle, an' his wings were this big, Ma; look, this big." . . . "Hey, an' we saw the Elephant's Toes—we saw where the guy got drownded from here last summer." . . . "Boy, did we *eat*." . . . "An' at night we sat aroun' the fire, talkin' and tellin' stories, an' you wanna see Arthur's eyes! Boy, was he scared!" . . . "Yeah, you was scared too. You was scared of bears in the middle of the night. I heard you tellin' Whitey you thought you heard bears." As a closing event of the hike, at Frank's suggestion, the boys invited Ma, Ellie and the two girls to a frankfurter roast down at their outdoor fireplace.

It had grown dark and Ma was finishing her third hot dog when Ellie came down from the house, drew Ma away from the fire and told her that her sixty-eight dollars, which she had kept in a tin cocoa box, was gone. "And it was there," Ellie said. "I saw it there tonight just before the boys came piling into the house! What am I going to do?"

Leaving the children, Ma, heavy of heart, with Ellie and Frank went up into the house to talk over the situation.

"You keep asking me am I sure!" Ellie cried with exasperation. "Of course I'm sure! I saw it with my own eyes just before they came racing in. One of them's got it! I say we ought to line them up and search them before they can hide it someplace ——"

"No. No, wait. Wait," Frank said. "There's some other explanation. There *must* be. I know these kids by now!"

"Look. I don't care how well you know these kids or anything else. It took me a long, long time, scrimping every penny to get that sixty-eight dollars together, and I intend to get it back. If you're not going to do anything, I'm going in and call the police!"

"No, don't. Please," Frank urged, "don't do that. Not yet, anyway. Give us a little time to think this out. Let's try to reason with the kids first, and try to get whoever did it to put the money back. Otherwise if you call the police in here, there's bound to be publicity, they'll probably ask you to bring charges against the kid and you'll wind up giving him a police record that'll stick to him for the rest of his life. Besides that, families around here will all hear about it and probably they'll be afraid to take in any more of these kids ——"

"Yes, give us a chance first," Ma said.

Ellie, impatient, turned her back on them, and after a hasty discussion between Ma and Frank, it was decided to call the boys in separately for questioning.

"All right," Frank said. "What order'll we take them in? Age? Big ones first?"

"I suppose so. I don't know how else ——"

Ellie, plainly showing she thought it all a waste of time, went over and stood at the dark screened window. Ma, more worried than she admitted, pulled her rocking chair into the shadow and sat down. Frank went out to call Robbie and he returned with him.

"All right, if you'll just sit down here, Robbie. There's a few questions I'd like to put to you."

Robbie, bringing in with him the smell of crushed weeds and grass and wood smoke, sat facing the light. At one moment he seemed to Ma keyed up, alert to trouble, as if he knew what was coming; the next moment his brown face looked clear, intelligent, perhaps too clear. Frank, disliking the task, remained on his feet, leaning forward over the back of an empty tipped chair.

"Because you're leader of the boys, Robbie, we feel we ought to tell you what's happened here." Keeping his voice quiet, Frank mentioned Ellie's discovery of her loss and he went on talking, explaining what the money meant to Ellie and how kind and decent and helpful she had been to the whole crowd, how long it took her to save that money, and what, if not returned, its loss would mean: the police called in, a scandal ruining all future chances of the city children coming to Turnersville. And all the while Frank spoke, Ma sat looking at the dark handsome boy, trying to pierce his mind, wondering if he were as honest, as surprised, as he now seemed.

"Honest, Frank! I swear," Robbie said. "Honest, I don't know nuthin' about it. I'd tell you if I did. I swear. I never seen no sixty-eight dollars, honest! When we came in the house, I stayed down here—I never went upstairs for nuthin'!"

"ALL right, Robbie, I'm not saying you did. But I'm making the same offer to each one of you to return the money before breakfast time tomorrow—leave it on the kitchen table. If it's not there in the morning, there's going to be trouble and plenty of it. I think a lot of Ellie, as you probably know, and I intend to see she gets her money back. This is just a fair chance first for the guilty one to return it, no questions asked. Oh, and one more thing." The boy had started to get up. "Don't mention this, or don't discuss it with any of the others, the girls or anyone. Keep the whole thing under your hat. Here, and when you get home. We expect the mayor here tomorrow with some people from the fund, and we don't want them to hear about it either. Unless they have to. It's like something that happens inside a family; the whole bunch sticks together and says nothing. You understand? Now tell Mac I'd like to see him."

An uncomfortable silence held when the boy first slipped out of the kitchen, then Ma asked, "Did you believe him?" She didn't know whether she did or not.

"I don't know," Frank answered, bothered. "I only know it's a serious charge to bring against anyone without proof—you can't *guess* at these things."

Ellie said, "It seemed to me like he was covering something up when he first came in."

"Seemed that way to me, too," said Ma, worried.

There was a knock on the door and then Mac walked in, surprised and smiling with uncertainty, blinking in the light.

"Frank, you wanna see me?"

Ma found herself paying closer attention. Tall, loose-jointed, round-shouldered, light-haired, with light eyes and no visible lashes, with freckles and a sloping chin. . . . Quick to take offense, and yet likable, Ma thought. Something decent and good about him.



"But you don't understand, mom. He's the captain of the team. It's a great honor."

"Money? Sixty-eight dollars?" he asked when Frank told him. Mac's light eyes were round. Then angry. His face flushed. No. He never saw any money. What'd they think, he'd *take* someone's money? Is that what they were accusing him of? Bein' a crook?

"No one's accusing you," Frank explained. "It's just that ——" His voice going on and on.

Allie came next into the kitchen, his left arm held up in its usual position against his chest. He was more self-conscious, more nervous than the others, sending his long silky hair back from his startled eyes by a sudden movement of his head.

"No sir, I—I didn't see no money, never. No, I didn't go upstairs since we had the hike." That look of wariness, of alarm. . . . Was that just his self-consciousness, uncertainty? Of them all, Ma found herself hoping it would not prove to be Allie. Patient, determined, Frank was telling Allie about the opportunity for returning the money, and then he cautioned him not to discuss it and asked him to send his tentmate, Whitey, in.

"I can't believe any nine- or ten-year-old kid stole it!" Ellie cried. "If it was anyone, it was one of the bigger ones. We ought to get the police in and search their stuff."

"No, you can't jump to conclusions. And now that we started, we have to ask each one, otherwise you're questioning some and not others. You got to be fair." The questioning, however, had begun to take a lot out of him. He looked grim and defeated by the time little Whitey came into the kitchen, sturdy, sunburned, with an eager little grin.

"Frank, somethin' you want me to do? Allie says ——"

"Yes. Will you sit down here a minute? There's something I have to tell you, Whitey, and I'd like to know if you know anything about it."

Whitey thought there was an opportunity of running an errand for Frank, whom he obviously hero-worshiped, and Ma watched the look of bewilderment come over his features as Frank's explanation progressed. Within a few minutes Whitey's face was as Ma first remembered it: city-wise, old for his years, uncommunicative.

"Listen, Whitey, you didn't notice if anyone went upstairs, did you? When we were all in the kitchen or in the dining room, talking to Ma. . . . You didn't? And you haven't heard anyone talking about money, any of the other fellows, the big fellows?" Frank was perspiring and the knuckles stood out white on his sunburned hands. "It's not a question of not snitching, Whitey."

"No. I didn't hear nuthin'." Shoulders hunched. Secretive. Closed up. Wary. Or, Ma wondered, wasn't that the way any kid from a tough neighborhood would behave? If he knew anything, he wouldn't tell.

Because he was nearing the end and growing more and more desperate, Frank kept little Whitey longer than any of the others, going back over some of the questions, but in the end he had to let him go.

"Send Arthur—no, send Arthur and Wilbur both up here together." When Whitey had gone, he turned to Ma. "This is the end. If it's either of these two kids, I'd almost rather not know. Everything was going along so well—I could have sworn I had their trust. All of them."

The two little boys came in, polite, trustful, slightly mystified.

"Sit down, boys," Frank said. "Yes, pull up that other chair. Now what I have to say to you two boys is very important and I want you to listen with care." All the same questions, repeated now without hope. "Did you go upstairs at any time? Did you see ——"

A glance exchanged between the boys.

"Wait. Ah—Ah was upstairs one time."

"What were you doing up there, Arthur?"

"Yes. Ah—well, Ah wen' up just to look out that li'l' hall window. Like 'cause Ah was back here again ——"

"You're sure you didn't go into Ellie's room for any reason?"

The large solemn eyes. "No, Frank. Ah just stood there an' looked out that li'l' window, like to see the barn an' all, then Wilbur here, he called me an' I came down."

"Is that right, Wilbur?"

Apparently that was right; beyond that they had no other information to impart and Frank let them go. Already weighed down by the threat of failure, he said to Ellie, "Well, I don't suppose there's anything else to do now except wait and see if the dough's here on the table in the morning."

Ellie's voice was unsteady. "It seems everyone's mighty generous about my money. No one bothered to ask *me* if I wanted to wait around till tomorrow morning to see if I get it back. I'm all for calling the police right now ——"

"No! Listen, Ellie ——"

"Listen nothing!" Angry tears had come to her eyes. "When I think of the dope I was, standing up at that stove, cooking for these rotten little ingrates! First I thought, all right, they don't have much, so I tried to make each meal nice and attractive, and I tried to think up something different they'd like each day—I'd have been better off if I just looked after myself. I shouldn't have let Ma take these kids in the first place."

"No! Don't talk like that. And don't call the police." Frank was begging. "It's not just for the sake of the kids, Ellie—give me a chance too. This means a lot to me. Let me see if my way isn't right. Somehow I still think I can handle kids and if one of them took that dough, I swear I'm sure you'll find it on the table here first thing in the morning. You can't lose anything by waiting till then."

"But what if it *isn't* there in the morning?" Ellie asked.

He stood looking at her. Ma could see that his whole belief in himself hung in the balance. "It'll have to be," he said doggedly. He went out without saying anything else.

Ma slept badly. She arose early, dressed herself and came downstairs. The money had not been returned. *Well, maybe it's too early*, she thought, pumping the water for coffee;

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they're not even up yet, so there's no chance —— But before she could finish the thought, Allie came running excitedly across the yard and burst into the kitchen with the news that little Arthur had disappeared.

"He run away! All his stuff's gone!"

And suddenly Robbie ran into the kitchen, breathless and large-eyed. "What'd you tell for? *I* was goin' to tell! Arthur ran away! I *knew* he was the one who took the money!"

Ma was staggered by the news. "Gone—that little boy! No!" Her brain reeled and in a shaking kaleidoscope she saw the mayor arriving with the supervisors from the Sunshine Fund, she saw little Arthur running along a road with Ellie's money, she saw Frank —— "Go—go tell Frank."

Shaking in every limb, Ma filled the coffeepot, awoke Ellie and told her the news, then she went down through the dew-soaked grass to tell the boys to come up and have their breakfast. Little Wilbur, like a small self-condemned prisoner, sat inside his tent, obviously frightened, denying he knew anything about Arthur's disappearance, refusing to come out where Ma could question him better. As soon as Frank showed up, however, the boy was reduced to tears; he was led up into the kitchen, and there, looking smaller than ever without his invariable companion, he confessed that he thought he knew where Arthur had gone.

"Up in that—in that empty sort of cabin place we saw up in the mountain near where those big elephant rocks are. Up there."

"Why?" Frank asked. "Did he say anything to you about going up there?"

Wilbur was about to reply, but then he looked with wide eyes past Ma's shoulder. She turned and saw that Robbie had come up silently behind her. Wilbur's voice said, muffled, "He jes' say he have to run away."

"Why?" Frank demanded. "What made him say that? Look up! Hold your head up!"

Gulping over his tears, little Wilbur said, "He jes' told me in the middle of the night; he waked me up an' whispered he—he had to run away where no one would find him."

Ma's heart took a long, cold toboggan ride. Then it really was little Arthur who had taken the money—the cute humorous little one who learned how to milk the cow. Her first feeling was one of regret, of compassion. *And if we don't get him back before the mayor and the people from the fund get here* —— Her mind would not finish the rest of the sentence, but she knew all too well the danger that could come to a small boy lost up there among the steep cliffs; she could envision a large search party going up with bloodhounds; and then there would be all the publicity, and censure doubtless falling upon her and Frank ——

"Tell me yes or no: he said something to you about going up to that shack?" Frank was asking Wilbur.

"Well, he—Ah guess—yes, he kinda ——"

Ellie suddenly began to cry. "Oh, I wish I never had any money if it was going to cause all this trouble! Frank, be sensible—call the state police. At least report the kid is missing. He could be lost up there for days or he could break his arm or his leg ——"

"But if the police come here, they'll find out about the money being stolen."

"Don't do anything until we look ourselves!" cried Ma. "Frank, quick, have this cup of coffee and then come on. Use your jeep. We'll all have to go. In case he's not at the shack, we'll have to spread out —— Ellie, stop your blubberin'. You an' the two girls stay here an' stave off Harry Bannister in case we're not back in time."

"There's no use *your* coming along!" Frank was expostulating to Ma; she started to put on her jacket.

"Why not? I'm going!" Ma replied firmly, leading the way out the door.

Ma, with assistance from the boys, managed to climb up into the back of the jeep, and as Frank took his place behind the wheel, wasn't there, just for a second deep in Ma's heart, a sudden awakening, a thrill of excitement such as she hadn't known since the old bootlegging days? Before she could decide, they drove off with a leap.

THEY raced up the mountain road, up through the cool morning shadows and drafts. At about where they thought the shack was, they stopped, got down off the road and plunged first into the waist-high bushes and then beyond into the cathedrallike silence and shadow under the trees. Beams of sunlight filtered down here and there, the birds twittered, and there was a swift little spring gurgling and splashing down over a rock.

"There's the shack down there. Hey!"

"No!" Frank cautioned sharply. "Don't shout! Don't do anything to frighten him. We'll just walk up to the door, easy ——"

"Hey, Frank, the door's open!"

Ma's head was pounding from the excitement and the unaccustomed exertion. Frank stepped inside the shack, and summoning her courage, Ma followed with the boys behind her. There was a musty smoky smell to the place, and a heavy cobweb closed over Ma's forehead and eyes.

"He's not here," Frank said, and then, his voice picking up: "But he was here! Isn't that some of his stuff?"

"Yes! That's his! That's his rucksack—and his other shirt!"

"Hey, Frank, look! He had a fire here! Looka these sticks—they're still hot!"

"And he remembered to pour dirt over them like I said. . . . Come on. Fan out! Stay in a line, don't get lost from each other. One guy lost is enough. And start calling. Hey, Arthur! Come on back! We're your friends!"

From the woods, from the hills and giant rocks, an echo of Frank's voice came back and soon a mingling of voices was calling and echoing: "Hey, Ar-thur! C'mon back! We're not gonna do nuthin' to you! Come on back!"

They were climbing up nearer and nearer the deep pool and its high semicircle of smooth gray boulders. Panting for breath, Ma paused, a hand over her racing heart. Most of the others were above her now, calling and calling, but for some time she had been aware of little Wilbur hanging back. At first she thought he was solicitous for her; he glanced all about him, then ran swiftly over to her and said as if the words had been pent up inside him, "Ma, Arthur didn't steal no money. Ah know he didn't! Arthur wouldn't never steal! That's not why he run away." He swallowed and gave another quick frightened look around him. "He ran away because las' night, late, after you all wen' to bed, Robbie—he held a kangaroo court. That's what he calls it. He question everybody an' make 'em all swear in blood. An' he says Arthur or me has that money hid away someplace an' he's gonna make us confess, so he twis' my arm up behin' my back—that's why Ah cain hardly lift it now."

"What?" cried Ma, bewildered. "What kind of a court is this you said ——"

THE little boy was trembling, chattering nervously. "Well, see, that's what he always does to us. All the time. 'Cause he's the king. On'y he says he'll kill us fo' sure if we tell on him. Specially he'd come after Arthur an' me. 'Cause we're the lowest, he says." The eyes dropped for a second, then he looked up again. "So don't tell him Ah told. But that's what he's always doin' when you or Frank's not there. He can preten' better'n anyone in the world—that's why everyone's afraid of him. An' when he couldn't make me confess about that money—'cause I didn't take it!—then he says it's Arthur. 'Cause Arthur admit bein' upstairs. He says he's gonna have Arthur locked up in prison, an' he'll never see his mother an' father no more. He says they'll come an' lock up his father too. He kept twistin' his arm up an' scarin' him so that Arthur, he was cryin' when he wakes me up an' asks can he loan my twenty-five cents 'cause he goin' to run away from Robbie where no one can find him."

Sickened, thunderstruck, Ma turned her head at a sudden movement and there, framed by two saplings, stood Robbie, breathing hard, watching them. Wilbur, taking fright, broke and scrambled away. For a long moment in the muted greenish sunlight under the trees Ma and the handsome half-smiling boy surveyed each other, then Ma walked across the uneven ground, seized Robbie by the shirt collar and before she knew what she was doing, she struck him a loud smash across the face with her open hand.

"Rotten nasty thing, you!" She released him, shaking violently. "Pickin' on—on someone not—not even half your size! Abusin' everyone's ——" Ma could hardly find words for the revulsion that was tearing up from within her. "Bullying little kids, frightenin' them half to death—and I thought they was havin' a good time here! That's all the thanks you had inside you: you couldn't be as decent to the next one as someone was to you!"

He cried hoarsely, "I was only tryin' to get the money back for you!"

"I wouldn't take any help from you! An' I wasn't talkin' about the money—the *hell* with the money! It's what you been doin' behind our backs! Me lettin' you drive my car ——"

Robbie had burst into tears. "I on'y thought I was helpin' Frank ——"

"Frank wouldn't want your help either. He'd despise the likes of you!"

The boy's crying became louder. "Well, I don't want—I'm not goin' to *be* that way any more! I'm sorry I ever done it!"

Ma was surprised to find that an audience had silently formed. Mac had dropped back and Allie was there at a distance, listening.

"All you can do," Ma said, still shaking, "is to go an' find that little boy now and tell him you're sorry. Go on! Get out of my



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sight! The rest of you"—she raised her voice—"don't just stand there! Go on, help Frank! Don't wait for me!"

Robbie had turned and run up the trail. The others, too, started to climb and now their calls and cries joined the voices that were still higher. Ma, realizing she should never have come on so strenuous an expedition, clambered up the footpath to within sight of the shaded deep pool and its crescent-shaped ring of high gray boulders. There she was forced to drop out, too breathless to go any farther. Just as she was about to lower herself to the ground, there was a shout: "There's Arthur! Hey, head him off down there!" From a distance Ma caught the flash of a familiar blue-and-white-striped Basque shirt. It was little Arthur running swiftly in among the trees and bushes, and then she saw Robbie racing after him. She lost sight of them in the greenery and then the little boy, in terror, ran out onto one of the high rocks and realized too late that his escape was cut short. As Ma screamed a warning, he either fell or plunged off into the pool. It seemed to take forever before his small body, sailing and turning through the air, struck the water with a loud splash. The next moment Robbie ran out breathless onto the same high boulder. Neither of the boys had learned how to swim; Robbie particularly feared and hated the water, and Ma saw him, agonized, look around and shout for help, then, eyes tight shut, he jumped in to save his victim. And now, all about Ma, slashing through the green leaves, converging, running down different paths, came the thudding of feet.

"Where is he?"

Ma tried to scream at her loudest and heard her voice emerge as nothing more than a cracked whisper: "There . . . over—over there . . . pool!" She tried again, conscious that she wasn't being understood by the boys. "Pool! . . . Can't swim!"

Far off at the shaded base of the high boulder, the two figures had appeared thrashing on the surface of the water. They remained in sight only a few moments, then, clinging tightly together, they disappeared. Mac shouted incoherently and started to run, but at the same time Frank raced out onto the rocks, bent over excitedly to rip off his shoes, gave up the attempt and dived in after the boys.

The whole scene—diving figure, pool, rocks, trees and terrified boys—all brightened, grew lurid, unreal, rushed at Ma and she felt herself falling backward in a faint.

She came to, stretched out flat, with mud water being liberally sprinkled on her; and when she opened her eyes, it was to see the frightened faces of Allie and little Wilbur bending over her. As soon as her whirling brain remembered, she tried to sit up.

"—— all right? Are they all right?" she finally managed to whisper.

"WE don't know! They're out of the pool. Frank kept them up, an' Mac helped him with a big branch. . . . Robbie's just frightened an' he swallowed a lot of water, but we don't know about Arthur—Frank almost couldn't get him. He had to keep divin'."

Supported by Allie and little Wilbur, Ma made her trembling way over to the muddy edge of the pool. Frank was kneeling over the limp figure of little Arthur, administering artificial respiration. Coughing, crying, dripping water, Robbie was crouched nearby, half in the mud, shuddering and tearful, watching the slow process. The other boys had gathered in a terrified little knot. From Robbie, beating the wet ground with his fist, came the repeated cry: "I didn't mean it! I didn't mean it! Honest I didn't!" He put his head down and wept.

Frank, with his dripping hair and wet clothes, was a figure of endless patience and determination, rising and pushing forward, sinking back; but the minutes dragged past and there was no sign of life in the small figure. No one spoke. The sun shone down in a nightmare world. Hardly breathing, Ma watched Frank's slow-spaced efforts and then hope drained all away from her and she began to cry. *I should never have tried it*, she thought; *I should never have taken them in. I wasn't able to look after them right* ——

Little Wilbur, standing over Robbie, started to wail, "He's daid! He's daid and you done it! Always pickin' on him an' hurtin' him an' twis'n' his arm ——"

But at that moment there came a change in the limp little figure. Some water poured out of the mouth and a faint exhalation, like a sigh, went through him.

"He's coming around!" Frank spoke tensely without looking up or changing the rhythm of his movements. "He's alive! It's all right! W-we're—we're all right." It was only in the shakiness of his voice that Ma realized he had been as frightened as the rest of them.

WHEN Arthur finally regained consciousness, Frank sat back, shaking with relief, and put his head in his arms; and it was Robbie who now bent over the shivering little boy and held him, chafing his hands, who insisted a few minutes later on carrying him all the way down to the jeep.

"Here, you better let me do that," Frank said." It's quite a distance and you're not——"

"No, let me!" Robbie begged. "I can do it. I want to!"

At the jeep, recalling what he had heard and paid scant attention to at the time, Frank turned to Robbie. "What was all this stuff you were saying a while back about 'not meaning' it? What was it you 'didn't mean'? What were you begging his pardon about?"

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Robbie hesitated only a split second for his answer. He was smiling, innocent-looking. "It was just a little argument we had about something," he said then. "Nuthin' important—I shouted at him one day for runnin' out in the road. It's all over now anyways; we're all friends again."

Yes, Ma thought, *I can see where, if you weren't careful, he could put it all over you.* Her concern, however, was to get home before Harry Bannister and the supervisors arrived at the farm. They were about to drive off when Frank turned around and said, "Listen, Arthur—before we go back, we're not leaving the sixty-eight dollars up here, are we?"

Arthur, with Robbie's arm slung protectively around him, tried to sit up. He shook his head. "Ah never took that money, Frank. Hones'! Swear Ah didn't!"

"Then what'd you run away for?" Frank twisted farther around.

Ma saw Robbie's arm tighten about the boy, but his face remained deceptively clear and open. Arthur picked his words with care.

"'Cause Ah—Ah thought maybe you'd all blame me. Even though Ah didn't take it."

"Then who did take it?"

"Frank, for mercy sake," cried Ma, "get us home before Harry Bannister shows up an' before you all catch your death in those wet clothes. Arthur's in no condition to be sittin' here answerin' a lot of fool questions!"

The back of Frank's neck looked angry and at Ma's driveway he came to a halt.

"I'm going to leave you off here," he said. "And as soon as I get some dry clothes on, I'm coming back, and there's a lot of things I'm going to find out. For one thing, I'm going to find out who took that money, and I'm going to find out why Arthur got scared and ran away."

Ma and the boys got down onto the road and turned to the driveway.

"No, wait!" Robbie suddenly cried as Frank was about to drive off. "I can't—I mean I got to tell you this." He put his hands on the door of the jeep. "I don't know who's got the money, but I was the one that made Arthur run away. Because I . . . I threatened him an' I twisted his arm up to make him tell ——" His voice went hoarse. "I thought I was helpin' you! I know what I done was wrong. I know it now. You said, 'For fair and honest treatment,' an' you let me be squad leader an' drive the car, but I—I didn't do what I promised. I never did." He was almost crying. "I didn't give them fair an' honest treatment. I cuffed them around. I treated

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them lousy, I made them eat dirt. I told them all I'd kill them if they told you."

Frank, his black hair tousled, the khaki shirt and pants drying on him in the sunlight, sat in his jeep stunned by these revelations.

"But what—what'd you do that for?"

Robbie said, "I don't know why. Because I always done like that. Because I was big an' I thought it was smart, because I knew a guy like that—I don't know why. I was stoppin', though. I was goin' to be like you, honest, only then I heard about the money bein' missin' an' I thought ——"

Still unable to believe it, Frank said, "So what you're trying to say is that all—all the while I thought everything was going so swell, you were ——" He looked around at the others. "What was the matter with the rest of you?" His voice rang out. "Why didn't you tell me what was going on? What's the idea of letting him frighten a little kid?"

"Because he'd git us when we go back home." It was little Whitey who spoke up. "An' it wasn't only Arthur. He was that way to all of us, to Allie an' me too. He made us give him everything we had. An' one day, on the way out to the woods, 'cause Allie disobeyed him answerin' him back, he tied him to a tree an' told him we were all gonna go away an' never come back, an' he wouldn't let us come back an' untie him until late, an' Allie was afraid of bears all that time ——"

Cursing a blue streak, Frank leaped over the side of the jeep and grabbed Robbie by the front of his shirt. "What'd you do that for? What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know! But I—I'd never do it again! I swear! I won't never do anything like that again! I'm gonna be like you!"

"I don't want you to be! I don't want anything to do with you!" Frank cried in a fury. "You're no good. You're a no-good through and through." Ma saw Frank suddenly turn sick with disgust and give up. "I don't know which one of you's the thief," he said, his face going slack, "but whoever it is, I'd rather have him than the sort of rotten louse you are, Robbie. If I'd known what you're like I wouldn't have tried so hard to fish you out of the pool up there. For that matter, I wouldn't give two cents for the whole bunch of you. I'm through. I'm finished, finished bothering with the whole crowd."

He got back into the jeep and drove off, leaving them standing on the road in silence.

"Now see what you done?" Mac said bitterly and accusingly to Robbie. "Spoiled it for everybody." The group, separate from one another, low in spirits, started up the driveway. Crushed by a heavy sense of oppression, Ma saw the entire vacation coming to pieces before her eyes. It was an effort for her to keep walking, and she must have hurt herself in fainting, for one elbow was sore and swollen and her hip pained her as well. Worst of all, she was still plagued by the thought of the missing money. *Maybe I just ought to go in and call up the police an' tell them what's happened here; let them handle it.* And yet, when she came right down to it, Ma hated to give up and admit she was defeated. *I don't much admire Frank for gettin' sore an' quittin' at a time like this,* Ma thought, *so I can't very well throw in the sponge myself.*

Far off in the distance she heard the clear double toot of a car horn; the horn sounded again, somewhat nearer, and she cried, "That's Harry Bannister an' them people on their way here! Quick! Up the path!" Ma's breath came fast. Her heart fluttered and her brain started to whirl and yet, just as in the old days in her clashes with the prohibition agents, from deep within her she could feel the strength gathering itself to resist. At the side door, Ma said, "All of you listen to me! I done the best I could to give you boys a good vacation—you do somethin' for me in return. Just one thing. Don't let me down in front of the mayor an' these snoopers. Just tell 'em everything's fine if they ask, an' when they go, we'll settle our own troubles in our own way. Run! Down to the tents! And you two was in the water, Robbie an' Arthur, git into some dry clothes if you got time, otherwise say you was playin' and you fell in the creek."

Ma burst into the house, panting, just as the station wagon swung slowly up the drive.

"It's Harry Bannister an' the city people!" Ma cried to Ellie. "Get outside an' talk to them, hold them there while I get a clean dress on me; I got mud all over me an' there's a big rip ——" Ma scuttled for the staircase.

"Listen!" Ellie cried. "Did you find the kid? Was he all right? And did you get my money back? That's the important thing—did he have my sixty-eight dollars?"

At the bottom of the staircase Ma turned around and drew a breath. She had not come this far along the way to be stopped by Ellie at the last minute, and instinctively seizing the attack, she said, "No, he didn't! He didn't have it 'cause he never took it, an' if you—if you say one word about that money in front of these people, I'll horsewhip you to within an inch of your life, big as you are! You caused enough trouble around here as it is!"

Ellie was not Ma's grandniece for nothing. Raising her voice, she cried, "No one's going to make me shut up if I want ——"

"Ellie! Ellie, please, can't you see I'm—I'm nearly —— Give me an hour. Just an hour. Don't say anything about it for an hour an' I'll—I'll have your money back or I'll call in the police myself!" Ma could hear the station wagon doors opening and slamming just outside the dining room and she pulled her hurried, painful way up the stairs.

Now quick, hurry up an' dress yourself an' get downstairs again before Ellie ruins everything by blabbing the whole story. Over at the washstand, she splashed one end of the towel in the pitcher of water and hastily scrubbed at her face and neck where the boys had doused her with mud water. Outside she could hear Harry Bannister pointing out the barn, the creek, the tents. Ma struggled into the blue checked house dress, freshly ironed for the occasion by Diane. The screen door had opened downstairs and there was the tramp of feet. Harry Bannister's voice, after greeting Ellie, called, "Ma, can you come down? Some people here I'd like you to meet."

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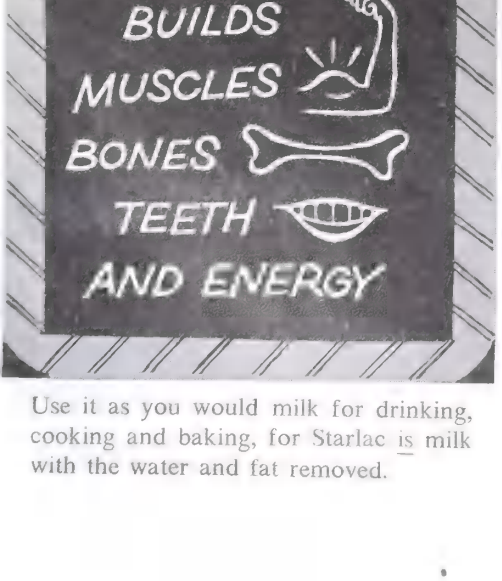
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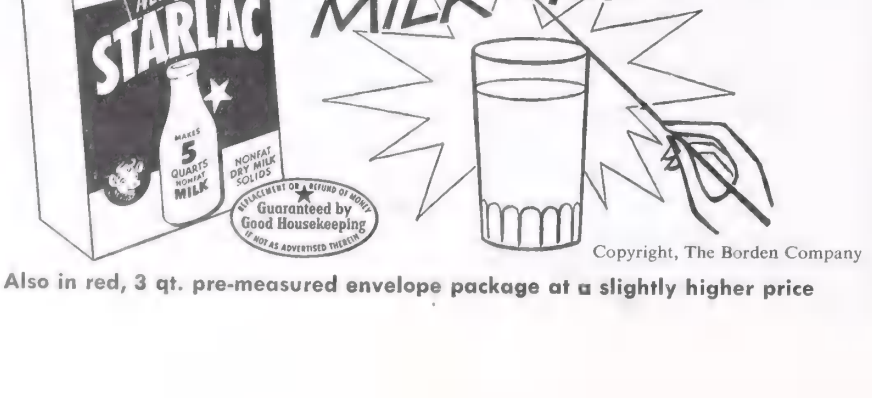
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"What? Oh! I —— Why, I'll be right down, Harry!" *If I don't have a stroke or a heart attack first*, Ma thought. Before the wavy mirror of her bureau she was frantically trying to tug a comb through her new tough white curls. Abandoning the attempt, she quickly picked out by hand some dead little leaves and a twig or two, then, with flushed cheeks and a racing heart, she went down the narrow staircase. The mayor, two tall youngish men with brief cases and a woman with heavy horn-rimmed glasses were standing in the dining room at the entrance to the kitchen.

"Ma, I'd like you to meet Miss Novak, Mr. Kerr and Mr. Frederickson. We just thought we'd drop in to see how you were making out with the kids from the big city."

"WHY, I—I'm real glad to meet you." Ma was trembling so she could scarcely talk. "Why, w—I—we're makin' out just fine, j-just perfect, Harry. Won't you all come this way an'—an' have a seat?" Trying to keep the visitors as far away from Ellie as possible, Ma nervously started to lead the way to her parlor, but Harry Bannister said:

"No need putting on airs for us, Ma. We'll all be more comfortable out here. Come on, folks," and before Ma could head them off, he led the way out to the kitchen and pulled out chairs at the round, oilcloth-covered table. "Won't bother you if we sit in your nice clean kitchen, will it, Ellie? You got any coffee there you could heat up for us? We've been on the go since eight-thirty this morning. And you know, it's wonderful. We get nothing but good reports. At every house. The people are crazy about the kids, and the kids are having a swell time in the country."

"It's true," one of the men said, lighting a cigarette. "There hasn't been one tiny complaint of any kind."

Ellie's face was a storm as she set the coffeepot on to heat with a noisy slam.

"Ellie," the mayor said, turning to her, "I hear they made you chief cook and bottle washer for the whole crowd."

"Yeah, I got the job without even asking for it," she replied with a sour smile.

"Well, don't worry. You'll get your reward in heaven one of these days."

"That's about where it'll be, too," she answered bitterly, but Ma was grateful Ellie said no more than that.

The atmosphere gradually relaxed, and sitting around the table having a cup of coffee, the snoopers, as Ma first termed them, proved to be friendly, likable and understanding. The girl, tall, nice-looking, a little tired behind her glasses, told Ma she had grown up in farm country very much like this.

"On these visits around to the different houses, whenever I see something like your stove or the pump or the roller towel there, I—I could almost break down and cry with homesickness thinking of my mother and father, and yet—mainly for that reason—I wouldn't have missed coming here for anything."

After talking to her a while longer, Ma felt emboldened to ask, "Would you like to—to inspect anything an' see like where the girls' room is? Or see anything else?"

"Well, we're supposed to, really, but we've already heard so much about the kind and wonderful thing you did in taking this whole crowd in—eight, you know, sets the record for this vicinity—that I wouldn't have to inspect' anything. We inspect more to see that the children are well treated and in turn that they're well behaved."

Plucking up courage, Diane and Florence, who evidently had been eavesdropping, came in the back door, and in response to the question put to her, Diane asserted that she was having a far better time in the country than she ever had expected. "That's because I'm here and not in that first place where the lady had the two stuck-up kids. I wouldn't 'a' stayed there, but here it's more like bein' home. Only better because they treat you right here. We all got to be friends; and Ellie's the best cook I ever saw. An' Ma's always good to us an' lets us do what we want." *Really layin' it on thick for us*, Ma thought with a welling up of gratitude toward Diane. Florence Beebe, shy, frightened by the audience, kept her eyes down and replied that she, too, was enjoying her vacation very much.

"Did you learn anything about a farm? Or the country?" the mayor asked.

"Yes," Florence replied painfully, still without looking up.

"She takes care of all the flowers an' stuff like that," Diane added to cover for Florence's nervousness. "The kittens too. She knows all about taking care of them."

"And one day I found two eggs," Florence unexpectedly added, turning scarlet in an effort to build up her story. "I brought them in and gave them to Ma."

And there was so little, Ma thought, *so little I've been able to do for her. . . .* Yes, Florence was saying, she would be very sorry to be going home.

"O.K.," the mayor said, "then what do you say we take a look at the gym out there in the barn, and then we drop down and see the wild Indians. The fellow in back I was telling you about was teaching them how to swim the last time I stopped by ——"

Ma accompanied them, and down in the sun-dappled shade, the boys, standing outside their tents, came almost to attention. Robbie and Arthur were in clean dry clothing.

"All right, men, at ease," the mayor said. "These are people from the fund—I guess you know them. We just stopped by to see what sort of a vacation you're having."

Mac answered promptly for all. "Good vacation, sir!"

"Having a good time? All of you?"

"Yes, sir!" . . . "Swell time!" . . . "Havin' good fun!" . . . "Bes' time we ever had!"

"How about you two? You're not letting any of these older boys push you around?"

"NO, suh!" came the quick smiling response from little Wilbur and Arthur. "We all good friends here." Ma felt the sting of tears in her eyes. She could have thrown her arms around the two little boys and kissed them.

"They all good boys, Ma?"

"Th—the best boys in the world." Her voice was unsteady. "Couldn't think more of them if they—if they was my own."

"I understand Frank Manning's been over here every day, working with you fellows. What's your opinion of him?"

"Good, sir!" . . . "Good guy." . . . "Like to have someone like that back home."

"You feel that way too?" The question was put to Robbie. "I notice you haven't been saying anything."

His answer came a little choked. "He—he's the best guy I ever knew."

"Well, I guess no one could ask for a better recommendation than that. We'll get along then, and thanks very much, fellows."

The visitors made their departure with cordial handshakes, with good wishes, thanks and congratulations for Ma, Ellie and Frank. Ma

TO A MARIE LAURENÇIN GIRL

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

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And singing small songs that nobody hears,
And staring at flowers when others are busy,
And talking to cats and rubbing their ears.

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tood waving and smiling until the station vagon disappeared from view, and then all at once reaction set in. Ma wanted to cry; her knees began to tremble and she could barely make her way back into the house.

The kitchen was empty and hot; she could hear Ellie and Diane upstairs, talking. The hands of the alarm clock pointed to twenty-five after eleven. Ma went over to the ice chest and she drew out three cans of beer. *Pledge or no pledge*, she said, hobbling to her chair, *after a morning like this, I got to have somethin' to comfort me an' brace me up.*

She punctured the first can and there was a familiar dying hiss in the warm stillness. *Ah!* she thought pleasurably, but her hand raising the can of beer came to a halt. Her eyes were staring in disbelief. She blinked and shook her head, but it was no mirage: there, right on the table before her, was an open cardboard shoe box and in it Ma saw Ellie's mother's little gold watchcase, the half-polished napkin ring, the glass paperweight from the whatnot, a tie box covered with holly paper, a white shell with fluted edges, some colored buttons Ma had long since forgotten, and the tin cocoa box with the lid removed and the sixty-eight dollars within.

For a long moment Ma sat staring, then following a sudden hunch, she put down the beer untasted, worked her feet back into her shoes, hid the shoe box and its contents temporarily in the pantry and then made her painful way out to the barn where, as she had expected, she found stout, eyeglassed little Florence Beebe, kneeling over the kittens, crying her eyes out.

"You didn't have to come out here all by yourself," Ma said, compassionate. "You could have come to me."

"I didn't steal the things," Florence wept, brokenhearted. "At least I didn't *mean* to steal them. I wasn't going to keep them; I just took them to—to have for a little while because they—because they were pretty and I wanted to have them all safe, all in one place. I had them here in—in this box, this little house I made for the kittens. But I didn't know there was any money. I wouldn't take Ellie's money!" Her crying overcame her as Ma tried to lift her gently to her feet. "I wouldn't d-do anything against Ellie! I didn't know about the money until this morning when—when you and everyone drove away. Then I—then—then Ellie said Arthur stole her money and when she said it was up in her bureau in a tin cocoa box, I—I —— That was when I knew I did it. I wanted to put it back—I didn't know how!"

"Didn't you ever open the box? The cocoa box?"

"No, because when I—when I took it, I didn't want anyone, any of the boys to see I had it, so I just took it and I went out quick and put it in the little house here with all the other things, then we went down to the fire to eat—I didn't know when I took it there was money! I thought Ellie wouldn't want it. I don't know what made me take the things. When the boys were all in, making a big noise—I don't know, I'd be afraid of something—I know you shouldn't steal—but it wasn't like stealing! So please, please, don't have me arrested—don't let the police take me away ——"

"Good heavens, no, child! What would I do that for?"

"Oh, please, please don't," Florence was begging, and then, growing half hysterical and choked with tears, she cried out as if the word could be held back no longer, "Oh, I want my mother! Mother! Mother! I can't—I want to see my mother!"

Here. This was it, Ma thought in a flash of intuition. This desire, this longing for her mother, this was the cause, the root, the reason for everything. This and not living in her own home or with her own kind of folks. Even coming here, being sent here, being half speechless with fright at the strangeness of everything and being abandoned that first day ——

"Of course you want to see your mamma, but you know she's away sick an' trying her best to get better—an' she *is* goin' to be all better soon—poor mamma, you don't want to worry her; you been such a good girl all along ——"

FLORENCE's arms went tight about Ma's neck. "I don't want to go back to my aunt. Please let me stay here with you and Ellie. I don't like it there," she wept. "My aunt shouts at me and I—I'm afraid of my uncle —— I won't be any trouble. I'll do all the dishes, I'll find all the eggs—please ——"

"No, no, child. Ma couldn't do that ——"

"Please, please let me stay here with you," Florence begged. Her warm tears were soaking into Ma's dress.

"Well, we'll—I don't know; we'll have to see," Ma temporized, wincing with arthritic pain as she tried to straighten up. "Come on now like a good girl, dry your eyes and come back to the house with me, an' we'll see." *It wouldn't bother me an awful lot, at least for the summer*, Ma thought, yet of all the children, Florence was the least attractive to her. *The one I cotton to the least—and yet, maybe that's just the one who needs help the most.* One thing sure, Ma decided on the way up to the house, the other children were not to hear a thing about this. *I'll just tell them Ellie put her money in a trunk or someplace an' found it a little while ago.* But what was she to do about Florence Beebe? Send her back to the city to a foster home the child did not like? *I wonder if I couldn't get Ellie to write me a good long letter to —— No, wait, maybe that girl, that Miss Novak—if I went in this afternoon an' had a good long talk with her, told her the whole thing—yes, she'd know better what steps to take.*

As they approached the house, Ma said, "Now I'm goin' to take Ellie aside an' explain everything to her; you won't have to say a word, but if you like, when you do see her, just go over an' give her a big hug an' a kiss an' then she'll know you didn't mean to take anything that belonged to her. An' you don't have to say anything to Diane or anyone else about this either. I'm goin' to tell them Ellie found the money where she put it someplace an' it was all a big mistake."

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"And can I stay here with you when they all go home?"

Ma looked down at the plump, tear-stained little girl. "If they'll let you, an' you think you'd like it, yes. I'll see this afternoon. I'll do my best."

After Ma climbed upstairs and had a private talk with Ellie, she came out of the house and walked down over the uneven ground to tell the boys that Ellie had found her money. The boys were sitting quietly in the shade, a little apart from one another, Robbie alone absent in his tent. They seemed gratified but not curious or excited about the return of the money.

"So," said Ma, smiling, lightheaded with tiredness, "we had a lot of fuss an' trouble an' suspectin' people around here for nuthin'. Robbie, can you hear what I'm tellin' them?"

"Yes." The answer came muffled through the canvas.

"Well, now that we have that settled"—Ma was on the point of leaving—"what are you all plannin' to do after you have your lunch?"

They had nothing planned, they replied, lapsing back into despondent silence. Ma asked them if they'd like to cook their lunch outdoors, but even this failed to rouse them from their apathy; and looking at them, Ma knew there was one more thing she had to do that morning. She had known it all along, but because of her tiredness she had been hoping in some fashion to postpone it. Requesting Robbie and little Arthur to accompany her, she went back, climbed stiffly into the car and drove with them up the side road to Frank Manning's farm.

There on the knoll that crowned his property, guided by the sound of sawing to one side of the small house, they came upon Frank standing high up in a tree, lopping off a dead branch.

"Frank"—Ma tipped her head back and raised one hand to shield her eyes from the sun—"Frank —— Oh, I didn't know whether you could see us down here or not. Frank, we come over to tell you the good news: Ellie's found her money!"

"Yeah?" Almost at once he went on sawing.

"She found it up in her trunk!" Ma had to shout to make herself heard above the rasp of the saw. "It wasn't none of the boys that took it at all!"

High up in the greenery the saw became still for a moment, then its ripping sound continued. A few leaves sailed down.

"Harry Bannister's just been over to my place an' gone. I didn't say nuthin' to him about the money. I say Harry Bannister's been over to my ——"

"I heard you," he called down gruffly. "I'm not interested."

"Oh. Well, I —— You got some visitors—Robbie an' little Arthur here—they come over with me. They just wanted to say hello to you." She turned to them and urged in a low voice, "Go ahead an' say somethin' to him!" But in the face of his unfriendliness an embarrassment held them both tongue-tied. "They want you to come on back, Frank."

"Well, I'm not coming back." His tone was rough, bothered. "I got a lot of stuff to do around here. I'm not gonna have any time ——"

"What's the matter, Frank? You givin' up? Soon as the goin' starts gettin' a little bit rough?"

"What do you mean?" He was defensive. "I did plenty ——"

"WELL—yes, you did; an' I ain't takin' that way from you. Long as things went your way, you done a good job, but then soon's you found out that kids aren't perfect, that they're just like all the rest of us grownups, with all of the same ways an' traits an' failings, you didn't want to have nuthin' more to do with them. But, Frank, your own common sense tells you if you want to work around kids, that's no time to quit. That's the time when you really pitch in an' see if you can't do somethin' to change 'em if they're wrong or help 'em out if they're in a fix. Otherwise they don't need you! Perfect kids—I don't know where you'll find 'em—they don't need anyone to help them! As for helpin' the other kind—that's not always gonna be easy or pleasant, you got to make up your mind to that right from the start. You got to work with them an' bear with their frailties. See, if you don't mind my sayin' so, I think all along you might have had the wrong idea about kids—even about helpin' them out. You were always feelin' sorry for them an' sort of pityin' them—bein' what you might call sentimental about them—like you were toward them orphan kids you saw in the war without ever gettin' close enough or knowin' them long enough to find out what they're really like. An' then like in this case, when you did find out, when something happened that made them really need you most—then you get sore. You walk out on them. You throw up the job just like you done with all the other jobs you tried ——"

"That's a lot of bunk!"

MA did not argue the point. Instead she said, "Now here's someone done something that ain't easy: he come all the way over here to see you, to thank you for savin' his life, an' as long as you did that, to ask you to give him another chance; an' if you ask me, the least thing you can do is quit actin' like a sorehead, an' come down out of that tree an' shake hands —— An' see, here's little Arthur: *he's* big enough to come over here an' ask you to overlook what Robbie done to him. An' Frank, when someone's willin' to turn over a new leaf, they need an awful lot of help right around that time ——"

"Look outta the way," Frank said roughly.

"What?" Ma's neck was growing stiff from tipping it back so far. "What did you say?"

"Look outta the way. I—I'm—I'm throwin' the saw down."

They stepped back and the saw came hurtling down, tearing through the leaves, striking one of the lower boughs, landing with a bounce and a silver quiver on the grass. Frank swung down quickly and easily and dropped with a light spring onto the ground. He picked up his saw. "That was a stupid thing to do, but I guess it didn't hurt it." His back to them, he stood looking down at it, absorbed, his head bent, and then after a long while he managed to turn around; he looked at Robbie and put out his hand.

"All right, Robbie, let's shake, and—and what d'you say? We try it again? All of us?"

The last few days of the vacation went smoothly, perfectly, slipped away all too fast. On the night before the children were to leave the mayor telephoned with instructions for Ma to have her crowd down at the station at five o'clock. "And there's a change in plans here for one of your kids. You know the one you came down to see the supervisor about? Florence Beebe? She's to get on the train with the others, but she's not to get off with them. One of the supervisors is to continue on with her. You can tell her she's going up to join her mother, and in a couple of weeks more the both of them are going back to the mother's family in California."

At ten minutes to five the following day, Ma's overcrowded old car drove up to the station, but to her dismay and fright, the platform was empty. "He *said* five o'clock! Could the train have gone already?" When she looked a second time, she saw the mayor in a white linen suit, standing alone on the platform, smiling at her.

"All right, Ma, and kids. I have a little surprise in store for you. Come on along. Follow behind in your car. It's not far ——"

"What's goin' on?" Ma asked. "Where *is* everybody? Didn't you say five o'clock?"

"Yes, but I said that just to make sure you'd be early."

Bewildered, expecting at any moment to come upon the other Sunshine Fund children

Human nature is the same all over the world; but its operations are so varied by education and habit, that one must see it in all its dresses.

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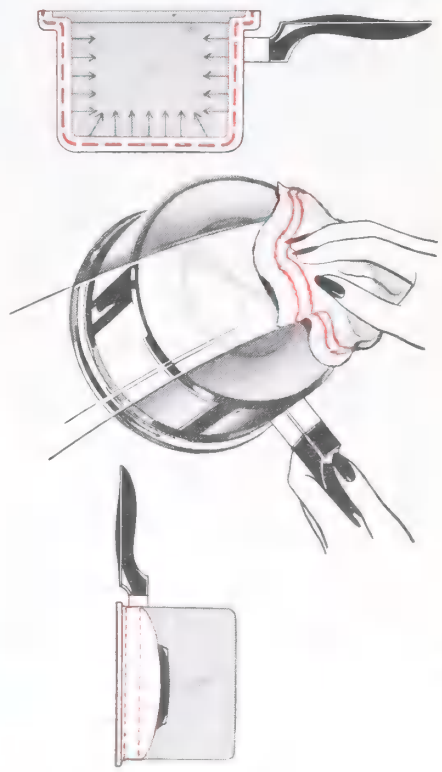
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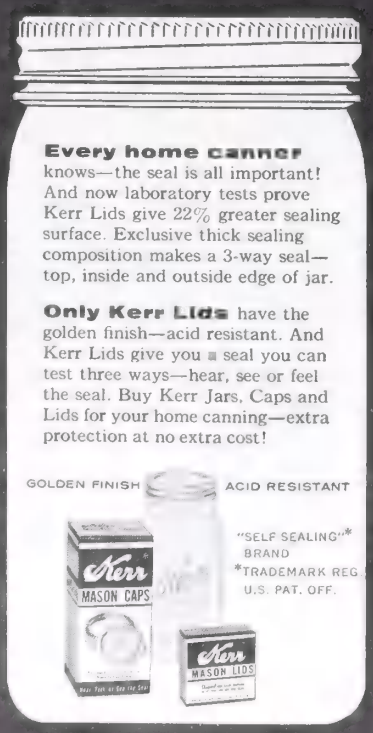


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USE KERR JARS FOR FREEZING, TOO!

gathered nearby, Ma and her entourage drove behind him away from the station, back to High Street and along to the Williams House, the town's only hotel. There they got out and, in growing wonder, followed him up the wide steps. Ma had never before been inside its imposing entrance. She expected to see the lobby crowded with children, but its cool, pale, palm-decorated expanse was empty, and in growing mystification Ma followed Harry Bannister past the desk into the hotel's main dining room. That, too, was cool and empty save for a few waiters in white jackets. As soon as they saw the mayor and his party advancing, they came to attention, smiled, bowed; the headwaiter hurried forward to lead the procession to a large round table set for ten, bearing before each place a small American flag.

"Now I'm going to let you in on a secret," the mayor said before he sat down beside Ma. "The train's not coming in for another hour and a half. Still and all, we're not going to have any long-winded speeches. This is a little farewell dinner that I ordered specially for you. We're the only ones going to be here. It's a sort of testimonial dinner of thanks to Ma Baggley for looking after all of you these past two weeks, and besides that it's a—well, it's like a gesture to you eight kids, to make up for the cool reception you got that first rainy day in Turnersville. I want you to know we loved having you here. All you kids. And you're all welcome to come back next summer." Applause broke out, sending chills down Ma's spine. "Yes," he laughed. "To Ma's place if you want. Frank Manning will be around to greet you. He and Ellie will both be here; I'll be mighty surprised if they're not married before long. I was just talking to Frank this morning. He'll have the summer off from his coaching job, and he and I are going to get together on a plan for a camp, a great big camp, but that's off in the future. I just want to repeat: you're all welcome to come back next summer. And now, what d'you say, boys and girls, let's eat."

At the very last minute on the crowded station, with the townsfolk waving to the New York children inside the train, Frank and Ellie drove up at breakneck speed. Ellie had done up a supper for each of her departing charges to eat on the train and there was just time to toss the packages in the open windows, to call out good-bys and to promise to be on hand next summer. The train began to move.

"'By, Ellie—'by, Frank—good-by, Ma, and thanks! Thanks, Ma!" And there they were being borne away from her in the lighted train: Diane in her gray sweater and Florence Beebe, ecstatic-looking, with one of the kittens, and then Robbie and Mac leaning far out to wave, and Allie with the hair in his eyes, and Whitey, and finally little Wilbur and Arthur. "Thanks, Ma! . . . Ma! Send ya a card, Ma. . . . See you next year, Ma ——"

And just when Ma, in happy tears, was thinking she would need a year to get herself in shape again, the mayor informed her that on Monday—in another two days—Turnersville was expecting a whole new batch of underprivileged children and he had already put her down for six of them. END

NEXT MONTH

"Sinclair Lewis and I were never properly introduced—he picked me up in a freight elevator. . . .

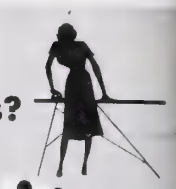
"He walked with me three blocks to the subway, talking steadily, telling me I was the most exciting person he'd seen in New York, would I lunch with him soon, tomorrow, where was I born, he was writing a novel, he couldn't dance, he wished he had a mustache, couldn't grow more than seven hairs simultaneously, how about a noble square beard like a French gourmay—was that the way to pronounce it? He lived in Greenwich Village. . . ."

■ Thus begins Grace Hegger Lewis' revealing picture of the shy, gangling young genius she married—the "Minnesota tumbleweed" who became the first American to win the Nobel Prize for literature.

WITH LOVE FROM GRACIE

Complete in the July JOURNAL, condensed from the book soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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"it's so restful to sit down and iron"



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MET·L·TOP
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Cream City MET-L-TOP PADS AND COVERS
Made right to fit tight over back and nose of MET-L-TOP, and all standard ironing tables. Sanforized cover. Strong elastic edge.

TELL ME DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

ores in that region or elsewhere, which are the ommon symptoms of newly acquired syphlitic infection. Sometimes these symptoms are mall and do not attract attention, or they disppear promptly. Yet the disease remains in he blood stream and it can appear later with erious manifestations, such as heart disease, nsanity, blindness or paralysis."

"Oh, how dreadful! I wish I hadn't started ll this."

"In my opinion it was a very sensible thing o do. I only wish everyone could be required o have these tests. In this state it is necessary or everyone applying for a marriage license to roduce evidence of a negative test for syphilis. lso, the test must be made in the case of evry pregnant woman, so that, if it should be ositive, she may be treated in the interests of er unborn child as well as herself. If every an and woman in the country were required o undergo such a test, the latent cases could e discovered, properly treated and cured. hen syphilis could be wiped out permanently ist as smallpox has been."

"Do you mean that venereal diseases posively can be cured?"

"Every case of gonorrhea can be cured with enicillin. It often requires but a single injecon and rarely more than three, although in omen larger doses over longer periods of me may be needed than in men, since the onococcus is less accessible in the female rgans. Syphilis also is curable by penicillin, specially in the early stages. However, it kes more time to eradicate than gonorrhea, ith a number of daily treatments followed by onthly checkups for a year and at longer inrvals for a further period. Venereal diseases are highly contagious and dangerous, and if neglected may lead to terrible complications. They could be eradicated if all infected persons took prompt and adequate treatment."

"I should think that anyone with such a horrible infection would be begging for these treatments."

"You forget that there are many ignorant persons in the world, and there are even some who are malicious. Society has to protect itself against both classes, and that is why these cases are reportable to health departments."

"Do you mean that if you had found gonorrhea you would have reported it publicly?"

"I would have been obliged by law to report it. No, not publicly, but with the utmost degree of privacy, also assured by law. It is necessary to make certain that all such cases are treated until permanently cured, in order to protect others. The health department accomplishes this, either independently or in cooperation with the patient's doctor. Local health boards provide free treatment for those who cannot afford their own physician."

"Are you going to give me a dose of penicillin to cure this trich—this infection of mine?"

"Penicillin would be of no use at all in treating a trichomonas infection."

"Do you mean to say that penicillin will cure syphilis and gonorrhea and still not touch a simple little ——"

"It isn't so simple, and it is an infection caused by quite a different sort of microorganism which reacts very differently to treatment. It will probably require longer to cure than any case of gonorrhea. However, we shall start the treatment immediately."

"That is exactly what I want to do."

NURSES . . . A MAJOR NATIONAL NEED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

ut has many repetitive tasks, perhaps shelling eas and making gelatin in the diet kitchen for four-week period or giving patient care for nother six weeks in the medical ward. The rls' mother was pleased that Betty was asgned to clinical work just four weeks after e beginning of the first-year term. Alice, she xplains, had two years of prenursing with *no* inical work.

In addition to the varied assignments at untington Hospital, pilots also have the opportunity for study and experience with other ospitals and organizations in the city. In the st year, the girls learn about Pasadena comunity services by visiting agencies such as the ed Cross and the Chamber of Commerce and ake home calls with visiting nurses. In the cond year they spend four weeks in classes d in wards caring for tubercular patients at ity of Hope Hospital and eight weeks at a overnment hospital getting experience for ychiatric nursing.

The Pasadena program is part of a research oject in two-year nursing education conucted by the Nursing Education Division of olumbia University Teachers College, New ork City. Other schools participating include range County Community College, Middlewn, New York, and Fairleigh Dickinson ollege, Rutherford, New Jersey, whose proams started in September, 1952; Henry rd Community College, Dearborn, Michin; and Weber College, Ogden, Utah, which pened programs in 1953. Last year Virginia termont College, Bristol, Virginia, joined e project. Research at Columbia University carried on under a grant of $110,000 from a tizen active in volunteer hospital work (who efers to remain anonymous), but each colge program is financed locally. All have comunity advisory committees to work out plans r co-operation with nursing and hospital oups.

If its present popularity with nurses-to-be ntinues, Pasadena City College won't be le to keep up with the demand. Miss Vosloh d Dr. William Langsdorf, college president, ve been conferring about adding new classes d faculty members, for the program is atacting housewives and mothers and college graduates, as well as brand-new high-school graduates.

Watching second-year pilot, peppy Mrs. Kathryn Rodriguez, whose own 20-year-old Carole is in the first-year class, at work in the surgical ward, you can understand why Pasadena City College is eager to have these mature women as nursing students. Mrs. Rodriguez bustles about to make her patient as comfortable as possible. After the morning bath, she fluffs the pillows, places the electric-light cord within easy reach of Mrs. Brown, sets out her writing paper and two novels.

The younger girls share this concern for their patients. Mary Schuster, who could easily be a model or beauty contestant if she wanted to, finished up her final high-school term in summer so she could become a pilot by September. Working in the surgical ward, Mary takes great care to stop a patient's oscillating bed at the most comfortable position. The woman, who must be rocked at short intervals during the day to increase her circulation, chats merrily about her six-year-old granddaughter, pointing out that the crayon drawing on the wall is the child's best art work to date. Mary enjoys this postoperative care, decided after her experience as a "scrub nurse"—handing sterile instruments to the operating surgeon—that she wanted to be a surgical nurse.

Ann Smith, 18, freckled and blond, is going to school on a loan fund from the P.E.O. organization and earns her dinner money with Saturday work at the hospital. Her tender care of an 80-year-old man brought forth impulsive and touching praise: "I wish I could adopt you." Ann, whose home is beyond commuting distance, is one of the most popular girls at the nurses' residence, where the others tell you she gives "terrific" back rubs. But Ann really prefers taking care of elderly people.

Supervising nurses, watching the girls intently studying patients' charts, writing down their own comments in record books, sometimes find new inspiration in their own jobs. "These girls have such real *feeling* for their patients," says Helen Hancock, surgical-nursing supervisor, "that I'm buoyed up whenever I work with them." END



NEW! CAN'T FAIL!

FLUFFY FROSTING SENSATION

MAKES LUSCIOUS FLUFFY FROSTING WITHOUT COOKING!

At last, you can whip up fluffy frosting *without a doubt of success!*

You just *can't fail* with this new Minute-man Instant Frosting Mix!

No guessing—no cooking! Simply add mix to cold water and beat. Get *more* than enough fluffy, glossy frosting for two 9-inch layers.

Smooth, easy to spread—it tastes like the best homemade. *Stays* fluffy and glossy—won't get "sugary" or soak into the layers.





"Delicious fluffy frosting you can *always* count on!" says FRANCES BARTON, Consumer Service Department, General Foods Corporation.



Product of General Foods

No cooking! Nothing to boil. Just add to cold water and beat.

Foolproof! It turns out perfect every time—and stays perfect.

Better than homemade! Always smooth, fluffy. Doesn't get "sugary." Won't soak into cake.

Today try this newest time-saver from the makers of Minute Rice, Jell-O Instant Pudding, Instant Maxwell House Coffee



Assigned to West Point for three years, Anne and Pat enjoy "feeling permanent for a while."



Anne met Pat on blind date, thought him "stiff."

Victory . . . ten years after

After war, separation and hectic moves, the Pattons are "home again" at West Point—where their story first began.

Graduation Parade, West Point Academy, June, 1955. The Corps of Cadets is forming for retreat on the Plain. Slowly the flag is lowered; as the band crashes into The Star-Spangled Banner, the grandstand crowd surges up, the cadets stand motionless. A breeze lifts the flag, stirs the bright dresses of mothers, sisters, sweethearts. Now the flag is down, the last echo of the National Anthem dies, the spectators resume their seats.

A slender, smartly dressed young woman turns to her tall, uniformed companion. "My third June Week," she says wonderingly. "My tenth fantastic year in the Army!"

"Do you remember that first June Week?" asks Maj. Oliver Beirne Patton.

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

"ON June 6, 1944," wrote Anne Connors to a friend, "a cadet I was most fond of graduated in a class of 474 men who went wild with excitement when General Somervell opened his address with the news that American troops were at that moment landing on Normandy beaches. White caps flew into the air, everyone screamed, mothers wept;

BY JEAN TODD FREEMAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Wedding came three months after Pat's return from war.



"In Germany we dressed for warmth, not style."



In Korea Pat learned of new child.

In Germany, 2 nurses!





When weather's good, the children play outside all day. Shelby and Barnes adore parades; Beirne prefers "cowboys."

"Today's Army is family-minded. As Army parents, our goal is to keep a tight, secure domestic circle, no matter how



"Schloss Patton" has 10 rooms, 6 fireplaces, large grounds. "We were lucky to get it!"



Swimming at Delafield pool attracts cadets, officers, wives, children. "Perfect vacation spot."



try not to let housework pile up. West Point is a show place; you have to keep up house, grounds, yourself."



Pat built a cedar table, matching benches, kitchen cabinet. "Already Beirne shows a knack with tools."

I understood dimly, but my thoughts did not rise much above the tremendous excitement of the occasion."

Anne Connors, nineteen and attractive, was very "unserious" in those days. "I didn't believe in going steady, was having wonderful fun in New York—and ate, breathed, slept *music*." About her career in musical comedy Anne *was* serious. Born into a musical family in Danbury, Connecticut, she had gone straight from high school to the Juilliard School of Music in New York. To support herself, she cared for her landlady's children, worked in B. Altman's college shop, was a Conover model. One memorable day, she auditioned for The Vagabond King. "Out of four hundred girls," she remembers, "only twelve were to be chosen. I was too tired to be scared. I sang two songs, then they told me I was *in*—in the chorus!" During her four months with the show, Anne was understudy for the comedienne, "but unlike the movies, she didn't break a leg and give me my Big Chance!" Early in 1944, there was a chance Anne might go to Hollywood. "Pat and I were having Sunday brunch at the Madison Hotel when I told him I *might* miss June Week because I *might* be in Hollywood. He was so crushed he couldn't eat—that was the first gleam that he was serious about me."

Pat—or "Ollie," as he was called at West Point—disliked Anne the first time he met her, on a blind date for an Easter hop in 1942. "It was a typical dull plebe weekend,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134





To earn extra money, Anne played for dancing classes. Teas, receptions, volunteer work necessitate baby sitters. "Sometimes you just go and go and go!"

Anne and Pat agree, "Children are fun. The best tonic in the world is just watching a child grow." After bedtime, the parents read, listen to records.



Patton children are disciplined by "common sense." Anne feels that Pat's too strict; he claims she spoils them. "With four kids, you have to have rules."

ften we move. To a child, home is where

he's happy, regardless of place."

"There is no happier home on earth than one with a baby." Ellen, six months old now, is second Patton child to be born in this country!



Young
HOW AMERICA LIVES



At tenth reunion, Pattons had party for 100 guests; next morning Pat cooked corn-meal battercakes for 30.



On picnic, Class of '44 compares notes: 95% are married, average 2½ children per family; 22% own their own homes.

"Most moving of all were the simple moments when we visited the graves of dead classmates."



Members of the Class of '44 agree: "These have been fantastic years!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132 replete with organ recital, movie and hop—I thought Anne was a cold fish." And all Anne can remember is "sitting at a ghastly horse show for hours, bored to death; dancing, and hearing Pat count one-two-three under his breath! A *numbing* experience." If Pat hadn't hurt his knee in spring football practice, they might never have met again. But Anne heard of the mishap, sent him a bag of jelly beans. He responded with "the cutest letter I'd ever read. I began to think maybe I'd missed something."

Eventually, Pat came to New York to see her (Anne refused to go to West Point) and gradually she learned more about this tall likable cadet (the *shortest* man in the *tallest* company) who wrote such amusing letters. Pat was an "Army brat"—a term Anne, from a more or less "settled" Connecticut family, could hardly understand. Born Christmas Eve, 1920, in an Army hospital CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

Pat and two former roommates check: "Only 50% of our class admit they've gained weight, lost hair."



Anne wears pretty frock, velvet hat. As a model, she learned "all about make-up and clothes."



Snappy cadets contrast markedly with more casual officers. "Ten years bring more changes than posture!"





New Frigidaire Imperial 2-Door COLD-PANTRY

Stores Food The Way You Buy It

and the way you use it, too!

We followed you shopping—then designed this food freezer-refrigerator with the open-shelf convenience, easy reach and full view you enjoy in supermarkets! More space for favorite foods. Most-used food at most comfortable heights. *All* foods in plain sight. A giant food freezer, with its own door, to hold as much frozen food as many a freezer you'd buy separately!

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Huge Separate Food Freezer—at the bottom. Stores 169 lbs. of frozen food in full view, at finger tip. Two wide baskets roll to you. 8 lbs. of cubes and new Cubelets. Maintains zero zone temperatures—defrosting is seldom necessary.

In color! . . . Sherwood Green, Stratford Yellow and Snowy White. Costs only $5.51 weekly after minimum down payment. Ask a Frigidaire Dealer for exact terms on all appliances Arthur Godfrey recommends!

Frigidaire

Built and backed by General Motors



TOM PALUMBO

Anne Patton, busy wife and mother of four children, looks as pretty as a picture (above), because she devotes intelligent planning to every aspect of her life.



Fresh accessories, a perfume you love, help create a party mood.

Prescription for Beauty:

a husband who helps; well-behaved children



Try a leisurely breakfast to help you start the day cheerfully.



Do your vegetable preparing or mending out in the sunshine.



Regular exercise will keep your body fit and firm, your spirits high.



When papa helps he's rewarded with a more appreciative mate.



DRAWINGS BY MC CULLOUGH

Ten minutes in a tub of warm water and suds soothes, scents and relaxes.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN Beauty Editor of the Journal

"THERE are plenty of things to frazzle and exhaust you when you have four children under the age of eight to care for," says pretty Anne Patton. "I know, for instance, that irritable, won't-help children can break a mother's spirits as well as her back—that there's nothing more frustrating than to have six things to do all at once. I'm lucky to have a husband who understands this, and who pitches in when I reach a bottleneck so I won't always be running a three-ring circus!

"Pat helps master our morning situation by fixing breakfast for the children," says Anne, "and (I told you I was lucky!) he brings me mine on a tray. At that early hour I'm apt to be changing six-month-old Ellen's diaper or sorting socks. But eating breakfast upstairs where I have a chance to relax and enjoy it is a peaceful way to start the day. Later, when Pat comes home from work, he gives me a hand with the children. And he's cheerful about doing it. He doesn't make me feel he's taking over *my* job!"

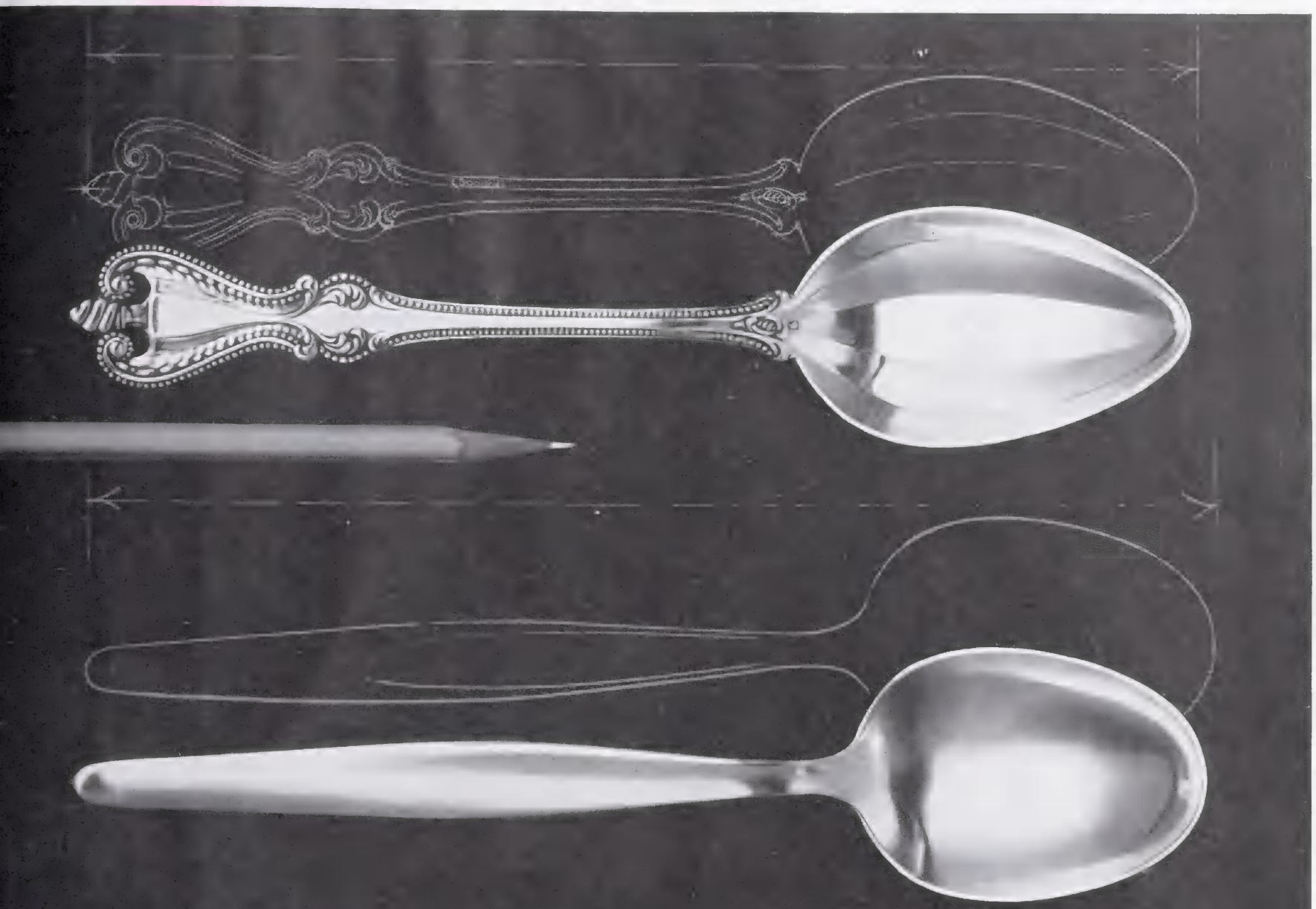
Irritable, balky children who haven't learned to help themselves can shatter a mother's nerves and cause her real fatigue. This is a situation the Pattons rarely come up against, but not by chance. "Pat is the main provider of the kind of *consistent*, firm-but-gentle discipline that sinks into little heads!

"All the children are being trained to pick up after themselves and keep their rooms tidy. These chores don't always go off without a hitch. But by encouraging (or insisting when necessary) that they carry out their jobs, Pat and I believe the children are getting an invaluable lesson in self-sufficiency. And their efforts lighten my work."

Even the busiest household schedule should allow time for a mother to get some rest. Five-minute periods of complete relaxation at odd times during the day can work wonders in renewing strength and brightening your outlook! Anne Patton considers her hour's nap each day her biggest beauty treatment. "It's CONTINUED ON PAGE 161

The Tōwle Touch

From our drawing boards... sterling design that is authentic, elegant, correct.

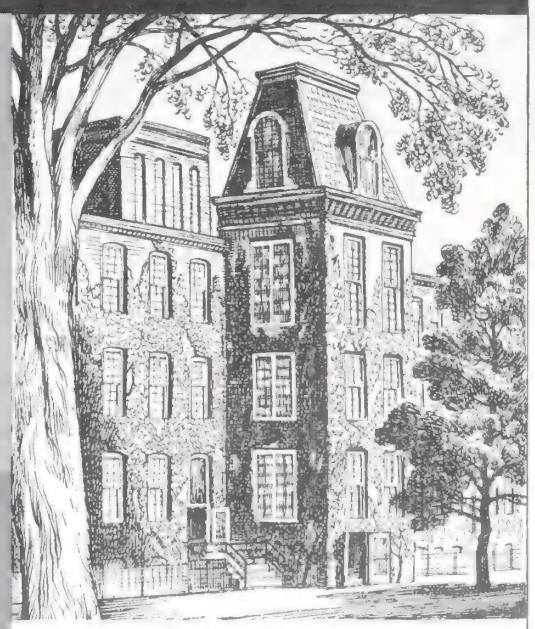


From the traditional charm of Towle's Old Colonial to the contemporary grace of Towle's Contour, Towle designers are guided by one idea—artistic perfection. No detail that can enhance a pattern's beauty...proportion...balance...is overlooked. Special treatment of fork tines and bowls is a typical Towle Touch. We call it "tip-to-toe" design. Note how the unusual fluted bowl of the Old Colonial spoon, and the bowl of Towle's modern classic, Contour, are *part* of the pattern. Towle "tip-to-toe" design adds subtle individuality to every pattern...piece...and table.



THERE ARE MANY TOWLE TOUCHES... *practical* touches—such as the Towle Solid Metal Seal on knives—that make Towle Sterling so very usable...*artistic* touches—like the Towle "deep burnish" finish—that make Towle so much more beautiful, so distinctively sterling on your table.

Pieces illustrated: *Craftsman* cream ladle, *Rambler Rose* lemon fork, *Rose Solitaire* nut spoon, *Southwind* butter serving knife, *Old Master* jelly server. Prices for 6-piece place settings begin at $29.75. Towle Sterling is sold only at selected stores best qualified to serve you.



Visit us in historic Newburyport—just north of Boston, home of Towle Silversmiths and their predecessors for over 260 years. See the Towle craftsmen at work and The Towle Gallery exhibits of antique American silver. Towle Silversmiths of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

The specially designed quilted spread by Marion Cheever Whiteside features a Victorian ribbon bowknot with an appliqued flower bouquet. Combined with keepsake accessories, the quilt adds that romantic touch which gives Victorian rooms their charm. For this Victorian Quilt pattern send 25c to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Ask for No. 2629.*



HAROLD FOWLER

VICTORIAN BEDROOM

Some things old,
some things new
combine to make
a livable room in the
Pattons' Victorian house

LIKE many other Army and Navy couples, the Pattons never feel "furnished." Every change of quarters presents a new set of problems, fitting in, making do, wishing each time they could start all over again. This last move, to West Point, found the Pattons in an 1890 house with plenty of precious bedroom space, but an embarrassing lack of furniture and few pieces of the right kind.

Anne Patton studied the tall problem windows and had an inspiration. *We could have a cozy Victorian bedroom,* she thought, *with a canopied bed, a flowered rug and my old walnut chest.* The idea grew into the charming room photographed above, the first really rounded-out scheme the Pattons have had.

No type of decoration, by the way, adapts itself so easily both to the budget and to the limited skills of the amateur decorator as does Victorian. You may already own one or more original Victorian pieces—a rocker, a lady's chair, a footstool or a chest. Then just a few keepsakes or nostalgic treasures such as an old valentine or pincushion, quaint fashion prints or a flower-sprayed vase lend the mellowing touch of authenticity.

The all-important bed came first, a simple four-poster, ruffled with dotted Swiss and spread with one of Marion Cheever Whiteside's romantic quilts specially designed for the room. Its appliquéd bouquet of old-fashioned flowers in soft pastels is tied with a turquoise ribbon bowknot, also sewed on. Scalloped edges and fine quilting give it the true Victorian touch. CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK *Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

NEW HOOVER® Constellation†

(with exclusive double-stretch hose)

cleans twice the area of any other cleaner



Less than 12 inches from swivel top to easy-glide base—yet it's the world's most powerful cleaner!



Actual photo! Look at the reach of the Constellation!



xclusive nozzle takes fewer rokes because suction is effective ear across nozzle. And there's a ll horsepower motor! Actually, you et more dirt with ⅓ less work!



Exclusive throwaway bag holds more dirt than any tank or canister cleaner. Lightning bag change, too—easiest of all to remove and replace. Your hands never touch dirt!



Exclusive telescoping wand—use it short or use it long. Doubles in length—no need for extensions. New beveled brushes reach into any nook—never leave streaks!

Complete with Strato-Tools for all cleaning jobs.
Attractive trade-ins. Easiest terms.
Also available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

$97.50

Now you can clean a 30-foot circle—clean from one room into another, or clean all the way upstairs, without moving your cleaner.

New double-stretch hose goes in and out and roundabout—no tote, no tangle, no twist. Most flexible hose ever put on a vacuum cleaner—and the *only* stretchable hose. It actually doubles its length, yet takes no more storage space.

Let your Hoover dealer show you why this "spherical miracle" cleans faster, cleans farther, cleans easier.

The Hoover Company
North Canton, Ohio

Summer's the Time to Sew

There's a world of fashion for very few dollars on this page. Anne Patton, whose figure is as pretty as it was in her modeling days ten years and four children ago, loves gay summer dresses that can be laundered. She knows that in an afternoon or two of sewing she can turn out a dress pretty enough to wear to any of the June Week festivities . . . gay enough for one of her own "basket suppers." The prices range from an unbelievable $2.66 for the basic white piqué dress to $11.53 for an all-wool felt coat.

BY NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*



For summer parties, Anne's felt coat is just enough cover, blends with print.



*This pretty print, whose skirt has eleven-yard sweep, costs about $8. Vogue's E.T.M.** Design No. 83*







Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

A Bright Felt Summer Coat Goes Anywhere, Any Time

*A felt coat adds a gay note to any summer wardrobe. This bright blue one cost under $12.00 in all-wool felt, about $8.00 for a wool-and-rayon blend. Vogue E.T.M.** Design No. S-4545. A white piqué dress is a summer basic . . . can be made for under $3.00. V.E.T.M.* Design No. 8523.*

BLACK STRAW HAT BY ADOLFO, PINK STRAW BY AMY, POLKA DOT HAT BY MARION UNGER

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Patterns on page 166. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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JOSEPH SANTORO



Choose a Print That Can be Appliquéd

This gay print cost only 59c a yard and you need about four yards. Cutouts of the strawberries and grapes edged with a zigzag stitch decorate the neckline of Anne's Orlon cardigan. Skirt, Vogue V.E.T.M. Design No. 8644.*

Black-and-White Checks, Cool and Crisp

Costs under $6.00 to make this easy-to-get-into gingham. The FOUR-piece pattern is Vogue's V.E.T.M. Design No. 8572. For contrasting collar, 1 yard piqué. Add sheer black bow.*

Pale Pink is Feminine, Flattering

Pale pink rayon linen can be made for under $5.00. The slim wrap-around pattern has only THREE pieces and is Vogue's V.E.T.M. Design No. 8583. Rows of stitching (about ten) give a pretty finished edge down sleeves and on front.*

* "Very Easy-to-Make"

** "Easy-to-Make"



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VICTORY 10 YEARS AFTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

near Washington, D.C., Pat had lived at three different Army camps before he even started to school! His father, Col. Milton Humes Patton (U.S. Cavalry, retired) and his mother, Anne Richardson Patton (daughter of an Alabama congressman), had both been previously married; were in their forties when Pat was born. His two half sisters were years older than he; one lived with an aunt in Washington. Pat's education included two years at Fort Huachuca, Arizona; four years in public schools in Savannah, Georgia; a year at Benedictine prep school; three years at Baylor School in Tennessee. In 1938, he entered an Army prep school, but had no congressional appointment to West Point and failed to obtain a presidential appointment in the highly competitive examination. After two months with the Tennessee National Guard, he was honorably discharged to attend West Virginia University.

At West Virginia, Pat helped edit the college magazine, did AP and UP work, sold corsages, waited tables, dug ditches. "But I still wanted to get into West Point—and at the end of my sophomore year was given a second-alternate appointment by a lame-duck congressman who had failed to be re-elected."

When Pat learned of his acceptance less than a week before time to report for "Beast Barracks," he was driving a beer truck in Georgia. "Dropped everything and ran," he says. "At *last* I was in the Army, and one of the fortunate ones who really wanted to be there!"

One Sunday during his plebe year, Pat stepped out of a quiet movie into a jumble of wild excitement, broken phrases: *Pearl Harbor . . . war!* From then on, life at the Academy speeded up. "They rushed us through in three years instead of four," he says. "We had more tactical training, more maneuvers. And we were all restless—wanted to get out and into the fight." But there was still time for Pat to worry over math, relax over his favorite English and history courses, work on the Pointer magazine and Howitzer yearbook staffs. And there was time for New York and Anne Connors.

"Nobody *ever* had such fun in New York as we did!" Anne says. "Sundays, Pat would meet me at the Church of the Epiphany where I sang in the choir, and take me to brunch at the Madison Hotel. We took the Staten Island ferry, strolled through the Bronx zoo, rode in hansom cabs through Central Park. There was nothing about our friendship that wasn't *wonderful*."

BUT Pat says, "By June Week, we hadn't progressed very far." And Anne's keenest memory of that weekend (a confusion of parades, speeches, parties; of dancing to Glenn Miller's music with her white-coated cadet) was the moment when Colonel Patton whispered to her, "Thank you for making my son's years at West Point so pleasant"—and the echo of her own mother's warning: "Unless you really love this boy, *don't lead him on*."

A roll of drums, a quick staccato marching beat. Now the band is passing in review before the corps. A roll-off, a flash of instruments raised, and the music of Graduation March fills the Plain. A medley of nostalgic tunes: Home Sweet Home, The Wedding March, Auld Lang Syne, The Dashing White Sergeant, The West Point March.

"I'll never forget," says Major Patton to his wife, "the morning I heard the West Point Alma Mater sung in German. It was while I was prisoner of war."

After graduation, Pat went to Infantry School at Fort Benning for ten weeks, then joined the 106th Infantry Division at Camp Atterbury, where he was assigned as a platoon leader and alerted for overseas. Scheduled to sail from Camp Standish, in Boston, Pat went to see a friend of Anne's at Wellesley. "I had just twenty-four hours," he says, "and couldn't let anyone know by wire or phone what was happening. So I got the Wellesley girl to send a wire asking Anne to come visit *her*." But somehow the telegram was delayed; Anne never arrived; on October 18, 1944, Pat sailed for England.

After a short training program in England, things happened fast. "On December ninth, our division moved into combat on the Belgian-German border—just in time to be overrun by the German offensive in Ardennes." On December seventeenth, Pat was wounded in the hands and arms by grenade fragments, but continued to command. Next day, he was shot through both legs by a German sniper. When the regiment withdrew, Pat was left in an aid station, with another wounded officer, two enlisted men and a medic. The following day, the Germans took over. "For the rest of the war," Pat says resignedly, "I was a prisoner."

In a battered copy of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, Pat kept a rough record of his experiences: the wagon trip to Coblentz, the bombing by American planes and the subsequent hasty departure by boxcar, the strafing of the train, the eventual arrival at a hospital near Frankfurt. Here, for the first time in over a month, Pat received medical treatment.

It was at another hospital in Obermaasfeld that Pat managed to get two letters smuggled out—one to his mother, one to Anne. "Somehow," he says, "they got scrabbled around so that each got the wrong letter!" When Pat could walk, he was sent to a convalescent camp, later to a prison camp at Nürnberg. One day Pat, who was unaccountably in a compound with Serb prisoners, heard someone say, "Hey, Ollie, got a match?" Leaning over the wire of the next compound was one of Pat's classmates! "When the march to Moosburg started [American troops were getting close, and prisoners were evacuated] I sneaked around and joined him—found three *more*

Bounty on a budget

Herewith, some of the special budget favorites of the Patton family, planned with a view to simplicity and hot-weather easiness.

By ANNE PATTON



Mealtime means excitement at our house. Rounding up the children and getting them scrubbed and settled down at the table requires a certain amount of concentration too. Fortunately, the children have good appetites, and good taste in food—which they don't hesitate to express! They are sensible about what they like and don't like, and it's really a big help to me.

This cold ham aspic is summery and delicious, as well as a budget saver. With it we like hot buttered fresh asparagus, when it's plentiful and in season. And a bowl of cold apples.

HAM ASPIC: Add 1 cup finely chopped dill pickle, 1 cup finely chopped celery and ¼ cup minced onion to 3 cups cooked ground ham. Season with 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 3 tablespoons prepared horse-radish and 1 cup mayonnaise. Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Dissolve in ½ cup boiling water. Add to ham mixture and pour into a pretty 5-cup mold. Chill until set. (It's a good idea to make it the day before, and leave in the refrigerator overnight.) Makes 6 servings.



"Choucroute"—it's a name I love. This really inexpensive sauerkraut-and-frankfurter dish is one which we discovered while living in Europe, and I have added a few variations of my own which make it simpler to prepare. It is practically a meal in itself, which is a short cut that makes the three-meals-a-day routine much easier. Sometimes we have cold consommé first, seasoned with lemon juice; and lots of hot buttered French bread with the "choucroute". Usually we have fresh fruit, or perhaps ice cream, for dessert.

CHOUCROUTE: In a large deep skillet brown ¼ pound bacon slices which have been cut into short, thin strips. Drain on paper toweling. Slice 3 medium onions and sauté in 2 tablespoons of the bacon fat. Add one 1-pound-11-ounce can sauerkraut. Cover and cook until heated throughout. Add the cooked bacon, 8 frankfurters which have been cut into 1″ pieces, and 1 pound small new potatoes which have been peeled and boiled in salted water until tender. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

West Pointers! Fine sight we made, five dirty, starving lieutenants from the Class of Forty-four, tramping behind a German officer who didn't know where he was going!"

Pat remembers that march only vaguely: dawn at a country farmhouse, when they learned of Roosevelt's death; the day they swiped a chicken, patched up an old pot, cooked the chicken by degrees on ten-minute halts—"by night it was nearly done!" And the strange, disorienting experience of hearing the West Point Alma Mater sung on German soil, with German words: *Ach, Wie ist's möglich dann.* "I didn't know until later that the melody of our Alma Mater was derived from an old German folk song," Pat says. "It confused me—was the war over? had we lost?"

On April 29, 1945, Pat was liberated and sailed from Le Havre for home. He was now a first lieutenant, having been promoted in March; had earned two Purple Hearts and a Bronze Star medal for meritorious service; had what Anne described as "an interesting limp." When she saw him, after his trip to Huntsville to visit his parents, Anne thought, *I'll have to make him smile again.*

On the Plain, the Graduation March is almost finished. In the stands, Anne Patton is looking for a missing child. The baby, Ellen, is safely asleep in her arms. Shelby, seven, is standing straight and sturdy beside her mother. Beirne, with his homemade, carefully sanded saber at his belt, has his father's hand. But little Barnes, in a flyaway blue cotton dress, has danced down onto the grass and is clapping her hands in time to the music.

"Shelby," Anne whispers, "could you go get your sister?"

"Barnes thinks she's a cadet, doesn't she?" Shelby says, with low precise enunciation.

Once Shelby spoke nothing but German. When she was born in Germany, very nearly in a Wicklesgreuth turnip patch, no one was more surprised than her mother. "I had no idea what I was getting into when I married Pat," Anne says now. "Why, my family life had been so remote from anything connected with the Army that my dad still calls West Point a *camp!*"

At first it seemed that they never would get married. Pat's visit to Connecticut, the summer after his return from the war, was highly unsuccessful. "Annie's Catholic," says Pat, "and I had wild ideas about Catholics." Anne says, "Of eighteen first cousins, I was the only one who had even *dated* a Protestant!" Fortunately, both Anne and Pat possessed sympathetic and persuasive aunts. "You two *must* get together," said Anne's aunt. "Go talk to a priest," advised Pat's. Once convinced, once engaged, they were married within seven days—on August 9, 1945, in St. Peter's Church in Danbury.

"DANBURY will never be the same!" Anne sighs. Pat's two West Point roommates flipped a coin to see who would be best man. There were three wedding cakes and three rounds of parties—in Danbury, in Washington (where they stayed with Pat's aunt), and in Huntsville, Alabama. The two roommates, who had gleefully followed them to Washington, were finally shaken off when they left for Alabama, where they stayed at the Pattons' "lovely home on a mountaintop."

Two weeks later, they drove to Miami, where Pat had to report for a rest-and-recuperation program at the Shelburne Hotel. Next, to Fort McClellan, where they couldn't find *anyplace* to live—until they convinced the town's *grande dame* of their excellent Southern connections in Huntsville, and were promptly granted an apartment in her garage, swept into a lively social whirl. November started five wonderful months at Camp Holabird, Maryland; Anne, who had "*never* had any interest in cooking," suddenly found her Baltimore apartment crowded with Pat's bachelor-officer friends who ate "buckets" of spaghetti. "But Pat helped me," she admits. "We sort of learned together. Only he kept slipping fat back into the vegetables when I wasn't looking. I was determined to make him give up hot breads, overcooked meat, grits and gravy; he tried to make me like eggs, and gain ten pounds!"

After dinner, Anne liked to curl up in a corner and listen to the men exchange war stories. "Pat could always bring out the humorous side," Anne recalls. "He must have been a big morale booster to the other prisoners." (At an Army-Navy game in Philadelphia, Anne was startled to hear amazed shouts: "Ollie Patton! Are you a *ghost?*" Only then did she learn what friends had thoughtfully kept from her while Pat was overseas—that he had been rumored dead.)

In late March the Pattons faced their first separation: Pat was assigned to occupation duty in Germany, Anne returned to Danbury to wait out the long months until she could join him. She sailed with an early group of dependents on August 26, 1946 ("in a cabin with fifty-six other women!") and landed at Bremerhaven. "Pat was to meet me in Frankfurt," she says, "and that train ride I shall never forget. Mile after mile of rubble and mud, of bombed-flat desolate towns; glimpses of begging children and ragged women—and me with nothing more than a trunkful of pretty clothes to worry about. I think I grew up then and there."

After a cold winter in Frankfurt, the Pattons moved south to the charming old Bavarian town of Ansbach. "In the Army," Pat and Anne agree, "it's heartbreaking to fall in love with a house"—but this one, clinging to a hill overlooking the ancient rooftops of the town, surrounded by gardens with blossoming fruit trees, was impossible to forget. "In the mornings, we woke to the many-toned village church bells," says Anne. "At dusk, we looked down over ducal palaces—the old seat of Franconia. And while we lived there, Shelby was born."

Pat clearly remembers that awful night when he staggered home with acute indigestion, wanting only to collapse into bed. "But Anne wouldn't let me; she said we were having a baby!" Their frenzied race for the hospital in Nürnberg was dramatically ended by an auto-



DI PIETRO

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

"We are so lucky," says Anne, "to have a nice roomy house, with a kitchen big enough to dance in!" Buying food at the West Point commissary keeps bills below average. "And Anne is a good manager," says Pat.



NOODLE RING WITH TUNA AND PEAS: Combine 4 slightly beaten eggs with 2 cups milk and 1½ cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon Tabasco. Cook one 8-ounce package egg noodles according to directions on the package. Drain. Add noodles to milk mixture. Mix well and pour into a 6½-cup greased ring mold. Set ring mold in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 to 50 minutes. For the filling, prepare 2 cups medium cream sauce, seasoning with 1½ teaspoons salt, 1¼ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon Tabasco, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Add to the cream sauce two 7-ounce cans flaked tuna, ⅓ cup minced onion, sautéed in 1 teaspoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon minced canned pimiento and 1 package frozen peas, cooked. Simmer 10 minutes. Unmold noodle ring and fill center with tuna sauce. Makes 6 servings.



Meat loaf is probably the best-known meat stretcher; I like to add bacon to ours, which gives it an individual flavor. We serve it with an easy creamy mushroom sauce and a big garden salad.

BEEF-AND-BACON LOAF: Mix together in a large bowl 1½ pounds ground beef, ¼ cup milk, 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, ¼ cup chili sauce, 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 unbeaten egg, 5 slices cooked crumbled bacon, 3 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon thyme. Pack into an 8½″x4½″x2½″ loaf pan. Lay raw bacon slices over the top. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350° F. Serve with mushroom sauce. Makes 6 servings.

MUSHROOM SAUCE: Season 1 cup thin cream sauce with ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ small clove garlic, crushed, and 1 beef-bouillon cube dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water. Add ¼ pound chopped mushrooms which have been sautéed in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Makes 6 servings.

Not 1, but 2 ovens -in this 36-inch gas range!



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mobile breakdown—"right in the middle of a turnip patch near the tiny hamlet of Wicklesgreuth." Eventually rescued by a passing UNRRA ambulance, Pat and Anne *both* landed in the hospital; Shelby Katherine was a whole day old before her father revived enough to learn the news. (Later, to atone for his shortcomings, Pat ordered Anne a Ceil Chapman evening gown direct from New York!) Anne's first comment on seeing her baby: "All she needs is a big black cigar to look just like her daddy."

Shelby was just six months old when they left their "dream house" in Ansbach, moved to Nürnberg, where they found a house "with a seventy-five-millimeter shell hole through the kitchen, and no furnace." Pat, after having proudly constructed a furnace with a set of German instructions, discovered he'd hooked the furnace to the hot-water pipes. "If we wanted hot water, we had to light the furnace," he admits sadly. "By winter, all our coal supply was gone."

However, domestic problems never clouded the Pattons' delight in Europe and travel. "We took trips whenever Pat had leave," Anne says. Even after Beirne was born, in late fall of 1948, they could "get away without worrying. A *most* reliable woman—she'd been nursemaid at the German Embassy in Ankara, Turkey—took wonderful care of the children." These excursions into nearby countries left keen mental images.

Anne remembers "Paris in September. Europe was sick in those days, even Paris, but the *romance* was there. We went to a café where twenty-five violinists came around to our table and played for us. . . . Italy, hot sun and bright water. A busload of Vassar girls scribbling in notebooks. St. Peter's church, the marvelous paintings and architecture of Rome, the sense of history. . . . Driving to Spain through the lovely Loire Valley, seeing the beautiful cathedrals, the dramatic Pyrenees, Madrid. . . . Nice, the French Riviera, the Ballet Russe in the Monte Carlo casino. I'll never forget the faces in the game rooms: women, in dresses, in the style of 1910, tight lips in masks of concentration; the croupier, with eyes that had seen everything—I was like a child of ten."

And Pat likes to tell about the time they toured Italy by third-class railroad compartment: "A carnival of confusion! The train starts, the Italians break out the wineskins and the picnic hampers. We made many mistakes because Anne and I don't speak Italian—once we forgot to get off the train at Milan, were *thrown* off at the next stop, a place called Rho. Leaped on the first train headed back to Milan, tried to explain to the conductor, who was all for throwing us off again. The whole car was in an uproar, all the passengers took sides. All the way to Milan the argument raged; then, as the train drew into the station, the conductor swept off his cap, bowed low, said, '*Signore*, you have won!' The crowd cheered."

Pat also loved to hunt—*Hirsch*, boar, *Rehbock* and, in the Bavarian Alps, chamois; Anne often went along "as retriever." But she adored it, especially the long tramps. "I walked all over Germany," she says. "And Shelby, too—she spent most of her days wandering through the Nürnberg zoo, where her favorite animal was Gretel the hippopotamus."

Shelby was two and a half and stranger to the English language when, in the fall of 1949, her whole life was disrupted. Swept off the lap of her German nurse, scooped up by a frightening airplane—it was no wonder she cried. When the homing Patton family landed at Westover Field in Massachusetts, eager relatives first saw "a little girl with a terrible cold, looking like a DP in her father's gray turtleneck sweater."

In all the excitement, Uncle Gus piled the whole family into his car and abstractedly drove north instead of south—they were almost at the New Hampshire border before anyone noticed. By then, Shelby was so upset by the torrent of foreign words that she howled all the way back to Danbury. Once there, she was far less pleased than her mother to see the elderly relative, a nun, who had come to welcome Anne back. Brought up on European fairy tales, Shelby screamed in German, "Ay-eee, the old black witch!"—and fled in terror.

As she makes her way through the crowd, Shelby Patton's blond head bobs up and down. Three-year-old Barnes, with her seraphic smile, trails behind. Barnes is a minx. One day she carefully placed worms on each pew of the Catholic chapel—"tho people would be thurprised," she explained in her sweet lisp. Now, sidling close to her father, she whispers placatingly:

"Daddy, you look so pretty."

Major Patton gives his wife a helpless look. "My most spoiled child," he says, "and all because you had her to yourself for ten months."

Anne began to feel "bitter" toward the Army soon after their return from Germany. On December eighth, Pat was assigned to the G-2 staff of the Third Infantry Division at Fort Benning—and had scarcely settled his family in a small apartment when he was sent on Puerto Rican maneuvers for three months. In late March, 1950, he was off again—this time for one month's air-borne maneuvers at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. And even when he returned to Benning, he had little time with Anne and the children, working from

HOW THE PATTON FAMILY SPENDS ITS MONEY EACH MONTH

The Pattons figure total monthly income at $501.28, an average worked out over the period November, '53, to October, '54. Average monthly military pay (including a $47.88 monthly rations allowance) comes to $470.87. Since housing is provided, there is no quarters allowance. Average monthly income from all other sources comes to $30.41 a month ($289.96 was obtained by converting all insurance policies to straight life last year, and $75 was received from sale of an article for publication). Total outgo takes it all up:

Food	$125.16	Child care and help in house	23.66
Insurance (total coverage, $46,500)	58.67	Children's school expenses	7.70
Taxes	26.53	Clubs	13.44
Clothing and uniforms	48.50	Magazines and newspapers	2.90
Telephone	7.68	Tobacco	3.16
Dental and medical (for certain care not provided by the Army)	7.33	Automobile (includes licenses and insurance)	17.81
Recreation and entertainment	28.50	Christmas club	8.33
Church and charities	5.58	Savings	8.23
Furniture and appliances	64.83	Miscellaneous	36.75
Laundry and dry cleaning	6.52	Total	$501.28

M. to 7 P.M. "I was upset and angry," e says. "Shelby needed attention, our rtment needed lots of work—and I was nant. Then we leaped into a far more seri- crisis—Korea. Fort Benning became a tmare of rumbling trucks and confusion; ach man left I thought, *This can't happen e!* But it did."

he whole year was a nightmare. Pat left for ea in August, Barnes was born in October, e then moved to Huntsville near Pat's nts and waited for the letters which told of lian misery, the depression of constant drawal before an overwhelming enemy." last day of June, 1951, Pat returned, with hird Purple Heart and a Bronze Star with V" for personal : the citation reads, art, ". . . Captain on's heroic perform- of the mission re- great credit upon elf and the military ce . . ."

Where's daddy's l?" asked young e, disappointed.

ER nine months of bling in the In- y Officers' Advance se at Fort Ben- "where we lived yers in a small ment and had fun being a *family*," eceived good news. was to take his r's degree in Eng- t the University of sylvania in prepa- n for a three-year nment at West as an English in- or. "It was any r's dream—return- West Point is like ng home; living means receiving st housing, school nedical facilities in untry!"

Philadelphia, ped on the civilian my, we found it to survive! The en lived on au- ycin, our Drexel apartment cost than the Army ed, food prices buying from com- ries] were a bitter !" Anne, having bated the concerts, and "cultural ad- ges" of a big city, herself juggling ses and "whoop- ith joy when and books balanced!"

une, 1953, Pat re- his M.A. and the ns (now experts in packing and moving) off again—this time for a "comparatively *nent* residence." Three years seemed like r. Pat, in his elation, went to the annual ng of quarters and emerged with a ten- house. "We were darned lucky," he told dazed. "That's a lieutenant colonel's at the very least." They soon learned no lieutenant colonel had wanted the : it was heated by an old coal furnace, ninsulated, its paint cracking—and was vailable until September!

er "camping out" all summer (which moving into and out of temporarily va- quarters) the Patton family settled into ivy-covered, hilltop "Schloss Patton." ent straight to the cellar to bolt down the ng machine, Anne hung the beloved o clock (from Germany's Black Forest) hall. "Wherever we move," she says, aborhood children appear like magic to the little cuckoo—which Barnes ex- isn't a *really* bird!"

t Point very soon seemed like home. The painted the house throughout; an oil furnace was installed ("Again we were lucky," says Pat. "The oil heat was an experiment; they picked *our* house to experiment on!"); in the side yard Pat planted a gourd vine. One day, a friendly basset hound came trotting up the road. "There's Sherlock," cried Beirne, and ran outside, followed by his sisters. "There's Sherlock's mommy and daddy!" cried Barnes—so Pat and Anne went out, too, to greet their new neighbors. "It's as easy as that to meet friends on an Army post," says Anne.

Before long, the phone was "ringing off its hook." A huge calendar, posted above the phone, was scribbled full of duties and engagements. Anne joined the Women's Club ("A wonderful organization that sponsors various educational programs, considers problems of Army wives"); sang with the church choir; helped at the Child Care Center (a cooperative nursery); cast her lot with the West Point Players. "Pat was enchanted when I got the role of Honeychile Wainwright, a Southern ghost—he coached me tirelessly on my accent; people still call me *Sugah!*"

In addition to club work, Anne found herself dizzy with parties, teas luncheons, department dinners and class picnics. "If you get too involved, it can be chaotic," Anne says. "The spirit is willing—but oh, the flesh!"

PAT was busy too. His schedule includes four sections of plebe English, faculty conferences every other day for exchange of teaching ideas, special work with cadets who feel they need extra help.

"I liked teaching immediately," he says. "It's like selling—you have something you're convinced is good, and you want to convince others. Grammar and literature are vital to everyone, no matter what his field. Reading poetry teaches clearer, more intense expression; reading good literature gives insight into human behavior and problems, both past and present."

In addition to teaching, Pat was assistant adviser, then head adviser to the staff of the Pointer, the cadets' magazine. He also helped edit Encore '44—the tenth-reunion yearbook of the Class of '44. Before either Pat or Anne realized it, a whole year had passed; it was June Week and classmates were gathering from all over the country to compare notes of the past ten years.

Shelby, Beirne and Barnes were packed off to Danbury, while Pat and Anne prepared for the first onslaught of guests. "We had ten people staying with us," Anne recalls, "and it seemed that Pat was eternally in the kitchen, in a black-and-white-striped apron, flipping corn-meal battercakes!" With another couple, the Pattons gave a tremendous outdoor supper for nearly a hundred people: "All afternoon reluctant guests were slicing onions and weeping. We had tons of bologna and eight pounds of ham, a case of lettuce, millions of tomatoes, thirty-eight loaves of bread and twenty-five quarts of lemonade!"

After the party, the weekend moved into the same rush of confusion that Anne remembered from her *first* June Week, the wonderful

SUMMER CAPE SONG

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

Day, new day, burns clear and clearer,
Bell of light hangs over the hills,
Enclosing valleys, near and nearer,
Nothing is lost where light distills.

This is a day to forgive your enemies:
Little teeth that nibble your fruit,
Thieving catbird who pecks your berries,
Mouse in the kitchen, mole at the root.

Forgive leaves which die too early,
Scatter in silver on springing green.
Humming and chirping sounds that merrily
Suck and nibble and scratch unseen.

Forgive foolish love, and sound of bitter
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whirl of parties, presentations, dinner parties, dances, concerts and picnics that characterizes *every* June Week at West Point. And finally, there was Graduation Parade.

"Graduation Class, front and center!" And, at this sharp command, the graduates fall out, forming a single line facing the grandstand. Six hundred strong, they march forward as the band plays and the crowd surges up again, applauding madly.

This is the Class of 1955. But it might be any class.

Anne, watching Beirne clutch his saber, is wondering about the classes of the future; Pat, remembering the thirty-nine men missing from his class, is thinking of the Class of '44. The uniforms are the same—the faces, as they come nearer the cheering people, might almost be the same faces.

At the foot of the grandstand, the Class of '55 breaks, re-forms and stands at attention while the Corps and the band pass in review in its honor.

All at once, the parade is over.

"Schloss Patton" is only a short walk from the Plain. Set on top of a steep hill, against a background of thick woods where the children play at cowboys and Indians, surrounded by spruce and oak, it is tall, dignified, ivy covered. As the Pattons walk into the front hall, the cuckoo clock is striking six. "Supper-time!" Anne calls to the already disappearing children. "Don't go far!" She hurries upstairs to put Ellen into her crib, then heads for the spacious kitchen. Digging into the small but "vital" freezer for chops, peas, potatoes, she decides, since it is rather a special day, to have ice cream for dessert.

Pat, in his den, lights his pipe, notices a worn leather copy of Browning on the arm of a chair, begins to read. Over the fireplace hang mounted horns of *Rehbock* and chamois; on another wall is a rack with three generations of sabers—Pat's, his father's, his grandfather's. Over the large desk (supporting a typewriter "held together with paper clips and rubber bands") is a large, rather sophisticated photograph of Anne in a wide-brimmed hat.

"WE'RE put-together, slap-together people," Pat once said; and Anne complains that "We don't have really *good* furniture—with our barely balanced budget we *can't* buy much." Yet the house contrives to look both comfortable and individual. In the living room a brown sofa and two easy chairs group about an enormous round coffee table (a regular dining table which Pat cleverly lowered); the tea wagon, painted with flowers and used as an end table, was once a German potato cart; the cradle (used also as a lamp table) is a copy of a fifteenth-century cradle Anne saw in a Nürnberg museum and described to an interested German artisan.

This is the room famous for the Pattons' "sack suppers"—fried shrimp and potatoes stuffed in individual bags and put in the oven to heat. "Afterward the bags go into wicker baskets with bright bandannas; everyone sits cross-legged as close as possible to the huge salad bowl on the coffee table. Later, we play pencil-and-paper games."

In the dining room, a china cupboard decorated with the crests of Ansbach and Nürnberg vies for attention with the nine-dollar piano painted yellow to match the walls. "When we opened the top," Pat says, "we found a box of marshmallows, a pack of cigarettes and three ivory keys—none of which fit this piano! And such *tone*—the D above middle C sounds like a string quartet!"

Upstairs is the domain of the children. When Anne mentions "decorating" the upstairs, Pat reminds her of the herds of kids and dogs who tear about on rainy or cold days, playing in the attic, putting on "shows," arguing and settling arguments with vigor. "We have a system," Pat says. "They don't crawl on the furniture downstairs; we leave *their* rooms alone." (Actually, the children are quite neat: Shelby, once careless of her clothes, speedily reformed after being sent to school, as punishment, in blue jeans!)

ALMOST all meals are eaten in the kitchen. Now, as Anne sets dinner on the table, Barnes scampers in with an armful of hydrangeas; Shelby follows with a bouquet of snapdragons and petunias. Anne, pleased, exhibits the flowers to Pat before arranging them in a vase. Beirne stands shyly behind his chair. "Would you like to hear me sing a song?" Shelby, who has her mother's true ear, cries, "But you're *not* singing, you're *talking* it!" Nevertheless, Beirne sings seventeen verses before he is persuaded to sit down and eat.

All the children have good appetities, but Barnes, unless prodded, may dawdle happily at the table for hours. Sometimes the Pattons argue about eating habits, Anne contending you can't *force* children to eat, Pat insisting, "I've seen too many people starve—including myself!"

After dinner, Anne puts the children to bed while Pat washes the dishes. ("Certainly I help Anne," he says. "I want a companion, not a servant.") Then, with a cup of coffee, they retire to the living room. Later tonight, friends may stop in for coffee and Anne's chocolate icebox cake; until then, it's good to talk, read, or simply listen to music—probably Mozart.

A boat whistles on the Hudson; Anne looks up. "One of the first things I noticed about West Point," she says, "were the nice *sounds*. Boats on the river, the band practicing, the fife-and-drum at parades."

"I was thinking at the parade today," Pat says, "where will we be headed after *next* June Week?"

In another year, Pat's assignment at West Point will be over. But wherever they go—to Europe again, to Fort Leavenworth for advanced training, to some other unguessed-at place—the Pattons will go willingly. "Anne *talks* about being a home-loving Connecticut type," Pat teases, "but she's restless like me." Anne agrees: "I'd be frightfully lost behind a white picket fence. And home, to a child, is where his *family* is, regardless of place."

Last June Week, at a traditional Coffee honoring the brides-to-be of graduating cadets, Anne found herself beside a young, helpless-looking girl who said she and her prospective husband would be going straight to Fort Benning.

"Of course I knew all about Fort Benning," Anne says, "so I proceeded to tell her about it—for half an hour. *Then* discovered, to my horror, the girl was daughter of a major general, had a brother in the Army, knew more about Fort Benning than I did!"

After this experience, Anne is understandably shy about offering advice. But her ten years in the Army have taught her "the important thing is always to remember your role as a wife and as an American. The service, like marriage, is not to be entered into 'unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly . . . soberly and in the fear of God.'"

Pat adds, "The road may be long and is frequently rough—but never dull!" END

NEXT MONTH

Five attractive war brides—from Italy, France, Belgium, Japan and England—after a decade of marriage to American husbands, agree to answer some candid questions.

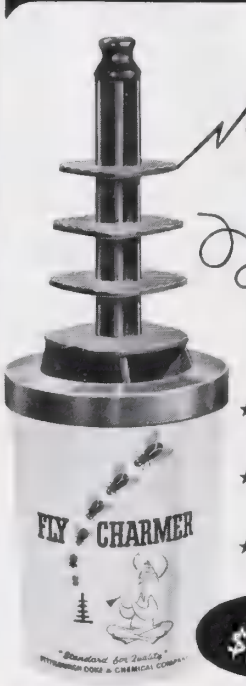
You won't want to miss what our new sister Americans have to say on child raising, family life, morals, finances, and adjustments they made to the U.S.A. Settle down for a provocative session!

WAR BRIDES TEN YEARS LATER

By VANNA PHILLIPS

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES in the July JOURNAL

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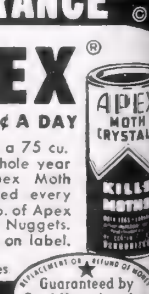
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CAN WOMEN BE LADIES?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

spect her virtue; if she is beautiful, they l try to annex her as an asset to their own sition; if she has executive abilities, they l fear her dominance. If she was originally ated out of Adam's rib, Adam's successors ve been making her up out of their heads r since.

There is a myth that women never displayed pacity for governing, and were never edu- ed, until the nineteenth century, when they gan to be emancipated.

I hate to bring the matter up—it seems tless to men—but the first emancipation of men was effected in the early Middle Ages, en some women emancipated themselves m sex and children and went into religious ventual orders. There some of them, elected a secret vote of the sisters, became abbesses, erning very large communities, self- ficient in every detail; commanding vast anized charities, hospitals and primary and ondary educational activities. Sometimes y presided over joint houses of monks and ns, as at Whitby in England, and Fonte- ult in France. These abbesses were great cutives and as learned theologians as the ops. In England they attended the eccle- tical councils. An abbess in the thirteenth tury had great power. And it was devoted rely to the service of "Our Lady," her , and the poor.

think that today if woman desires for her n sake to be a lady—gentle, considerate, and kind—she will have to be so by her n efforts, without the aid of the gentlemen, o can manage to be gentlemen and still fer blondes.

For, alas, great gentlemen have often dallied n, and sometimes married, women who were no ladies; though in the long run, if they can stick it out, the ladies often hold or get back their gentlemen.

And if for a change the gentlemen tend to prefer ladies in the first place—and I would think it a pleasant change—women, whatever their natural predilections, will oblige. They will wear shiningly washed hair, simply dressed; they will throw out the musky perfumes and return to mignonette and Parma violets; they will enhance their charms by the most subtle concealment of them; they will lower their voices; they will retreat from advances; they will assume a mien of gentle pride, mind their manners, and be known for their sexual morality and their good works.

For whatever gentlemen may prefer, women prefer men—gentlemen, if possible, but anyhow men. They aim to please. For most of them the object—yes, even in these emancipated days—is matrimony.

There is no lady whose eye does not gleam, however discreetly, in the presence of an eligible man.

For women are always on their way about the race, especially when men seem so hell-bent to decimate or destroy it. It is not a bad thing to be on one's way about. The function gives them the name.

"Woman—a far nobler name than Lady," said the medieval minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" I once asked a little girl of seven.

"I am going to be a lady with a baby," she said with great dignity.

Now she is grown; she is a lady, and has a baby. But I think the baby always had the priority over the lady.

THEY LET US TALK TO THE RUSSIANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

Well," he said, "what's his wife's name how many children does he have?"

.: Why did they ask those questions?

ED: Because it was prepared, you see. d looked it up in the Congressional ord.

AY: They were quite an interesting group they were so mixed. Some of them were -fledged communists. You can't get them certain subjects. It really takes a lot of dding and we were tired; we didn't have energy that day to get them to stop talk- about the Korean war or the school em.

.: About how old were these boys and s?

ED: About the same age—twenty, twenty- , twenty-two.

.: Were they from a rather privileged up since they were in college?

AY: No. Not necessarily. There was one ng student we met later—Ganya—who different from the rest. He didn't speak lish, but he had been studying about the ted States, just as we have been studying ut Russia.

ED: His father is an ambassador, and he nts to go into diplomatic work, although 's not the usual school—the Institute of eign Languages. They have a special insti- for training foreign-service officials.

.: Did he discuss the Communist Party n you?

AY: A little bit. I think it usually is a nality.

.: Had any of them met an American ore?

AY: I don't remember asking them that, I think that they may have met one or

.: Did they show curiosity about you ot?

AY: I think that this particular group was ng a service to the state to entertain us, they really didn't want to give up their afternoon. Some of them were very inter- d and very curious, but a large number of n were really, I thought, just doing their It was a very funny feeling, because we were so interested in getting to know them, to talk to them.

Q.: Did you feel you got very close to them or not—any of them?

GAY: In this particular group, no, but with Ganya, yes.

Q.: What sort of questions did he ask about the United States?

TED: He knew a great deal about American cars—brand names and so on. He asked, "What sort of car do you have? A Booick, a Cadeelak or a Fordt? My father has a Booick," he said. "It was given him for his service to the state. American cars are wonderful. I sometimes drive my father's. How many horsepower do the new Booicks have?" He was delighted to hear what we could tell him about the new cars.

GAY: Ganya was the one who asked us about Tarzan too. They've had Tarzan movies—the Johnny Weissmuller ones—in Moscow since they were captured from the Germans at the end of the last war. Ganya had seen each of them at least twice, and considered them very exciting. He asked us, "Do you have jungles and people like that in America?" and was obviously disappointed to find we didn't. We asked why Tarzan was so popular, and Ganya said, "Because he's so different. All the children went around imitating him for a while. The girls would pretend they were Jane and the boys would beat on their chests." He dropped his sophisticated pose then to do a very plausible imitation of an ape. For that matter, his haircut looked a lot like Tarzan's too.

TED: A lot of young people in Russia have a very stereotyped opinion about the United States—a lot of wild ideas—and they are anxious to find out whether they are true. They get part of it from the selected movies—Tobacco Road and the like—they are allowed to see, but mostly, I have a feeling, from their own government's propaganda. For example, they would ask you whether you'd ever seen a lynching.

Q.: If you said no, do you think they believed you?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 149



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PINEAPPLE GROWERS ASSOCIATION, *San Francisco*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147

TED: The most effective rebuttal to these estions was laughter. On another occasion, e of the girls asked whether Chiang Kai-ek really had a plantation in the South with gro slaves, and we laughed and said, "Of urse not." And she said, "Well, I didn't lly believe it anyway."

GAY: One of the boys asked us, "How'd ur government let you out?" We explained t we had passports to travel for educational sons. Then they asked why we'd picked Soviet Union, and we said frankly that wanted to see what thirty years of commu-m had done for Russia.

TED: Ganya thought it must be quite a nge to visit a land where "the worker was g and he who did not work did not eat." is was pretty funny, because he'd already d us that while school was not in session, and his buddies spent most of their time ing on the post-office steps, and I couldn't st asking him how he got away with that. looked sheepish, but then he grinned and d, "Well, we intellectuals, you know. We e to have some time for meditation."

GAY: They wanted to know what it is like New York. We described it as well as we ld, and finally told them they really ought come for a visit. Ganya looked pleased all the others seemed alarmed. They fed nervously on the American cigarettes d given them and stared straight ahead. Ganya said, "Someday I will come—haps when our governments have a better tionship. The United States authorities uld never give me a visa now. But I should e to see your country." He sounded almost tful.

.: Were they curious about your clothes? re they interested in what you wore?

GAY: Yes, they had sort of funny reactions hem. They all would point and whisper so didn't know whether they liked them at . And you'd always get the feeling that didn't—they thought you were over-ssed or not properly dressed.

.: You were probably dressed simply, en't you?

GAY: Oh, yes. We'd deliberately tried not be conspicuous. We had just simple things would pack. But even the worst clothes owned were much better than theirs. A we grew to be good friends with later, asha Smirnov, told us we were "much too avagantly dressed for daytime." I don't k it was really a disapproving reaction—e a sort of inferiority complex. They real-the difference, but didn't want to admit et I think underneath it all, they were very rested. Natasha considered our cotton ses "elegant," and was very curious about nylon underwear. One day after we knew better she confessed that she knew Rus-styles weren't fashionable. "That will e with time," she said, and added quickly, r fabrics are good, though."

.: Do Russian women use cosmetics? Do have lipsticks?

AY: The more smartly dressed women e lipstick as a general rule, but Natasha med cosmetics: "I do not need to paint lips and face to make me look healthy." she did have a perfectly lovely complex-However, she was greatly interested in ching Jeri and me apply lipstick and cara. And the maids—I would come back my hotel room and find that my lip-ks had been screwed up to the top, and the cover put back on, and they were al-s squashed.

.: How about their hair; do they have it rt?

AY: In some places they are getting the e Western cut, but mostly the girls, the ng girls, wear pigtails until they're mar-—well, even if they are married too.

.: Did you see any national dress, the old e of things we think of as Russian?

AY: Yes, you see some of that, not very rful and usually quite shabby. A lot of ple do wear boots all the time.

.: Of course it was rather warm, wasn't it, he summer?

ED: It was ninety degrees in the summer Moscow, but by September it was getting e cold. In Central Asia the temperature t up to a hundred and twenty.

Q.: What were most of the students you met going to do when they got through school?

GAY: Well, they never can tell. They are assigned positions by the government.

Q.: Do they have any choice? Can they decide they want to teach and then take such a course?

GAY: If your grades are good and there are enough openings in the field you want, then you stand a good chance of getting into it. But even if your grades are good enough and there are no openings, you can't get in.

We would say to them, "Now, then, don't you dislike being assigned someplace and having to become an engineer whether you want to or not?" And we said, "In our country, you can choose what you want to do, and then when you finish college you can go around and look for a job." And this horrified them, because they thought it meant that there was no security, that you couldn't find a job. And nowhere could we get across, anywhere we went. We tried everywhere to put this idea across that the freedom of choice was more important than the security of the job, but they never understood that.

Q.: How could you get that across, except by living it?

TED: You can't. The feeling on their part was that there was a lot of waste involved in our system, that a lot of people would be competing. But their government could say, "We need ten engineers," and put them in. It reinforces their feeling of security.

A young person cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal; and anything that he receives into his mind at that age is likely to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore it is most important that the tales which the young first hear should be models of virtuous thoughts.

—SOCRATES

Q.: You really feel that they are happy to be told—that security is a terribly important thing to the Russians?

TED: Yes, increasingly.

GAY: The collectivist society does offer them a certain sense of belonging, and I think it explains in large part why, when they come over here, they think that life must be chaotic, because they can't see how they fit in.

Q.: And there wasn't anybody who seemed to be chafing at the restrictions, trying to be independent?

GAY: No, not at all, at least no one we spoke to. We were very interested in it because we thought this was one point that we'd really make, we'd prove it to them. Because obviously if a man doesn't like his work and is obliged to keep at it, he wants to do something else. But we just couldn't get this concept across.

Q.: Did you spend most of your time in Moscow?

GAY: Oh, no. We spent two weeks in Moscow, but we traveled in all about six thousand miles through the Soviet Union. Samarkand was fabulous—just like the Arabian Nights. Gleaming mosques, mysterious veiled women, dusty camel caravans, people looking much the same way as they must have in Tamerlane's time five centuries ago. It was hard to realize that it was part of Russia. You just couldn't believe your eyes. But of course there have been changes there, too, as we realized when we heard Russian spoken everywhere. Tartars, Khirgiz, Uzbeks, Mongols, Slavs, all speaking Russian. In the bazaar a stately Uzbek, Makmet Mirza, who was sitting cross-legged on a table, asked us to join him in a glass of tea. We accepted with pleasure, and climbed up onto the next table.

TED: By Oriental standards, the girls should have remained standing. In Samarkand women do not sit in public places. That's one privilege reserved for men. We ate almond cakes and sipped tea with Makmet and listened as he discussed the history of Samarkand, its traditions, and the wonders of irrigation ditches. Makmet was very proud of his city. We didn't bring up political matters, but they must have been in his mind, for as we were about to leave he said pointedly, "What is capitalism?" Gay said, "Do you like to make money?" and he smiled and replied, "Who doesn't?" "Well," she told him, "a capitalist country is a place where everyone likes to make money and has a chance to do so." "That is not such a bad system," Makmet said.

GAY: We had some other political discussions in Samarkand, and from a surprising source. As we were leaving the bazaar two little twelve-year-old girls came up and boldly asked us to take their pictures, please. Zhina and Shala were wearing the colorful Tajik costume, so we were glad to. Then we asked them to lead us to the animal market—we wanted to see the camels. It was about a mile and a half away, and as we walked through the dusty streets the girls chattered freely. There was a clay-walled structure by the road, with an open courtyard where some donkeys and mules and a goat were grazing. Several men, all in quilted coats, were asleep under a shade tree in the corner. It reminded me of the Sunday-school pictures of ancient Jerusalem. Shala tugged at my hand and pointed. "Do you have hotels like that in the United States?" she asked. "This is a serai for our travelers. I'll bet you *don't* have anything like that in the United States!" I agreed that we didn't, but before I could tell her anything about our hotels, she went on, "Now it's socialism and next it will be communism here. We are making great progress. What is wrong with you people in America?" she asked very seriously, twisting her long black pigtail around her finger. "Why aren't you preparing for your revolution?"

TED: It was really amazing to hear twelve-year-olds spouting Soviet political theory so fluently. I told Shala, "We've already had our revolution—two hundred years ago." Then Zhina spoke up: "That was your bourgeois revolution. We mean your socialist revolution. It should be coming soon." I told them I didn't think there would ever be a socialist revolution in the United States—that we were enjoying democracy and didn't need a revolution to improve living conditions. Shala thought about that for a minute and said, "What a shame. Think of what you will miss. When communism comes it will be wonderful. You really should work toward it." Their sympathy for us seemed quite genuine. To them we were poor Americans who were missing out on the joys of communism.

GAY: We walked along and suddenly Zhina said, "You're pretty—both of you," and she touched my lips to see if the red was natural. My lipstick came off on her thumb, and she rubbed it on her own and Shala's lips, giggling all the time. "How far is it to America?" she asked. "A long, long way," Ted told her, "but you can fly there in four days. Wouldn't you like to come to America, even if we don't have socialism?" He was teasing her. "Oh, I wouldn't like to stay," Zhina said quickly. "I just want to go and buy one of those beautiful lipsticks!"

Q.: Did any of the older girls talk at all on marriage? Do they plan to have a job as well as a home?

GAY: Well, most of the girls we spoke to were students and they, of course, would be getting jobs. But women in Russia generally do go to work before they get married. However, a vast number of them, after they become married, give up their jobs, and there is sort of a funny attitude toward these women who just stay home and take care of their children. The women who work and have families, too, tend to look down on them. You could hear it in the tone of voice when they'd say, "She stays home all day." They'd always set these women off differently from the rest.

Q.: Did they ask questions about our wonderful laborsaving devices; did they know anything about them?

GAY: No.

Q.: They didn't know about electric refrigerators?

GAY: They really are convinced, I think, that their efforts at mechanization have given them one of the most advanced modern societies in the world.

Meadow Gold Mealtime Adventures

by Beatrice Cooke





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Recipe for Golden Corn Muffins

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½ teaspoon salt
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¾ cup cream-style corn
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Q.: Do they see American movies at all?

GAY: Well, just a few that are very carefully selected and present a very biased view. Grapes of Wrath was one, and Tobacco Road, and Tarzan, and I think there is a Humphrey Bogart picture.

TED: And Deanna Durbin too.

GAY: And Charlie Chaplin. But the Humphrey Bogart picture was about a man who came out of the Army after the First World War and couldn't find a job, a creature of our depression; so that they don't get very accurate pictures of our society.

Q.: Do they ever listen to the Western radio?

TED: Yes, we asked whether they'd heard the Voice of America, wondering whether ordinary people could hear it, and this person said, "Yes, I've heard it. It's certainly nice music, but the rest of it's a big bore." Some people have radios in their homes, but the ones that can receive short-wave broadcasts are hard to get. In the first place, they're very expensive; in the second place, they are so rare that if you had one all your neighbors would know it. Anybody who has a radio like that is probably politically responsible and the propaganda being beamed at them probably doesn't have much effect.

Q.: Did you see boys and girls having dates? What do they do? Do they go to the movies or give parties, or what?

GAY: We never went to a party, but we saw them at one of their night clubs. But the people there were older—in their late twenties probably.

Q.: Would they have to have a good deal of money to be there?

GAY: Most of them were having dinner and I don't see how they could have gotten away under fifty rubles (that's five dollars) for dinner.

TED: No. More. That's too conservative an estimate, I think.

GAY: They had an orchestra playing sort of swing music, and they danced beautifully.

Q.: Danced to swing?

GAY: Beautifully.

TED: Polkas, a lot of polkas.

Q.: Did you dance with any Russian boys?

GAY: Well, they would come over and ask us to dance, but the minute they found out we were Americans they would be worried.

Q.: And do you think they felt that way about talking to you?

GAY: No, no. They came right over most of the time and talked to us. Every now and then, you'd find somebody who wouldn't want to appear too interested in you, even before he knew you were an American; just was antiforeigner.

Q.: Did you find any other foreigners—English, French or other people—around?

GAY: Oh, yes, quite a few.

TED: And a lot of Chinese.

GAY: I don't suppose they'd ever seen an American girl. There had been a few boys before, and there's one other American student, an American girl editor, who went over there and was very carefully shuttled around, so I don't think they've ever seen young American women wandering around. They were very curious about us.

Q.: And they immediately started talking the party line—isn't Russia wonderful, and that sort of thing?

GAY: I think they had quite varied reactions to us, but they do think in these stereotypes. The minute they found out we were students, they would want to know what we were studying, and then they'd say, "Well, you know about our education system, don't you?" And then they would explain to us about their education system. They are very proud of it, because they give so many scholarships so almost everybody can go to college and university.

Q.: Is there absolute equality among men and women?

GAY: I wouldn't say so. There are differences; not in the large Russian areas, but certainly in the Oriental and in the Georgian areas. And I think it's not so much government policy as the people's own idea of women not being equal; women do not go into certain professions.

Q.: But they do clean the streets, don't they? Did you see that?

TED: Yes. This is probably the only sort of equality where they can work, but the higher type of equality, I don't think, has come yet.

Q.: But you don't have the feeling they are protected particularly, do you?

GAY: Oh, yes, in Georgia, and in Asia also, the women are quite sheltered.

Q.: Did you go to some parks?

TED: We almost engendered a riot because we went to a park one night; went to see an exhibition of folk dancing of some kind. It was a lovely dance. And then we heard American jazz being played, and wandered on until we came to a big dance floor, where a whole group of Russians were dancing, not only students but older people too. We thought, "Oh, what fun, we'll walk on too." But when we got on the floor, people looked at us and the dancing just stopped. The orchestra went on but the people stopped dancing and they stared fixedly. Just stopped and they surrounded us and talked about us.

GAY: They didn't think that we would understand them.

Q.: What did they say?

GAY: They said, "Look, what a skinny girl, and so tall."

Q.: Aren't Russians tall?

TED: No, they're rather small. Most of the Russian men were about five feet six or seven inches and we expected great big people. Oh, another time when we were down in Georgia, we had a driver, Shavshi Shavshashvili—Georgian is a very difficult language, and we could talk with him only because he also spoke Russian—who was very pleasant. He listened when we told him about America, but never asked questions or volunteered information. One day I asked him in a joking way what he thought of American women. Of course the only ones he'd ever seen were Gay and Jeri. He obviously didn't want to comment, but finally said, "Georgian women are shorter and fuller than American women." "Oh, come on, Shavshi," I persisted; "what do you really think? Don't you think American women are too skinny? You don't find them at all attractive, do you?" Shavshi let his driving take care of itself, and turned around to grin at me. "On the contrary!"

GAY: Being able to speak to them was a wonderful thing, because they immediately felt, "Well, they know Russian. They must like us." And they were flattered by it. We probably had a warmer reception than anyone would have had with an interpreter. They were thrilled that we could talk, and then they'd ask us questions, because they had been told that no Americans would ever be taught Russian, and this was, I think, a very good thing to prove to them that we learn Russian in the United States.

Q.: When you got off the floor did they go back and dance some more?

TED: Oh, no. They left with us. The whole place practically en masse; one group followed Gay, and one group followed me.

Q.: Did they want to talk with you?

GAY: Oh, yes, they wanted to know, "Do you like the Soviet Union better than the United States? Isn't Tashkent better than New York?" And I said, "Well, I've only been here a short time; I can't say," but they wanted me to say, "Of course." And they started walking us back to our hotel. Our fourth traveler, Frank, is just a walking book. He's a very intelligent boy and has a photographic memory and knows a great many facts and figures. So when they asked us, "Tell us about the lynchings in the South," I'd say, "Frank, when was the last lynching?" "The last lynching was in Georgia in 1949," he'd reply. And I'd reel this off in Russian to them.

"Well, how many people are unemployed in the United States?" they'd come back. The whole thing was on sort of a belligerent level.

TED: "What about the workers starving to death on Times Square?"

GAY: And they asked us about migrant labor.

Q.: Did you feel they believed or did not believe your answers?

GAY: It was the first time they'd ever gotten an answer. I don't know whether they believed them or not, but they seemed to make some impression.



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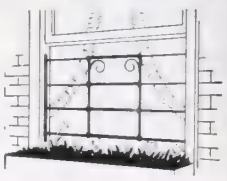
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Q.: Did they say anything about Korea?

GAY: Oh, yes. Everybody talked about Korea. They couldn't understand how we ould like a country like ours that is "always ying to make war"; and when we insisted hat we want peace, they would look at us as they pitied our stupidity. Most of the udents firmly believe that South Korea avaded North Korea and the North Koreans ad to act in self-defense. And of course they elieve the UN is a puppet of the Wall Street mperialists, and always does as the United tates says. They really believe all that, and m afraid we didn't succeed in changing their onvictions.

TED: The Korean war was the most pro-ocative subject. The strongest feelings against merica were always expressed on that sub-ct.

Q.: They certainly have a very wrong pic-re of this country, haven't they? I suppose ey know it's big and that's about it; almost complete misconception, would you say?

GAY: That is testimony to the effectiveness f the Iron Curtain, that they have been able keep out an accurate idea.

Q.: Did you talk with anyone who had een in the United States?

GAY: No. A lot of people had been in ermany during the war.

TED: One fellow I talked to at length was piano player in a restaurant. We walked rough the dining room and he was playing lue Skies and singing it in English.

Q.: Is it all right for them to play Amer-an songs?

TED: Apparently. I said to him, "Do you peak English?" And it turned out he had udied in Oxford. He had had a very check-ed career and we thought e was one of the people escribed as a "*stetsii*"; in ther words, he was sort of olitically unreliable.

Q.: They didn't put him Siberia; they let him go round?

TED: Oh, yes, but there is certain amount of dis-race.

GAY: It seemed strange, a man with his ackground to be just playing ——

TED: He was about thirty-five and he'd een in the Polish army, had been captured the Germans, recaptured by the Russians, en shuttled back into the Soviet Union gain. This type of person, they think, is rticularly dangerous because they have been xposed so widely to the West.

GAY: They're outstandingly different from e rest of the people. We'd see them every ow and then. You could recognize them om the way they spoke foreign languages. heir carriage would be better and you could ck them out; for instance, in this ballroom, is outdoor dancing place in Tashkent, we et a girl who spoke beautiful English, and as obviously different from the rest, and we ould tell that, had it been her choice, she ould never choose to live in Central Asia. he was a sophisticated person, who would ve in big cities.

TED: She was brought up abroad, and had een educated in a Catholic school.

GAY: You could tell in this little bit of a own, Tashkent, she was very unhappy.

Q.: Did she have any hunger to know about he United States, or not?

GAY: Well, she was mostly interested in the ngth of women's dresses.

Q.: Who was the most interesting girl you et?

TED: I think Natasha—the girl Gay men-oned earlier. She was a guide in Moscow ho accompanied us on the Kremlin tour. Ve were the first Russian-speaking Americans he'd ever met, and she liked us because we ould talk to her in her language. She spoke eautiful English and French, but we always oke Russian with her.

Q.: What would she have to do to get that b?

TED: She would probably be appointed.

Q.: Did she wear a uniform?

GAY: No. Just ordinary clothes. Her best ress was a black silk her mother had made or her when she graduated from the univer-ty. Then she had another silk—a print— and a four-year-old wool suit. It had heavily padded shoulders and a short tight skirt. She had a pleated skirt and a blouse and sweater, and a winter coat, and that was her whole wardrobe. Oh, and three pairs of stockings made of a new Russian substance called *kapron*. But at that, she had much better clothes than other people.

TED: She was one of the really attractive women we saw in Russia—very slender, graceful, and after she got over her original shyness, she seemed full of the merriment and sensitivity that characterize the Russians in Tolstoi's novels.

Q.: Did you learn anything about her family?

GAY: They were workers. Her father was a factory worker outside town. She had lived there, too, until she came in to go to the university. She was living with an aunt in a two-room apartment when we were there, but was planning to move out because her aunt was not a "progressive thinker."

Q.: Natasha was a very convinced communist, I suppose?

GAY: Yes. She spends most of her evenings working in the trade-union and comsomol. That's the Young Communist League. And yet, in spite of her deep communist convictions, I think she believed what I told her about the United States and realized there was a discrepancy.

TED: Natasha is engaged now to Yura. He is also in the comsomol. Yura gave her a special engagement present, a three-ounce bottle of perfume named, "To the Glory of the Red Army." He'd paid fifty rubles for it at the GOOM store.

Q.: Will they be married in church?

TED: Oh, no. They both consider that religion is a matter for old people. They'll just go to the Department for Registering Acts of Civil Status and get an official marriage document.

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GAY: We were fond of Natasha. She was always asking us about the United States, and was puzzled that we could think capitalism was a better way of life than communism. Even though she was intelligent, she still believed the propaganda that workers were starving in Times Square. When we told her about our higher standard of living, she said it was only because we exploit our colonial peoples and quoted Lenin: "Imperialism is the highest form of capitalism." She couldn't understand about Senator McCarthy either. "How is it that a man so high in the Republican Party is allowed to go on doing and saying such silly things? Why does the party permit it? Why isn't he removed?" We explained that freedom in the United States means that everyone has a right to express his own ideas and that you just don't "remove" a man because you disagree with him.

TED: And then she said, "Your government has no direction; it doesn't know where it's going. We know where we are going and we shall get there, because everyone is working for the same thing. Your politicians all pull in different directions. You have no unity. That is what makes it so dangerous to live in the same world with you."

Q.: Did you ever have any feeling at all that anybody was watching you—the police?

GAY: Well, they may have been, but they never prevented us from doing anything we wanted to.

Q.: Did these girls, or the boys, ever talk to you about home life in the United States, and morals and so on? Do they think we are very bad people?

GAY: Yes, they do have the general picture that we are sex-conscious.

Q.: Do you remember any of the things they said?

GAY: They'd heard about our advertising, but no one had ever seen it. They thought there were naked women in all our ads.

Q.: What are Russian advertisements like?

TED: Fairly simple and direct. They tell you to buy this and buy that—no brand names. No competition. There's only one product available, if you can afford to buy it.

GAY: Actually, there were a lot of different factories in different parts of the country pro-

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ducing things and there seemed to be a certain amount of competition for quality; but that's just to make all the factories produce the best possible product. It doesn't affect the consumers particularly.

Q.: In the big department store in Moscow, were there exhortations to suggest you buy this or buy that?

GAY: No, there was no need, because the demand was much greater than the supply.

Q.: Do they have lots of everything to sell, or not?

GAY: I think it depends on when the shipments come into the city. The whole time we were there, there was a good supply of merchandise to sell and there were lots of people buying. But they can't buy in some months, because it just isn't available.

Q.: Were you in any farming areas at all? Did you meet any farm people?

GAY: Yes. The people who live and work in Moscow are much more sophisticated, from the Russian point of view, than the farm people, except the administrative personnel in the farm areas.

TED: The officials wear white linen suits.

GAY: We talked with a man from Central Asia named Pavel, who was a livestock farmer. We were the only Americans he'd ever seen, but he wasn't much interested in us. All he wanted to talk about was the prize pig he'd seen at the All-Union Agricultural Fair. He was sure it was the finest pig in the world. The only question he asked us was whether we had pigs in America.

TED: He didn't believe us, either, when we said we did. We told him there were parts of America where there were more pigs and cattle than people, and tried to explain about our tractors, combines, threshers and so on. He didn't believe any part of it. He knew that all Americans are fat businessmen with cigars. "Look," he said, and unfolded his issue of Pravda, "I know what it is like for the working people over there. This newspaper is called the Truth [Pravda] and that means it doesn't tell lies."

GAY: They have a stereotyped picture of an American as a middle-aged businessman—it's very hard for them to believe that young students live in America, or farmers.

Q.: They thought there was nobody young there?

GAY: Everybody is a businessman. It's really fantastic.

TED: England and France never come into comparison with Russia; it's always the United States.

Q.: Did they say anything about China?

GAY: I was very interested to find out how they felt about the Chinese. They'd say, "Well, we've got a good relationship with them now because they are our allies," but I had the feeling that they didn't particularly trust them, don't particularly care for them.

Q.: You didn't see any Chinese ——

TED: Oh, yes, everywhere.

GAY: But an interesting commentary—when we were down in Georgia, people wanted to know where we were from. They asked me if I was Chinese.

TED: They don't realize the Chinese are different from Americans. They are just foreigners.

Q.: Apparently there have been a lot of changes in home life and marriage and divorce in Russia since the early days of communism. Did you talk about that to anybody?

GAY: Since 1935—and that's been twenty years—marriage and the family . . . a sort of bourgeois concept of a good life and happy children has been established. It's been there twenty years, so they don't think in terms of that free-love era which they went through in the twenties.

TED: They vociferously denied it ever existed.

Q.: Then they did talk about it, then—at least to the extent of denying it?

TED: Only because I brought it up.

Q.: Is there much divorce?

TED: No, because divorce is very expensive. They think divorce is very common in this country. They think that we're immoral.

Q.: Did these people whom you talked with know anything about current American authors or books?

GAY: Well, they read Steinbeck and Dos Passos.

Q.: Hemingway?

GAY: Hemingway.

TED: And Mitchell Wilson.

Q.: Who is Mitchell Wilson?

GAY: It was only yesterday that I found out. He wrote a book called Live With Lightning. And they think that he's a great American author.

Q.: But they do not read any books in which America is shown in a favorable light?

GAY: No.

Q.: Do they have much fiction?

TED: Yes, a considerable amount. A lot of it is Horatio Alger, sort of—not quite rags-to-riches, but the worker fulfilling his plan. The young worker has decided he is going to make a goal, and he has a girl friend, perhaps, who is going to help him make the goal. And there is a deviationist in the factory who doesn't want him to make the goal. But in the end he makes the goal and wins the girl.

Q.: Did they talk to you about voting in this country?

GAY: We had several discussions about political parties. We were trying to show them that with one party you can't have the element of choice, you can't have exchange of ideas. But they would come back to the fact that it is possible to write in the name of a candidate. They sincerely feel, I believe, that they do have a choice.

Q.: Did you ever run into anybody who was unhappy with the system, or would say so?

GAY: Well, they all, of course, have complaints about it, but no one who is horribly dissatisfied with it.

Q.: Is there anything in Russia resembling the juvenile delinquent in America?

TED: Oh, yes. They have a great problem; the Young Communists League, the comsomols, are continually being urged—in fact, not so long ago, the Komsomolskaya Pravda came out with an editorial saying that vandals

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hooligans have got to be controlled; y're just too bad.

Q.: What have they been doing?

TED: They talk in class in the university.

GAY: They do much worse than that. They l purses and they attack women and girls.

TED: Mugging at night along the streets.

Q.: This has been going on for a long time, n't it?

GAY: Well, it's been in the official press for r a year now.

Q.: Is there any official explanation of why delinquency started up?

GAY: I have never seen one. The main of- lers seem to be comsomols, these leaders uture society, and a lot of them come from wealthier families. It's just sort of a way assing the time, or they feel they are in a ition where they can get away with it.

Q.: Do you think there's a shortage of eational facilities and recreation in Russia?

TED: Actually, I wouldn't say that is true. ink if you're willing to submit yourself to round of trade-union, comsomol, club of things, you would find something to all the time.

GAY: I think personal relationships prob- y play a more potent role than we give them lit for now, because the Russians visit each er for dinner, or the students get together sing songs, or have parties. These are gs you don't often hear about and to which never invite you. They are very private personal, but I know they have them. For cial entertainment, there are the theater, ballet, sports, and dining out.

Q.: Do you think there is a pleasant, in- nal form of social life, just as there would n an American school?

GAY: I think so. It's probably just a little re edgy than we would be here. You have to careful whom you're seen with, but I don't k they think about it. They become sort utomatically cautious.

Q.: Did you ever hear anything among these ngsters you talked with about their rela- s with their parents? Do they have the e ideas?

GAY: I think there's a split between the erations, definitely. The twenty-year-olds e had quite different training than their ents have. The parents, I think, are more less—well, they're essentially apathetic ut the future.

Q.: Which ones are the more convinced mmunists?

GAY: I think the youths.

Q.: Who was the most interesting boy you ?

TED: I think Ganya, the boy in Moscow talked about motorcars and movies.

Q.: Was he one of these boys who was sus- t, or not?

TED: No, he wouldn't have been suspect ause of his father's high political position.

GAY: Yet he fit the pattern of what the ernment would have been annoyed ut—just loitering around in the afternoon having money to spend, and riding und in his father's car.

Q.: "Dad, can I have the car tonight?" would occur in that family, too, I suppose?

GAY: I don't know because gasoline is so expensive.

Q.: Do they use bicycles a great deal?

TED: Not as much as in Western Europe. Foot; and buses and trolleys were crowded to the doors all the time. Moscow is a madhouse at four o'clock, I think all nine million of the inhabitants start home then.

Q.: How's the taxi service?

TED: It's pretty good.

Q.: Do the taxi drivers talk to you?

GAY: They're a wonderful breed, I think. They are sort of very nonchalant about everything.

TED: Very nice wholesome philosophers.

GAY: And they're very economically minded. They seem to think that they can save gasoline by turning off the motor, so what they'll do is go very fast, even on a straight stretch of land, and then turn off the motor and coast downhill and crawl, and they think they're saving money. They do this all the time. They have no control of the car and they're terribly reckless drivers.

TED: We had a wild ride in Georgia going down to an estate which is now a state wine factory. The driver just drove like a madman all the way. He'd go up the side of a hill beside a truck, and they'd both be laboring up the hill. Another car would come over the peak and do you think anyone slowed up? No.

Q.: Is there lots of traffic?

TED: Not on the open road. In Moscow there's a lot of traffic.

Q.: Are these people, in general—do they seem worried about the future of the world, peace, and so forth?

GAY: They are very much afraid of us. They are afraid we're going to make war on them.

Q.: Is there any talk about the atom bomb?

GAY: They don't know much about it, but they think in terms of war.

TED: This incident occurred under an awning in Moscow. It was during a cloudburst, and after the usual inquiries such as, "Where do you come from?" and so on, one person said, "So you're an American. Why are you trying to drop atom bombs on me?" There was a very personal me-to-him relationship.

GAY: The Russian authorities have just recently explained to their population what the atom bomb is like. I mean, they know there is such a thing—as an atom bomb. They have no conception what a destructive thing it is.

Q.: Don't they know about Hiroshima?

GAY: No, they don't. In Russia, they won that war.

Q.: Well, do they think that this country is endangering them?

GAY: Yes, definitely.

Q.: Is there any way that America, officially or unofficially, can get a different fact across to them, get students over here from Russia?

GAY: I think the only way is through personal contact. I don't think that they would trust any official propaganda line. They're so battered by propaganda.

Q.: Did you feel that though they believe all these derogatory things about the United States, they did like you as individuals?

GAY: Oh, yes. They definitely draw a line between our government and our people. They like the American people.

Q.: They have no idea that they're a threat to us, I suppose?

GAY: No, they say they're interested in peace. Their peace propaganda has been very successful on themselves.

TED: And not only that; whenever the argument gets to be convincing they say, "Oh, well, you're a bourgeois; you're arguing it from another era. And if you'd only become enlightened, you could see you are wrong."

GAY: We gave up hoping for success. We finally decided that if we just could present to them something they hadn't heard before, the other side of the picture, why, then, we might have accomplished something. And they were receptive. We don't expect that we convinced any of them, but if we were able to prove to them that they don't have to hate us, and that we have explanations for our actions, that, I think, can be quite valuable.

Q.: Is there any chance that Russia will let Russian students come to the United States?

TED: Well, several applied last summer, and our Government refused them. But now some have received permission.

Q.: After all your traveling and experience in Russia, where did you discover that some things you had been thinking were incorrect?

GAY: One major fact was that we had fully expected to see some signs of resistance to the government. We didn't expect to find people satisfied, as I think they are—I mean, not completely satisfied, but enough satisfied so that they're not going to do anything about the situation.

TED: And I thought things were a little better than I had expected them to be. I was surprised to see so many cars in the streets and goods in the stores, people buying, eating ice cream, and things like that.

Q.: Did you see anything that could be called a slum section in Moscow?

GAY: Housing is poor everywhere, actually. There is tremendous overcrowding, but you see, that's so general they don't think of it as slums. But they do live very shabbily, compared with the United States.

Q.: Are people assigned a place to live now?

TED: It's a priority-rate system, depending on your job.

GAY: And depending on where you were in 1926. That's when they changed the housing code. If you were living in a certain number of cubic feet in 1926, you are entitled to a comparable number of cubic feet now.

Q.: Suppose you hadn't been born in '26?

GAY: Well, by rights of birth, you could move into the same space in which your father was. And by marriage—and divorce does not take away your living space. Frequently you come across cases where a man who has been divorced remarries and lives in the same house with his former wife. People frequently marry for living space too. If you don't have very satisfactory living quarters, it's perfectly adequate justification for getting married. Some of them do that.

Q.: Did this girl who was getting married have any idea where she and her husband would live?

GAY: Yes, she was going to move into his apartment. He lived alone in a one-room flat.

Q.: That was pretty unusual, wasn't it? He must have been fairly well up in the government.

GAY: Yes. He had an official position, so that would explain it, I think.

Q.: Did he have his own private bath?

GAY: Oh, no, no. No one has his own private bath.

TED: You're lucky to have a bath in the house.

Q.: How about the food you had?

TED: The food in the hotels was quite good, but we ran across some unusual dishes in Central Asia. The best I remember was rice dipped in lamb fat.

Q.: Mostly lamb?

TED: A lot of lamb.

Q.: Are the police conspicuous?

TED: Yes!

THE WIDOW

By ALMA ROBERTS GIORDAN

There you lie dead. You were
old, you were sick, you
were tired,
And the children grown: they
are strong to lean upon:
And glad I should be that the
hold of the pain has
expired.

Yet I remember a mortal and
beautiful swan
Circling above me and cutting
the air with his wide
Clean wings spread to catch the
light of the breaking dawn.

How he landed a distance
apart to drift to
my side.
His feathers immaculate
smooth, his regal neck
bent;
How I rested against his
breast that night as his
bride.

For the proud-gliding free one,
tender and warm and
unspent,
Not for you, broken body—for
him it is I lament.

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Q.: Did anybody speculate about who actually runs Russia since Stalin's death?

TED: Oh, the group, the Communist Party runs it.

Q.: And the contest for power at the top doesn't interest them?

TED: I don't think they're conscious of it.

Q.: But it's this great feeling of security they have, that they're being taken care of, which means so much to them, and the belief that someday the world will be their way?

GAY: Oh, yes, they are very convinced that they are right, and they seem to feel that they have proof that their system is good. They have become an industrialized country; and that they have helped out these other countries.

"Look at China. All those people have come our way, too," they'll say.

Q.: As far as outside events or trouble at the top, nothing is going to happen to the way Russia is being run now, is there?

GAY: Well, I think there's a process of evolution, too, that will probably take it farther away from the communist ideals a closer to the bourgeois capitalist. They're g ting more things, and they're building up private-property instinct by giving them the consumer goods. And they have the money buy these things; and it's natural to have pri in your own possessions. I think that if thin go on the way they are going, and they g more money and more consumer goods, th should occur. Slowly but surely the pow the prestige positions, are being reinforced giving workers more—if you are a goo worker and you get more money, you get car, for instance. These are instincts that a definitely turning them away from the socia ist point of view.

Q.: Was there any official quizzing of yo when you were about to leave about what yo were going to do, or anything like that?

GAY: No, they just let us come and go.

Q.: Was it hard getting through custom

TED: We had no trouble at all, a big my tery to us. We just rode out of the country o a train.

VICTORIAN BEDROOM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

One of the happy revivals of Victorian is the soft flowery carpeting of the period. It is not expensive and comes in a variety of colorings to suit any variation of the nineteenth-century theme.

Most reclaimed Victorian furniture is picked up in secondhand stores or at auction; or maybe some is hiding away right in your own attic. The period was long, extending over a span of seventy years, so that vast quantities of it were produced in America.

Victorian beds, belonging to suites, were giant affairs, and few of them survived the turn of the century. Canopied beds, however, rightly belong in the period and better suit our taste today. You may buy excellent copies of Victorian pieces in either walnut or mahogany and have them upholstered to suit your scheme.

In the room photographed, the chest was the lower part of a fine Victorian dresser which Anne Patton found in a secondhand shop. Both the lady's chair and the little rocker are original pieces, but the tables, bed, bench an stool are beautifully finished, authentic r productions.

Window treatments, more than anythin else, give a Victorian room its drama. Th was the period of lace or Swiss glass curtain overdraperies, holdbacks and swags. Copi of Victorian lace curtains, made on the ol Nottingham looms, are very reasonably price and all big stores have them. Embroidere net or Swiss gives much the same effect, bu is more expensive. Sateen or cotton popli makes charming overdraperies and swag which you may be surprised to know ar simple to make.

The draped swag is only a half circle pleate at each side and tacked onto a narrow woode strip. The cascades are triangles—just half a square—laid flat and pressed into pleats t suit your taste. If you want more detaile help, pick up one of the little booklets o making draperies, available at counters whe ever drapery fabrics are sold. EN

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Superbig bath sheet about $5. Bath towels about $2. Hand towels and face cloths, too. Available at all fine stores

THE FALLEN ANGEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

nodded and said nothing. I chewed my r awhile and went back to my books, and n I looked up he was still standing there, ing.

Look, my friend," I said, "I am earnestly y there is no opening for you, but ——"

Why not watch me a little?"

am too busy."

t'll take five minutes. Your big top is standing. Just watch me up there for a minutes, that's all."

My friend, what would be the point? I dy have ——"

You can take your books with you. Mr. lins, you will not be sorry."

ooked at him again, and he stared at me ly, and he had a deep, almost blazing way aring that made me believe I would really be sorry if I watched him perform. Be-, I could take the books with me.

All right," I said, "but we're only wasting other's time."

've got all the time in the world," he an-ed.

e went outside, and sure enough the big vas still standing so I bawled out Warren eing so slow to get a show on the road, then this Angeli and I went inside, and oked up at the trapeze, and I very sar-cally asked, "Is that high enough for "

shrugged and looked up, and said, "I've higher, my friend. Much higher." He ed his eyes to the ground then, and I hat the net had already been taken down. his exhibition will have to be postponed," rmed him. "There is no net."

don't need a net," he answered.

o?"

o."

o you plan on breaking your neck under f my tops? I am warning you that my ance doesn't cover ——"

won't break my neck," Angeli said. "Sit ."

hrugged and sat down, thinking it was eck and not mine, and hoping Doctor y was not drunk as usual. I opened the s on my lap and got to work, and he d across the top and started climbing up trapeze. I got involved with the figures, nally he yelled:

K., you ready?"

n ready," I said.

KED up to where he was sitting on one e, holding the bar of the other trapeze big hands.

ere's the idea," he yelled down. He had because he was a good hundred feet in r. "I'll set the second trapeze swinging, hen I'll put the one I'm on in motion. I'll jump from one trapeze to the other Understand?"

understand," I yelled back. I'm a quiet y nature, and I have never liked yelling. es, he was about to do a very elementary e routine, so there was nothing to get d and yelling about.

pushed out the second trapeze, and it away out in a nice clean arc, and then e back and he shoved it out again and t out farther and higher this time. He own trapeze in motion then, and both es went swinging around up there, back rth, back and forth, higher and higher. ood up on the bar and watched the trapeze, timing himself, and then he ed down, "I'll do a somersault to make resting."

ahead," I said.

re I go," he said.

trapeze came back and started forward, e second trapeze reached the end of its d started back, and I saw him bend a rom the knees, calculating his timing, en he leaped off, and his head ducked and he went into the somersault.

did a nice clean roll, and then he ed out his hands for the bar of the trapeze, but the bar was nowhere near His fingers closed on air, and my eyes d wide open as he sailed past the trapeze en started a nose dive for the ground.

I jumped to my feet with my mouth open, remembering there was no net under him, and thinking of the mess he was going to make all over my tent. I watched him fall like a bullet, and then I closed my eyes as he came closer to the ground. I clenched my fists and waited for the crash, and then the crash came, and there was a deathly silence in the tent afterward. I sighed and opened my eyes.

Sam Angeli got up and casually brushed the sawdust from his clothes. "How'd you like it?" he asked.

I STOOD stiff as a board and stared at him. "You're—you're ——" I stammered.

"How'd you like it?" he repeated.

"Doctor Lipsky!" I shouted. "Doc, come quick!"

"No need for a doctor," Angeli said, smiling and walking over to me. "How'd you like the fall?"

"The—the fall? I—I —— You mean ——"

"The fall," Angeli said, smiling. "Looked like the real McCoy, didn't it?"

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"Well, you don't think I missed that bar accidentally, do you? I mean, after all, that's a kid stunt."

"You—you fell on purpose?" I gulped and stared at him, but all his bones seemed to be in the right places, and there was no blood on him anywhere.

"Sure," he said. "My specialty. I figured it all out, Mr. Mullins. Do you know why people like to watch trapeze acts? Not because there's any skill or art attached. Oh, no." He smiled, and his eyes glowed, and I watched him, still amazed. "They like to watch because they are inherently evil, Mr. Mullins. They watch because they think that fool up there is going to fall and break his neck, and they want to be around when he does it." Angeli nodded. "So I figured it all out."

"You—you did?"

"I did. First I fell out of bed, and then I fell from a first-story window, and then I fell off the roof. And then I took my biggest fall, the fall that —— But I'm boring you. The point is, I can fall from anyplace now. In fact, that trapeze of yours is rather low."

"Rather low," I repeated softly.

"Yes."

"What's up?" Doctor Lipsky shouted, rushing into the tent, his shirt flaps trailing. "What happened, Moon?"

"Nothing," I said, wagging my head. "Nothing, doc."

"Then why'd you ——"

"I wanted to tell you," I said slowly, "that I've just hired a new trapeze artist."

"Huh?" Doctor Lipsky said, drunk as usual.

We rolled on to the next town, and I introduced Angeli to my other trapeze artists: Sue Ellen, Farnings and Edward the Great. I was a younger man at that time, and I have always had an eye for good legs in tights, and Sue Ellen had them all right. She also had blond hair and big blue eyes, and when I introduced her to Angeli those eyes went all over him, and I began to wonder if I hadn't made a mistake hiring him. I told them I wanted Angeli to have exclusive use of the tent that afternoon, and all afternoon I sat and watched him while he jumped for trapezes and missed and went flying down on his nose or his head or his back or whatever he landed on. I kept watching him when he landed, but the sawdust always came up around him like a big cloud, and I never could see what he did inside that cloud. All I know is that he got up every time, and he brushed himself off, and each time I went over to him and expected to find a hundred broken bones and maybe a fractured skull, but each time he just stood up with that handsome smile on his face as if he hadn't just fallen from away up there.

"This is amazing," I told him. "This is almost supernatural!"



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"I know," he said.

"We'll start you tonight," I said, getting excited about it now. "Can you start tonight?"

"I can start any time," he said.

"Sam Angeli," I announced, spreading my hand across the air as if I were spelling it out in lights. "Sam Angeli, the ——" I paused and let my hand drop. "That's terrible," I said.

"I know," Angeli answered. "But I figured that out too."

"What?"

"A name for me. I figured this all out."

"And what's the name?" I asked.

"The Fallen Angel," he said.

There wasn't much of a crowd that night. Sue Ellen, Farnings and Edward the Great went up there and did their routines, but they were playing to cold fish, and you could have put all the applause they got into a sardine can. Except mine. Whenever I saw Sue Ellen, I clapped my heart out, and I never cared what the crowd was doing. I went out after Edward the Great wound up his act, and I said, "Ladieeees and Gen-tulmennnn, it gives me great pleasure to introduce at this time, in his American première, for the first time in this country, the Fallen Angel!"

I don't know what I expected, but no one so much as batted an eyelid. "You will note," I said, "that the nets are now being removed from beneath the trapezes, and that the trapezes are being raised to the uppermost portion of the tent. The Fallen Angel will perform at a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, without benefit of net, performing his death-defying feats skill for your satisfaction."

The crowd rumbled a little, but you cou see they still weren't very excited about it a

"And now," I shouted, "the Fallen Angel

Angeli came into the ring, long and thi muscular in his red tights, the sequins shinin so that they could almost blind you. He bega climbing up to the bars, and everyone watche him, a little bored by now with all the trapeze acts. Angeli hopped aboard and the worked out a little, swinging to and fr leaping from one trapeze to another, doing few difficult stunts. He looked down to th band then, and Charlie started a roll on th drums, and I shouted into my megaphon "And now, a blood-chilling, spine-tinglin double somersault from one moving trape to another at one hundred and fifty fe above the ground—*without a net!*"

The crowd leaned forward a little, the wa they always will when a snare drum star rolling, and Angeli set the bars in motion, an then he tensed, with all the spotlights on hin The drum kept going, and then Angeli leape into space, and he rolled over once, twic and then his arms came out straight for th bar, and his hands clutched nothing, and h started to fall.

A woman screamed, and then the crow was on its feet, a shocked roar leaping fro four hundred throats all together. Ange dropped and dropped and dropped, an women covered their eyes and screamed, an brave men turned away, and then he hit th sawdust, and the cloud rolled up around hin and an "Ohhhhhhh" went up from the crow They kept standing, shocked, silent, like bunch of pallbearers.

Then slowly, casually, the Fallen Angel g to his feet and brushed off his red-sequine costume. He turned to the crowd and smile a big happy smile, and then he turned to fac the other half of the tent, smiling agai extending his arms and hands to his publi almost as if he were silently saying, "M children! My nice children!"

The crowd cheered and whistled and shoute and stamped, and some men yelled, "*Brav Bravolissimo!*" or something like that. Su Ellen, standing next to me, sighed and sai "Tony, he's wonderful," and I heard her, an I heard the yells of "*Encore!*" out there, bu I didn't bring Angeli out again that night. tucked him away and then waited for th landslide.

The landslide came the next night. We wer playing in a small town, but I think everyon who could walk turned out for the show They fidgeted through all the acts, crowdin the tent, standing in the back, shoving an pushing. They were bored when my aeria artists went on, but the boredom was goo because they were all waiting for the Falle Angel, all waiting to see if the reports abou him were true.

WHEN I introduced him, there was no ap plause. There was only an awful hush. Ange came out and climbed up to the bars and the began doing his tricks again, and everyon waited, having heard that he took his fa during the double somersault.

But Angeli was a supreme showman, an he realized the value of his trick lay in it surprise element. So he didn't wait for th double somersault this time. He simply swun out one trapeze and then made a leap for it right in the middle of his other routine stunts only this time he missed, and down he droppe with the crowd screaming to their feet.

A lot of people missed the fall, and that wa the idea because those same people came bac the next night, and Angeli never did it th same way twice. He'd fall in the middle of hi act, or at the end, or once he fell the first tim he jumped for the trapeze. Another time, h didn't fall at all during the act and then, as h was coming down the ladder, he missed rung and down he came, and the crow screamed.

And Angeli would come to me after eac performance and his eyes would glow, an he'd say, "Did you hear them, Tony? The want me to fall, they want me to break m neck!"

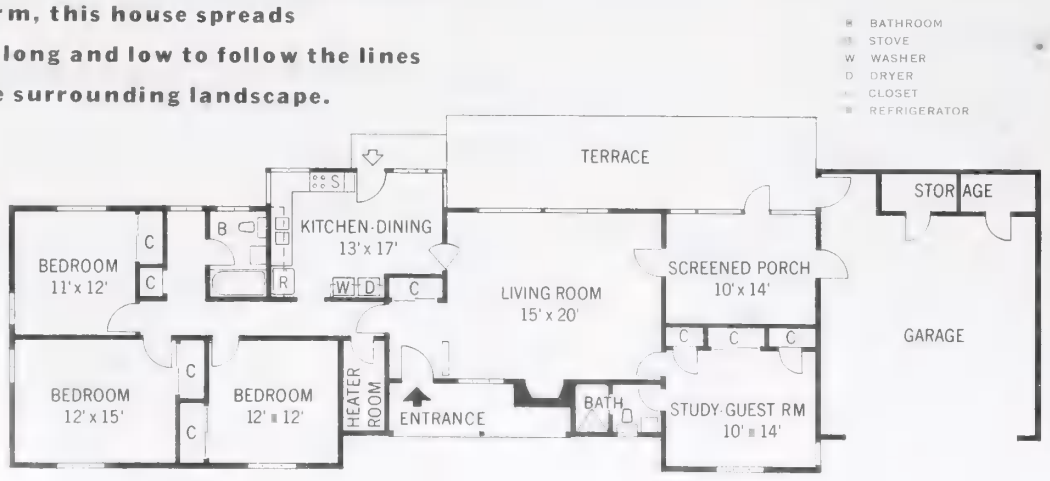
CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

ARCHITECT: HENRY D. NORRIS, A.I.A.; PHOTOGRAPHER: RODNEY MC KAY MORGAN



LARGE-SCALE LIVABILITY in a three-bedroom house

Small in size, big in comfort and charm, this house spreads long and low to follow the lines of the surrounding landscape.



by CAROL L. MERCADO

Located in Atlanta, Georgia, this attractive home reflects Southern hospitality from its sun-sheltered entry to its privacy-protected terrace. Let's step onto the cool, brick-floored entry porch, through the white-framed doorway, for a tour of inspection.

A large living room is separated from the entryway by free-standing bookshelves; deep roof overhangs shade the window walls in summer, admit the lower rays of the winter sun. The screened porch is designed for year-round use and comfort, too—windows replace the screens, converting the porch to a winter playroom. See how living room, terrace and porch lend themselves to entertaining large or small groups.

The study-guest room, ideal for quiet homework, is a family game-room too. One closet has shelves above for cards, chess and Scrabble gear; folding tables and chairs fit below. Other closets store guests' clothing and studio-couch bedding.

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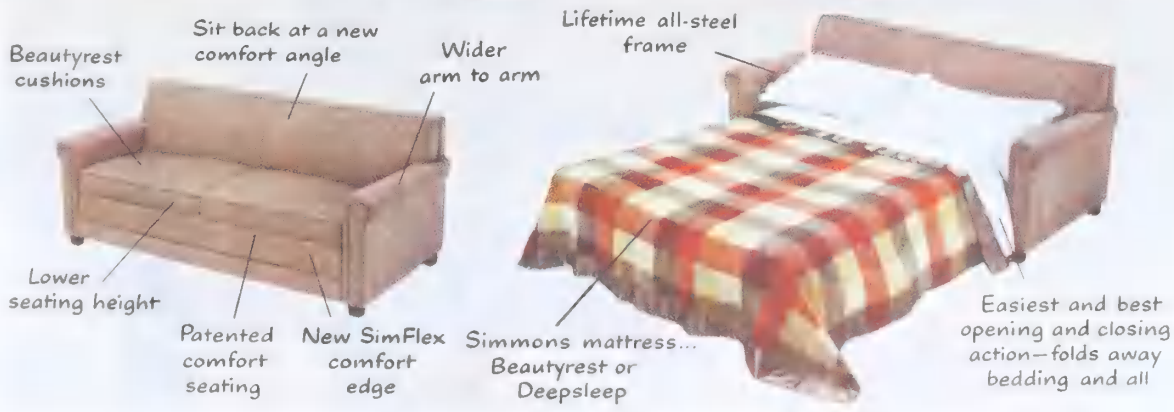
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

And maybe they did. Or maybe they were just very happy to see him get up after his fall, safe and sound. Whatever it was, it was wonderful. Business was booming, and I began thinking of getting some new tops, and maybe a wild-animal act. I boosted everybody's salary, and I began taking a larger cut myself, and I was finally ready to ask Sue Ellen something I'd wanted to ask her for a long, long time. And Sam Angeli made it all possible. I spoke to her alone one night, over by the stakes where the elephants were tied.

"Sue Ellen," I said, "there's something that's been on my mind for a long time now."

"What is it, Tony?" she said.

"Well, I'm just a small-time circus man, and I never had much money, you know, and so I never had the right. But things have picked up considerably, and ——"

"Don't, Tony," she said.

I opened my eyes wide. "I beg your pardon, Sue Ellen?"

"Don't ask me. Maybe it could have been, and maybe it couldn't. But no more now, Tony. Not since I met Sam. He's everything I want, Tony, can you understand that?"

"I suppose," I said.

"I think I love him, Tony."

I nodded and said nothing.

"I'm awfully sorry," Sue Ellen said.

"If it makes you happy, honey ——" I couldn't think of any way to finish it.

I started working in earnest. Maybe I should have fired Angeli on the spot, but you can't fire love, and that's what I was battling. So instead I worked harder, and I tried not to see Sue Ellen around all the time. I began to figure crowd reactions, and I realized the people would not stand still for my other aerial artists once they got wind of the Fallen Angel. So we worked Farnings and Edward (whose "Great" title we dropped) into an act, and we worked Sue Ellen into Angeli's act. Sue Ellen dressed up the act a lot, and it gave Angeli someone to play around with up there, and it made his stunts before the fall more interesting.

Sue Ellen never did any of the fancy stuff. She just caught Angeli, or was caught by him, all stuff leading up to Angeli's spectacular fall. The beautiful part was that Sue Ellen never had to worry about timing. I mean, if she missed Angeli—so he fell. I thought about his fall a lot, and I tried to figure it out, but I never could, and after a while I stopped figuring. I never stopped thinking about Sue Ellen, though, and it hurt me awful to watch her looking at him with those eyes full of worship, but if she was happy that was all that counted.

And then I began to get bigger ideas. Why fool around with a small-time circus? I wondered. Why not expand? Why not incorporate?

I got off a few letters to the biggest circu I knew of. I told them what I had, and I t them the boy was under exclusive contract me, and I told them he would triple atte ance, and I told them I was interested in jo ing circuses, becoming partners sort of, w the understanding that the Fallen Angel wo come along with me. I guess the word had around because all the big-shot letters w very cordial and very nice, and they all ask me when they could get a look at Angeli cause they would certainly be interested incorporating my fine little outfit on a pa nership basis if my boy were all I claimed h to be, sincerely yours.

I got off a few more letters, asking all big shots to attend our regular Friday-nig performance so that they could judge crowd reaction and see the Fallen An under actual working conditions. All my l ters were answered with telegrams, and set the ball rolling.

That Friday afternoon was pure bedla There're always a million things happeni around a circus anyway, but this Frid everything seemed to pile up at once. Li Fifi, our bareback rider, storming into t tent in her white ruffles.

"My horse!" she yelled, her brown ey flashing. "My horse!"

"Is something wrong with him?" I aske

"Is *some*thing wrong with him?" she rante "Is something *wrong* with him?"

"Is?" I asked.

"No, nothing's wrong with him," s screamed. "But something's wrong with Jo Esperanza, and I'm going to wring his scraw little neck unless ——"

"Now easy, honey," I said, "leave us ta it easy."

"I told him a bucket of rye. I did *not* say bucket of oats. JuJu does not eat oats. eats rye, and my safety and health and depend on JuJu, and I will not have h eating some foul-smelling oats when I d tinctly told José ——"

"José!" I bellowed. "José Esperanza, co here."

José was a small Puerto Rican we'd pick up only recently, a nice young kid with brown cow's eyes and a small timid smile. poked his head into the wagon and smile and then he saw Fifi and the smile dropp from his face.

"Is it true you gave JuJu oats, José, wh you were told to give him rye?" I asked.

"*Sí, señor*," José said, "that ees true."

"But why, José? Why on earth ——"

"I could not do eet, *señor*."

"You could not do what?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



"I'd like to see what she could do with doorbells and telephones ringing, kids running in and out and husbands asking where's this and that."



A bullet sang through her sleeve



AFTER THE BATTLE of Spotsylvania, she wrote. "I have cooked ten dozen eggs, made cracker toast, blanc mange, milk punch, arrow-root, washed hands and faces, put ice on hot heads, mustard on cold feet, written six soldiers' letters home, stood beside three death beds . . . It has been a long day . . ."

But no longer than the day at Antietam, where as Blue and Gray fought to a bloody standstill, a bullet sang through her sleeve and killed the wounded soldier she was caring for.

Or Fredericksburg, where the dying lay frozen to the ground, and a shell fragment tore her clothing but could not frighten her from working while the battle still raged on.

It is not so surprising that after the war's end, this slender determined woman went on to found the American Red Cross, almost singlehanded. For Clara Barton had become an artist and an expert at meeting grim disaster.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

José lowered his head. "The horse, *señor*. I like heem. He ees nice horse. He ees always good to me."

"What's that got to do with the bucket of rye?"

"*Señor*," José said pleadingly, "I did not want to get the horse drunk."

"Drunk? Drunk?"

"*Sí, señor*. A bucket of rye. Even for a horse, thees ees a lot of wheesky. I did not theenk ——"

"Oh," Fifi wailed, "of all the inexcusably —— I'll feed the horse myself. I'll feed him myself. Never mind!" She stormed out of the wagon, and José smiled sheepishly and said, "I did wrong, *señor?*"

"No," I said. "You did all right, José. Now run along."

I shook my head and José left, and when I turned around Sam Angeli was standing there. I hadn't heard him come in, and I wondered how long he'd been there, so I said, "A good kid, José."

"If you like good kids," Angeli answered. "He'll go to heaven, that one," I said. "Mark my words."

Angeli smiled. "We'll see," he said. "I wanted to talk to you, Tony."

"Oh? What about?"

"About all these people coming tonight. The big shots, the ones coming to see me."

"What about them?"

"Nothing, Tony. But suppose, just suppose, mind you, suppose I didn't fall?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Just that. Suppose I don't fall tonight?"

"That's silly," I said. "You have to fall."

"Do I? Where does it say I have to fall?"

"Your contract. You signed a ——"

"The contract doesn't say anything about my having to fall, Tony. Not a word."

"Well . . . say, what is this? A holdup?"

"No, nothing of the sort. I just got to thinking. If this works out tonight, Tony, you're going to be a big man. But what c get out of it?"

"Do you want a salary boost, is that O.K., you've got a salary boost. Ho that?"

"I don't want a salary boost."

"What then?"

"Something of very little importance. So thing of no value whatever."

"What?" I said. "What is it?"

"Suppose we make a deal, Tony?" An said. "Suppose we shake on it? If I fall night, I get this little something that I wan

"What's this little something you wan

"Is it a deal?"

"I have to know first."

"Well, let's forget it then," Angeli said.

"Now, wait a minute, wait a minute. Is t 'thing' Sue Ellen?"

Angeli smiled. "I don't have to make a d to get her, Tony."

"Well, is it money?"

"No. This thing has no value."

"Then why do you want it?"

"I collect them."

"And I've got one?"

"Yes."

"But it's not worth any money?"

"No, Tony. No money at all."

"Well, what ——"

"Is it a deal, or isn't it?"

"I don't know. I mean, this is a peculi way to ——"

"Believe me, this thing is of no materi value to you. You won't even know it's gon But if I go through with my fall tonight, all ask is that you give it to me. A handshake w be binding as far as I'm concerned."

"You sound as nuts as Fifi does," I said.

"A deal? If I fall, I get what I want."

I shrugged. "All right, all right, a dea Provided you haven't misrepresented th thing, whatever it is. Provided it's not material value to me."

"I haven't misrepresented it. Shall we shak Tony?"

He extended his hand, and I took it, a his eyes glowed, but his skin was very cold the touch. I pulled my hand away.

"Now," I said, "what's this thing you wa from me?"

Angeli smiled. "Your soul."

I was suddenly alone in the wagon. I look around, but Angeli was gone, and then t door opened and Sue Ellen stepped in, and s looked very grave and very upset.

"I heard," she said. "Forgive me. I hear I was listening outside. Tony, what are yo going to do . . . what are *we* going to do?"

"Can it be?" I said. "Can it be, Sue Elle He looks just like you and me. How'd I g into this?"

"We've got to do something," Sue Ell said. "Tony, we've got to stop him!"

We packed them in that night. They sa and they stood, and they climbed all over t rafters, they were everywhere. And rig down front, I sat with the big shots, a they all watched my small, unimportant sho until it was time for the Fallen Angel to go o

I got up and smiled weakly and said, " you gentlemen will excuse me, I have introduce the next act."

They all smiled back knowingly, and nodd their heads, and their gold stickpins and pin rings winked at me, and they blew out expe sive cigar smoke, and I was thinking, *Mullin you can blow out expensive cigar smoke, to but you won't have any soul left.*

I introduced the act, and I was surprised see all my aerial artists run out onto the sa dust, Sue Ellen, Farnings, Edward and t Fallen Angel. I watched Angeli as he cross one of the spotlights, and if I'd had any doub they all vanished right then. Angeli cast shadow onto the sawdust.

I watched in amazement as the entire trou went up the ladder to the trapezes. There w a smile on Angeli's face, but Sue Ellen and t rest had tight, set mouths.

They did a few stunts, and I watched t big shots, and it was plain they were n impressed at all by these routine aerial acr batics. I signaled the band, according schedule, and I shouted, "And now, ladi and gentlemen, the Fallen Angel in a deat defying, spine-tingling, bloodcurdling trip



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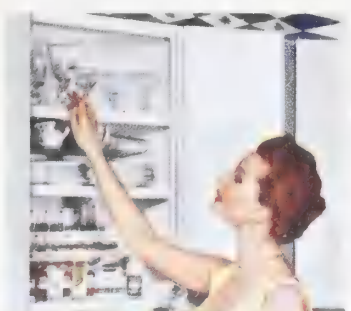
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nersault at one hundred and fifty feet above ground, *without a net!*"

Sue Ellen swung her trapeze out, and Angeli ung his, and then Sue Ellen dropped head vnward and extended her hands, and geli swung back and forth, and the crowd d its breath, waiting for him to take his , and the big shots held their breaths, wait- for the same thing. Only I knew what uld happen if he did take that fall. Only I w about our agreement. Only I—and Sue en, waiting up there for Angeli to jump.

Charlie started the roll on his snare, and n the roll stopped abruptly, and Angeli ased his grip on the bar and he swung out space, and over he went, once, twice, ee times and—*slap*, Sue Ellen's hands nped around his wrists, and she held on dear life. I couldn't see Angeli's face from ar below, but he seemed to be struggling get away. Sue Ellen held him for just an ant, just long enough for Edward to swing trapeze into position.

he flipped Angeli out then, and over he t and *wham*, Edward grabbed his ankles. geli flapped his arms and kicked his legs, ng to get free, but Edward—Edward the at!—wouldn't drop him. Instead, he ng his trapeze back, and then gave Angeli p and Farnings grabbed Angeli's wrists. arnings flipped Angeli up, and Sue Ellen ght him, and then Sue Ellen swung her eze all the way back and tossed Angeli to vard, and I began to get the idea of what going on up there.

dward tossed Angeli and Farnings caught , and then Farnings flipped Angeli back to vard and Edward tossed him to Sue Ellen Sue Ellen tossed him right back again. n Farnings climbed onto Sue Ellen's trapeze, and they both swung back to the platform.

Edward took a long swing, and then he tossed Angeli head over heels, right back to the platform, where Sue Ellen and Farnings grabbed him with four eager arms.

I was grinning all over by this time, and the crowd was booing at the top of their lungs, but who cared? The big shots were stirring restlessly, but they'd probably heard that Angeli sometimes fell coming down the ladder, and so they didn't leave their seats.

Only tonight, Angeli wasn't doing any falling coming down any ladder. Because Sue Ellen had one of his wrists and Farnings had one of his ankles, and one was behind him and the other was ahead of him, and even if he pitched himself off into space, he wouldn't have gone far, not with the grips they had on both him and the ladder. I saw the big shots get up and throw away their cigars, and then everybody began booing as if they wanted to tear down the top with their voices. Angeli came over to me, and his face didn't hold a pleasant smile this time. His face was in rage, and it turned red as if he would explode.

"You tricked me!" he screamed. "You tricked me!"

"Oh, go to hell," I told him, and all at once he wasn't there any more.

Well, I'm not John Ringling North, and I don't run the greatest show on earth. I've just got a small unimportant circus, and it gives me a regular small income, but it's also a lot of trouble sometimes.

I still have my soul, though, and what's more I now have a soul mate, and she answers to the name of Sue Ellen Mullins, which is in a way most euphonic, you will agree.

PRESCRIPTION FOR BEAUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

venly just to be able to kick off my shoes," says, "and s-t-r-e-t-c-h out and r-e-l-a-x the shades drawn and the house quiet. I his in the afternoon when the two older dren are in school and while Ellen and es are napping. I might first put up the of my hair in pin curls, or use this time to little softening cream go to work on my and hands. If my eyes feel tired, I saturate rbent cotton with cool eye lotion and e it over my closed eyelids for a few minutes. riably, when I awaken I feel refreshed clearheaded and much more cheerful!

Another thing," Anne adds: "I try not to do. When I feel fatigue creeping up on me, p work altogether; or at's impossible, I slow n the pace. Even at the t, where most of the s and mothers are ng girls, you can see the rence in those who e themselves beyond physical capacity. The ts show up in drawn s, circles under the eyes, run-down spirits. all for letting the washing or ironing , if it means the difference in happiness good health.

Once a week I give myself a shampoo, set manicure and, if they need it, tweeze my rows. My page-boy requires one deep e on the side, two rows of fat pin curls all nd the head. A manicure, complete with rless polish (the colorless gives a nice gloss can chip away without looking so untidy), s me about fifteen minutes. Rubber gloves ll hands-in-water activities, plus daily use good hand lotion (which I also massage elbows and heels), keeps my skin from ping. Lipstick is my only daytime make-up.

By watching my diet and exercising regu- (particularly after each baby) I have my weight and measurements at what I ider a good minimum for me. I'm 5'6½", h 119 pounds and have a 24" waist. We tons of tossed green salads (with Pat's ial French dressing—I go easy on that), k fruit juice at least twice a day and usu- have raw fresh fruit for dessert. We're all t milk drinkers. If we are having a casse- dish for lunch or dinner, instead of lean meat and vegetables, I serve myself a small portion. My biggest temptation comes when I bake. Cookies, cake, pie. So perhaps once a week I'll have a serving of some special sweet, but for the rest of the week Pat and the children finish up the rich desserts while I go back to my fresh fruit.

"I sandwich my exercises in between household jobs. Here are my favorites:

"Lie on back, spine flat on floor, arms down by sides, knees drawn up and feet flat on floor, as close to the body as possible. Slowly slide the feet down, being sure the spine stays flat on the floor.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.
—DOUGLAS JERROLD

"Stand with arms outstretched and level with the shoulders. Swing arms back as far as possible, then return to first position, rapidly repeating motion and trying to swing arms farther back each time.

"Lie flat, arms relaxed, toes pointed, with neck and shoulders as relaxed as possible. Raise legs, feet together and knees straight. Slowly lower legs, using stomach muscles to control their movement.

"With knees straight, bend over and touch the floor, keeping hands as flat on floor as possible. Walk around room in this fashion.

"*Blue jeans with a fresh shirt* and moccasins are the fashion order of the day for housewives hard at work, here at the Point. If I'm off to school with the children or marketing, a pretty, full skirt with a sweater or blouse, or a simple shirtwaist dress, is my choice. My biggest clothes 'must' is to have fresh accessories on hand *always*. Immaculate gloves, polished shoes (Pat is the best shoe polisher!), colorful silk or chiffon squares, simple jewelry, hats with veils pressed, a favorite perfume or cologne. I always keep at least two afternoon and evening dresses in perfect readiness for teas and dances—social occasions which are frequent at the Point." END



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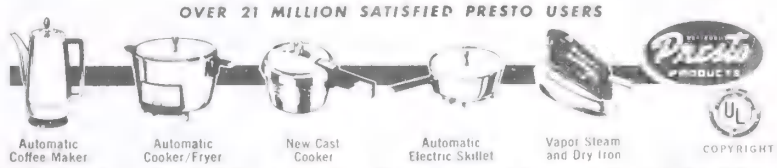
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

in a speculative venture, lost every penny and died of a heart attack.

"Our fine house and our swank convertible vanished overnight. Andy had to quit college and get a job. He was terrified of poverty. Since I wasn't, it seemed up to me to love him more than ever. For quite a few years—we had to postpone our family—I moved about with Andy as he changed from job to job. Sometimes he quit; often he was fired. Without meaning to, he would rub his bosses the wrong way. We lived in furnished rooms and cheap hotels; for a while we lived in a tent on the desert. I thought the freedom and casualness had their bright side. Andy fretted about what his friends—two or three, not half as many as he imagines, became ex-friends when the money went—might think.

"By the time our second son was five and schooling was definitely a problem, Andy inherited a little money. He then set up in business for himself and we were able to buy our home and settle down. Characteristically, Andy selected the house without consulting me. It has a fine workshop for him, a kitchen that might have passed muster back in the covered-wagon era. The laundry tubs leak, the burned-out oven billows smoke. Always in our marriage Andy's comfort and Andy's wishes have come first. Even so, he was never satisfied. However much I gave, Andy demanded more. That has made it a little rough.

"By choice Andy would have me fill every waking minute thinking thoughts of him, doing things for him. No doubt he doesn't realize it, but he has begrudged the attention I devote to the children. Our daughter, Jean, is ten. She wanted me to be a den mother for he Brownie group; Andy kicked up such a fuss had to resign. Our teen-age sons occasionall ask me to chaperon a party or assist in som function at the school. When I do, And turns into a monument of gloom. A year ag my sister and her husband located in ou neighborhood. Andy objected so strenuousl to Ruth's dropping in—he can't abide my sis ter's laugh and maintains I copy it—that sh and I confine most of our visiting to the tele phone. We try to use the phone when he isn around. If Andy is on the premises and Rut happens to call I say, 'Wrong number,' an hang up. My youngsters think this routine i funny. I have yet to laugh at it.

"All this leads up to the day I first too notice of Mark and Mark took notice of me It was last April, a rainy Saturday. My littl girl and I breakfasted early and I let the boy and Andy sleep. Jean's school was engaged i a landscape-improvement project with prize to be awarded the best gardens in our area She was anxious for her father to replace th palings that blew out of our back-yard fenc in that bad storm two years ago. Andy ha been promising to repair the fence and pain the house—despite his workshop and powe tools, our place is the shabbiest in the com munity—ever since. I was telling Jean I woul broach the subject again when Andy joined us

"One glance at my husband's face," Laur told the counselor, "and I knew the momen was not propitious. Before I could hush ou ten-year-old, she proceeded to ask about th fence. Andy responded with a snarl that woul have done credit to a wounded tiger. Jean ha reached the sensitive age. After she retired i tears, I discovered Andy was extra grouch because he had slept through an importan business appointment. I caught the blame fo his oversleeping, although I hadn't been ad vised of the appointment. Andy tells me prac tically nothing about his business. I once stud ied bookkeeping—I have a good head fo figures—and I've always hankered to keep household budget, a real one. I am obliged t gauge my expenditures by guesswork, crysta gazing and studying Andy's facial expression and incidental sound effects. I tentatively in quired how his business was doing—I was de bating the expense of a beauty-parlor sham poo—and at once was rewarded with th snarl. So I guessed: bad.

"While I was on the phone making excuse for Andy about the broken appointment, ou sons appeared in the dining room. David, wh is seventeen years old, asked to use the car o a date that evening. Andy refused permissio in the tone of a prison warden putting down riot in cell block A. Andy was presented wit his own automobile on his sixteenth birthday as he frequently remarks. Our so-called famil car passes out of Andy's iron control so sel dom that David refers to the rest of us as 'Th last of the pedestrians.' Our younger son go in bad by showing up at the table in his bath robe. I thought Tom looked very cute. And ordered him to go put on clothes. Tom de clined as a matter of principle either to put o his pants or eat a bite of breakfast. He is four teen years old, is thin as a string bean an needs his food. I urged him to reconsider, an Tom was rude to me and Andy jumped int that and David also offered comments an there was a general unpleasantness, with every body arguing.

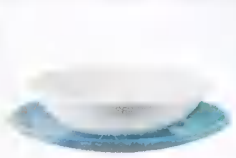
"By the time Andy finally got away I wa sick and tired of him, fed up with my childre and frantic to escape the house. I grabbed th grocery list and an umbrella and dashed out side, without even bothering to put on fres lipstick. Mark was pulling into our driveway," Laura said slowly. "He had a contract t leave for Andy's signature. But he didn't driv on off. I guess he saw something in my face Mark's marriage has been far from paradise his wife is bossier than Andy. Well, Mark tol me I looked pretty. I knew I looked a mess but the compliment sounded dandy. So dandy that I immediately burst out crying." Laur smiled ruefully at herself. "Mark suggested w drive somewhere for a cup of coffee and I go in his car. Almost before I realized what wa happening—it was as though a dam ha burst—my tale of woe came pouring out. cried on Mark's shoulder and liked it.



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I knew I was being disloyal to my husband, I simply didn't care. Mark's sympathy and lerstanding, his admiration were irresistiAfter we had coffee I did the marketing he ferried me and my groceries home. On nday I lunched with Mark and sympaed with Mark's marital troubles. And then and I were in it. For the next two months, turned our backs on our responsibilities existed like a couple of teen-age people in ream. We managed to see each other alst every day, if only for half an hour.

SINCE Andy can't afford expensive restaus and dislikes practically everybody, we er entertain and he takes me nowhere. rk and I sat at drugstore counters or ght delicatessen sandwiches and picnicked he beach. Or we skipped lunch and waned through a gallery or museum. It has n years since Andy and I have looked at an collection or listened to music. Once Mark ght a pair of concert tickets just so we d hear the second Beethoven quartet, a rite of mine. After twenty minutes we to leave the hall and go our separate s. Flattered? Yes, I was flattered and led. Wouldn't you be? Mark was interd in my tastes, in my opinions, in my s. He was interested in me as a person in wn right. I halfway think it was the con- that bowled me over. Andy had always ght of me as a shadow of himself, an echo. Naturally at times—t of the time, in fact—conscience nagged at When I left the house eet Mark I might feel and airy, in the teenmood. When I came home I would feel y and ashamed. It's a der we never ran into ody or stirred up any p. Andy pops home at hours and keeps the e lines busy, but even was unsuspicious. A r thing—that fact both- me as much as anyg. It seemed unfair how.

Of course the whole sitn was impossible. One last June—the first and ime I ever saw Mark in the evening—he ested two divorces. The mere suggestion of rce," Laura said, "frightened me back to y. I didn't want a divorce and I doubt did. My children and Andy, his prickly- disposition and all—the twenty years of ories we shared, the twenty years of life—t much more to me than Mark. That evening Mark and I put our spring madbehind us. We called it quits and decided would be no more secret meetings. We by the decision. To this day, I'm sure 's wife knows nothing about us."

ura sighed.

should have had the sense and the strength ep my mouth shut. I was familiar with 's jealousy, his possessiveness. But my conscience was something I hadn't ted on. It wouldn't let me rest. I worried antly because I hadn't lived up to my ards and ideals. I stewed and fretted t my sneakiness and disloyalty. I had the years of habit, of telling Andy every- Finally, six weeks ago, I broke down old him the whole story. It's the worst I could have done.

ndy went all to pieces," Laura said. "The hat Mark and I have lost all interest in other seems to make no difference to It doesn't comfort him in the least. For eeks he has acted like a crazy man. In- of blaming me, as you would expect, or ing Mark, Andy blames himself for what ened. For hour after hour, he raves on his selfishness, his meanness, his stu- . His suffering is dreadful. If anybody ves to be punished, I am the one. By hing himself Andy is not only making lf physically ill and making me feel much ; he is punishing our children. They know what goes on, though they've ably guessed part of it, but they're cer- feeling the effects of the strain and tension in our household. Tom is having nightmares, Jean's teacher has phoned twice about her homework. David pats me on the back too often and glowers at his father. Our home is falling apart.

"Andy has lost twenty pounds and looks ten years older. He can't eat, he can't sleep. He is unable to do any business. Last night he woke me at two A.M. and we rode around until broad daylight while Andy carried on about his failings, and meanwhile bombarded me with questions. He demands to know every detail of what Mark and I did, said to each other, thought, felt, imagined. Any minute detail I can manage to dredge up from my recollection—the subject is worn threadbare—only tortures him the more. And then there is another scene. I've become so confused I hardly know how I feel about anything. My nerves, too, are at the cracking point. I can't undo what has already happened. Unless Andy can put the Mark-me episode out of his mind, unless he can stop talking about it, we will both wind up as nervous wrecks."

Andy Tells His Side

"My wife is the only person who has ever loved me," forty-year-old Andy said to the counselor. A handsome but painfully thin man, his hands shook so badly he could hardly light his cigarette. "I wasn't smart enough to hold on to her love. Laura's sense of duty is the only thing that is holding together what is left of our marriage. I am sure she still thinks of Mark, often thinks of him, though she denies it. Any woman would prefer Mark to me. He is clever, popular, good-looking, successful—the kind of man my father was.

"I have failed at everything—as a husband, as a father, as a money-maker. My children have no affection or respect for me; in recent years my sons have made their indifference very plain. I just can't buy them the things kids want. I was given a first-class automobile, no jalopy, the day I qualified for a driving license. It pinched me to provide my sons with bicycles. My boyhood home had a swimming pool and a tennis court.

"My wife and children live in a shabby rundown house—I have scarcely a dime's worth of equity in it—at the unfashionable end of a street that was named for my great-grandfather. He pioneered in this state. My grandfather designed some of the first public buildings in the city. My father inherited his family's brains and brilliance. They didn't come down to me. I guess I took after my mother's people.

"My mother was the cipher in our family. But even she found it hard to hide her disappointment in me, an only child, equipped with the stodgy virtues, perhaps, but lacking in charm and flash. I don't remember ever spending a pleasant, relaxed hour with my mother; she was always dragging me to some educational talk or lecture, always anxiously watching for signs of the talents I did not possess. Both of us were afraid of my father.

"His mind worked lightning fast and he had no patience with bumblers. One autumn back when I was nine or ten my dad took me on an overnight hunting trip. I can recall how he pitched the tent and laid the fire and how we sang songs together. I was busting with pride and for once I felt close to him. But then next morning I was supposed to build up the fire and I flubbed the job. The wood I gathered was too green to burn. I flunked again when he tried to show me how to fire a shotgun. Finally when I dropped a box of shells in the water my dad was so disgusted he broke camp in the middle of the morning and we drove back home.

"When my father lost his money," Andy said, "I halfway expected Laura to run out on me. A large majority of my friends melted fast. Mark stuck, of course. I fell in love with

Books won't stay banned. They won't burn. Ideas won't go to jail. In the long run of history, the censor and the inquisitor have always lost. The only sure weapon against bad ideas is better ideas. The source of better ideas is wisdom. The surest path to wisdom is a liberal education.

—ALFRED WHITNEY GRISWOLD:
Essays in Education
(Yale Press)

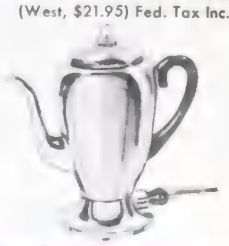
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¾ cup ripe olives
1½ cups diced cooked chicken
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½ cup diced celery
3 tbsps. lemon juice
3 tbsps. mayonnaise
3 tbsps. cream
½ tsp. prepared horseradish
Lettuce

Cut olives into large pieces. Combine olives, chicken, apple and celery; sprinkle with lemon juice. Blend the mayonnaise, cream and horseradish and mix lightly but thoroughly with chicken mixture. Serve on lettuce. Garnish *generously* with additional pieces of ripe olives. Serves 5 to 6.



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make meals SING with California flavor

*RIPE, GREEN-RIPE...WHOLE, PITTED, CHOPPED, SLICED

Laura and chose her to be my wife because she was beautiful and yet seemed gentle and soft, not headstrong and opinionated like most girls. But I had promised her quite a different marriage and future from the kind she got. I know Laura hadn't pictured herself bending over a tin tub scrubbing my work clothes. Nor had I pictured myself working with a gang of unskilled laborers. Other guys, smarter guys, would have figured a way to stay in college and complete their education. They would be licensed architects today, not poor-mouthed contractors.

"Laura stuck by me without a murmur of complaint," Andy continued and his thin face twitched. "She proved she loved me in a million ways. Regardless of the jobs I had to take, she made the labor and the constant humiliations possible to tolerate. The gangs I worked with invariably picked me as the one to needle and to rib—sometimes I think I may be too thin-skinned for my own good—but in the evenings Laura was there to offer warmth and comfort. She unfailingly took my side, backed me up. Even after our children came along I wasn't forced to take a back seat, as so often happens.

"Except for Laura's confidence and faith I'd never have got up the nerve to branch forth with a business of my own. Not that I've done any better working for myself than I did working for other people. Two of my partners resigned in succession; the key members of my construction crews hardly learn where to hang their hats before they quit. I just can't attract and hold people's loyalty. Laura is the exception. Or she used to be.

"For years I had almost daily evidence I was in my wife's heart, in her thoughts. Little things can loom big. Take my picky appetite. If I forget to eat, as I'm inclined to do, I have terrible pressure headaches. Whenever Laura packed a lunch box for me she would tuck a note in among the sandwiches, a note worth finding. Often there would be just two words: 'Darling, eat!' That's the kind of devotion I was selfish and dumb enough to lose.

"Laura thinks I didn't know she had turned away from me, that I was unsuspicious. Of course I knew when the sun went in," Andy said and beat his clenched fist against his knee. "Ever since I can remember I've walked on shifting ground in this world, but Laura was my anchor in the earth. Of course I knew my wife had changed. Until last spring, Laura automatically waited to hear my opinion on every little matter that concerned us or the children. Why, I worked out her household schedule right down to the days she washed and ironed. If I recommended a TV program she made a point of tuning in on it. If I liked a magazine article, she read it. Suddenly all that stopped. Until last spring, if I got cross and grumpy it was Laura who came and did the making up. That, too, stopped. Laura began forgetting to cook the food I liked, neglecting to buy the candles and flowers I liked to see on the table.

"For at least two years Laura had been hinting that I paint our house and repair the fence—I should have done the work long ago—but all at once last spring the hinting stopped. Why should Laura suddenly become indifferent to the appearance of our home? I wondered. Why? Several times I stopped by in the middle of the day. Laura wasn't there.

"At first I blamed her sister—Ruth delights to set my wife against me—and I tried to convince myself Laura was wasting her time with Ruth. But I couldn't kid myself very long. I knew I was in bad trouble and that my trouble couldn't be explained by a sister-in-law. There was just one answer: another man.

"If I'd treated Laura decently," Andy said and wiped perspiration from his forehead, "she would never have let me down at a time I was on the verge of bankruptcy. I practically forced my wife to step out on me. That's what haunts me now. My disposition at best is poor. Some months ago my business started going to pot—everything I touch goes bad—and I got so mean and crabby nobody could live with me. I don't blame Laura for what happened; I blame myself. But that's no help. If I could just hate Mark, I might feel better. I can't hate Mark. He is a good guy, who has stood by me often. I don't even dislike him.

"Yet I can hardly bear the thought of ever seeing Mark again, although I know I must. At night I dream of Laura and Mark together. By day Mark's face rises before me so that I can't eat and then my head throbs and aches until I think it will split. I can't bear to think of Laura being with Mark, smiling the beautiful smile she has so often smiled at me, turning her head to him in the same quick way, and then remember that my meanness—nothing else—put her there. I would give anything to undo what has happened. I would do anything to change the way I mistreated Laura and to forget how she turned from me. I can't forget. I can think of nothing else. My thoughts and my feelings and my regret are driving me mad."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"What Andy needed to begin his cure was to do some thinking about himself and his wife instead of surrendering to his emotions. Laura's infatuation was clearly a symptom of her inner dissatisfaction. Her marriage was in a bad way before she was struck by Mark's attractions. The marriage was still in a bad way after they broke off their rather mild relationship. For many years Laura bottled up her personal feelings, desires, resentments, partly to maintain harmony and partly, I suspect, because she had a touch of the martyr in her make-up.

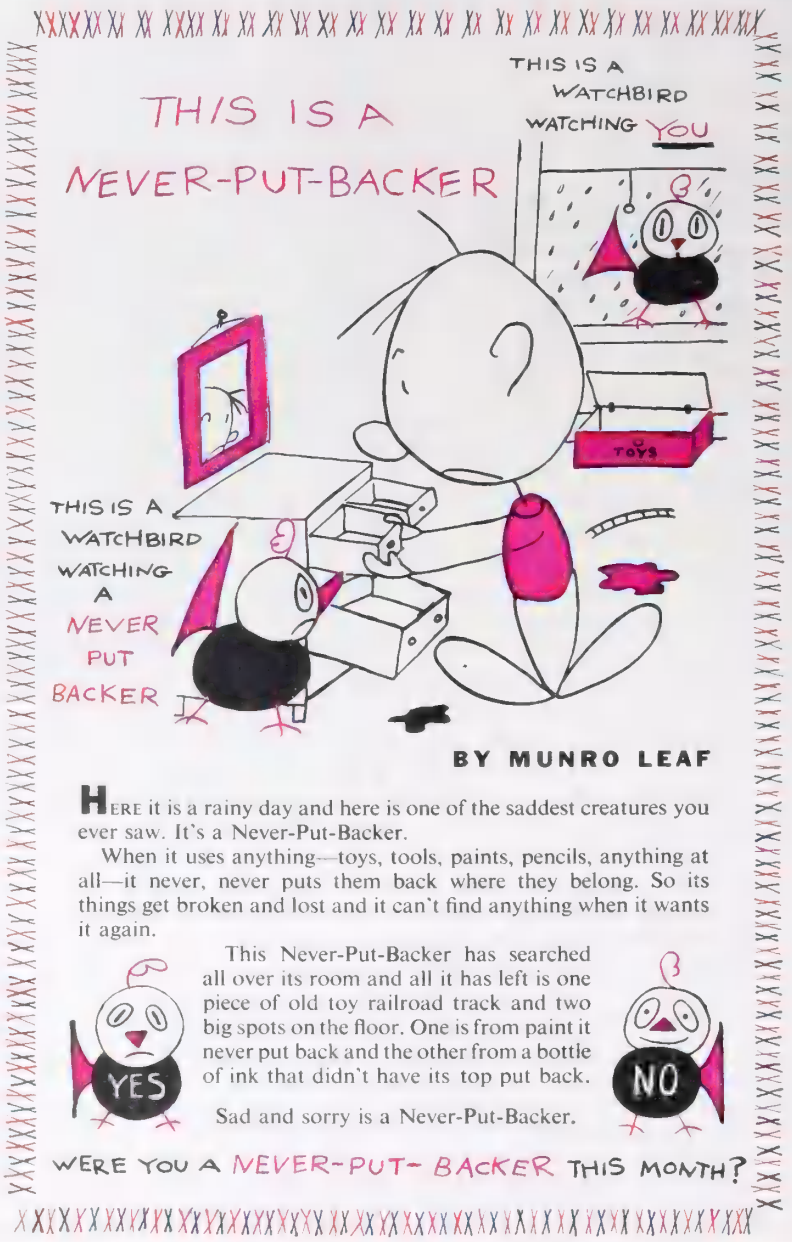
"Bottled-up resentments are hard to keep corked. Laura's friendship with Mark provided an outlet for her feelings. In a sense, the infatuation was like the blowing off of a safety valve. Unless the marriage improved and she was enabled to obtain some of the personal satisfactions to which she was entitled, a second and perhaps more serious explosion seemed quite possible.

"It was fairly simple for an outsider to spot Andy's trouble. He grew up, a disconsolate little boy, in the shadow of a distinguished father. Deprived of attention in his childhood, Andy was childishly determined in his r turity to be the center of everything. La cushioned the shock when his father's fortu disappeared and, without sufficient traini he was pitchforked into business. She kept ego brightly burnished, assured him whene he failed that he was misunderstood a unappreciated. Consequently Andy didn't late his numerous business failures, both as employee and as an employer, to his thorn critical—the emotionally insecure are oft highly critical of others—personality. The too, Andy was the kind of person who expe the worst and thereby succeeds in bringing the worst. Look around sometime on a crowd bus and see whose toes get stepped on. Wh Andy gloomily expected his fellow workers make him the butt of their rough kiddin they obliged. Later when he expected his em ployees to quit and hurried them along wi his sharp tongue, they, too, obliged. Whatev happened, Andy had a scapegoat in Laur This wasn't good for either of them.

"Laura's revolt, her brief turning to anoth man, almost sent Andy into emotional an mental collapse. In the end, however, her r volt was therapeutic. For Andy was intell gent, despite his avowals to the contrar After our first consultation he acknowledge he had arrived at an age where he faced tw choices. Either he could make some persona ity changes and grow up or, almost inevitabl he would lose both his home and his busine and crack up. His lamentations weren't assis ing him to change.

"Frankly, I have wondered if some of th extravagant polemics Andy directed again himself weren't designed (subconsciously of course) to draw contradictions from Laura fresh poultices for his wounded self-esteem The prolonged scenes in which he and Laur were indulging—I believe both derived a ce tain perverse kind of pleasure from their ow suffering, as is not uncommon—were harmin

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

the children and their marriage. Also, Andy was keeping the situation alive. When he perceived this—Andy didn't want to keep Mark's image constantly in Laura's mind—he put a stop to the useless breast-beating, the useless cross-examinations.

"The decks were then cleared for him and Laura to make practical and overdue improvements in their lives and regimen. Andy learned that in marriage one must give as well as take. He began to listen to and applaud some of Laura's ideas and opinions instead of waiting for her to hang on every word of his. Instead of waiting for Laura to praise him, he praised her. Laura was encouraged to understand that her guilty conscience was as foolish and as futile as was Andy's regret. Like all human beings, she was entitled to a few personal thoughts, a measure of independence. When Andy stopped masterminding all her plans, she broke the habit of appealing to him for each tiny decision. Andy conceded her right to visit and entertain her sister, and she did her telephoning in the open.

Conceit is incompatible with understanding.
—TOLSTOY

"Andy's childhood and rearing had stuffed his head with false and out-of-date values. Drawing on memories of butlers and waitresses, Andy demanded too much formality, particularly at mealtimes. When he stopped insisting that adolescent boys shuck their bathrobes for well-pressed suits before appearing at the breakfast table, Laura found it easier to put flowers and candles on the dinner table. Because Andy couldn't shower Laura with emeralds (incidentally, she didn't care for jewelry), he wouldn't condescend to take her to the movies. Because he didn't live in a mansion, he couldn't be bothered to paint his house. Andy brooded because he couldn't provide his sons with private automobiles, but refused to lend David the family car on a Saturday night.

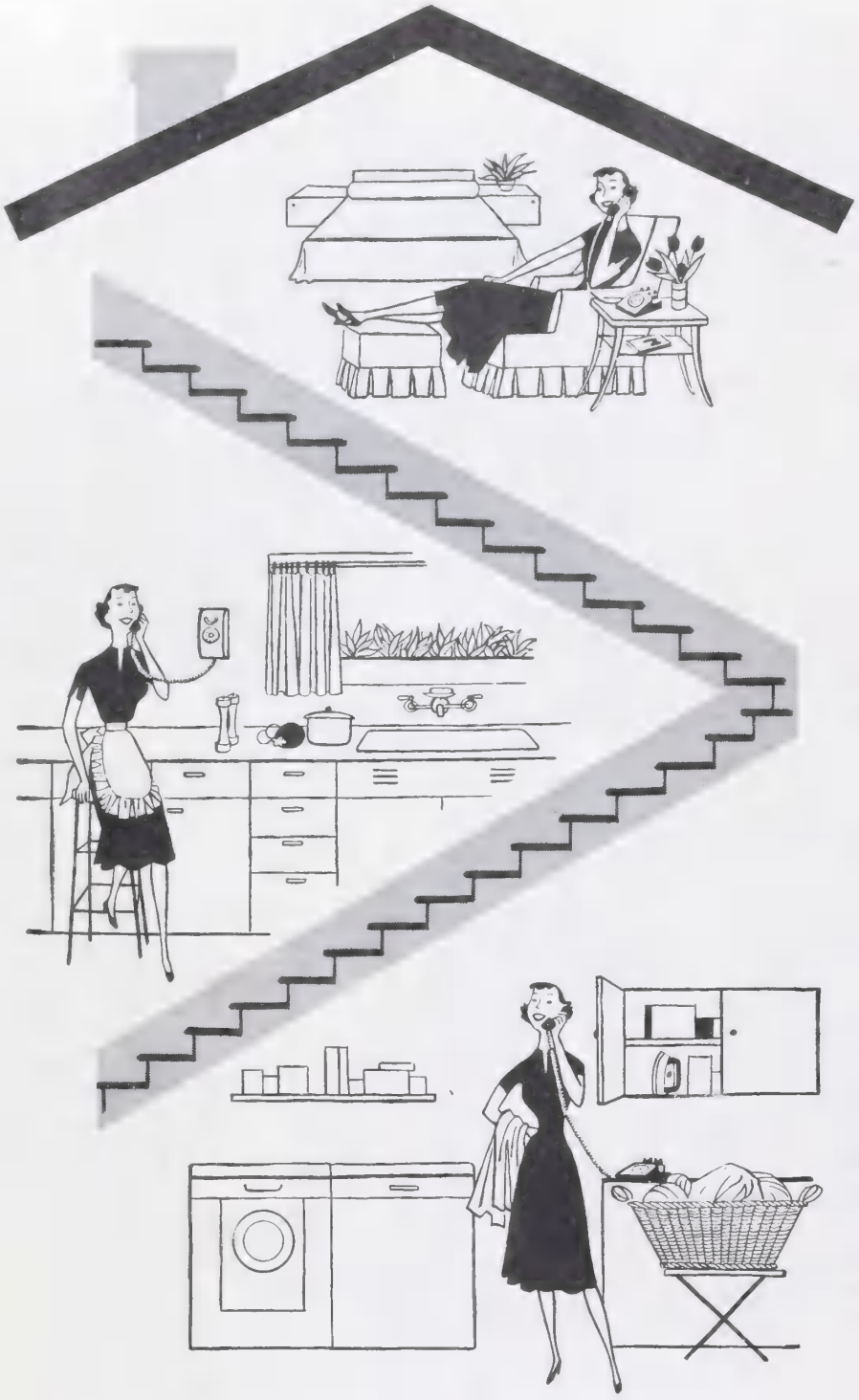
"Andy thought back to his own boyhood. He readily perceived that the time and attention of his parents would have meant considerably more to him than the material possessions they had used as substitutes for
selves. Andy began to devote time, att
and thought to his youngsters. He w
warded with the love of his daughter a
much affection as self-interested adol
boys have to spare. No longer an emo
adolescent himself, Andy was no long
grieved when his sons preferred the con
of young friends to parental company.
Andy painted his house, spruced up th
den, modernized the kitchen, he was rep
Laura's gratitude and pleasure. He also st
being ashamed of his home.

"Laura and Andy stepped up their
and civic activities. Instead of sticking by
fireside while Andy fe
upon and so did L
they began to prepar
the day their children
be leaving them. They
their neighbors in. I
joined the garden
Andy joined a male
club. They became
bers of the country

"Where Andy's business was concern
this has a fairy-tale ring—he prospered
direct result of listening to and adopting a
gestion advanced by Laura. In the pa
brushed aside any ideas advanced by he
though he clung to and tried to absorb
completely on the emotional level. Well,
put in a cost-accounting system, found
where the money was going and then cu
wasteful techniques. When his personalit
came more relaxed, when he swallowed
carping, his employees stayed with him.
will never be rich, but he is now financ
comfortable.

"Mark is still the firm's lawyer. Rec
when I spoke to Andy on the phone—I c
to obtain permission for this JOURNAL
cle—I heard that Mark and his wife wer
pected for dinner. 'Why not?' Andy sa
me. 'Mark is my best and oldest frie
never think of him in any other connec
These days I don't think of something
meant nothing.'"

Editors' Note: This case history was compile
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